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FASHIONABLE VAGARIES.

THERE is one thing which we have never been able to understand, and which we believe few can possibly comprehend or explain. It is the vagary of female fashion. Who it is that invents it, and has the knack to maintain it as long as he pleases, and then with equal audacity and success starts something fresh, is all a mystery. The phenomenon is by no means new. A hundred and sixty years ago, the old essayists were at a loss to know how the extravagant oddities of female attire originated, and were so cleverly kept up in spite of torrents of ridicule. Then, as now, a new fashion had its run of a few years, and dropping out of use as mysteriously as it commenced, was followed by something equally preposterous. High-heeled shoes, lofty head-dresses, hair-powder, long and short waists, painting and patching, all had their day. For a time the wearing of hoops, by which a lady could enter a door only sideways, was a favourite frenzy. The fashion of taking snuff, usually from a pretty circular box with a picture on the lid, was just going out of practice among ladies in our early days. The last lady whom we saw taking a pinch and handling round her box was—

She, the fair sun of all her sex—

Burns's Clarinda! Such a circumstance seems now very absurd; but it was only of a piece with a long catalogue of fashionable vagaries, in which no rational meaning can be discovered.

The world is said to be getting wiser every day. Certainly, there is an abundance of teaching, reading, and lecturing, from which presumably there should be an increase of intelligence. In almost nothing has there been such a signal advance within the last hundred years as in female education. Yet, with all the visible elements of diffused knowledge and thoughtfulness, no one can observe the slightest abatement in the frolics of feminine fashion. Ladies aspire to be social reformers, to be voters at elections, to be members of school-boards, actually to be

doctors; and some think they do not acquit themselves badly. The strange thing is, that, with rare exceptions, the wisest and most accomplished ladies are quite as much the voluntary thralls of Fashion in its more contemptible forms as the less instructed in the sisterhood. There they are like the rest, wearing the grotesquely shaped dresses which remind us of the drolleries of a pantomime.

In these vagaries of Fashion there seems for the time-being to be a kind of mental derangement—perhaps more correctly the prostration of intellect, through a deficiency of moral courage. Forty years ago, the lady part of mankind fell into a mania for wearing dresses with huge shoulders blown up like balloons. It amounted to a purposeless distortion of the person. So everybody said it was. But the avowal made no difference. Sleeves must be made six times larger than they need be. Shoulders must be distorted, rendered positively ugly. It was the Fashion, and that was enough. In due time, when the mania had run its course, the ballooning was given up, and shoulders shrank to their natural figure. When it was all over, no one ventured to explain how the frenzy had originated, or what was its meaning. On the contrary, as if ashamed of the weakness, the subject was skilfully dropped. Next in the order of this species of feminine dementia, came the crinoline vagary. A petticoat of horse-hair and whalebone was employed to distend the outer dress far beyond the person. It was a resumption of hoops, with the difference, that while hoops expanded sidewise, the crinoline spread out all round. Every woman had the shape of a hand bell, wide at the lower edge, and small above. Gracefulness was out of the question. If the object was to produce a monstrosity, it was eminently successful. Avowedly, the Fashion had some practical inconveniences. The space taken up by a lady in a public meeting or on the pavement was greatly beyond her proper share. The wide contour was apt to sweep the ground, and send clouds of dust upwards, much to personal discomfort. The quantity of material required for a dress

was so largely augmented as to suggest the idea that silk-mercers had something to do with the invention. Whatever were the drawbacks, the crinoline mania had a fair run of several years. When given up, there occurred the fresh surprise how it ever had received the slightest encouragement.

Crinolines of every variety having been relinquished, feminine society is sorely in want of a new eccentricity. It would be against all rule not to appear ridiculous. So wits are at work in the grand arcana of Fashion. The world had not long to wait. The fiat goes forth from somewhere that, as a superlative novelty, dresses are to be worn tight to the person from top to toe. Instead of paddings and ballooning, there is to be squeezing so tightly as to be hardly able to breathe. To impede walking, and if possible to prevent sitting, the legs are to be held back with strings. By way of compensation for the tightening up, the dress is to be so long as to trail three or four feet on the ground. Such may be called the present fashionable régime, maintained as usual with the force of inexorable law. Wee be to the fine lady who does not make herself as lank as a skinned rabbit, and who fails in the tuckings and tyings to restrain locomotion! What her natural shape may be is nothing to the point. She may not be able to go up or down stairs, except by one foot at a time, like a child learning to walk, but that is of no consequence. Fashion demands that she shall appear maimed in the lower limbs. The law is to be obeyed, and there's an end of it. Objections, however, are not even hinted at. The chief anxiety is rather to go to extremes. In the furor for being as slim as it is possible to be, the ultra-fashionable young lady gives up wearing the usual under-garments. She clothes herself in tight-fitting vest and pantaloons of chamois leather, over which is a slight exterior dress with trailing skirts. To be in leather is the height of Fashion. 'How do you like your leathers?' asks Lady Betty confidentially. 'Charmed with them beyond measure; could not do without them.' The proverbial expression, 'Nothing like leather,' has obtained new significance.

The unchallengeable authority that by self-election regulates female costume, is doubtless European in character. It may issue its decrees from no very exalted sphere, but it at least possesses the power of gauging the feminine tastes and habits that prevail on the eastern side of the Atlantic. Were it analysed, it might turn out to be nothing more than a shrewd man-milliner, who with an eye to profit in ringing the changes, graciously issues his edicts from a back-shop in Paris. Our smart friends, the Americans, once took it into their heads to set up a rival despotism. The effort was audacious and seemingly well meant. It consisted in substituting light trousers with a kind of kilt for the wonted gown and petticoats. Bloomerism, as this new form of female

attire was designated, never took. It did not proceed on the old lines. It amounted to a revolution, and got so unceremoniously laughed at, that it failed to gain a footing. Yet, there was some good in Bloomerism. It might have answered for female doctors and lecturers, with other varieties of strong-minded ladies who are determined, at all hazards, to assert the rights of women.

Under the sanction of what is deemed to be Fashion, there has sometimes been a cruel waste of innocent and helpless animals. On a former occasion we spoke of the odious practice of slaughtering larks, robins, finches, and other small birds, in order to embellish ladies' head-dresses. The vile practice continues, with some additional and costly eccentricities. In one of the monthly records of Fashion we see it stated that, 'After having admitted lizards as side bouquet fasteners, and mice as hat-trimmings, we have now instances of ladies wearing dresses made entirely of scarabeus, birds, insects, and other animals. I have not seen the dress, but a friend of mine tells me that the other evening she saw a lady dressed as an owl! The foundation of the dress was of dark blue, and was trimmed with owls' feathers. In front the apron was entirely of these feathers, and instead of a bouquet in front of the bodice, there was an owl's head, with a similar head in the hair.' The same authority informs us that the right thing is a toque or evening head-dress, 'trimmed with birds' wings, or silver mice, birds, or lizards.' We are not told whether these are real animals or only effigies in the precious metals. A report has reached us, however, that a lady of fashion in London wears an ornament consisting of a live scarabeus, or Egyptian beetle, which is tethered to the front of her dress to prevent its elopement. It has apparently come to this, that in the vagaries of Fashion the animal world is freely laid under contribution, with a view to secure something piquant—a lizard, a mouse, the head of an owl, or a beetle. What are we to think of the intellect that seriously occupies itself with these frivolities?

Slim in figure, squeezed like a wasp, and with head-dresses as fantastic as can be devised, there is one more token of high Fashion. It is a return to the antiquated practice of wearing high-heeled shoes, which happily falls in with the plan of bandaging back the legs, to prevent freedom in walking. The folly of distorting the foot, by throwing the pressure unduly on the toes, is so manifestly vicious, and has been so frequently the subject of remonstrance, that it calls only for a passing denunciation. Those who are guilty of the error will in this as in some other matters live to regret their weakness. The wonder is how the ridiculous extravagances in attire which are here barely alluded to, should for a moment have met with any degree of support. In the article of dress, men and women appear to have pursued an entirely different course for the last

fifty years. The tendency in male attire has been towards extreme simplicity—perhaps too extremely so—while, as regards the female mode of dressing, according to Fashion, it has been a succession of wild eccentricities, always going from bad to worse.

Obviously, the mania, now as formerly, is demonstrated in its more outrageous forms by the idle, the thoughtless, and those to whom money is a matter of little consideration, whether as a result of wealth or otherwise. As partially tending to solve a perplexing social question, it might not be uninteresting to ascertain if the numerous bankruptcies of late years were any way due to the vulgar extravagance in dress of wives and daughters contrary to every rule of taste or propriety. Admitting that the articles are honestly acquired, in extravagance of this sort a bad example is set. Crowds of young women dependent on their personal industry, are constitutionally unable to withstand the mania for imitation, and being piteously dragged at the tail of every prevalent Fashion, they throw away means that ought in some degree to have been consecrated to a thrifty regard for the future. Even those ladies who but to a limited extent yield allegiance to fashionable vagaries have something to answer for. In no shape protesting against absurdities which apparently they know to be wrong they practically countenance the current folly; whereas a spirited policy in resisting what is manifestly ridiculous as well as wasteful, would, we feel assured, be appreciated by the male part of the community.

For some such policy, an argument could be found in improving the health of the young. By all who treat on the subject, exercise of the limbs is recommended as a matter of first importance. Girls do not require the boisterous recreations of boys, but due and recreative exercise is nevertheless desirable, with a view to strengthening the frame, expanding the chest, giving an appetite for food, and throwing the bloom of health into the cheeks. How base therefore are the present idiotic fashions of artificially trussing up the person to prevent freedom of movement! Has any one gravely inquired what is to be the destiny of the beings who are so enfeebled? Certainly it is not to be wives! Wherever fathers and mothers can exert their proper influence, this heinous offence against the laws of health should be peremptorily checked. Let girls, of whatever grade, freely exercise their legs and arms at all suitable opportunities. Let them run at lawn-tennis, play at battledoor and shuttlecock if they have a fancy, and take walks and skate in winter. Above all, they should learn the art of swimming, for independently of the healthful exercise, it may some day be the means of saving their life. To make themselves useful, and prepare for the battle of life, let them help in household work. We have heard of a physician who prescribed the daily sweeping of an apartment with a long broom as an excellent means of expanding the chest of a

young lady; and the prescription answered. Away, at all events, with the paltry tricks which, on the ground of being fashionable, are undermining the health and damaging the prospects of that interesting section of our social system, the young ladies of England!

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—AT ALFRINGHAM.

THE third drawing-room at Alfringham, which, as has been mentioned, was so favourite a room with Mrs Stanhope, on account of her belief that its pink hangings suited her complexion, was large enough to accommodate a numerous family. It did, for a wonder, contain for the moment so many as three persons, since, besides Maud and her mother, Lord Penrith himself was there. The master of this grand house very seldom entered any of its sumptuously furnished drawing-rooms. He lived in his own suite of apartments, and was rarely seen out of them except at dinner-time, when he and his sister habitually dined alone, in an enormous room that could not be cheerful in the absence of guests, despite the array of serving-men in and out of livery, and the blaze of gold and silver plate upon a sideboard that would have graced a royal festival.

What Mrs Stanhope, naturally fond of gossip and tattle, of harmless dissipation, and a town-life, must have suffered year after year during Maud's visits at Llosthnel Court and elsewhere, and when she was compelled to dine alone with her solemn, silent brother, it would be difficult to estimate. Even the great fire of blazing logs could not in winter bring the social thermometer much above freezing-point on these melancholy occasions. There was state and splendour in abundance. The stalled ox was served without the sauce of either hatred or love, merely garnished with frigid ceremony. There would sit the old peer, eating without zest, caring little or nothing for the wines which the grave butler poured into the array of glasses before him; there on the walls, frowned or smiled a double line of pictured ancestors, as if criticising the conduct of the then tenants for life; and there was the London ex-beauty, racking her modicum of brains to find scraps of conversation that should prevent the dull meal from taking place in mere dumb-show. When Maud was at what was conventionally called her home, matters were pleasanter. Even my lord would be induced to talk a little then. For if Lord Penrith cared for any living soul, it was Maud he cared for; and any servant of the house, any agent, or tenant, or whosever was connected with the House of Beville, would have staked his life that Miss Stanhope was the destined heiress of Lord Penrith's estate.

And now, for a wonder, Lord Penrith was in the third or pink drawing-room. He had come in, leaning on the arm of his valet; and he had been lodged on a sofa, and propped up with pillows at precisely the proper angle, near the fire; and there he was, spreading out his shrunken hands to get the benefit of the welcome heat. His lordship was always cold. His lordship was always ill, though smooth Dr Bland would have been puzzled sometimes, had

he been called upon to state before a jury of experts the precise nature of his noble patient's malady. Yet that the old lord was ill, no unprejudiced person who looked attentively at his face could doubt or deny. He was that most pitiable, perhaps, of all sights, the wreck of a strong man. Handsome he may possibly have been; but he was not comely now, as old age often is. The high forehead was crossed by a thousand wrinkles; the eyes were bloodshot, restless, and unutterably sad; and the mouth, the most tell-tale of all features, had a silent eloquence of its own which told of pain long borne, but in no spirit of resignation. Altogether it was a speaking countenance, the face of a proud man, whose very pride had been caused to sting him, scorpion-like.

'How cold it strikes!' said my lord peevishly. There was a hot fire of crackling logs and glowing embers, ruby-red, and Alfringham Hall was supplied with all manner of cunning contrivances for sending heat everywhere throughout the spacious pile; nor was the weather by any means comparable to what people mean when they speak of an old-fashioned Christmas. But Mrs Stanhope cordially agreed with her brother as to the severity of the weather; and, had he pleased to aver the Dorsetshire climate to be one of arctic rigour, his devoted sister would have been as ready to endorse the assertion as were Hamlet's courtier-friends to liken the cloud to whale or weasel as his Highness pleased. Nor was Mrs Stanhope consciously a hypocrite or a time-server, only that she had laid it down as a rule through life to defer to a brother who had so much in his gift.

Lord Penrith did not seem to care much for his sister's opinion as to the inclemency of the temperature. He was used to hear his words re-echoed, and regarded the circumstance as one of the adjuncts of his position.

'This pillow slips away each time I stir my head,' was the noble invalid's next remark. 'Jackson said he had placed it properly; but Jackson is a fool, a self-sufficient fool, pig-headed like all Cornishmen; and how I put up with him, or how the Duke bore with him, I cannot conceive, except that Glamorgan is a fool too.'

Lord Penrith, in his querulous moods, was severe in his judgments, and did not spare his own order, as his observations on His Grace the Duke of Glamorgan, K.G., and his body-servant Luke Jackson, who was as careful and considerate a valet as a nobleman needed to have about him, sufficiently proved. Maud rose, and with feminine dexterity adjusted the pillow under the old man's head.

'Thank you, my dear!' said Lord Penrith, more gently.—'Kate, have you had an answer to that letter of yours?'

'From the house-steward at Penrith House, do you mean, dear?' asked Mrs Stanhope, hesitatingly.

'Of course I do,' said the old peer tartly. 'Did you not desire him, at my wish, to get everything ready to receive us when we go up to London to-morrow, and ought he not to have sent the answer before this? Unless, indeed, Mr Smith has gone down to spend Christmas with his relations in the country, and has left Penrith House to take care of itself; which would not surprise me. Nothing does.'

Mrs Stanhope feebly suggested that the post-bag

had not yet arrived; and Maud reminded her uncle that Smith the defaulter had not as yet had time to reply in due postal course, but would doubtless do so by telegraph that day.

'Whether he does so or not,' said Lord Penrith, decisively, 'we go up to town to-morrow. My health is too precarious for me to any longer a subject for your precious Dr Bland, Kate, to try experiments upon. Bland is a smooth-tongued charlatan, kicked out of London practice to poison us in the country. I tell you he does not understand me in the least, not in the least. Sir Joseph does. Old Sir Joseph Doubletree is a humbug; but he is a physician, and he does know my constitution; and I choose to put myself under his hands again, at least for a time. As for any other things, London will be a shade more tiresome, if that can be, than Alfringham.—Maud, would you kindly ring for Jackson?'

Jackson the valet came nimbly in response to the summons of the bell; and leaning on the man's arm, Lord Penrith tottered, rather than walked, back again to his private apartments. There was not a stable-lad or a wedding-boy employed at Alfringham who probably did not get more enjoyment out of his life than did the noble master of all.

'My poor uncle!' said Maud Stanhope, when she and her mother were left alone together; and her tone expressed a pity that was more than conventional.

'So altered—so sadly different,' sighed Mrs Stanhope, 'from his former self. In one thing, my dear, he is unchanged, and that is his kindness to me. That has been unfailing since the days when I, quite a little child, used to look admiringly up to the bold, tall, elder brother who was even then a young man; for I am eighteen years his junior, you know.'

Maud had most likely been informed on other occasions of the difference of age between Lord Penrith and his sister. At anyrate, she expressed no surprise, but merely said: 'Poor Uncle Penrith! His has been but a sad life. I never realised it, I think, as I do now.'

'How altered he is!' repeated Mrs Stanhope. 'Yet I can remember him as a handsome young man, hot-tempered, fiery, and determined to have his own way always; but generous, and not the less liked because of his strong will. His temper, poor man, has cooled itself down now to mere fretfulness; and his very pride has turned inward, and become moroseness. But it was not always so. Before the great sorrow of his life, when Marnaduke the heir was brought back to the house dead, he was so different.'

'I never quite understood that sad story, often as I have heard it mentioned,' said Maud. 'Those whom I remember to have spoken of it did so as if they feared to be overheard, like superstitious people who talk of ghosts and witches after dark.'

'It was a terrible disgrace to the family, besides the horror of the crime,' answered her mother. 'But you, Maud dear, who may come to be mistress here some day, should surely know the truth, melancholy as it is. Marnaduke, the eldest son, was his father's favourite, and in disposition very like his father—only harder and more imperious. Even when almost a child, he domineered over the whole household, I think,

and especially over his younger brother, George Beville, the—the murderer, you know'—

'Tell me,' said Maud, with some interest, 'what sort of person was this unfortunate man whom you call George?'

'I liked him,' answered Mrs Stanhope. 'He was a sweet-tempered boy, and grew into a young man, handsome, indeed—all the Bevilles were that—but shy, timid, and a bookworm. His father, who idolised Marmaduke, and encouraged him in his high-handed line of conduct, despised poor George as a milk-sop—though George was brave enough, as I remember, in time of need—on account of his preferring books to field-sports, and there was not much in common between them.'

'Now George, as I have said, had a sweet temper, and his patience with his brother was astonishing; but sometimes it gave way, and there would be a heavy quarrel, in which, I am bound to say, Marmaduke was always obstinate, and always in the wrong. There had been such a quarrel, I recollect to have heard, on the morning of the miserable day when the wicked deed was done. The elder brother had a notion that, as the heir of Alfringham and future chief of the family, he had a right to dictate to his cadet not only what he should do, but what he should think. And poor George in the course of his reading had picked up some newfangled notions—about the poor, I believe—which vexed his father, and made his brother very angry. But the dispute this time, though loud and hot, came to an end; and both brothers left the Hall together, and apparently on more friendly terms than had of late been usual.'

'Hours passed, and neither George nor his brother came back; but there was no uneasiness; until just before dark—for it was winter, as it is now, and the days were short—there spread a rumour through the place that Mr Marmaduke was killed. It was too true. His body had been found lying near a stile, at the end of a footpath leading from the Ridge to the Bullbury Road. He must have been dead some hours, for he was quite cold. He had been shot through the heart. And beside him in the snow lay a pistol, silver-mounted, and with arms and initials engraved on a plate in the stock; a pistol which my nephew, George Beville, was known to have bought in London only a month before. And George did not come back, and all knew that he must be the murderer of his brother.'

'How dreadful!' murmured Maud.

'Dreadful, indeed!' replied her mother. 'My brother's anguish was such as we seldom behold, at least in a man. But then he had loved Marmaduke so fondly, and had gloried in the prospect of leaving an heir so worthy to succeed him in the title and property—indeed he had begun to allow Marmaduke to interfere with the management of the estate in his father's lifetime, which many wise folks thought wrong—that the blow was hard indeed to bear. He never held up his head again.'

'But the unhappy man who did it—George?'

'George wrote from abroad—from Paris, I think, but I am not sure as to the place—so soon, he said, as the report of his brother's murder, and that he was himself suspected of the crime, reached him

through the newspapers. He indignantly protested his innocence.'

'Perhaps he *was* innocent, after all,' said Maud eagerly.

'No, no!' returned Mrs Stanhope, with a sigh; 'no one could believe that. The chain of circumstantial evidence—for of course there was no witness—was too strong. There had been a quarrel that very day between the brothers, by no means the first; then there was the discovery of the pistol; then George's absence; and then the younger brother's interest in becoming, as Marmaduke's death made him, heir to the title and estates. And George never ventured to come back and stand his trial. All regarded this as in itself a proof of guilt; but I, remembering his sensitive, nervous nature, and how he shrank from blame, have never been quite sure. His father was sure. He would not even consider his son's assertions, made by letter, of his innocence, or trouble himself about the reasons George gave for his strange absence just then. He merely wrote a violent letter, cursing the fratricide, and casting him off for ever, with bitter regret that in going abroad as he had done, George should have cheated the hangman. There came back but a curt reply to this, saying that the discarded son would trouble his unjust father no more. And that was the last news of George Beville, who died, we believe, in Australia, in poverty; but even that remains uncertain.'

'Perhaps he was innocent,' repeated Maud thoughtfully.

THE FRONTIER-LAND.

In this which is pre-eminently the age of travel, the frontier-land of America yields to none in the attractions which it offers to the traveller in search of adventure and sport. All of us, it is true, cannot share personally in such prairie experiences as Major Campion describes in his book, *On the Frontier*; but the many debarred by the force of circumstances from such silvan delights, cannot do better than turn their backs in imagination on the comforts and luxuries of nineteenth-century civilisation, and accompany him into the land of the bison and the scarcely less savage Indian brave.

Major Campion's party consisted of five—himself and a friend, two hired backwoodsmen, and a clever well-educated ne'er-do-weel yept Jack, who volunteered for the office of cook to the party. This gastronomic volunteer proved himself in fact to be no mean disciple of Soyer; although the difficulties he had to contend with in the shape of a smoky camp stove would have taken the heart out of almost any other *chef de cuisine*. The outfit, in addition to the aforesaid stove, consisted of a light covered wagon, four mules, a tent, a watch-dog, and two good horses trained to the sport of buffalo-hunting, and hence technically known as buffalo-runners. The possession of a good buffalo-runner is of the utmost importance to the would-be buffalo-hunter, as should the rider momentarily lose his presence of mind, as is not unusual with a novice when first brought face to face with the stupendous rush of an enraged buffalo, the trained horse performs his accustomed evolution, and by

a sudden spring to one side evades the murderous charge.

Major Campion bears his testimony, as almost all travellers have done, to the expansion of spirit and wonderful exhilaration of body and soul produced by travelling in fine weather through the vast plains of the western wilderness. 'Around us,' he says, 'was a rolling prairie, with an horizon like the ocean's; and a balmy, invigorating, almost intoxicating air blew over it into our faces, coming untainted and unpoisoned by the breaths, smells, and smoke of cities, from the Rocky Mountains, seven hundred miles off.'

Day after day the travellers journeyed over these grassy plains, which ever as they advanced lengthened out before them into what seemed an endless immensity of verdure; till one day scanning with anxious eyes the wide ocean of green, it was seen to be dotted with small black specks, which in the distance massed themselves into little groups, which again were defined into a dark line on the horizon. A sudden jubilant shout rent the air, for there at last were the much desired buffalo. It is one thing, however, to sight buffalo, and quite another thing to kill or even to stalk them, as our travellers found. The first thing needful was to pitch their camp. Without much difficulty a site was found for this movable hunting lodge, which was christened Camp Gibraltar; and from the top of a high tree in its vicinity an anxious look-out was kept upon the herd of buffaloes. At first they seemed stationary; but by degrees the shaggy forms of the bulls, which always feed upon the outskirts of the herds, became more distinct, and it was evident that they were slowly approaching. Soothed by visions of buffalo humps and tongues on the morrow, each aspiring Nimrod wrapped himself in his blanket and sank into a fitful but not unguarded sleep of expectancy.

A sentinel was always posted at night at Camp Gibraltar, and the sentry of the prairies be it understood has in some respects a much more arduous task than his European congener. He must in the first place neither walk nor stand; to do either would make him a sure mark for the silent arrow of the prowling Indian scout. No; he must grovel ingloriously but safely upon his stomach, hidden by the long prairie-grass—'with his elbows far apart, his wrists brought together, his chin supported on his hands, his ears open, and his eyes everywhere.'

In this position of little ease the sentry of Camp Gibraltar had been already squatting for a couple of hours on a fine moonshiny night, when he suddenly heard a sound which he could not at all make out. It was low at first and indistinct, like the faint far-off murmur of the sea; but it increased every moment in strength and volume till it sounded like the roll of distant thunder, or the roar of the surf on a rocky shore. Thoroughly puzzled, the sentinel awoke his comrades, and a hurried council of war was held. Was it a prairie-fire? No; the grass was too green for that. Was it a sudden rain-storm to the west, and was the Republican River, on whose banks they were encamped, coming down in flood, to sweep away the sandy foundations of their temporary home? This contingency was alarming enough; but after a few anxious minutes the sound was clearly perceived to come from the direction of the herd of

buffaloes; and thoroughly tranquillised by this discovery, the novices turned in again, and were soon fast asleep. Even the sentinel grovelling among the long prairie-grass owned afterwards to a few moments of profound unconsciousness, when there was a sudden crash, as if the whole universe around them were falling to pieces with a deafening roar; and with a start the inmates of Camp Gibraltar awoke. 'The scene around them was terrific. The air shivered with noise, the earth trembled under their feet. The main herd was crossing the river close to their camp. The roar of the bulls, the lowing of the cows, the tramp of thousands of feet, the splash of water as the huge mass of animals plunged and struggled through it, the crumbling fall of the bank as the buffaloes forced their way up its steep face—all were blended in one mighty tumult.' Sheer astonishment at first held them speechless and motionless; but this soon gave way to the instinct of self-preservation. They were in imminent peril; if the herd came their way, they would be ground to powder; their only safeguard was a fire, which was piled up, and fed all through that memorable night, whose long hours were spent in watching the continuous tramp and din of the ever passing, apparently interminable herd.

Major Campion says of this striking spectacle—which bids fair, from the rapid decrease of the buffalo on these western plains, to be soon numbered among the things of the past: 'I have stood on the deck of a ship at large in mid Atlantic; I have been startled from deep sleep by the firing of rifle-balls, the quick zip-zip of flying arrows, the death-scream of a slaughtered sentinel, and the war-whoop of the Red Indian—but none of these scenes recall themselves more forcibly to me than does that midnight crossing of the Republican River by that mighty host of buffaloes in thousands.'

Next day the whole prairie was alive with them; and our traveller, after two hours of patient stalking, was rewarded by an old bull coming lumbering round the corner almost up to him, and then gently trotting off. He gave chase at once; and the wily patriarch finding his pursuer gaining upon him, suddenly wheeled round; then pivoting on his hind-legs, he lowered his head, tossed back his shaggy forelock from his fiery eyes, and switching his tail into the air, made a sudden charge, which would inevitably have ended for over Major Campion's hunting adventures, if it had not been for the sagacity of his horse, a well-trained buffalo-runner. He had fired just before the brute charged, but without success; and now his comrade did the same, and wounded it, but so slightly, that it in no way interfered with its rolling gallop. Spurring their horses to their utmost speed, both men now gave chase, and as they closed upon the bull, fired off their pistols, wounding him as before, but failing to kill him. The horses were now thoroughly exhausted; and very reluctantly the patriarch of the prairies had to be abandoned to his fate, which meant most probably the tender mercies of the prairie-wolves; and the two crest-fallen hunters, minus hump, tongue, or juicy steaks, sneaked back to camp. Meanwhile the two backwoodsmen and Jack the cook had with a single shot killed a buffalo which had come down to the river to

drink; a piece of good fortune which, however mortifying to the *amour propre* of their masters, had the attendant consolation of buffalo-steaks for dinner, and marrow-bones which were voted delicious.

A great proportion of the buffalo-meat, all that cannot be used fresh, is jerked; that is, it is cut into strips of equal thickness and as long as possible; these are dipped into brine, laid upon a rough wooden table, under which a fire is kindled to keep off the insects, and dried in the sun.

This free jolly hunter's life at Camp Gibraltar came like all superlatively good things to an all too sudden close. One frosty night when wreaths of silvery mist were creeping up from the river in the moonlight, the sentinel, grovelling as usual upon his stomach among the long damp grass, became aware of an indistinct object approaching through the mist. Looming gigantic in the distance it resolved itself as it drew nearer into a horseman, carefully tracking in the moonlight an easily followed trail. Arriving close to the camp, where all the trails blended into one, he reined in his horse; and there, in the clear full light, stood revealed the striking figure of an Indian brave. 'His bow and arrows and his long thin lance hung crosswise at his back; his rifle lay athwart his saddle-bow; the fringes of his hunting-shirt and the stained feathers of his head-dress stirred and fluttered in the night-air;' while he, motionless as a bronze centaur, gazed steadily in the direction of the camp. Meanwhile the sentinel in the grass above, with his rifle at full-cock and the index finger of his right hand laid against the hair-trigger, was anxiously debating the question to kill or not to kill. Prudence suggested the former alternative; but it was too like murder in cold blood; he could not bring himself to shoot, and the dusky spy was allowed to ride off in safety; but no sooner was he gone, than the camp was roused, the wagons packed, and a hasty backward march made to Fort Riley, where their safe arrival created no little sensation. They were declared, 'to have crowded their luck;' and were assured that three tribes of Indians were out upon the war-path, so that the usual frontier military toast, 'The hair on the top of your head, and long may it wave there,' had a deeper significance than usual in their case.

Camping out in summer or autumn, when the wide grassy plains and clumps of forest are a mass of green luxuriance, when a thousand sweet perfumes load the air, and the verdure is brilliantly flecked and dappled with masses of gorgeously leaved flowers, is a very pleasant thing. But Major Campion had experience also of a long winter-camp—out in the Rocky Mountains. He had with him his comrade of Camp Gibraltar, and two men who had long been in their employment—Joe, a big rudely-complexioned Missourian; and Lafayette or Laughy, a tall thin sallow Yankee from Maine. They had two light strong wagons built for mountain-travel, a variety of stores, two powerful dogs Nip and Tug, and twenty beaver-traps, as they meant to trap beaver as well as hunt. They chose for the site of their winter-camp a large secluded valley called Wet Mountain Valley. It covered a tract of country forty miles long by twenty broad, and was inclosed by high rocky peaks. It was entered by a defile known as the Gate of the Plains, and was in itself a little lonely

world, composed of glades, glens, and small valleys opening into each other, with abundant willow-fringed streams well peopled with beaver. In the central valley a rude hut was built with oak and cedar branches; a great fire was laid; a hole was dug in the ground, and lined with stones for an oven; and a high platform was made where meat could be beyond the reach of wolves and pumas. The valley was then explored and was found to contain a large quantity and variety of game—white-tailed, black-tailed, and spruce deer, ashlahta or big-horns, elks, bears, wolves, foxes, lynx, and pumas, wild-turkeys, wood-grouse, and mountain partridges.

In this hunter's Elysium the weather continued charming and the fare of the best still close upon Christmas Day, when a foot of snow fell, and the game all disappeared, leaving them with a larder well nigh empty, and the cheering prospect of making their Christmas dinner off fat bacon and the traditional plum-pudding, the materials for which they had brought with them. This dismal look-out was a little brightened by one of the hands, who brought in word on the evening of December 23d, that he had seen wild-turkeys feeding five or six miles from the camp. Now wild-turkeys are the most wary and cautious of birds; they are as difficult to stalk as the shyest of deer; and our Major, who started in pursuit of them at daybreak next morning, had a charming day of it. Early in the forenoon he came upon the track of eight turkeys, and followed them up hill and down dale, through thickets, and across half-frozen streams for many a weary mile and hour, until at last he lost all trace of them. This looked gloomy; but there was a silver lining to the cloud, and he was cheered by finding the tracks of a large deer in the snow. Fat venison may serve at a pinch for a Christmas dinner as well as fat turkey, so he started at once in pursuit of the fresh game; but in crossing a wide stream the ice broke, and down he went waist deep in intensely cold water with a crash loud enough to startle all the deer in the valley. With difficulty he scrambled out benumbed with cold and feeling his clothes beginning to freeze upon him, but amid all his discomforts still intent upon a turkey. He was still watching and longing under the cotton-wood trees, when his comrade came up with two turkeys slung over his shoulder; and these, with two others which were afterwards secured, and a fat buck shot down by the backwoodsman, made a very respectable Christmas dinner.

The fur of the beaver attaining its highest perfection about Christmas, exclusive attention was now given to beaver-trapping. Beavers have been often written about; but our author considers that a want of practical experience about the habits of the animals has prevented this information from being very precise. He himself has often dug up beaver-houses, and his uniform experience of them is, that the entrance is invariably a round hole, nine or ten inches across in the bank of the pool, which their dams make in the stream. This hole runs back from four to ten feet into the bank, and ends in a circular basin four feet across, and four feet deep, with a vaulted roof about a foot above the water with which it is filled. The ingenious creature thus secures for itself a winter bath, in which there is no danger of the water freezing. From this bath passages lead off to the dwelling,

breeding, and store rooms of the beaver family, of which there is only one pair to each house, the old ones helping the young ones when they leave the family mansion to build one precisely similar for themselves. In autumn, they lay in a supply of winter-food, consisting of the small twigs of osiers and the inner bark of cotton-wood trees, alders, willows, and marsh-maples. Their dams have been often described; but to shew what wonderful undertakings they are, it may be mentioned that the building of them often involves the felling of a tree forty or fifty feet high, and that the beaver never fells a tree too short for his purpose, and seldom one too long. They are always built upwards from the bed of the stream, and in mountain streams are generally eight feet high. The object of these dams is to keep the water in their pools at a uniform level; and during a flood the beavers break up a portion of the dam, to allow the surplus water to escape. When the water is sufficiently extensive and unfluctuating for their purpose, the beavers build no dam. This little creature is one of the most sagacious and cautious of animals. If a beaver escape alive from a trap in one of the most frequented trapping-grounds, no more traps need be set there that season. 'Beaver-trapping,' says Major Campion, 'is a contest of acquired skill and knowledge, of patient unremitting care and attention, of energy and of endurance, versus the natural instinct, if we may not call it reason, of the most sagacious, acute, and wary of all the brute creation.'

Owing to a late and unexpected snow-storm which had driven away all the game, the camp in Wet Mountain Valley was almost reduced to the point of starvation. The hunters had little else to live upon except a handful of Indian corn served out to each man per diem, and boiled in a little melted snow-water.

In a few days, however, the two men who had been sent for succour returned with supplies, and the camp in Wet Mountain Valley was broken up, all the sooner that a party of Ute Indians appeared on the scene and soon drove away all the game.

On their way to Fort Mojave on the Colorado River they passed through a tract of sterile country, the salt desert, where the grass and sand were covered with a salt efflorescence which had the appearance of white frost. In this desolate land is Soda Lake, which at a distance looks like a clear beautiful sheet of water with patches of verdure along its banks; but which near at hand is found to be a treary expanse of baked mud thickly covered with shining efflorescent salts, and fringed with beds of marsh-grass. After toiling at a slow pace through two hundred and fifty tedious miles, the beautiful Colorado Valley came in view. This valley, or rather succession of valleys, is fertile and well wooded, and in its upper reaches is sparsely peopled by Indian races, the Mojaves and the Apache Yunayas. With Pah Squal, the war-chief of this latter tribe, the Major and his friend partook of a very appetising meal. One dish was wood-rats, roasted in their skins, skinned, and served each on a large leaf, plump, white, and piping hot. The smell was most savoury; and the Major wisely concluded that he was safe in throwing European prejudices to the winds. 'I took one,' he says, 'seasoned it

well with pepper and salt, ate it; and hereby testify by these presents that wood-rat properly cooked is most excellent eating.' These Apaches are cool, cautious, daring savages, and determined cattle-stealers. If they once get away with a herd, it is almost impossible to recapture the lost animals. An application is usually made, it is true, to the nearest fort for a detachment of cavalry to pursue the marauders; but before the cavalry can be put in motion, one-half of the cattle are slaughtered or have fallen a prey to wild beasts; and in Major Campion's words, 'they return, men and horses done up with rapid travelling, short commons, exposure, and disappointment; so has ended many a hard scout I have been on in that desperately difficult country to campaign in—the home of the Apache.'

For those who delight in tales of wild adventure, we recommend the graphic descriptions contained in Major Campion's stirring volume.

A PIOUS FRAUD.

'GOOD-BYE!'

'Good-bye! You will not fail to come to us next week?'

'O no! Give my love to Bessie, and tell her how anxious I am to know her personally; I have heard so much of her from Joe.'

The last speaker was my wife's sister-in-law. Brother Joe, as we all call him (my wife's brother), had gone to Canada a very young man, and by steadiness and perseverance, having risen to a good position, he had in due course taken unto himself a wife. Kate Morton, our sister-in-law, was an orphan, having an only brother, who was now settled in the old country; for though he and his sister were born in the Dominion, their parents both belonged to old Essex families. Kate had already become a familiar friend to us, through the medium of the post-office; and now in failing health she had visited England, *en route* for Nice, where her medical advisers had recommended her to winter.

Joe was to have accompanied her; but at the last moment, business called him away to New York; and as it was uncertain when he would be at liberty, it was deemed advisable that she should take the journey as far as England by herself, rather than risk an uncertain delay.

Her first visit, on arriving in England, was naturally to her own brother, who had settled down to the life of a gentleman-farmer at Sewardstower, and thither I had come to introduce myself to our sister-in-law.

Sewardstower—as everybody must know who knows anything about it at all—is, though very charming, by no means a popular resort. In fact, therein lies one of its charms; for though not more than an easy journey from the metropolis, no railway Company has as yet been venturesome enough to organise a series of cheap trips to it. Indeed the most modern enterprise has brought no station nearer than two miles to this earthly paradise. It is beyond the radius for pleasure-vans; and were it not, no accommodating hostelry is there to offer good entertainment for man and beast. It is not a town; you could hardly describe it as a village. It is rather an area occupied by landed gentry and gentlemen-farmers.

It is a bright moonlight night, and I have

preferred to walk to the neighbouring station, rather than allow any of Mr Morton's horses to turn out; besides, I enjoy a brisk walk at any time; and to-night the look-out from the high ground at Sewardstower, down over the wooded slopes, and away for miles across the marshy flats below, is really charming.

I have not gone very far from the house when something glittering on the roadway attracts my attention, and on picking it up, I find that it is a ring. I examine it as well as I can by the moonlight, and while I am thus engaged, a stranger overtaking me wishes me good-night. I am nothing loath to have a companion for my two-miles' walk, so I return his salutation cordially, and we are companions for the rest of the journey. My friend, from his style of dress, is evidently a dissenting clergyman. He is well informed, and inclined to be companionable; and I am delighted to find that he, like myself, is bound for the metropolis. I find that he has such a fund of general information, and we have so many sympathies in common, that before long we have exchanged cards and mutually promised ourselves the pleasure of improving each other's acquaintance.

On our way to town, in unconsciously groping in my pocket, I come upon the ring, which in the animation of conversation I had almost forgotten. I take it out, slip it on my finger, and examine it more closely. I am surprised to find that it is apparently a diamond ring, the stone of unusual size, and so far as I can judge, of great value. My friend and I have become so very confidential that I am half inclined to tell him all about it; but on second thoughts I consider this hardly prudent; so instead, I put the ring, hand and all, into my pocket again; and for the remainder of the journey am perhaps a trifle less companionable, for I am turning over in my mind what I had better do with my treasure-trove. The result of my cogitations is that the next day I send advertisements to all the leading journals, offering to restore the ring to the rightful owner on a correct description of the lost trinket being given. The external appearance of the ring is somewhat unusual—a large diamond set in a band of rubies and emeralds; but in the inside is engraved simply a date—December 12th, 1870. Here is a test that defies the attempts of any impostor.

It was not long before the first claimant appeared. A very respectable elderly gentleman called upon me that evening. He could not be sure where he had lost his ring. He had lost it he knew on the 7th of September. (Date correct.) He had been visiting friends at Walfeld and Enthan that day, and had likewise made a call at Sewardstower. He could not say if he had lost it at any of these places, or in London after his return. It was a very valuable ring, but to him it was precious above all things as being a souvenir of his only son, who had been lost in a shipwreck on his voyage out to New Zealand.

The old man's half-suppressed emotion as he alluded to the sad fate of his son was so touching, that I felt it rather a delicate matter to cross-question him as to the peculiarities of the ring, seeing that the date and place of his losing and my finding it were coincidental. However, when he had quite recovered himself, he gave me a very

exact description of the outward appearance of the ring I had picked up.

'May I ask,' said I, 'if the ring you lost bore any inscription?'

'Not any.'

'It is rather odd,' I replied. 'You have given a wonderfully accurate description of the ring I found; and I am sorry it is not yours, since you have so good reason to set an additional value on it; but this ring bears an inscription.'

'Then it cannot be mine; but the ring I lost my son had made especially, and it is odd that there should be two so much alike.'

'Perhaps it might be a satisfaction for you to see this ring,' said I, producing it from my pocket.

The old gentleman stretched out his hand in eager haste, and as he did so, I observed tattooed on his wrist an anchor and the letters D. C. It seemed so out of place that I could not help noting it. He recovered himself, and apologised for his eagerness; the ring was so remarkably like the one he had lost, that for a moment he could not control himself.

After a careful examination, he returned it to me with a sigh. 'No,' he said; 'it is certainly not my ring; but it is an odd coincidence. I must apologise for having troubled you. Good-night.'

Next morning I had an early visitor. A smart business-like young man, who apologised for intruding on me at so inconvenient an hour, but he had called at my place on his way to the City. He had seen my advertisement, and had called as a forlorn-hope; not that he for a moment expected that the ring I had found was his. In fact, he had lost it in such an out-of-the-way place that it was far from likely I had been there to pick it up.

'Might I ask when and where you lost it?'

'At Sewardstower, on the 7th of September.'

Rather odd that this secluded paradise should have had so many visitors on that particular day.

'Will you describe the ring?'

'It is rather an extraordinary one—a large diamond surrounded by a band of rubies and emeralds, and inside engraved the date December 12, 1870.'

'Is this your ring?'

'No doubt of it, sir,' returned he, after a careful survey. 'This is most extraordinary! You will of course allow me to defray all expenses for advertising.'

'Of course; that is only fair.'

'I hardly know how to propose such a thing, but the ring is of considerable value. Could I not offer any reward?'

'Certainly not. But if you think fit, you may send a contribution to the Indian Famine Fund in the name of "A recovered relic."'

'I will send a cheque for twenty guineas as soon as I get to the City.'

I examined the list next morning; but found that my friend had not kept his promise. The second and third day the same. I began to suspect that he had broken faith with me.

On the fourth day, our sister-in-law arrived, and all sublimary things were forgotten for a while in the excitement of receiving her. After a long discussion on family matters with my wife, and a prolonged visit to the nursery, which is the treasure-room in our house, and an almost as pro-

longed and interesting visit to the wardrobe where Canadian and European styles and prices had to be compared and discussed—these subjects of paramount interest being exhausted, the conversation fell to the more ordinary level, and my wife gave Kate an outline of the adventure of the found ring.

'It is very strange,' said Kate; 'but my brother is in some trouble about a ring that he has lost.'

'What sort of a ring was this?'

'Oh, a very unusual one. It was an heirloom, and has been in our family for many generations. A large diamond set in a circle of rubies and emeralds.'

'Had it any inscription on it?'

'Yes. When it came into my brother's possession, he had the date of our father's death, December 12, 1870, engraved inside it.'

'Did he lose it at Sewardstower?'

'Yes; last Wednesday.'

'The seventh of this month.'

'Yes; I believe on the seventh.'

This was enough. I paid an early visit to the nearest police station; and in the course of the evening a detective was sent round to confer with me. Sergeant Rolls was a very silent man. If he entered into the case with any enthusiasm, he certainly gave no outward manifestation of it. He heard my story without comment, filling up the pauses with an occasional nod, the only variation being a shake of the head indicative of disapproval when I told him of my volunteering an exhibition of the ring to the old gentleman. He made a few memoranda in a well-worn pocket-book.

'Do you think there is any chance of our recovering the ring?'

'I can't say much about that, sir; but I think I know our man. If it is one of his jobs, he's wanted for a bigger one; but he's a rare slippery fellow.'

'I would willingly give twenty pounds to recover the ring I have so stupidly parted with.'

'If I hear anything, I will send for you at once.'

Two days later, I received an intimation that I was wanted; and on going round to the police station, I was received by Sergeant Rolls in the same quiet manner that had characterised our first interview.

'Well sergeant, have you heard anything of the ring?'

'You may set your mind at rest about that, sir. Be kind enough to step this way. Please take notice of every one you see in here; but do not make any remark until we are alone again.'

He led me into a room at the back of the court, evidently used as a recreation-room, for the men while waiting for their turn of duty. A long deal-table occupied the centre of the room, on which were scattered newspapers, publications, chess, draughts, and dominoes. The whitewashed walls were ornamented with maps, illuminated texts of Scripture, and a framed copy of police regulations for the private instruction of the force.

Around the table were seated five men in plain clothes, and on duty were two policemen. With one of these Sergeant Rolls entered into an inaudible conversation, while I made my survey of the other occupants of the room. I thought them on the whole rather a villainous company, but probably my mental vision was distorted by

the influence of the place. The first two I dismissed after a very brief survey; but I could hardly suppress a start as I recognised in the third the smart young man who had so adroitly gained possession of the ring. Very disreputable were his looks now; but a sojourn in a police cell is rarely advantageous to one's toilet and general appearance. The fourth called up no memories in me; but I had a haunting recollection of the face of the fifth. He was certainly the most respectable-looking of them all—an elderly, gentlemanlike man. Could it be possible that he was the plausible patriarch who had beguiled me into displaying the private marks on the lost ring?

A look of intelligence from Sergeant Rolls, and he passes out of the room, I following.

'Well?'

'The first, second, and fourth I have never seen before.'

'Very likely not; they are three of our own men.'

'The third is beyond a doubt the man who got the ring from me.'

'Very little doubt of that, sir. We have the ring; and it will be restored to you in due course.'

'The fifth I am not sure about; but I strongly suspect him of being the old gentleman who called upon me the evening before I parted with the ring.'

'Steady there, sir; steady! That's our district superintendent. Our books here will prove an alibi for him if necessary.'

'But I am sure I have seen the face before.'

'Very likely. He took down the information the first day you came to us; but he was in uniform then, which makes all the difference.'

'To be sure,' I exclaimed, my memory being recalled to the circumstance.

'Let me see,' said Sergeant Rolls, producing his pocket-book. 'I think you described some peculiar marks on the old gentleman's wrist.'

He walked over to a speaking-tube in a corner of the room; and almost immediately after he had taken it into his confidence, the occupants of the adjoining apartment began to file out. As number three left the room under careful escort, the sergeant brought him forward into the bright light.

'Turn up your right cuff.'

The order was sullenly obeyed; and what was my surprise to see the tattooed anchor and D. C., which had distinguished my first visitor. At a signal from the sergeant he was again removed.

'You are rather surprised.'

'I confess I am.'

'The man's career has been very extraordinary, perhaps one of the most remarkable biographies in our strange library. Educated at Eton, he believed that a naval career was the most suitable for him. His friends had different views; and as they would not purchase him a commission in the navy, he shipped in the merchant service on his own account. One voyage convinced him that his friends were right; but he was too much of a Bohemian to settle down in respectable society and go in for the Church, as his people wished. The first time he came under our notice was as a "drunk and disorderly," and very often afterwards we had him as a lodger. At that time he was an actor, and of unusual talent when he was

sober, but so unreliable, that he could get no employment except at second or third rate houses, where they were glad of something superior at a small salary, and where his audacious rather enjoyed the excitement of an occasional rumput, when his potations left him in an obstinate or quarrelsome humour. He always had a contempt for his supporters, and having lost their favour, the temple of the drama speedily closed its doors on him. He had a hard life of it for a while; but suddenly he took a sober fit, and we lost sight of him altogether. By-and-by a number of impostures, robberies, and other matters of that sort puzzled us for a while. The individuals connected with them answered to different descriptions; but from a professional point of view, we soon detected one hand at work through them all. We got enough information to give us a strong suspicion that our old friend was using his acquired experience in making up and playing a part. He is a slippery customer, however; and I don't know if we should have landed him now had it not been for your ring.'

'How did you discover it?'

'Ridiculously simple. He had just completed a big job that had occupied him some time, and which had necessitated his being a strict teetotaler for a few weeks, and pretending an unusual amount of morality. I suppose this was so unpalatable to him, that he had given way to his old vice, and in an unguarded moment he was flashing about the ring. His old experience of the Brummagem gems which he wore in his theatrical parts, had given him a weakness for jewellery.'

'I suppose I will be bound over to prosecute?'

'I don't think so. The fact is he was wanted for the big job I spoke of just now, if we can bring it home to him. A very clever thing it was too. Would you like to hear of it?'

I am surprised to find that the taciturn sergeant can be so talkative, and encourage him to proceed.

'Well, sir, Mr — is a very earnest, pious gentleman, and does a power of good in his part of the country. He is very wealthy, and anybody who has a really benevolent scheme is sure of a hearty welcome at his house. Our friend, by means of a forged letter purporting to come from one of the great American revivalists, introduced himself to Mr —, and was received with open arms. He must have played his part to perfection, for his host keeps open house at all times to clergymen and missionaries of all denominations. When he had his plans thoroughly matured, he organised a meeting, to which all the neighbourhood was invited, and in which the servants of the household as usual took part.

'The singing was evidently to be the signal for his confederates.—You may have attended some of the services at the Agricultural Hall, and know with what hearty good-will the hymns were always rendered.—The coast was clear; the whole household being in the dining-room. The noise of the singing was ample enough to drown any that might be made by the burglars, and so many of the neighbours were present, that the chance of disturbance from without was reduced to a minimum. By the time the benediction was pronounced, the house had been stripped, and the robbers were fairly on their way to the purlieus of Whitechapel.'

'Where and when did this happen?'

'At Sewardstower, on the evening of the 7th September.'

'I must have come up to town that night with one of the ministers who had attended the meeting.'

'And you gave him your earl?' said Sergeant Rolls with more eagerness than he was wont to display.

'Yes,' said I; 'we exchanged cards in the train.'

'Do you happen to have his?'

I find it in my pocket-book, and hand it to the sergeant.

'The Rev. Timotheus Bracebridge. The very man. One of the cards he must have had printed specially for this job. You did not mention this meeting to me when you stated your case.'

'I hardly thought of it, and did not see what bearing it could have on the subject.'

'How did you suppose that the old gentleman was able to give you so accurate a description of this remarkable ring?'

'I see it all now. I remember taking it out of my pocket in the train. How clearly it has all come out!'

'Yes; I think that the two cases dovetail beautifully. The fact is our friend has so thoroughly taken in Mr — that he thinks we are on the wrong scent. But the circumstantial evidence is pretty strong now.'

I have no intention to take the reader through all the lateral circumstances connected with the memorable trial which followed, the details of which are foreign to my story. Suffice it to say that in the able hands of Sergeant Rolls the clue afforded by the recovery of the ring was so vigorously followed up that in a week's time the whole gang were in the hands of justice. Mr —, much against his will, was convinced of the perfidy of his protégé, who has now resigned his many aliases for the permanent title of 'No. 9247,' and whose ingenious making-up will for the future be restricted to the monotonous one of a close-cropped wig and an unbecoming suit of gray.

Reader, the moral of this story is evident: beware of submitting your valuables to the scrutiny of a stranger.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF LAND TELEGRAPH LINES.

In a former number of *Chambers's Journal*, No. 708, we recorded the haps and mishaps which commonly befall a submarine cable buried in the depths of the sea. Our present purpose is to give an account of the contingencies which occur to an overland telegraph erected in the air. The haps and mishaps of submarine cables have proved themselves to be of a kind totally unexpected by even the highest authorities on the subject; and although, from the exposed nature of land-lines, many of the ills which they are heir to might have been anticipated, still we may be able to shew that there are some curious experiences in their lot, which even the wisest could not have foretold.

One of the worst enemies to the telegraph wire in various parts of the world is man himself. Even in civilised countries, the soot from chimneys and railway trains is ever settling on the little

cups which insulate the wire from the poles and the ground; shreds of twine or cloth, and kites' tails, are constantly getting entangled in the wires, and connecting them to each other or to the supporting poles, so as to make the current leak from one wire to another, or to the earth itself. Mischievous boys are occasionally guilty of throwing stones and breaking the insulating cups, or climbing the posts and cutting the wires. These, and the evils which sometimes arise from snow-storms, are among the chief mishaps to which our overland telegraphs are liable.

It is in wild countries however, and from savage man, that the telegraph encounters its most dangerous foes; though at the same time, less trouble has been met with amongst the barbarian races through whose territories the telegraph has passed, than was formerly expected. The two great causes of this comparative immunity from trouble are 'backsheesh' (money donations) and superstition. The most suspicious natives soon found that once the line was erected it was a very harmless affair, and they were none the worse for it; while the money paid to them to make them respect the line was very easily won, and very welcome. When the great Indo-European line from England, *via* Russia and Teheran, to the head of the Persian Gulf, was made, the wild Arab and Tartar hordes of the Euphrates Valley were soon quieted by an annual backsheesh to their sheiks. In Senegal the wooden posts are often burned by the natives firing the tall grass of the hills; but this is mere accident, as they have a superstitious dread of what they term the white man's talking-jumbo. It is a powerful and malignant 'fetich' to them, which they would not willingly meddle with. Similarly, a number of the North American prairie tribes, such as the Navajoes, regard the line with a reverence highly creditable to them as a race; and it is remarkable that during former troubles with the Kaffirs, the fierce Galeka and Gaika warriors left the frontier telegraph wires almost entirely unmolested.

The strongest opposition to a telegraph line from uncivilised races is always met with when it is first erected. Fear of the strange thing, and jealousy of territorial encroachment, naturally excite the savage mind to resent the innovation; and most construction parties in wild countries have to be protected by an escort of troops. The great trans-Australian overland line recently completed, was carried for hundreds of miles through desert solitudes, unharmed by the blacks; but on the Macdonald Range a band of hostile natives were encountered; and the electricians gained a bloodless victory over them by connecting the poles of a powerful battery to the wire, and administering shocks unawares to those of the natives who were prowling curiously around. The mysterious power, which seemed to them like a thunder-stroke, inspired them with a wholesome terror of the wire, and they gave it a wide berth ever after. Both in Australia and New Zealand, several erecting parties have been attacked by the aborigines and massacred. Of late however, in New Zealand the Maoris have shewn a different spirit, probably because of a better management on the part of the whites; and Maori squatters now help to build the line, which they look upon as a triumph of their scientific abilities.

The telegraph line has very often to suffer from

the thievish propensities of natives. The Arabs of the Nubian desert are continually stealing the wire of the line which runs from Cairo to Khartoum on the Blue Nile, for the purpose of pointing their spears. In India the sepoys cut the lead soldering from the insulators to make slugs of it; and the Chinese have long regarded the wire as a very convenient source of tea-box nails; while some of these childlike individuals caught in the act of cutting down the posts have been known to plead that they thought they grew there. The Celestials have hitherto shewn a peculiar spite against the telegraph, both cable and land-line; and it is satisfactory to learn that they are now much better disposed to it; the telephone having opened their eyes to its advantages. The fact is, they did not understand the former telegraphs, and they were unused to the Chinese language, which has no alphabet. But now the telephone enables them to converse, and transmits with peculiar fidelity the metallic twang of their monosyllabic language. They are vastly delighted with it, and have just discovered for the first time that it was originally Chinese, having been invented in the year 960 by Kung Foo Whing; an announcement which will satisfy their self-complacency, without disturbing the equanimity of Professor Bell.

On one occasion the wires of the Pagoda Company having been repeatedly cut and stolen, the Chinese Board of Foreign Trade issued a proclamation to the following effect: 'These fellows really shew an inveterate and detestable love of mischief. Although telegraphs are a foreign invention, still the line has been purchased by the government, is managed by the government, and is government property. The laws shew no leniency to those who steal goods belonging to the government. Telegraphs are war material also, since they are used in times of war for transmitting military messages; and people stealing war material are liable to severe punishment. The authorities might seize and punish these persons rigorously, but forbear because of their ignorance. All of you were originally good; how is it that you do not shew any self-respect? Fathers must warn their sons, and elder brothers their younger ones, to prevent violation of the laws. People found stealing wire will be seized, tried, and executed on the spot as a warning to others. For the apprehension of such persons two hundred dollars reward is offered. It will be impossible to shew mercy hereafter. Therefore let everybody ponder over this three times, that he may have no occasion for repentance afterwards. Tremble and obey!'

The American civil war first introduced the plan of 'tapping' the wires, and abstracting or eavesdropping a message, which now plays an important part in all military operations. One of the first acts of a hostile army in an enemy's territory is to cut the telegraph lines. Even the Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny knew the advantage to be gained from this, and native troops had to be kept patrolling the lines in order to protect them where possible. A line can be 'tapped' without cutting the wires, by simply connecting another wire on to the line and joining the instrument between this branch wire and the earth. The 'circuit' necessary for the transmission of the fluid is thus made, and messages can be intercepted in their progress to places beyond.

Mademoiselle Dodu, the superintendent of a French telegraph station, was decorated with the Legion of Honour for the patriotic crime of having, at the risk of her life, intercepted a despatch between two German generals during the Franco-Prussian War. This tapping of the wires is sometimes practised in America for fraudulent purposes. A few years ago there was a notorious mining case being tried in Virginia City, Nevada, in which the title to a mine, valued at fifty million dollars, was in dispute. The future market-value of the stock in San Francisco depended entirely on the result of the suit. If the prosecutor won, the stock would fall; if the defendant won, the stock would rise. If one of the 'mining sharks' in San Francisco could obtain reliable information of the decision of the court a few hours in advance of the others, there would be 'millions in it,' as the Americans say. A telegraph operator accordingly agreed to furnish one of the leading stockbrokers in San Francisco with the desired information; so, dressing himself as a gold 'prospector,' and taking a portable apparatus with him, he set off to the hills, and took up his quarters in a deserted hut near the line. He attached his instrument to the line by a loop of wire, so that the messages were diverted through his instrument, but not necessarily checked, as they passed on their way. By this plan he followed the development of the trial from the nature of the messages passing over the line. And when the final result came along, he connected his instrument to earth, and completely intercepted it by playing for the time the part of the receiving-operator at San Francisco. When he had done this, he took on himself the rôle of the Virginia City sending-operator, and sent the message on to San Francisco to the broker with whom he had arranged. By this piece of clever masquerade he gained a fortune of twenty thousand dollars.

The troubles caused by the animal creation in primeval countries, and especially in the tropics, are of a more varied and curious character than those due to man. The termites or white ants, the curse of these regions, ruin the wooden posts in a very short time, and either posts impregnated with creosote or poles of iron have to be adopted, although at greater primary expense. In Java the wires are carried on the living *kaypas* trees pruned of all their branches. Such is the vitality of the tree that the trunk continues to grow, putting out horizontal sprouts at its top, and the living pole is proof both against dry rot and termites. In India, the crows have been known to collect the odd ends of wires cut off in erecting a line, and build their nests between the posts and wires with them, thus destroying the insulation of the line. Similarly, wasps' nests, often dropped by birds of prey on the wires, monkeys playing at gymnastics, frequently cause a serious leakage of the current; and freaky elephants, rejoicing in the strength of their trunks, occasionally feed their vanity by uprooting dozens of poles right off. On the plains of the Far West, the shaggy bison find a welcome scratching-post in the poles of the overland lines; and as bison scratch with extraordinary vigour, they soon loosen the poles, and level them with the ground. An ingenious Yankee hit upon the idea of driving sharp spikes into the poles to keep the buffaloes

off; but what was his surprise when he found that they ever after selected the spiked posts as a currycomb, and left the plain ones alone. The large number of prairie hens killed by flying blindly against the wires has often been remarked by travellers. Even in England a similar fate occurs to sparrows, partridges, woodcocks, and other birds, numbers being annually killed by flying against the wires. Such haps as these should, however, be entered in the other side of the ledger, since it is the wires which inflict them on the animals.

Though the foregoing foes are at times exceedingly trying to the working power of the telegraph, they are simple compared with the ravages committed by the action of the elements. Their influence is ever at work, slowly and imperceptibly, or sudden and violent. The posts rot away in five or six years even in dry countries, unless preserved by impregnated creosote oil or other preservative. The wires rust in the open air, especially along railways and in cities, where steam and acid vapours corrode them rapidly. In some situations a wire will rust through in a few years; in others it will last for forty years. Lines along the sea-coast preserve well; but lines in the warm, humid tropics decay very quickly. Gales of wind often level dozens of poles at one swoop; and the tangle of wires falling across railways has been known to throw a train off the rails. During some of the severe sleet-storms of the northern United States and Canada, the wires and poles, burdened by the frozen sleet and strained by the blast, have given way over the whole track of the storm, and rendered it necessary to re-erect nearly two hundred miles of line. A mishap which is often brought about by high winds, in the forest tracts of America, but which also results from forest fires and natural decay, is the falling of trees across the wire, which either breaks it or levels the poles to the ground. Generally however, there is a track fifty feet wide cleared of trees and brush, for the line to run through, and the wire is loosely hung in the insulator so that it will yield to a falling tree and not break. In Brazil this track requires to be eighty feet wide and constantly lopped clear. When we consider the enormous amount of labour involved in this clearing on each side of tropical lines, together with the proposal recently made, to carry a land-line through Central Africa from Khartoum to the Cape Colonies, we may well shrink from the danger and expense of the undertaking.

We come now to the last and the least understood source of trouble to land telegraph lines, 'lightning' and 'earth currents'; those rushes of electricity in the air above or the earth beneath us. Until recent times a single lightning flash would destroy hundreds of telegraph poles in this country; but now every pole is protected by a lightning-rod, which conveys the dangerous fluid to the ground. In America, however, where they do not uniformly protect their poles in this way, great numbers are still shivered in pieces by the discharge. In India, lately, on a line near Calcutta on which lightning-rods are not fixed to every post, some twenty posts were destroyed, and the solid porcelain insulators were shattered by the flash in passing from the wires to the posts, thus overcoming a resistance

equivalent to several million miles of telegraph-wire. 'Earth-currents,' as they are technically termed, are always traversing telegraph-wires in greater or lesser strength, but they are usually so feeble as not to interfere with the working of the telegraph instruments. They are sometimes caused by thunder-clouds in the atmosphere, and sometimes by some unknown cosmical influence. They frequently precede or accompany earthquakes, the aurora borealis, or disturbances of the earth's magnetism. On the evening prior to the Indian earthquake of December 14, 1872, the earth-currents were so powerful on some European lines as to stop all telegraphing for several hours. The Egyptian earthquake of January 12, 1873, was preceded for some days by strong earth-currents on the Valentia to London line. This earthquake was accompanied by an eruption of the Skeptur Jökul volcano in Iceland.

As the barometer foretells the approach of the storm, so does the galvanometer herald the aurora borealis. This telegraph instrument, which we have described in former articles, predicts magnetic storms and auroras by the earth-currents traversing the wires. Sometimes these currents are as strong as the current from a battery of two thousand Daniell-cells; and when we take into account the fact that only some twenty or thirty cells are necessary to work the instrument on an ordinary line, we can form an idea of the power of those usurping interlopers. They are rarely steady during an auroral display, but are perpetually changing in strength and sign every minute or two, in accordance it is believed with the fluctuations of the auroral streamers. During the great aurora of 4th February 1872, which was visible all over the northern hemisphere, the telegraph lines in every part of the world, cables and land-lines, were possessed by currents so powerful as to overcome all instrument work and interrupt the message traffic for hours. On the French Atlantic cable, sunk as it was at the bottom of the ocean, earth-currents were flowing all night equivalent to the current from ninety Daniell-cells. At Toronto the telegraph instruments for a long time were enveloped in a blaze of light, and sparks could be drawn from any part of the circuit. Most of the English lines stopped working from 4 P.M. 4th February, to 2 A.M. next morning.

These earth-currents, even when they are comparatively weak, play strange freaks with the telegraph instrument. Signals made by no human hands, are motioned; bells are rung; and inflammable material is ignited by their mysterious agency. When very powerful, as for instance during thunder-storms and auroras, they destroy the magnetism of the instruments, or fuse the metal-work, and sometimes set fire to the office. It is not uncommon for the spark caused by an earth-current to set fire to the cotton tape of the connecting wires within the office, and from this beginning the fire spreads.

The saddest mishaps of all which attend these intense earth-currents are the injuries to life and limb which sometimes take place, especially in America. Thunder-storms are often very violent there, and it is the custom to cut the instrument out of the line circuit on the approach of a storm, at the same time keeping the lightning-protectors on the line. These precautions are not always

taken in time however, and sometimes an operator gets a thumb or finger burned off by a great spark from his signalling-key, or is blinded and deafened by the shock. Every now and again one hears of operators being killed outright by the induced lightning-stroke proceeding from their apparatus; and perhaps the most melancholy of these was the case of Miss Lizzie Clapper, a young lady operator of Readville, United States, who, during a thunder-storm, was sitting at the window too near her apparatus, when the lightning leaped from the instrument to her neck, a distance of about a foot, and killed her instantaneously—a painless yet a dreadful death. Thus we see that the subtle fluid, to which we give the name of electricity, is an agent which, while it has been rendered subservient to man's convenience and even to his safety, is, when uncontrolled, fraught with terribly disastrous consequences.

CURIOUS HABITS OF AMERICAN ANTS.

THE Rev. H. C. McCook, an American entomologist, has made a series of observations on the social and domestic economy of various species of American ants. His enthusiasm in behalf of his industrious friends is so great that he actually pitched his tent in the midst of the huge mounds of certain species in one of the western states, and had to engage a small army of three men to drive off the attacks of the indignant insects while he was studying the interior arrangements of their elaborately constructed houses.

The agricultural ant—and the remark applies to all other ants of which Mr McCook has knowledge—is one of the neatest of creatures in its personal habits. He thinks he never saw one of his imprisoned harvesters in an untidy condition. They issue from their burrows after the most active digging, even when the earth is damp, without being perceptibly soiled. Such minute particles of dirt as cling to the body are carefully removed. Indeed the whole body is frequently and thoroughly cleansed, a duty which is habitually attended to after eating and after sleep. In this process the ants assist one another, which makes the general 'washing-up' an exceedingly curious sight to witness. In order to observe their habits closely and at his leisure, Mr McCook took home with him a collection of what are termed 'agricultural ants'; and the observations he made with regard to their 'toilet habits,' as he calls them, are exceedingly curious and interesting.

In the evening, when the lamp on Mr McCook's table was lit, he had leisure to watch his insect friends in the act of cleansing each other, the operation being conducted as follows: The ant to whom the friendly office is being administered—the cleansed, she may be called—is leaning over upon one side as the observation begins. The cleanser—as we may name the other party—is in the act of lifting the foreleg, which is licked, then the prothorax, then the head, after which the cleanser leaves the cleansed to operate upon herself. This process may be seen throughout the entire group of assembled ants. Take another couple; the cleanser has begun at the face, which is licked thoroughly, even the mandibles or jaws being cared for, they being held

apart, for convenient manipulation. From the face the cleanser passes to the thorax or middle part of the body, thence to the haunch, and so in the same manner along the first, second, and third legs; next around to the abdomen, and thence up the other side of the ant to the head. A third ant may approach and join in the friendly task, but soon abandons the field to the original cleanser. The attitude of the cleansed all the time is one of intense satisfaction, quite resembling that of puss when one is scratching the back of her head. The insect stretches out her limbs, and as her friend takes them successively in hand, yields them limp and supple to her manipulation; she rolls gently over upon her side, even quite over upon her back, and with all her limbs relaxed, presents a perfect picture of muscular surrender and ease. The pleasure which the creatures take in being thus 'combed' and 'sponged' is, we can readily believe, really enjoyable to the observer. Mr M'Cook had seen an ant kneel down before another, thrust forward the head, drooping, quite under the face, and remain there motionless; thus expressing as plainly as sign-language could, her desire to be cleansed. The suppliant ant quite understood the gesture, for she at once went to work. If analogies in nature-studies were not so apt to be misleading, one might venture to suggest that our insect friends are thus in possession of a modified sort of emmetonian Turkish bath.

The acrobatic skill of the ants, which had often furnished Mr M'Cook amusement, was fully shewn one morning in these offices of ablation. The box containing an ant's nest was taken from his study, where the air had become chilled, and placed in an adjoining room upon the hearth, before an open grate fire. The genial warmth was soon diffused throughout the nest, and aroused the occupants to unusual activity. A tuft of grass in the centre of the box was presently covered with them. They climbed to the very top of the blades, turned around and around, hanging by their paws, not unlike gymnasts performing upon a turning-bar. They hung or clung in various positions, grasping the grass blade with the second and third pairs of legs, which were spread out at length, cleaning their heads with their fore-legs, or bending underneath to comb and lick the abdomen. Among these ants were several pairs, in one case a triplet, engaged in the cleansing operation above described. The cleanser hung to the grass, while the cleansed hung in a like position below, and reached over and up, submitting herself to the pleasant process. As the progress of the act required a change of posture on the part of both insects, it was made with the utmost agility.

The ants engaged in cleaning their own bodies have various modes of operating, all very curious, but which space prevents us from detailing.

Mr M'Cook made a series of experiments upon two species of ants, as to the mode of recognising each other, and distinguishing fellow-formicarians from congeners of alien nests. It seems there is a kind of ant very common in many American towns popularly known as 'Pavement ants.' Early in the spring, he tells us, as soon as the season has gathered a comfortable degree of warmth, the insects are seen issuing from the gravel or soil of garden-walks, or from the earthen

seam that binds together the bricks of the pavement. The chief characteristic of these ants, not unlike their fellow-creatures of the genus *homo*, is their martial instinct. Hundreds, even thousands of them may often be seen waging battle with great ferocity and persistence. One battle, Mr M'Cook tells us, which was waged close by the wall, within the inclosure of a church in Philadelphia, was prolonged for a period of two weeks and several days. At least the same spot, during that period, whenever observed, showed always the same phenomenon of a battle-field, the combatants of which were apparently the same. Two points have arisen concerning these Amazonian emmets—for they are veritable Amazons, the warriors being composed wholly of workers or neuters, which are undeveloped females.

First, why do they fight at all? They are of one species, apparently of one formicary or nest. Their very first act, according to Mr M'Cook, upon issuing from winter-quarters, is to engage in this war, which is often well-nigh a war of extermination on both sides. Frequently throughout the season, these hostilities are renewed. If the individuals be of one formicary, Mr M'Cook suggests that this is Nature's mode of either distributing the species from the home-centre, by causing the worsted party to emigrate; or, if the combatants be of separate, adjoining communities, a process by which the surplus population is reduced and kept within bounds, much to the future comfort of the survivors, and more to the satisfaction of man. This, of course, is only conjecture.

A second question, even more interesting and more perplexing, Mr M'Cook asks, and tries to answer—namely: How do the combatants recognise friend from foe? They are all alike, indeed even more alike 'than peas in a pod,' as the proverb goes. Take a group of combatants into the hand, put them under a magnifier, and the most careful observer will not note the slightest difference between the individuals of the two factions. Yet do they infallibly distinguish between the parties, recognising at once members of their own formicary, and with equal certainty those of the enemy. While watching an ant-battle, according to Mr M'Cook, individuals will frequently be observed running to and fro, challenging, by certain movements of their antennae, all whom they meet. As one ant meets another, these organs touch and embrace the face; if the parties be friends, they pass on; if foes, they straightway interlock mandibles and 'fall to.' Here we will see many scores of ants struggling together in a heap that is chaos to mortal eyes, but which seems to the tiny combatants to present no difficulties in the way of recognition. Smaller groups are scattered over the battle-field, often aggregated as follows: two individuals in combat are joined by a third, who applies her antennae, distinguishes the enemy, and falls upon her. Fourth, fifth, many other ants will sometimes be found massed upon one poor warrior, who is literally being torn limb from limb. Other groups are composed of several members of one faction and many of another.

It occurred to Mr M'Cook that this recognition was based upon a certain odour which in different degrees of intensity is emitted by the respective factions; or, which seems less likely, upon the presence in the individuals of two

distinct odours. This degree of odour, or difference in odours, he supposed might be dependent upon some temporary difference in the physical condition, age, or environment of the antagonists. Supposing that there were any basis of truth in this theory, it further occurred to him that the presence of an artificial and alien perfume of sufficient strength to neutralise the distinctive animal odours, or degrees of odour, and surround the combatants with a foreign and common odour, would have the tendency to confuse the ants and disturb or destroy their power of recognition. In which case he conjectured that the result might be their pacification and reconciliation. He therefore made the following experiments.

First, he collected a number of combatants from a battle which was being fought upon a flower-border, close to a fence, at his residence, and placed them together in a glass jar upon some soil. He shook the jar vigorously several times, so that, if possible, the mechanical agitation might separate the combatants. The ants emerged from the soil and continued the fight. When the surface of the earth was well covered with them, and the battle was again at its height, Mr M'Cook introduced into the jar a pellet of paper saturated with eau de Cologne. The effect was instantaneous. The ants shewed no signs of pain, displeasure, or intoxication; indeed, some ran freely over the paper. In a very few seconds the warriors had unclasped mandibles, released their hold of enemies' legs, antennae, and bodies, and after a momentary confusion, began to burrow galleries in the earth with the utmost harmony. On the part of some there was the appearance of their escaping from the artificial odour; but there was no renewal of battle. The quondam foes dwelt together for several days in absolute unity and fraternity, amicably feeding, burrowing, and building. Thus the perfume of Cologne proved an eminent pacificator of the contending emmetts, and so far verified Mr M'Cook's theory.

A second experiment was tried in another glass jar, with a like result. There was one exception; two ants continuing to fight after the perfume was introduced. After closer examination, Mr M'Cook found that one of them was nearly dead, and was holding fast an antenna of her enemy with a death-grip, from which escape was impossible. Three days after this he decanted the contents of this jar, ants and soil, into jar No. 1, and the two parties fraternised completely.

A third experiment was made. A large number of the warring ants had been lifted into a box, partly filled with soil, which communicated by a glass tube with a smaller box. The larger box was about ten inches long, and eight inches in depth and width; both boxes had sliding glass covers. The original purpose was to observe the battle at leisure, determine how long the creatures would fight, and also if eventually the parties might not separate, and the defeated retreat to the smaller box. However, Mr M'Cook concluded to follow up the above observations, and abandoning his original purpose, introduced Cologne as before into that end of the box in which the combatants were principally engaged. The same effect followed. In less than two minutes every sign of hostility had ceased, except in the case of two pairs in that end of the box, and of one small group and two single combatants in the opposite end. The two

pairs proved to be in conditions similar to the exception above noted, and a small pellet of perfumed paper dropped in the opposite end of the box dispersed the warriors there. Previous to this, occasional stragglers had passed along the connecting tube into the smaller box. Most of them seemed to be of one faction, only one of the opposition having entered, upon whom six or eight ants were expending their wrath. This was the only remaining centre of strife when Mr M'Cook replaced ants and earth upon their native territory. The battle was continuing there, between greatly diminished numbers of course, after the removal of the large battalions into the box; but the application of a feather dipped in eau de Cologne to the neighbourhood of the warriors caused the instant cessation of strife.

Mr M'Cook next directed attention to the large Pennsylvania Carpenter ant, and made a series of experiments of the same nature as the above. In his study he had an artificial formicary of these insects, which had been sent to him from the Alleghany Mountains. The ants had been taken from a branch of an oak-tree in mid-winter, and were sent frozen up within a section of the formicary. This section was about one foot in length and seven inches in diameter. The most of the ants were removed from the nest and placed in a glass bottle, to all appearance quite dead. On entering his study the following morning, Mr M'Cook was surprised to find that the ants had revived in the heat of the room, had cut a clean tubular hole through the cork, and were crawling over the lips and sides of the bottle, just ready for an emigration. They were deposited in a large glass jar, and were the subject of various experiments, until the death of the queen, eight months thereafter. Among these were the following, by way of testing the theory above stated concerning the recognition of alien ants. First, Mr M'Cook placed in the formicary, which at the time consisted of a piece of the original branch-nest planted upon several inches of soil, some individuals of the same species taken from trees in Philadelphia. These were instantly attacked, and were beheaded, that being the favourite mode of dealing with aliens among these Pennsylvania carpenter ants. Individuals—still alien, but of the same species—were then thoroughly covered with the perfume of eau de Cologne and put into the formicary. They too suffered decapitation. Individuals were then taken from members of the formicary, subjected to the Cologne fumigation, and restored to the nest. They were welcomed home unharmed. The whole formicary was then strongly perfumed by means of cotton pellets soaked in the perfume, and alien ants of the same species, which had been treated in the same way, were put into the midst of their mountain congeners. The result which had followed in the previous experiments appeared once more. The intruders were not attacked with quite the same promptness; but in the end they were brought to the mandibular guillotine, and their carcasses deposited in, or rather on, the cemetery which these insects are nearly always sure to establish when there are numerous deaths among them or on their premises.

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THE TWO CROSSES OF HONOUR.

AMONGST the Orders and Crosses bestowed as symbols of merit, the Legion of Honour and the Victoria Cross hold the foremost place, and their true nature is worthy of being popularly known. The Legion is not quite so exclusive an Order as the Victoria Cross; for it is not confined to deeds of valour, but is bestowed upon all, soldiers, sailors, and civilians alike, for all kinds of service to the state—military, naval, political, or scientific. It is much respected by the French people, who eagerly and persistently seek for the honours which the wearing of the 'red ribbon' confers on its possessor. The Legion of Honour was founded in 1802 by Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul, for the express purpose of rewarding all civil and military merit; and it superseded all the monarchical orders, which had been abolished by the Revolution. Napoleon intended at first that the Legion should have a white ribbon as the emblem of purity; but this being the colour of the Bourbons, red was chosen instead, although this was already worn by the Knights of St Louis.

The Order acquired great lustre during the reign of Napoleon I.; for at the period of his captivity and final exile, six thousand Frenchmen had acquired it, and out of this large number five thousand had received the distinction for bravery on the field of battle, the honour being enhanced in many cases by the fact that the great Emperor often conferred the insignia with his own hand on the spot, immediately after the deed was done which had earned the honour; at times even taking the golden cross from his own breast to place it on that of a common soldier. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the old monarchical Orders were revived; but the Legion of Honour had so entirely supplanted them in the affection of the people at large, that it was deemed prudent to continue it as the chief national reward for services rendered to the state. In such esteem was it held at this period that sentries were obliged to present arms to all bearers of the celebrated red ribbon; and

this compliment was paid to the members of the Legion up to the year 1824, when the number of 'legionaries' having increased to twenty-eight thousand, it was found that the work of saluting was growing very onerous for the sentries—that in fact there was too much 'saluting' going on—and the somewhat absurd system was suddenly discontinued.

Louis-Philippe, the 'Citizen' king, abolished the old Orders, and retained only the Legion, and this he distributed so indiscriminately as to raise the number of members in a very short time to more than fifty thousand. After his flight from Paris, the Order was suppressed by the Republican government; but was revived by Napoleon III., under whose régime it became the vehicle for bribery and corruption of the most flagrant kind. Though endowed with a new set of rules, ostensibly to purify it, the Legion was used to decorate men of the most questionable character; and any political service rendered to the Emperor or his ministers was, apart from its nature, almost certain to be rewarded by the bestowal of the famous red ribbon. It was never more fairly bestowed however, than when it graced the breasts of the bronzed heroes of the Crimean War; and so long as the Order was kept for purely military purposes, its value and character were beyond question. The French greatly esteem it, as shewn by the fact that the late President of the Republic, M. Thiers, who during his term of office never wore any uniform whatever, always bore in the button-hole of his plain frock-coat the red ribbon of the Legion—the only Order which he chose to wear from among many others, in his possession. It is now the highest honour which it is in the power of the President and his ministers to bestow; and its value is enhanced by the fact that every member of the Order is entitled to appear at court ceremonies, and at his death to have military honours paid to his remains. It is eagerly sought after by all Frenchmen, and when obtained, is proudly and ostentatiously worn.

The majority of the members are Chevaliers or Knights; and next above them in rank come the

Officers, the Commanders, then the Grand Officers, and highest of all, the Grand Crosses. Civilians on whom the Order is conferred have to pay certain fees for the privilege; but in the case of soldiers or sailors it carries with it a pension, varying between ten pounds for Knights, and two hundred pounds for Grand Crosses. The Knight's insignia of the famous Order are a red ribbon at the button-hole when in plain clothes, and a silver-mounted enamelled cross when in uniform. The Officer has a red rosette when out of, and a gold-mounted enamelled cross when in, uniform; the rosette being worn also by all the members of the superior grades when in morning-dress. In evening-dress or uniform, the Commanders wear a red collar with a cross pendent; the Officers a star on the left breast in addition to the collar; and the Grand Crosses a larger star, and a broad red ribbon or sash across the breast.

Officers of the army or navy receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour by right after twenty years' good service; but the private soldier or sailor is compelled to win it by distinguished conduct in the field, and often deserves it over and over again before he succeeds in obtaining the much-coveted honour. Civil servants, prefects, procurators, &c. also get the Order after a certain term of service as such; but authors, artists, poets, inventors, engineers, and others have to knock long and loudly at the official door before their claim to the decoration is allowed. None but persons of irreproachable character—that is, those who have never stood as criminals at the bar of a court of justice—are admitted to the companionship of the Legion; and it is therefore looked upon everywhere and by everybody in France as a certificate of or testimonial to honesty and merit.

It is stated that the Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition having been intrusted by the government with the bestowal, upon persons who had rendered services in connection with the great International Show, of three hundred Crosses of the Legion of Honour, no less than twenty-two thousand applications for the honour were received! Certainly, the Order could not be better bestowed than in rewarding those who have fought in the great battle of the Arts and Sciences, and thus done their utmost to promote peace and good-fellowship among the nations. But it is somewhat strange that the great Cross which was the guiding star that led Napoleon's famous troops to so many victories, should have developed into a prize-medal for successful traders or a guerdon for political adventurers. There, certainly, is a decline, which if not stopped, will work its own cure, by rendering the decoration valueless.

At Austerlitz, Napoleon bestowed the Cross from his own breast on a grenadier of the Imperial Guard who had saved the Emperor's life when he was fired at by a Russian sergeant of the line. The veteran dashed out of the ranks—in itself an offence against discipline which on ordinary occasions neither Napoleon nor Wellington would forgive—and with his musket struck up that of the Russian, whose shot was thus diverted from its object, only however, to find another victim in the shape of one of the Emperor's suite. The old grenadier then despatched his enemy, and gallantly and successfully defended himself against a horseman and two other infantrymen who sought

to avenge their comrade. Napoleon was a witness of the faithful Guardsman's act; and riding up to him as the latter rejoined his company, he detached from his own breast the golden Cross which glittered there, and pinned it upon that of the veteran. Shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' rang through the air from the ranks of the Old Guard, every member of which accepted the decoration of their comrade as a compliment paid to the regiment itself.

So much for the great French Cross. And now we will briefly recount the story of one which is as dear to the hearts of Englishmen—though in a quieter way—as the Legion of Honour is to our neighbours across the Channel—namely the Victoria Cross. This is a purely military and naval distinction, and is only conferred for gallant conduct in the field or in action at sea. Englishmen as a rule do not care much for Orders and Crosses, and the few which are in the gift of the sovereign as the fountain of all honour—namely the Garter, the Thistle, the Bath, the St Michael and St George, and the Star of India—are generally reserved for persons of high rank in the social or official scale who have rendered great services to the state in various capacities. Perhaps the nearest approach to the Legion of Honour on this side of the Channel is the Order of the Bath, which is conferred upon all classes as a general distinction, and for long and zealous service in the cause of the state or in any particular profession.

The Victoria Cross was founded in the year 1855, the period of the Crimean War, and was instituted as a special military and naval distinction for distinguished conduct in the field. It consists of a plain unpretentious piece of bronze-metal in the shape of a Maltese Cross, and is manufactured from guns which have been taken from the enemy. On the front of it is the figure of a lion above a scroll, which bears the simple and appropriate motto—'For Valour;' and on the reverse are inscribed the name of the recipient and the date of the deed of bravery for which it has been conferred. On the top of the cross is a crown and the initial letter V, through which passes the ribbon by which it is suspended. The Cross is conferred on all ranks alike in the army and navy, and when worn, is distinguished by a red ribbon for the army, and a blue one for the navy. It also carries with it a pension, varying from ten pounds for a private to one hundred pounds for an officer. Apart from this, there is no distinction whatever; and its bestowal on a drummer or private as well as on an officer is duly announced in the Gazette, accompanied by a full recital of the brave deed which has won it, and giving its possessor the right, if he chooses to exercise it, of placing the letters V. C. after his name. In the case of officers, this last-named privilege is taken full advantage of; but the privates or drummers have never, as far as we are aware, attached these honourable initials to their names. Perhaps this is because their superior officers have never encouraged them to do so, and the modest fellows—for the truly brave are ever modest—have never had the moral courage to assert their right in this respect.

The Victoria Cross is very sparingly bestowed, and its value is enhanced by the fact that it can only be obtained by a genuine act of bravery

performed in the presence of others and certified by the hero's commanding officer. The recommendation is then forwarded through the general commanding to the Secretary-at-War, who in his turn submits it to the Queen. Though conferred on officers as well as the rank and file, it is essentially a soldier's distinction; and the majority of the members of this most honourable of all military Orders consists of non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates. It reflects great honour on the drummers of the British army that so many of their comrades have gained the Victoria Cross; the records of the Crimean, Indian Mutiny, and other later wars containing splendid deeds of bravery and devotion performed by the holders of this once despised rank. This is the more to be admired, as the bugler or drummer has very few chances of distinguishing himself; but when an opportunity does occur he is never remiss. It was a drummer who helped to fasten the powder-bags on the gates of Delhi, the destruction of which resulted in the capture of the mutinous city of the Great Moguls in 1857. The act was performed amid a perfect shower of shot and shell, and was rewarded—some months afterwards—with the Victoria Cross. It was also a drummer who, while acting as field-bugler to Lord Napier of Magdala in the Abyssinian War, left the general's side, and dashed first into the stronghold of the tyrant Theodore.

Perhaps the most daring deed that ever won old England's Legion of Honour was that which was successfully performed by Kavanagh during the Indian Mutiny. Lucknow was besieged, and its garrison was starving. Besides the little band of devoted men, there were also women and children cooped up in the Residency, at the mercy of some fifty or sixty thousand savage and relentless foes. Daily, nay hourly, the little garrison was growing weaker and weaker, and nearer and nearer were pressing the dusky sepoy, until it became a matter of life and death to the heroic few that Sir Colin Campbell, who was known to be advancing to their relief, should be at once informed of their real state and their utter inability to hold out much longer. A volunteer was called for, a man who would consent to be disguised as a sepoy, and who would risk his life among the mutineers, in order to make the best of his way to the advancing army. The call was immediately responded to—as it generally is by Britons in the moment of supreme danger—and two or three men expressed their willingness to undertake the task.

From these brave volunteers, an Irishman named Kavanagh was chosen, who, with other various qualifications, added a knowledge of the enemy's customs and a thorough acquaintance with their language. The Commandant shook the brave man by the hand, and frankly informed him of the dangerous nature of the task he had undertaken; how it was more than probable that he might meet his death in the attempt. But the gallant fellow persisted; and his skin was at once coloured by means of burnt cork and other materials to the necessary hue. He was then dressed in the regular outfit of a sepoy soldier. When night set in, he started on his lonely and perilous mission, amid the hearty 'God-speeds' of the famishing garrison. In his breast he carried despatches for Sir Colin Campbell, with the con-

tents of which he had been made acquainted, in case of their loss.

We have not the space at our command to give all the particulars of his remarkable journey. He succeeded however, after many narrow escapes and great hardships—during which he often had to pass night after night in the detested enemy's camp, and to march shoulder to shoulder with them in the daytime; and when he left them, to swim across rivers, or to crawl through the tangled thickets where the deadly tiger asserts his sway—in reaching Sir Colin Campbell's camp; where, to finish his stirring adventures, he was fired at and nearly shot by the British outposts. Kavanagh's narrative was listened to with rapt attention by Sir Colin, who immediately gave orders for the army to advance as quickly as possible to the aid of the gallant defenders of the Residency. How the latter were rescued is a matter of history. Kavanagh lived long enough to wear his Cross, though he lost his life shortly afterwards in battle with the same enemy; but the noble example he left behind him was not lost on the brave hearts who eventually saved India for England.

In concluding our article, we wish to give expression to the feeling of satisfaction with which we, in common we believe with all Englishmen, have heard that the Queen has bestowed upon certain officers and men England's Cross of Honour; amongst other deserving officers and men, to Lieutenants—now Majors—Chard and Bromhead, of South African fame. Their noble deed—how, with about a hundred men, they covered the retreat of an army, and saved a whole colony from ruin and devastation—is fresh in the public mind, and needs no recapitulation. It will ever live in history as an exploit *unique* in military annals, and will shed a bright light over a period of dread and unparalleled disaster.

Such then is the story of these two famous Crosses; but whole volumes could be filled with the glorious deeds of those whose breasts have borne or are now bearing the honourable insignia. Though somewhat dissimilar in the manner in which they are now conferred, yet both carry out the intentions of their founders by keeping alive within the hearts of the people that spirit of chivalry and honour which is the real strength of a nation.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—COME TO HAUNT ME.

'POSE, men, with a will! All together, now. And you, Barker, lock the wheels of that van, to stop its slipping down as fast as we get it up. One more try at it, and the thing is done.' It was Hugh who spoke, and he was just then busily engaged in superintending the removal—technically called shunting—into a siding of a number of empty cattle-vans and horse-boxes with which, in anticipation of Bulburry horse-fair, the wisdom of the goods-manager had encumbered the small station of Hollow Oak. There was very little accommodation there in the shape of sidings unoccupied; and since it was necessary to clear the rails on the 'down' side, this superfluous rolling-

stock was, by Hugh's orders, forced up the steep incline of the only available siding, and the brakes put hard on.

'That's very dangerous, Edmunds,' remarked Hugh, as the empty vans were at length disposed of.

'It is, sir,' replied the shrewd head-porter. 'No siding ought to be so steep; and a trifle would bring the whole lot of wagons down again, just, mayhap, as a train was passing. But we haven't time to think of that now. My lord's going up to London by the 12.17 to-day. Word's been brought from the Hall.'

Hugh reddened, and then locked very stern and cold. 'What will Lord Penrith require?' he said, not in his usual pleasant voice. 'There is sure to be room in the train. I suppose he has only one carriage, so you can get a truck in readiness to convey that one.' And then he walked away, leaving Edmunds, who had been used to see the lord of Alfringham received with almost royal honours, sorely puzzled.

In due course Lord Penrith's carriage came down the road that led to Alfringham, and drew up at the station door amidst much lifting of caps and touching of hats. Within it were the old lord, propped up with cushions; his sister Mrs Stanhope, and his niece.

'Train not in?' said Lord Penrith querulously. 'Then I'll go into the waiting-room. I won't stay here, to be chilled to the marrow. I will go into the waiting-room, while you attend to the carriage.'

The train, technically known as the 12.17 on the 'up' line, was not very punctual that day. The hands of the clock crawled on around the dial-plate. It was 12.30, then 12.40, and still no train. The subordinates at the station looked out impatiently for a distant puff of white smoke, listened eagerly for the sound of a steam-whistle. The train 12.17 was provokingly behind time, and with 'my lord' waiting for it.

'Most shameful misconduct!' Where is the station-master? demanded Lord Penrith. Edmunds replied diplomatically, that the station-master was at that moment busy. He did not comprehend Hugh's conduct in keeping aloof, any more than did the noble master of Alfringham, who, like many another magnate, was accustomed to be treated with deference by all with whom he came in contact. How could Edmunds guess that, as the party from the Hall alighted, Hugh had got one glimpse of Mand's unforgotten beauty, and had then withdrawn beyond reach of recognition? He had his own reasons for not desiring to be presented to Mrs Stanhope and Lord Penrith, as the fisherman who had saved Mand's life, at the risk of his own, when the pleasure-boat was lost on Bala Lake.

Presently—it was a good while first—the train that should have been there at 12.17 hove in sight. 'Yes; we're a goodish bit overtime—rails were slippery, and clogged in places with the snow,' said the guard, leaping from his van. 'But now we'll catch up lost time. Won't we, Jem?' Part of which confident speech was addressed to Hugh as station-master, and part to the engine-driver.

'We'll try, anyhow,' said that grimy and resolute person, as he stamped his feet on the footboard to warm them.

'You had better be quick then about that carriage. Surely the express is not far behind you?' said Hugh.

'Never you fear, Commodore,' returned the guard with a grin, as he bustled towards where Lord Penrith's carriage was being wheeled upon a truck; 'I'm too old a railway bird to be caught napping. Express hadn't been telegraphed when we passed Stedham,' he added jubilantly. 'Expect it's the state of the rails.'

Hugh, less confident, glanced towards the signal-box; but no warning sign from the semaphore told of the approach of the express, which passed Hollow Oak without stopping. Meanwhile Lord Penrith, by the exertions of his valet and footman, had been placed securely in a corner of a first-class carriage, amidst pillows, cushions, and all the paraphernalia with which a wealthy invalid sets off on a journey. Mand and her mother had also taken their seats. The doors were closed.

'Go ahead, Jem!' called out the cheery guard, when at that moment Hugh, looking over his shoulder, saw the danger-signal, all too late, hoisted at the entrance of the deep cutting, and saw the swift express, unannounced, come thundering along the rails at a speed that nothing could resist.

There had been negligence somewhere—that was certain; there always is when a railway accident occurs; and it is invariably a task from which Minos would have shrunk to apportion the blame so as to make censure and punishment fall on those who really deserve it. Station-masters and signalmen, telegraph clerks, guards, and drivers, had very likely each and all contributed their quota of blundering or indolence to the misconduct that threatened to end tragically enough. But the danger was so near and so dreadful that the thought of it swallowed up all other thoughts. Others besides Hugh Ashton saw the swift express come rushing through the gorge between the deep banks of the cutting, a torrent of wood and iron on its headlong way. There was a cry of horror, another, and then a loud shout, and an uplifting of arms; and Edmunds, with more presence of mind than the rest, snatched up a red flag, and waved it, to attract the attention of the driver of the coming train.

Alas! it was all too late. This was no case for puny remedies, such as shouts and gesticulation and the waving of flags. A train going at such furious speed as the express cannot be stopped like a horse flung back upon his hamehies by the pressure of a powerful bit, in a moment. Those in charge of the express train had taken the alarm; but it was little that they could do. The driver had tried to reverse his engine. The guards were not idle. The spectators on the platform could hear the harsh rasping sound of the brakes, as, with a sort of stony-eyed horror akin to the dread fascination with which some fluttering bird gazes on the cold, gleaming eyes of the rattlesnake, they watched the onward rush of the rapid train.

There was no hope that the tardy train of 12.17, hardly in motion, and gliding with a scarcely perceptible movement along the platform, should avoid a fatal collision with the swift pursuer now so near. No hope save in the courage and the readiness of one man—and that man Hugh.

Ashton. The presence of mind which he had shewn many a time in the face of danger, stood him in good stead now. Hardly had he seen the coming peril before the only means of averting it flashed, like a heaven-sent thought, upon his mind. Those wagons and vans in the steep siding—mere lumber an hour ago—now afforded the only available means of averting the catastrophe that was so imminent. Without an instant's hesitation he dashed across the line, undid the brakes of the foremost waggon, and with desperate strength set the whole array of horse-boxes and cattle-vans in motion. Down they came with a rattle and clang that was heard even above the thunder of the advancing express, and with the impetus of the descent added to their own weight, rushed clear across the lines, blocking the railway from bank to bank. It was all that Hugh could do to escape from being crushed beneath their weight as they brushed him by; but the deed was done, and a score of empty wagons and horse-boxes were interposed between the two passenger trains.

Then came the crash! No earthly power could have prevented the express from running into the empty rolling-stock in its path, with a rending and a splintering of iron and wood, and a cloud of dust and fragments, and from tearing its way through the impediment with a force that brought the wreck of the cattle-vans into sharp collision with the ordinary train ahead. But the violence of the first blow had been spent, happily, on horse-boxes and wagons, and the accident was not the terrible one that it had threatened to be. A carriage or two of the 12.17 train were wrecked utterly; all had panels and windows the worse; but of the passengers and railway servants there not a life, thanks to Hugh's boldness and forethought, was lost. There were bruises and contusions in plenty; some bones may have been broken; but such injuries passed almost unheeded in the general joy and thankfulness. Not a life lost! Thank God for that! And forget not the brave man who risked his own to save others!

What a cheer it was that greeted Hugh Ashton when, breathless and bareheaded, he made his way back to the opposite side of the line, where already a crowd, such a crowd as the village could supply, was gathering to lend help to the passengers in the broken train. There were men who asked it as a favour to be allowed to shake his hand. There were mothers who as they clasped their children to their hearts addressed him as the preserver of their own lives and the lives of their dear ones, and prayed God to bless him! But the passengers of the express were not fortunate enough to escape more serious accident, since the force of the collision, checked as it had been by the strenuous efforts of engineer and brakemen, had still been sufficient to convert the two leading carriages into a shapeless mass of wreck, and two of their occupants were killed, and thrice as many maimed and wounded.

In the midst of this excitement, Edmunds came suddenly up and laid his hand on Hugh's sleeve. 'My lord's hurt, I'm afraid—Lord Penrith, you know, sir,' said the head-porter; and Hugh turned to see the old lord, supported by his servants, who were removing him from the carriage in which he had been seated. Beside him were Mrs Stanhope, who had fainted, but seemed uninjured;

and Maud, who, unhurt, was bending over her mother.

'Is Lord Penrith wounded?' asked Hugh, and at the sound of his voice Miss Stanhope started and looked up. Her eyes and those of the young man met. Maud was very pale; she grew paler still, and it seemed as though she would have fallen, had not Hugh Ashton passed his strong arm around her and held her up. 'My darling!' he exclaimed, reckless, in that moment, of all studied reticence, all worldly barriers that rank and fortune interpose between loving hearts. 'My darling Maud!'

And Maud looked up, a timid wonder in her beautiful eyes mingling with a truthful admiration that enhanced her loveliness. 'I was frightened,' she said, in a low voice. 'I did not know you were here. I always feel so safe when you are near me.'

Simple words these, and such as the terror and agony of the moment might excuse; but Maud for the moment neither resented Hugh's daring speech nor attempted to free herself from the clasp of the arm that supported her.

'Mr Ashton, our station-master, saved your lives, yes, of all of you, Miss, begging pardon for speaking so free,' said Edmunds, still under the influence of the exciting scene.

'Is it *your* praise that I hear on all sides? Must I thank you again for my life, that you saved before? It is so like you!' murmured Maud; and never had music been so sweet in Hugh's ears as the sound of that low voice; but in the next moment Miss Stanhope, blushing, extricated herself from his hold, and said to her mother, now recovered from her faintness, and who was kneeling at the old lord's side: 'I fear he is very ill, my poor uncle—he has not spoken since the shock. A doctor?'

At this instant Lord Penrith, who had seemed insensible, opened his eyes, and moaned feebly, looking first at his sister, and then at Maud, with evident recognition.

'What is it? Ah! I remember. Yes, I am hurt,' muttered the old man; and then his restless eyes met those of Hugh, who was bending over him. Instantly Lord Penrith's pallid face assumed a look of horror and dismay. 'Go, go!' he said, shuddering. 'Why has he come here, to haunt me at the last!' And then his eyes closed, and Mrs Stanhope shrieked, for she thought him dead.

'He is not dead, but severely hurt, I fear,' was Dr Bland's verdict, when, five minutes later, he arrived at the station. 'It will be better to send his lordship up to Alfringham at once, whilst I look after some of the other wounded passengers who are sadly in need of aid. And I should advise that medical assistance—the most eminent—be summoned by telegraph from London. Say, Mr Blades, my old principal, and of course Sir Joseph Doublefee, and any other leading man. No time, in such a case, should be lost.'

As Lord Penrith was placed in his carriage, which fortunately was not much the worse for the shock of the collision, for removal to his stately home, he spoke again, and twice, after he had reached Alfringham and been laid in his bed, surrounded by every care and luxury available to the ailing rich, he repeated, monotonously, the same words: 'Come to haunt me!'

'He must be wandering in his thoughts, from the effects of the blow. Poor Marmaduke!' said Miss Stanhope. And before night, the great London doctors, called down by telegraph, arrived at the bedside of their noble patient. But the medical town mice could but confirm the dictum of their colleague the country mouse.

'Severe internal injury,' said Sir Joseph and Mr Blades, M.R.C.S., but they said it very gravely; and they added that his lordship could not be in more careful hands than those of Dr Bland.

It was long that night ere Maud could compose herself to sleep, so vividly did she recall, with strangely mingled sensations of shame, and what was almost pleasure, Hugh's words and looks, and the pressure of his encircling arm, at Hollow Oak Station. Something had suddenly awakened in her feelings towards Hugh Ashton as yet unsuspected; and she felt, with a sort of half-terror, that all unconsciously to herself, her heart, from the very first must have been drawn, as by a resistless force, towards Hugh.

AMERICAN FOOD-SUPPLIES.

ONE of the conspicuous phenomena of the age is the inability of the British Islands to supply sufficient food for the teeming population, and the corresponding necessity for procuring supplies from abroad. The principles of free-trade have beneficently permitted all the needful importations. The world at large pours its superfluity into the United Kingdom. Food of every kind is cheap and abundant. There seems no end to the good that is done to buyers as well as to sellers. In the great competition for securing the trade of supply, a first place has been gained by the United States, which is only what might be expected from the boundless expanse of that country and the enterprise of its inhabitants.

At one period in its history our chief importation of food-material from the United States to this country was flour; at all events, flour was one of our earliest importations, as we read of large quantities of it being brought to England at the close of last century for the relief of people suffering from famine; and generally, throughout the 'dear years,' American bread-stuffs came into notice. It was not, however, till after the Atlantic had become a highway for the powerful steam-boats which now traverse it, that our grain-trade with America assumed its present dimensions; and now the Americans, while making flour for themselves and for all the world besides, have set up upwards of twenty-five thousand flour-mills, capable of turning out at present over fifty million barrels per annum.

In Ohio the annual wheat-crop averages twenty-two million bushels per annum. Last year the crop reached thirty million bushels, while in Texas four hundred and fifty thousand acres of land are devoted to the growth of wheat. Farming in America, and especially in California, has of late assumed proportions, and is carried on in a way totally different from anything known in Great Britain. Our old-world

farmers still do in most things as their fathers did before them; growing in particular a variety of crops on their farms, and doing by the aid of hired servants all the necessary work; ploughing, seeding, and reaping; stacking and thrashing their wheat; milking their cows and making their butter; sending what they prepare, as soon as it is prepared, to market. But in our farm across the Atlantic, business is managed in a different way. A speculative American farmer of the modern school considers it unnecessary to divide his allotment into fields on which to grow different kinds of grain. He puts all his eggs, so to speak, in one basket, and makes a big venture for the favours of Fortune by growing only one article, such as cattle, wheat, or Indian corn. In saying this, we are not of course including thousands of struggling agriculturists of the old school whose farms are dotted over the vast American continent; we are alluding to the new order of things promoted by the new men who have arisen; to the 'Corn Kings of California' and the 'Cattle Kings of Indiana,' men whose oxen are numbered by tens of thousands, and whose fields of wheat are measured in miles; likewise to the great dairy-farmers who turn out their makes of butter and cheese by tons.

An English or Scottish farmer would be astonished could he see a stretch of wheat extending for miles in length: a field in which a good day's work is for a team of oxen to make one furrow, and where ploughing on a gigantic system must be had recourse to. Such extensive fields are only to be found on our 'Farm across the Atlantic.' Stay-at-home farmers will be still more astonished perhaps to know, that in most instances the person speculating takes no trouble whatever about the preparation of his ground or about the sowing or reaping of the crop; nor does he interfere in any way whatever. He simply puts himself forward as a speculator in the matter, and is prepared to stand the 'hazard of the die.' His crop may be blighted, or it may bring him a fortune; but whatever may happen, the farming of the land gives him no personal trouble. He keeps no army of ploughmen, no stud of work-horses. He simply contracts with people who make it their business to provide the requisite labour for cultivation, and devote to it their own personal supervision; such persons are amply provided with the appropriate machinery, and the necessary army of labourers; they find the seed and sow it; they reap the harvest and thrash out the grain; they winnow the corn, pack it in sacks, and transport it to the place whence it is to be transported to the market at home or abroad.

Hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat or other grain are thus dealt with every year. A field of one thousand acres we shall say, will yield twenty thousand bushels; twenty bushels an acre being no uncommon yield in the wheat-fields of America. Thirty, forty, and even fifty bushels have been obtained with deep ploughing and a little

care in the manipulation of the seed. At a profit of one shilling per bushel, the wheat-field specified should yield a return of one thousand pounds sterling. In the state of Oregon splendid crops of fine wheat are annually obtained. Scratch the ground, drop in the seed, and lo! a crop will arise of from twelve to eighteen bushels per acre! Moreover, crop after crop may be taken from the same field, and yet after the expiry of four or five years, with a little rest and careful weeding, the land will still be responsive.

On the great speculative tracts of wheat grown in California and Oregon, the grain is not made up into sheaves, and as with us carted to the barn-yard and laboriously built into stacks, just to be again taken down; but is thrashed out on the field almost as it is reaped, placed in sacks, and then shipped for Liverpool and other English or Scottish ports, whence it is distributed over the length and breadth of Great Britain; and so our farm across the Atlantic is made to yield a large proportion of our daily bread. As an instance of what can be done in the United States, it may be mentioned that in the course of a recent harvest, while a wheat-field was being cut down, a portion of the grain was cut, thrashed, made into flour, baked into bread, and fired, in the course of a very few minutes; biscuits out of the same crop being distributed to the harvesters as they were at work!

The largest grain-farm in the United States is in all probability that of the Brothers Grandin, on the Red River of the North in Minnesota. It embraces over thirty-eight thousand acres, most of which is good wheat-land. One hundred horses and mules are already in use for cultivation, as well as seventy-five ploughs, fifty-five harrows, twenty-four self-reapers, and seven steam-thrashers. Elevators for loading the grain have been erected by the side of the river; and up to the present time fully seven thousand acres of land have been broken upon for cultivation. The same firm have a stock-farm of twenty-seven hundred acres. The wheat that is grown and the beef that is fed on this great farm all come to Europe. In the United States during the year 1878, it may be mentioned, that for the use of the American people, and for the population of other countries, there were grown and harvested three hundred and sixty million bushels of wheat, and four hundred and five million bushels of oats, whilst of Indian corn there were grown in all one thousand three hundred and forty million bushels. Of the latter grain, countless acres are also sown for the feed of cattle and swine. In those seasons in which it is impossible for this cereal to be grown and reaped at a profit, it is sometimes converted into fuel, which burns excellently!

The way the American farmers look at the question of Indian corn is an eminently practical way; they say: 'We are far from a market; and to plant, reap, and thresh out corn, then carry it a long distance to market, would scarcely pay us, as the grain would not bring more than about twenty-eight cents per bushel. But by converting the corn into beef, in other words by feeding cattle with it, it brings us from forty to fifty cents; and the cattle are bought and taken away as they stand.' And

that is a thoroughly sensible way of putting the case.

It was in the United States that the production of cheese in factories was begun; and some of the dairies, or rather butter and cheese manufactories, are on a large scale. Enormous quantities of these excellent comestibles are made on our farm across the Atlantic and sent to us for consumption. The extent of the trade will be apparent when it is known that for freight alone, the butter and cheese exported cost as much as two hundred thousand pounds. American cheese is yearly becoming of greater importance to the British commissariat; and several English landlords have warned their tenants that, unless they speedily develop a new style of manufacture and produce a better article, they will be beaten by American enterprise and ingenuity. Indeed they are already beaten; the cheese of last season in many a farm of the dairy districts of Scotland is so unsaleable that arrangements are seriously contemplated for sending the milk to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other large towns, instead of making it into cheese as formerly. Throughout the United States cow-keeping is carried on both on a small and a large scale. In Californian dairies, butter is the chief product; but in districts where there is no market at hand, cheese only is made. In Californian dairies, great attention is paid to the feeding and general keep of the cattle; and by the most unremitting care large milkings are obtained; while the butter supplies are in keeping with the produce. Some dairymen, many of whom are Swiss, keep from three to four hundred cows; but plenty of dairies exist with a smaller herd. Many of the dairies in America belong to Scotchmen; there is one near Glasgow, Campbell's Dairy, George, we are told, keeps one hundred and ten head of grade short-horn cows, which average during the season two hundred pounds of butter per cow; some of the animals yielding as much as fifty-five pounds of milk per day. In 1876, Mr Campbell milked seventy-four cows on pasture, raised twenty-one calves, and turned out six thousand four hundred and forty pounds of cheese, and eleven thousand four hundred and forty-eight pounds of butter.

Californian dairies, however, are on a small scale compared with the cheese manufactories in other states of the Union; they yield, so to speak, but a drop in the bucket compared to the 'oceans of milk' which are operated upon in the eastern portion of the state of New York, where the milkings of many farms are put together on the co-operative system, or where the owners of a cheese factory contract to buy the milk of many farmers at a fixed sum per gallon all the year round, for conversion into cheese, to be sent chiefly to the markets of Great Britain. Utica is the heart of the great cheese district of New York state. There is at that place a cheese exchange, where a large amount of business is transacted; from ten to sixteen thousand boxes will be sold at a meeting, ninety per cent of the whole being destined for the English markets; and special trains are necessary at certain seasons for its transport to the place of shipment. At the sales there is very little sampling, thousands of boxes changing hands on the reputation of a factory. A few samples are sometimes shown; but it may be safely asserted that two-thirds of the cheese business is accomplished on the reputation acquired

by makers. A cheese factory of moderate dimensions will take in the milk of two thousand cows per diem; the milk of each patron of the establishment is weighed and credited to him as it is received, the weighing vessel being of a capacity to hold five hundred pounds of milk. The cows which are most valued are Holsteins and Ayrshires; the former will yield from eight to ten thousand pounds of milk in a season. There are over thirteen million cows in the United States, which is six times more than there are in Great Britain, and which is calculated at the rate of a cow to every five persons!

It is known that there are over three thousand factories for the making of cheese throughout America, and that one thousand five hundred million pounds are made annually, as also three hundred and fifty million pounds of butter; the combined value of the two products being three hundred and fifty million dollars. The cheese is manufactured on a uniform plan, each factory having its own formula and its own particular 'wrinkles.' Much machinery is used in the manufacture; indeed the uses of machinery of all kinds, as well as the benefits which result from a division of labour, are largely recognised throughout the United States.

The growth of the trade in 'dead-meat' between America and Great Britain has been rapid. It is yet barely three years old; but there is every probability of over a hundred million pounds-weight of excellent beef and mutton reaching us during the current twelve months from the United States, in addition to an increased importation of live sheep and oxen. There are few who are able to realise how enormous is the stock of beef-cattle in America. The territories of the wild-horse and the bison are now chiefly occupied by oxen, whose destination is the Mersey or the Clyde; and in the end their destiny will be to afford wholesome food to the people who inhabit the British Islands. It has been computed that there are now being fed in the United States more than twenty millions of cattle, thirty-four millions of sheep, thirty-two millions of swine, together with thirteen millions of milch-cows; while for use in the cultivation of the land and for the purpose of carting and carrying, there are twelve millions of horses and mules.

Another contribution made by American producers to the British commissariat is in the form of enormous quantities of corned or preserved beef packed in tins, without any bone. Other preserved meats than corned beef also reach this country in quantity; in the space of two months as many as eighteen thousand cases of such food have been known to enter the Clyde, in addition to the enormous quantities arriving in the Thames and the Mersey. As each case may on the average be taken to weigh seventy pounds, the reader will be able to form his own idea of the important part which is played in strengthening our commissariat by these wholesale importations of cooked food of a palatable and wholesome kind. Some of the American 'packeries,' as they are called, kill and dress in the season over a thousand cattle per day for the purpose of cooking, canning, and exporting to Europe the meat alluded to. For a period of four months the preparation of these tinned meats goes on at Chicago with great industry, hundreds of persons

being employed in the business at remunerative wages.—Many other food-products reach us from America to which we need not at present refer, enough having, we think, been said to shew how valuable to all parties is this important traffic.

TWICE BETROTHED.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

'You had better forget me, dear—better learn to forget—and I, too, must school myself to do the same. Indeed, indeed, Leonard, it must be so.' And the girl's lip trembled as she faltered out the words; and she bent her eyes upon the ground, that her face might not be seen as she spoke them.

'It is a lesson I shall be very slow to learn,' answered the young man bitterly. 'Women, it seems, are apter pupils, and can throw over those they love, or who at anyrate love them, as lightly as they discard a soiled ribbon or a faded flower. I know well enough that I have little beyond an honest man's affection to offer. The luxuries which wealth can buy'—

'That is not kind,' interrupted Annie, looking up and confronting him with eyes that flashed through their tears, while the colour rose quickly to her pale cheek; 'and what is worse, Leonard, it is unjust. Have you known so little of me that you judge me as one to prefer a life of ease, of splendour if you will, to— Ah, Mr Merton—Cousin Leonard, as I called you in happier days, when we were content to pick hazel-nuts and gather violets side by side as boy and girl, without realising how cold and hard might be the future that awaited us—cannot you be merciful to Annie Irvine when she has to choose one out of two paths that lie before her, as before most of us, and chooses that of duty?'—

'Then you mean to give me up?—I am but a briefless barrister, and no great loss,' replied the young man, in a voice that was a little softened by the appeal which the girl had made—'to give me up, and to marry Sir Albert Atwood?'

'As to giving you up, cousin,' said Annie quietly, 'you know well that I break no troth, am false to no vows in telling you, as I do, that I cannot be your wife. You like me, I am sure, and'—

'For like, say love, Annie!' interrupted Leonard in his turn. 'But do not let us quarrel. I shall leave this place, and go back to London, and my chambers and my law-books, and try to be resigned to my great loss. Never mind me! When are you to be married to this man?'

'If you mean Sir Albert, Leonard,' returned Annie simply, 'I do not know that I am going to be married to him at all. But, if he were to ask me, I could not, for my parents' sake, for poor papa's sake above all, say "No."'

Leonard Merton frowned and kept silence for a moment. His love for Annie was sincere; and she was worth loving, as pretty and good a girl as any in the broad marches of Wales; and he had known her since, as a schoolboy in a jacket, he had come down to spend the holidays with his old bachelor uncle at Tremadoc. But even in his pain and disappointment, he could not but own to himself that Annie was justified in her rejection of his suit. The old vicar, Miss Irvine's father, a gentle, scholarly recluse, had been com-

pelled by feeble health and failing eyesight to resign his preferment, and he and his were now very poor.

There were those who said that Mr Irwine ought to have held to his living, which was a good one, at least for a Welsh border parish, and to have got influence brought to bear upon the bishop to make things comfortable. But the meek scholar had strict and straightforward ideas of duty that forbade this; and accordingly the family had left the pretty parsonage, with its spreading mulberries and mellow peach-walls, and were living in lodgings in the village, on some meagre little private income scarcely enough to keep the wolf from the door. And people said that the rich young baronet's evident admiration for Annie would prove a godsend to the late occupants of Tremadoc Vicarage.

Sir Albert was a rich man; had been born—so the gossips averred—with a gold spoon, not a silver one, in his mouth; but, if he had, his father had been at the pains of fashioning it from the crude ore. The first baronet and founder of the fortune, Sir George, had been a bluff, hard-headed north-countryman, prone to boast over his sumptuous dinner-table how he had forged iron and puddled iron, and been foreman, overseer, ganger, and sub-contractor, before he rose to opulence; a result which his shrewd and persevering boldness well deserved.

George Atwood had married late in life. His two daughters were well dowered; but the bulk of his property, shares and stock, land and mines, went with the title to his only son, who dwelt at Tremadoc Place, a Tudor mansion purchased by his father, and of which, as report declared, it would be Annie's fault if she were not the mistress.

'I never envied Atwood till now,' said Leonard Merton at the conclusion of the interview—'never envied him; I mean his wealth and his grandeur, and the fact that he was born to find the world at his feet. But I do envy him now. I shall go, but not until after Thursday. The tunnel is to be opened—or inaugurated, as penny-a-liners phrase it—and it would never do for the standing counsel of the Company to be absent from the ceremony.'

The tunnel of which Leonard spoke was one which had been recently constructed, at great expense, beneath the wide estuary of the river, half-English, half-Welsh, which ran past Tremadoc to the sea. A new Company, of which Sir Albert was chairman, had laid out the short railway line and dug the docks that were to facilitate the transport of pig-iron, blooms, and bars from the Atwood iron-works to markets best reached by sea; and the opening of the tunnel for traffic was to be the occasion for festivities, addresses, and rejoicing. The directors, the secretary, the engineers, and legal advisers of the Company would all be there. Leonard, as one of the latter, could not well be a defaulter without giving rise to ill-natured remarks.

Leonard Merton was not quite accurate in describing himself as a briefless barrister; but it is certain that the most profitable portion of the little forensic work he had to do was that which fell to his lot as one of the standing counsel for the Tremadoc and Gwyllt Bay Company. It was Sir Albert's careless good-nature which had put that

annual hundred in the way of the struggling neophyte, and now, for that very reason, Leonard felt that he must resign it. He could not be under obligation to Annie's husband that was to be, to the rich man who had robbed him—so in the soreness of his heart he declared—of his one ewe-lamb.

The tunnel that was, as the leader-writer of the *County Gazette* affirmed, practically to abolish the impediment presented by the river Arva, with its shifting channel and treacherous sands, was opened with due solemnity and much cheering. There were present officials and magnates of finance, local dignitaries, and a host of guests. The cavernous depths of the excavation were brilliantly lighted; a train was brought in, and duly puffed and snorted its defiance of conquered Arva rolling impotently overhead, and there were speeches from the Lord-lieutenant of the shire, and from the mayors of the towns adjacent, and from the glib Secretary of the Company, and the design and the execution of the new work were glorified exceedingly.

And then came lunch—for nothing in Britain can be done without the national adjuncts of eating and drinking—and long tables were laid, as if by the deft hands of obedient gnomes, and there were clattering of knives and forks, rattling of plates, and popping of champagne corks, in that naturally gaunt and gloomy place, above which ran the river. The latter circumstance—adding, as it did, a spice of novelty and of excitement to the subterranean merry-making—served to heighten the spirits of the company to a pitch of buoyant hilarity, and there were toasts and speeches, of the usual frothy type of festive oratory, as the wine flowed freely.

Probably the saddest heart of any present was that of Leonard Merton; but the young barrister knew too well what our imperious code of good-breeding exacts, to play ostensibly the part of a kill-joy at the feast. But the effort to take his share in the conversation was a painful one, and still more painful was it to watch Annie from afar, seated beside her mother, and to mark the assiduity of Sir Albert Atwood's attentions. Sir Albert, whose praises each speaker had enunciated with the emphasis due to the general entertainer, was indeed in some sort the hero of the hour. The coal and iron of those great mines and foundries which the new railway was to connect with the sea, were his. He was chairman of the Company, presumed originator of the daring project of the sub-riverain tunnel, and founder of the feast.

In personal appearance young Sir Albert was well enough, a plump, florid young man, with blond whiskers, rattling watch-chain, and a voice that was perhaps a little too loud and self-confident. He had neither the inches nor the handsome face of Leonard Merton; but he was a favourite with most ladies, and with many men. Slightly boastful in discourse and sanguine in disposition he was; but then his road through life had been made so easy for him, that some faults of manner might be pardoned in one who had inherited so many annual thousands and so much power.

Liberal and free-handed, on a gala occasion like the present, Sir Albert certainly was. It was from his private purse, not from the corporate

purse of the Tremadoc and Gwylt Bay Company, that the cost of the sumptuous luncheon would be defrayed, nor had he forgotten the many workmen directly and indirectly employed in the lately completed undertaking, whose shouts, over their beef and strong ale, might be heard at intervals from a distant part of the tunnel. And in seeking to change Miss Irwine into Lady Atwood, Sir Albert gave proof that he could be disinterested in his matrimonial views.

Annie, sitting beside Miss Irwine, looked very pretty, but somewhat grave and sad; so other girls, who marvelled at her good luck in drawing so handsome a prize from the marriage lottery, averred. She never once looked at Leonard; nor did Sir Albert succeed in evoking more than a very faint smile from her in response to all his attempts to amuse. But when the luncheon came to an end, and the waiters began to huddle away the paraphernalia of the banquet, and gay groups walked to and fro chatting and laughing, Miss Irwine allowed her wealthy admirer to give her his arm and lead her a little apart from the crowd.

'It is not the first time,' said Sir Albert, in a voice which, for him, was less steady than its owner could have desired, 'that I have said to you, Miss Irwine, how much I love you, and how I should be happy indeed if you would let me teach you to care a little for me. Let me speak again and ask you Annie, to be my wife.'

Annie trembled and grew pale. She knew that Sir Albert would put the question, and knew too what must be her reply to it, but made a hesitating answer: 'This seems so strange a place—and time—to speak on such a subject.'

'I don't see that at all,' cheerily rejoined the baronet. 'A tale of true love has been told, I daresay, in odder places than a tunnel; and besides, I feel a little vain of having hit out the first idea of this same underground line, which Bounce and Braggett, the contractors, have carried out so well. People call me a lucky fellow, and certainly the world has smiled on me hitherto; but money and success and station are not so much to me, dearest, as would be the pleasure of calling you my wife. Say "Yes" to my suit, and make me the happiest of the happy!'

'Your proposal, Sir Albert, does me very great honour, and I—have—no choice but to accept it, if, after hearing what I have to say to you, you think fit to renew it.—Nay,' she said more earnestly, as the baronet attempted to interrupt her, 'I must be heard. It is but honourable, but fair to myself as well as to you, that there should be no concealment at the outset.' And then gravely, but with an innocent frankness that would not be checked, Annie Irwine told her wealthy suitor all.

For her parents' sake, and most of all for that of the gentle blind father whose income had stopped with the stoppage of his clerical duty, it behoved Miss Irwine, if she married, to marry one who had the means and the will to soothe the declining years of those who were dear to her. Sir Albert, she knew, would promise her that the old clergyman and his wife should have the wind of adversity tempered to them, and that she, the daughter, should never be wholly separated from mother and father. But then she could not give Sir Albert, much as she liked and esteemed him,

her whole heart. She meant to do her duty by him. She would strive to be a good wife. But—but—she avowed, sobbing, there was—there had been, another.

Sir Albert bore the annoyance of this tolerably well for a man somewhat spoiled by Fortune. He knew that though she did not name him whom she preferred, Leonard Merton was the lover whom Annie was forced to discard; but he did not mention Leonard's name, or owe Leonard a grudge, as baser natures might have done. And Annie could not but appreciate his kindness as he assured her, in words that were at once tender and respectful, how well he wished towards Mr and Mrs Irwine, and how gladly he would concur in their daughter's plans for their happiness. For him, it should be his task to make his wife love him. It should not be his fault if he failed. Would Annie marry him?

'Yes!'—the little word, that from a woman's lips means so much, was uttered; but almost at the same instant there came a strange confused noise and a crash as of falling masonry, and a loud cry of alarm from many voices.

'Don't be frightened, Annie,' exclaimed the baronet, changing colour; 'though something seems to have happened yonder!'

PART II.

Something had indeed happened. The baronet's words, even as he uttered them, were being fulfilled to the letter. Those eminent engineers, Bounce and Braggett, were prevented by the multiplicity of their professional engagements from being personally present at the auspicious opening of the tunnel which they had designed and built. But their healths had been drunk, with eloquent encomiums, and one speaker, in a burst of champagne-inspired rhetoric, had gone so far as to liken them to the genii who reared the fairy palace at Aladdin's bidding. And now brickwork was toppling down, with ominous rattle, upon the floor, damp already with the water that began to drip and trickle from a hundred crevices.

'The river is breaking through! We shall be drowned!' cried many voices at once; and there were shrill feminine shrieks and angry exclamations, and a rush towards one end of the tunnel, followed by a halt and a rush in the opposite direction. Human beings, in a condition of undisciplined panic, are very like so many sheep, and equally prone to congregate in gregarious helplessness. Several of the gas jets had by this time been extinguished, and the partial darkness added to the horrors of the situation.

The position was no pleasant one. Bricks, some singly, some in masses, were crashing down fast from the roof and sides of the tunnel; and if no one had as yet been hurt, there seemed no reason for anticipating a continuance of this impunity. A deep, sullen sound, like the wash and gurgle of water, grew threateningly loud, and the floor, lately dry, was covered with water already deep enough to wet the dainty little boots of the lady guests, and rapidly gaining on those immured in the tunnel, and reluctant to make a decided move towards either extremity, for fear of running into the very danger they sought to avoid.

'It's full-tide, over our heads, in the Arva. An iron-clad could find water deep enough to float her now,' said some one desolately. That very fact that the estuary would be filled from shore to shore with the strong flood-tide setting in from the sea, had lent a zest to the meal so pleasantly enjoyed in those gas-lit recesses. But it was less agreeable to be reminded now of the circumstance that Neptune, in all the pomp and power of his marine array, was close at hand.

'The workmen are drunk! They hardly understood me; and those who caught a glimmer of my meaning, stared at me stupidly, like a mob of frightened cattle,' groaned out the surveyor in charge, a subordinate of Messrs Bounce and Braggett, as he rushed back from an attempt to summon aid. 'That Mr Merton, who knows them, and can speak their language, is trying what he can do with the Welshmen, who are the soberest of the lot; but our regular navvies' brains are drowned in ale.'

Sure enough, Leonard Merton came hurrying along the gallery at the head of some score of hardy mountaineers, whose superior temperance or tougher endurance had kept them sober. 'Quick, quick!' cried Leonard in Welsh, and pointing first to a pile of ladders, boards, and scaffold props which the fortunate carelessness of Messrs Bounce and Braggett's underlings had left piled up in a recess, and then to a ghastly fissure through which the water was gushing—'quick, lads, or Arva will be upon us!'

Those have an imperfect idea of what labour means who have never seen how fiercely men can work when life and death hang on the issue. So it was in this case. In a time incredibly short, but which yet seemed long to those who watched the process, ladders were reared, an apology for a scaffold was put up, and with boards and struts and scraps of miscellaneous timber the damage was repaired. Then there was a cry that the water was breaking in elsewhere like a millstream, and off darted the breathless band of rescuers to fight in a new place the common foe.

Leonard, as he urged on the rest, found time to say that he had sent a messenger to summon the train which had, for show purposes, been brought into the tunnel, and which might, if at such short notice steam could be got up, do yeoman's service in extricating the company from the awkward predicament in which they found themselves. To endeavour to reach either end of the tunnel on foot would be, for the ladies, rash, so much brickwork was falling, and so much water pouring through. He said this, and ran on.

Already the ripple and gurgle of the water, now ankle-deep as it washed the flooded floor, sounded anything but invitingly to the ear, while the crash of the tumbling bricks awoke the sullen echoes of the tunnel far and near. Yet Leonard and his gallant band were not left to toil alone, for several of the more able-bodied of the male guests volunteered their hearty aid; and one by one, and two by two, the sturdy men of pick and shovel came staggering and blinking to 'bear a hand,' as they phrased it, as their beer-numbed faculties were gradually aroused by the imminence of the peril. The ladies, in their terror, clung to the arms of their protectors; and Sir Albert, who had both Annie and Mrs Irwine under his charge, was unable to render any help in the good work on hand.

The water deepened but slowly, escaping, as it doubtless did, at one of the extremities of the tunnel, and it was not for several minutes after the first breaking in of the intrusive flood that it rose to the knees of those imprisoned there. The brackish stream ran so swiftly as to render it difficult for the weaker to keep their feet, and was evidently gaining depth, as new threads of water came trickling through the roof and fell splashing on the flooded floor.

'We shall be drowned—drowned like rats in a hole! Let us make a push at anyrate for daylight and safety!' cried a voice.

'No, no!' was the answer of those on the outskirts of the throng. 'Here comes the train!'

It was true; the lamps of the engine, like the red eyes of a friendly dragon, gleamed through the depths of the tunnel, and the shrill scream of the steam-whistle, more welcome at such a moment than sweetest music could have been, made itself heard.

'Look alive, gentlemen all!' bawled out, in warning accents, the rough engine-driver, as the iron wheels splashed and churned amidst the water. 'I'll not be able, soon, to keep the fire alight.'

There was a rush for safety. This was no time for standing on order or precedence. Delicate ladies were thankful to find themselves huddled into cattle-vans or ballast-trucks. Boozey navvies, with bloodshot eyes and stammering tongues, found themselves lolling on the cushions of first-class carriages. But, with some cramming and squeezing, there was room for all; and now a shout arose: 'Come back, there! Merton, all of you, come back! We only wait for you!'

'Make haste and clear the tunnel!' called out Leonard, panting from his perch on a ladder reared against the dripping wall. 'We must keep back the water here, or you'd have it up to the very boiler. Sound the whistle when you see daylight beyond, and leave us to shift for ourselves!'

The train was in motion before the words were finished, and again the weighty wheels revolving lashed the turbid water into yellow foam. Slowly and painfully the engine dragged its load, while fast the water deepened.

'Now, men!' cried Merton; 'to it again, and with a will!'

There was no need to indicate the point where the peril presented itself. Every eye was fixed upon a ghastly chasm through which the brine poured in a rill that ever gained in volume. Furiously, desperately, the handful of gallant fellows—now reinforced by volunteers until they were seven-and-thirty strong—toiled to keep back the spouting water. Should it rise high enough to reach the boiler and cylinder of the engine, all would be lost, and the tunnel a mere charnel-house. At any cost, the danger must be staved off.

Men's wits, as well as their hands, are apt to be quickened under the stimulus of peril, and many a feat of rough and ready engineering was on that day performed, as with brick and timber, with cordage, tarpaulins, and all materials that could be pressed into the service, the workmen fought to keep out the foe. At last—welcome signal!—there came to their ears the shrill, piercing note of the steam-whistle, and they knew that the train, with

its living freight, had reached daylight and free air, and that the gallant forlorn-hope might at last consult its own hitherto suppressed instinct of self-preservation.

'Steady, now, lads; see that none are left behind!' called out Leonard, and he was the last to swing himself down from the improvised scaffold, and to join the retreating party. Fast as they ran, the roar of the cascade within pursued them faster still, like the voice of some monster loath to be balked of its prey; and though the water, before they cleared the tunnel, was more than waist deep, they cleared it, and, without the loss of a life, emerged into the fresh free air, and scrambling on, reached at length the place where, at an angle of the line, the train had come to a halt.

'Safe? All safe? Tell us, for God's sake!' cried out fifty voices, male and female, of those who were stretching their heads out of the windows of the carriages to greet the brave men who now came panting up.

'All safe! It was a near thing, though,' cheerily answered the representative of Messrs Bounce and Braggett, who had laboured among the best, to avert the ruin which the 'scamped' work of his employers had brought about. But he who had the best right to be spokesman—Leonard Merton—had already separated himself from the rest, and avoiding the thanks and praises of those whom he had saved, had struck into a field-path that led towards his solitary home. Annie Irvine went back to her home as the affianced bride of Sir Albert Atwood. Very grave, thoughtful, and sad, was the face of Sir Albert himself. He had lost money doubtless by the late disaster, but that he could bear with philosophy. Yet, for an engaged and accepted suitor, his mien, as he returned to Plas Madoc, was strangely moody and depressed.

THE BONINS ISLANDS.

ABOUT five hundred miles south of Yokohama, the capital of Japan, there lie three groups of islands, known as the Bonins, and which as regards soil, climate, and general beauty can scarcely be matched anywhere. Let us see what Mr Consul Robertson of Yokohama, who visited the Bonins in 1875, has to say about these charming islands and their history.

The northern group are known as Parry, and the southernmost as Bailey or Coffin. The central group, nine and a quarter miles in length, consists of Stapleton, Buckland, and Peel Islands, the last of these being nearly five miles long. Hillsborough Island, the largest of the Bailey group, is seven and a half miles long by one and a quarter broad. There would appear to be little reason to doubt that the Japanese were the earliest discoverers of these islands; but it is to Captain Beechey, who visited them in H.M.S. *Blossom* in the year 1827, that we are indebted for the first trustworthy reports. The *Blossom*, despatched from England for the purpose of co-operating with Franklin's and Parry's Arctic expeditions, having failed to meet the explorers at the rendezvous in Behring's Straits, proceeded, with her commander Captain Beechey to the Pacific,

and in the course of her cruise visited the Bonins in June 1827. Here the captain remained, in the harbour of Port Lloyd, for several days, taking possession of the group on behalf of Great Britain—a fact established by nailing to a tree a sheet of copper punctured with a declaration to this effect—and giving the various islands their present nomenclature. The copper, in a fair state of preservation, is now in Mr Robertson's possession.

Although at the period of the *Blossom's* visit the population was limited to two shipwrecked sailors, it was soon destined to receive reinforcements. In 1830, a party of mixed nationality, and comprising some Sandwich islanders, arrived at Port Lloyd from Honolulu and hoisted the British flag. They were provided with live-stock and seeds, and would seem to have thriven in their settlement, so much so that, in 1842, hogs and goats abounded, and a fair amount of land was found under cultivation. The colonists gained a few accessions during the eleven following years, until, on the arrival of Commodore Perry's expedition, which visited the islands in June 1853, they numbered thirty-one members, nine being of European or American nationality, the remainder natives of the Pacific islands, and children. Commodore Perry devotes some space in his published work to an account of the group, and even submitted to his government a scheme for their more perfect colonisation, deeming the islands useful from their position as a coasting station for the contemplated mail-line from San Francisco to China. Urging upon the settlers the desirability of living under some organised government, he drew up a simple code for their guidance. Its rules, however, were never enforced, and are already forgotten. Some live-stock were left on the islands by Perry, who also subsequently forwarded from America a present of useful seeds and implements of husbandry for the use of the colonists. Some visits of men-of-war and whalers occurred during the following years; and in 1861 an effort was made by Japan to colonise Peel Island, when a special Commissioner and about one hundred colonists arrived from Yedo. The Japanese soon wearied of their colonisation scheme, and withdrew in batches; and in 1863 the Commissioner himself followed, leaving, however, a stone inscribed with a declaration that the islands were discovered by Japan, that they were revisited in 1861, and that they still continue the property of that empire.

Mr Robertson's visit was made in H.M.S. *Curler* in November 1875, when also the Japanese government lighthouse tender *Meiji Maru* called at the islands. He describes the character of the land as hilly, marked here and there with bold crags. The hills are clothed with luxuriant vegetation, comprising cabbage-palms and tree-ferns; and the valleys, which are girt round with fringes of trees, appear to be rich and prolific. That the islands are of volcanic origin is more than probable—Commodore Perry indeed expresses an opinion

that Port Lloyd was at one time the centre of an active volcano—and hence no doubt the richness and fertility of the soil. A solitary hut at the head of the harbour, from which the American flag was displayed, and a few canoes drawn up on the beach or sailing along the shore, furnished the only evidence of colonisation visible by the new arrivals as their vessel anchored. They shortly learned, however, that the community then numbered sixty-nine souls—thirty-seven males and thirty-two females—twenty of the whole number being children. Five only of its present inhabitants may be described as white. They hail respectively from England, France, Germany, Holland, and the Azores, and appear to have arrived at the islands for the most part in whaling-vessels during the last thirty years. The dark-skinned population is composed of natives of the Sandwich Islands, Agrigan, the Caroline and Kingsmill groups, and comprise a Bermudian, a Malay, and two Japanese women. Thirty-five of the number were born on the islands, and exhibit the usual curious effects of mixed alliance.

The holdings of the settlers are dotted over the shores of the Harbour, or lie in some of the sheltered nooks which indent the coast of the island. Here, in the cultivated patches which surround their cottages, may be seen the sweet-potato, *taro*, pumpkins and other garden vegetables growing luxuriantly. On the sloping hill-sides, plantations of sugar-cane, maize, and coconut appear to succeed, and but for the occasional hurricanes, would thrive abundantly. Plantain and lemon groves are numerous, and there is no lack of running streams. The visitors found the settlers provided with an abundance of tame pigs, geese, ducks, and fowls; and in the season—the months of April, May, and June—enormous numbers of turtle are secured without much labour, one man capturing as many as fifty during the day.

The dwelling-houses are rudely constructed. The side-posts and rafters are of hardwood, and being covered with the leaves of the cabbage-palm, afford weather-tight shelter. The floors are boarded, and the house divided into a dwelling and a sleeping room, the kitchen being in a building apart. The furniture of the cottages is sparse and simple; a rough deal table, chairs, a bed, a shelf bearing the family earthenware, a clock, and some cheap gaily coloured prints, which line the walls, being its leading features. Everything being kept scrupulously clean and neat, the good order of the households impressed the visitors favourably. It may be added that there are few books to be met with, and that only one man in the islands—Webb, an Englishman—can read and write.

It may easily be imagined that the wants of the settlers are neither numerous nor hard to satisfy. Clothing and calico of a light texture, salt, soap, tobacco, hardware, nails, knives, tools of useful description, and ammunition, comprise their chief wants; and for these they have been hitherto indebted, in exchange for their island-produce, to passing whalers putting into the islands for refreshment. On the occasion of Mr Robertson's visit, a goodly supply of presents, consisting of blankets, cottons, grocery, and other useful articles, was forwarded for the use of the settlers by the Japanese government; nor were their needs overlooked by Captain Church, who provided them

with shirts, shoes, flannel, and other necessary gear from the stores of H.M.S. *Curlew*.

Mr Robertson mentions some thirty varieties of wood growing on the islands. Wild-cactus, curry-plant, wild-sage, and celery are also found; and mosses, lichens, and ferns are said to abound. Of metallic minerals, excepting some traces of iron pyrites found in Peel Island, there would appear to be no indications. Earthquakes and tidal waves are frequent. The peculiarity of the latter is that no bore rushes up the harbour; the water rises suddenly—precisely as it rises in a bowl in which an inverted tumbler is plunged—and as suddenly recedes. The earthquakes are probably slight, as the inhabitants do not seem to dread them. Hurricanes, which prevail it is to be presumed at the change of monsoon, are more serious in their consequences, especially to the crops.

Of the inhabitants as he found them Mr Robertson speaks by no means unfavourably. Rumour, he says, ascribed to the settlers of the group a character for lawless life and irregular conduct, of which, however, he saw no evidence. He found a small colony of a simple mixed race, living to all appearance in decency and order, clean in their persons, neat in dress, and dwelling in comfortable homes, to which they hospitably invited the stranger. But to this bright side of the picture there is a dark reverse. Of religion they know nothing; they are utterly uneducated, and are as apathetic as the savage to all but the pressing needs of every-day existence. Owing to the want of government amongst themselves, human life has at times been somewhat insecure, one of the settlers having informed Mr Robertson that within an experience of twenty-five years eleven men had to his knowledge met with violent ends; this however, is to be accounted for by the fact that the islands were the refuge of the runaway scum of whalers and trading-ships, among whom quarrels must have been of common occurrence. Notwithstanding this, the islanders appear to feel some repugnance towards settled government, and ask that they 'may be permitted to live as Bonin Islanders.'

Let us hope that some good may result from Mr Robertson's visit, and from the ample and exhaustive report of the little group which he has given to us; and that the attention of the governments which claim its possession may at least be drawn to the responsibilities which they have undertaken. We have seen that England, through Captain Beechey, and Japan on more than one occasion, have claimed the ownership of the islands; and on one or other of these powers would seem to devolve the natural duty of guiding the young settlement through the perils of a peculiarly dangerous infancy, and of laying the foundation of a happy and prosperous community in the distant Pacific. Japan is manifestly unfitted for this. She has proved herself unable to colonise the magnificent island of Yesso, which lies at her very doors, and which, permanently settled, would have afforded her a powerful bulwark against the Russian aggression she so constantly dreads. There is little probability of her proving a wise administratrix of the Anglo-Melanesian settlement which she has repeatedly tried to colonise, and as often abandoned. It is left to England, therefore, to take this group beneath her protecting wings, and

to initiate some simple and inexpensive system of self-government there; or, failing this, to renounce definitively the sovereignty of the islands, claimed on her behalf by Captain Beechey in 1827.

A CHAPTER OF REAL LIFE.

MANY years have elapsed since the circumstance about to be recorded took place. Most if not all of the actors concerned in it are dead, and the sensation it caused in the neighbourhood where it occurred is long since forgotten. In what follows—a plain statement of facts—all allusion to time, names, or locality is for obvious reasons omitted.

Mr S—, as for convenience we shall call him, was a country gentleman of fortune and rank. He had married young, and very happily; but his home was childless; and the disappointment—keenly felt—was aggravated by the fact of there being a title in the family, to which his son, if he had one, would succeed. Great, therefore, was the joy and exultation when, after years of hope deferred, it was announced that the nursery at Blank House was likely to have at last a baby tenant. Much preparation was made for the event, which it was arranged was to take place in London. A confidential servant, who had formerly as head-nurse had the care of Mrs S— in her childhood, and was devoted to her, was installed in the house, to watch over her health in the present circumstances. This woman on quitting service had elected to become a ladies' monthly nurse, and for this purpose had, as it is called, 'taken out her practice' in a maternity hospital; and had passed the examinations needful before obtaining the certificate of a duly qualified nurse.

Mrs S— professed implicit confidence in the skill of her quondam servant. It was her wish to be attended in her confinement by her alone. She represented to her husband that she preferred a female attendant to a doctor, and so worked upon him that he at length gave a reluctant consent; stipulating, however, that when the event was imminent the doctor was to be sent for, so as to be at hand in case of any danger or difficulty supervening.

Nothing untoward did happen. The lady, under the nurse's care, gave birth to a little daughter, which before the doctor left the house he saw, and pronounced to be a fine healthy infant. The sex of the small stranger was of course a disappointment; but anything in the shape of a baby was welcome in the long childless house. And when in process of time there came the expectation of another olive-branch, hope revived of better luck on the next occasion. Nor was hope deceived. With great triumph, the faithful nurse, again in attendance, announced to Mr S— that his wife was safe, and congratulated him on being the father of 'the finest boy that ever was seen.'

The young heir thrived apace. But the parents were ere long doomed to prove what so often happens—namely, that blessings ardently coveted, fail when granted to give the happiness expected from them. With the arrival of his children Mr S—'s domestic felicity departed. His idolised wife became a confirmed invalid. After the birth of the first infant her health and spirits began gradually to fail, and now the whole nervous

system seemed hopelessly disorganised. In vain every means that wealth could procure or affection devise was resorted to. In vain she was taken from one place to another for change of scene and the best medical advice. Nothing could rouse her from the state of gloomy depression into which she had sunk. Instead of his former smiles and brightness, her face, if we may use the expression, wore a kind of 'hunted' look, painful to see. She took no interest in anything; even her children gave her no pleasure; nor did she ever rally from this melancholy condition; so that it was almost a matter of thankfulness when death came to end her unhappy existence.

The bereaved husband, however, continued long to mourn the wife to whom he was so tenderly attached. He lived in seclusion, forming no new ties, and devoting himself to the care of the children, now growing up to be objects of interest. From this state of things he was roused by a letter purporting to be from a person on her death-bed, who urgently entreated him to come to her without delay. She had, she said, a communication of the utmost importance to make, which could be revealed to no one but himself.

Mr S— lost no time in obeying the mysterious summons. Having seated himself beside the dying woman's bed, she addressed him with: 'I see sir, you do not know me. I am Nurse B—. I have sent for you to tell what has lain like lead upon me for years—what killed my poor mistress, and what will be a blow to yourself you will scarce be able to bear. But it must be done. She made me promise that before I left the world I would confess my crime and hers. My crime it was sir, for I planned it all, and over-persuaded her, poor dear!

'Mr S—, the children you are bringing up are not yours! For the fraud that has been practised on you respecting them; I alone am to blame, working as I did without ceasing upon your dear lady's anxiety to give you the heir she was pining for, and that your heart was set on—she that loved you so well, she could not bear to see you disappointed in anything. My calling as a midwife gave me, I urged upon her, plenty of opportunities to carry out the scheme; and I knew I could manage it so that there wouldn't be the least danger of ever being found out. But it was a long time before I could get her to consent, and of course when she once did, there was no drawing back.

'The daughter reared as yours, is the child of a poor servant-maid whose husband had deserted and left her to her fate. I heard of the distress she was in at the prospect of becoming a mother, and disguising myself so that I could never be known again, went to her, and said I knew of a lady who wanted to adopt an infant, and would pay handsomely for hers when born, provided no questions were asked. She was only too glad to close with my offer. I gave her a note addressed to A. B., with directions to have it left at a certain shop the minute she took ill; and when I knew it was near her time, I went daily to inquire after it. The people in the shop thought the veiled and muffled-up woman who called so often for her note in the dusk of the evening was some needy servant out of place. Oh, I took my measures well!

'At last the note was there. I hurried home,

got my mistress to bed, and spread the tidings in the house that she was indisposed, and a baby might soon be expected. I told you sir, the same thing, if you remember, on your return home from your club, and said you might now send for the doctor, whom you wished to be on the spot in case of accident. When he came, I had an interview with him, said I thought all would be right, and that I would call him if he was wanted. When the house was quiet, and every one safe out of the way or in bed, I slipped out with my latch-key. The porter in the hall had been ordered to watch. He roused up as I passed his great chair, and I said I was going for something I required for my lady, and would not be long away. A monthly nurse, you know sir, can do pretty much as she likes in a house, and need not give explanations of her goings and comings. Before I reached the woman's lodgings the infant had been born. I brought it home, terribly disappointed at its proving a girl, and with the prospect before me of having to contrive and do all over again.

Brokenly, and with many stops from emotion and weakness, the dying nurse gave these particulars. She went on to describe the remorse that took possession of Mrs S—, and the difficulty she had in persuading her to allow of another attempt to accomplish the desired object. The boy, she said, was the son of a poor couple overburdened with children, and the more readily parted with, as his father had died from the effects of an accident shortly before his birth. The same precautions for secrecy had been adopted in his case. There was not the slightest clue, and the fraud could never have been suspected or found out.

But the conscience-stricken lady could not rest. In despair at witnessing her sinking under the misery of which Nurse B— accused herself of being the cause, the latter implored her to make a clean breast and confess all to her husband. He would forgive her, the woman urged, sooner than let her die. But the hapless sufferer could not bear to criminate herself in his eyes, and risk the loss of this love. So she carried to the grave the burden of the guilty secret that was crushing her, having exacted from the nurse a solemn promise that before her death she would reveal all to Mr S—.

When, after long absence in foreign lands, the latter came to reside again at Blank House, he was accompanied by the young girl, his adopted daughter. What became of the supposed heir, who doubtless had been well provided for, did not transpire.

NEW USES OF PAPER.

THE world has lately heard of some extraordinary uses of paper. In devising new modes of utilising this article, Americans take the lead. Barrels composed of straw-paper are said to be manufactured by a New York firm. The pulp is subjected to a powerful hydraulic pressure; and when reduced to the required thickness, the halves are cut off at the end, and the pieces are then placed in a steam-drier, the sides trimmed evenly, and the substance thoroughly dried. The advantages of the barrels over wooden ones, we are told, are

lightness, cheapness, durability, and the prevention of flour from sifting out while in transit. They are constructed entirely by machinery, and the halves are cut so true that any pieces of the same size will readily fit together. Even as a protector of the bottoms of iron ships from rust and animal and vegetable growth, paper has been found effective. Various anti-fouling compositions have been applied to the purpose; but while all are expensive, none can be regarded as completely satisfactory. It has been proposed then simply to cover the bottoms of vessels with paper; but the difficulty has been to procure a marine cement which would serve to attach this material. After various trials, a cement has been invented which promises to be successful since it has been practically tested by a long voyage. As the paper was found in a good state of preservation, its trial as an anti-fouling agent was considered very satisfactory. This new use for paper has thus far been proved in sea-voyages; and with regard to land-travelling, it is well known how railway carriage-wheels have been manufactured from the same material. For this purpose the paper is cut into disks the diameter of the wheel, less the thickness of the tire, and subjected to a very great pressure, and then secured by iron flanges held by bolts passing through them and the paper. The wheel then receives a steel or iron flagged tire. Many advantages are claimed for the use of paper for this purpose; no other material of the same weight of which a wheel may be made, being considered to possess such strength. Mention of railways reminds us of the telegraph, and even with this indispensable accessory of railway traffic we find the subject of our article has something to do. Telegraph wires can be covered and insulated with paper-pulp, which may be applied either to a naked wire or to a wire which is already covered. The purpose of the paper covering is that of protection from injuries of the inclosed wire, or of the inclosed wire and material surrounding it; the injuries to be guarded against being of a mechanical or chemical nature; or the purpose may be for the electrical insulation of the wire, or for the strengthening of it, to resist strains.

In more general ways, there are various uses to which paper may be applied, as, for instance, the protection of plants in uncertain weather by old newspapers, which are recommended for this purpose. They are said to exclude a considerable amount of frost, and are useful inside frames with or without mats. The uses for which *papier-mâché* has been adapted seem to be almost endless. The possibility of its successful application to building purposes has been demonstrated; and now we hear that a Breslau firm have succeeded in making chimney-pots of paper. They are said to be far more durable than metal ones, as they are not liable to any form of corrosion, while being also lighter and far cheaper. Before the paper-pulp is moulded and compressed into

the required shape, it is treated with chemicals, which render it non-inflammable. Pulp made from wood has been taken in hand by cabinet-makers as well as paper-manufacturers. Mouldings are made of this substance for frames and decorative purposes, which have all the sharpness of outline possessed by the best carvings. Some of the French furniture-makers are said to have expressed great satisfaction at the new style of ornamentation, which will enable them to turn out their 'old oak-carvings' at a minimum cost as far as labour is concerned.

If paper may have something to do with the furnishing of our houses, it can take part none the less in respect to the manufacture of clothing and articles of dress. Some years ago, the most common if not the sole material for handkerchiefs in Japan was an almost diaphanous square of paper, the gossamer texture of which did not prevent a considerable degree of tenacity. Paper collars are common articles of wear; and cloth has been made from the Californian cactus, a plant which has been successfully used in the manufacture of paper. Brown paper may be recommended as a good lining for the garments of ill-clad persons, as likely to prove a protector by no means contemptible in severe weather.

The quantity of paper now issued from numerous newspaper offices in a single week amounts to many tons in weight, and supposing sheet were added to sheet would reach thousands of miles in length. There are said to be many more paper-mills in the United States than in the British Isles; and the exports of paper from that country have we are assured greatly increased. In the international paper Exhibition of Paris, five hundred and thirty-five firms, including most of the leading houses in Germany, Austria, England, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, and the United States, contributed. Besides every variety of writing and printing paper, there were special departments for paper-hangings, paper-blinds, and paper for building purposes, the general applicability of the article being also demonstrated by a paper-house erected in the court-yard with tables, chairs, chandeliers, and stoves of the same material. No part of the gallery of machines in the late Paris Exhibition was more patronised than that in the French section, where old rags were converted into pulp, dried, pressed in plates, and then wound round a bobbin as paper. The English and French display of white and coloured paper was excellent in point of solidity, equality of pulp, tenacity, and grain; and the English cream-laid was thought to be unrivalled. The French show of fantastic letter-paper was very fine; and the American paper was remarkable for its suppleness, resistance, and brilliancy. The silky paper of Japan too, so much in repute as exhibited in envelopes, was considered to be worthy of any paper-factory. Those curious people the Japanese do wonders with paper in the way of toys, lacquer-ware, and such articles, for example, as the imitation of stamped and embossed leather. The originality, colouring, and design exhibited in their wall-papers are

also worthy of all praise. In short, to touch on the numberless purposes to which paper has already been applied would greatly exceed the limits of the present article; but a very important future may be argued for this useful material from the examples here referred to.

A SUMMER-DAY REVERIE.

JUNE'S blooming flowers and fragrance sweet,
Forth to the woods beguile our feet,
With unresisted spell;
Fond memories lure us to the spot
Where grows the blue Forget-me-not,
The flower we love so well.

Bright flower! to love and friendship dear;
Thy name falls softly on our ear,
With sweetness ever new;
Wafts back our thoughts on Fancy's wing
To sunny memories that cling
Around thy petals blue.

Unmarked the moments as they flow;
When seen in light of long ago,
How precious in our eyes!
Our yesterdays, too fair to last,
To-day, when numbered with the past,
Surpassing bright shall rise.

Why should we thus regretful sigh
For sunny pleasures long gone by,
And present joys forget?
To-day, for us the sunbeams fall,
And blooming flowers our hearts enthral,
In dewy fragrance set.

And dearer, sweeter joys are ours
Than sunlit skies or dewy flowers
Could e'er to us impart;
For us the wondrous world of Thought
Rare gems from every clime has brought,
Enriching mind and heart.

For us to-day, in golden store,
Nature and Art their treasures pour,
And love-sweet offerings bring;
Ah! whisper not of Time's decay;
Though all of earth must pass away,
Faith lifts her drooping wing.

Not in the sunny Past our rest,
Nor present joys shall end our quest
For full and perfect bliss;
Revealed alone to Faith's glad sight
Where time nor change our hopes can blight,
A fairer world than this!

EFFIE.

GALASHIELS, June 6, 1879.

[The preceding lines are the production of a Scottish 'mill-girl,' and we have much pleasure in giving them the publicity which they merit.—ED.]

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A RAMBLE IN THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

To the many Englishmen who delight in strapping on a knapsack, exploring wild mountain-paths, and in one word roughing it, the Basque Provinces offer a great attraction. After crossing the Pyrenees, the scenery on the south side will be found of a grander type than on the north. The people will interest him by the great difference of language, manners, dwellings, and food from those of France. Descendants of an ancient race, they proudly boast that they were never conquered. Their men fought with the victorious Hannibal against the Romans, and assisted in the defeat of the Emperor Charlemagne and Roland in the pass of Roncesvaux. By their aid the Duke of Wellington carried a division of his army across three fords over the Bidassos, and thus turned the strong position of Marshal Soult, gaining his first footing on French territory.

In travelling through these attractive regions, the pedestrian need have no fear as to quarters. Every evening a lodging may be found, though not of the best; some man or boy taken up on the road acts as guide, and they boast of being the best walkers in the world. How picturesque too, in their costume! A red *beret*, not unlike the cap of the Lowland shepherds in Scotland, a red sash round the waist, sandals made of hemp on the feet, and a stout stick or *espadrille* in their hands.

Rising early, the pedestrian is free to wander at will through the woods, or breathe the pure brisk air of the mountain. Nature still sleeps, but soon the sun piercing the clouds, spreads his golden light over the charming landscape; then comes a concert of humming insects and carolling birds, and the labourer appears in the fields. A poor cottage in the valley will give a resting-place; on a wooden bench, before a rough table made of two chestnut beams, the family offer you a share of their homely repast. Bread made of maize-flour, hot from the oven and yellow as gold, beans or cabbage, a sardine, and a handful of nuts; such is the *menu*. The traveller brings

the appetite to season all. The Basque carts come rolling slowly over the road with massive wheels without spokes, cut out of the trunk of a tree in one single piece, and drawn by little red oxen. The sounds produced by the ungreased wheels of these primitive wagons are somewhat grating to the unaccustomed ear, but nevertheless serve the purpose of a warning in the narrow mountain-paths; a good 'singing' cart being their boast!

The loveliest sea-coast lies to the north of the Iberian peninsula, in the province of Vizcaya; and when the town of Plencia comes into sight, another Bay of Naples seems to greet the traveller. Built on a narrow tongue of land which stretches into the ocean, Plencia is literally bathed by the waves. All along the road the vines are grown on trellises, supported by stone pillars, the slope from the foot of the mountains to the shore being covered by porticoes of verdure. Once its ships were known in every sea; not less than a hundred and fifty merchant-vessels having sailed to distant lands during the last century. Now there is not a single fishing-boat; for the banks of sand which have formed at the entrance of the river render the passage of the bar most dangerous.

If the fine fishing population of Spain is to be seen to advantage, the mountain heights must be crossed to Bermeo. But climb the high peak of Machichaco, and the fatigue will be forgotten when the Bays of Baquio and Bermeo are deserted extending calm and tranquil at the foot, with the white sails of the fishing flotilla dotting the blue ocean. Bermeo is a child of the sea with a past and present history confined within the space of a few hundred yards on the narrow peninsula of the port. On the one side is the ancient church of Santa Eufemia, one of those entitled *juraderos*, because a new governor of Vizcaya is obliged to enter and to swear solemnly that he will obey the *fueros* or laws. Opposite, is an old square fort, whose stones, from the effect of centuries and the warm kisses of the sun, are of a bright vermillion. Between these are the fishermen's houses, with their wooden balconies and overhanging roofs.

The fishermen are formed into a fraternity, having an administrator and a junto to manage their affairs. They make the rules; and in case the sea is too rough, the captain of the *Senora* raises his oar into the air, and no one dare go off. Each evening they manage the sale by auction of the day's produce, retaining a certain portion as a reserve fund, and dividing the remainder according to the success of each boat. Sometimes the stormy weather prevents their going out for many days together, and great would be the distress were it not for the help of this fund, which also provides for aged fishermen and the widows and children of those lost at sea.

In the morning the scene is quiet along the quay, when the nets are hanging and the children preparing the bait for their fathers, or dipping the fresh sardines in the boiling oil and laying them carefully in the boxes. But in the evening the scene is much more animated. Then, the boats that started with the tide return, from the large ones, manned by sixteen men, to the small canoes, which a father and two sons can handle. About seven o'clock, certain important persons come down, dressed in coats and hats; they are the curers and merchants. Women and children crowd round *en masse* to see the fish being sold.

The auction is held in the hall belonging to the fraternity. Enormous scales are hung under the portico, and there the fish are laid in heaps to be weighed. By the light of a large lantern a clerk rapidly takes down the figures, and the fish are immediately packed in round baskets, which the oxen draw into the town. It is a remarkable scene: the noise of disembarkation, the shouts of the seamen, the chatter of the women, the lowing of the cattle, and the immense hideous heaps of tunny and stock-fish gaping for life, as they are viewed under the yellow light of the lantern. This lively affair lasts into the early morning hours, until the last boat arrives, when all retire to their well-merited repose.

Sometimes on fortunate days the men will bring twelve or fifteen thousand *arrobes* (of twenty-five pounds each) of these large fish; and the rule is, that all shall be sent away within twenty-four hours. A portion is immediately consigned to Madrid and other large cities; the rest goes to the curing establishments. There each fish is cut into thick slices, and plunged into large caldrons of boiling oil. When it has received a fine red tint, it is withdrawn and taken to the drying-rooms. When scarcely cold the slices are packed in small barrels, a mixture of water and vinegar is poured over, after which they are forwarded to the interior, where the working-classes buy them largely. The sardine and anchovy abound also in the season; these are preserved in boxes, and each boat sells its 'take' at a price the crew agree upon. The fish of this sea is considered immeasurably superior to that of the Mediterranean; when eaten on the spot it is really exquisite, and has a flavour that would scarcely be believed by those who taste it in Madrid.

There are about a thousand men in Bermeo engaged in this trade. The women help in unloading or at the curing-houses. They marry very early; at eighteen every fisherman has his lover. He makes one or two long voyages, to gain sufficient money for his marriage outfit—not a very sumptuous one, consisting of little beside some white linen, two or three poor bits of furniture, and a few gewgaws; and thus the pair begin life. Should he wait ten years longer, he knows he will never be rich; there being bad days in which his whole fortune may be lost. This continual uncertainty and constant struggle against danger influences the character, and leads to improvidence. After a good season, Bermeo fishermen will rather squander their earnings than put them aside for a worse day. Their families are large; both boys and girls are early put to work; but as there is no class of people more laborious or more honest, the judge has often but one culprit brought before him in a year. They are of the pure Basque blood, and very handsome. The slender muscular frame of the men, with oval face, aquiline nose, and clear eye, mark a serenity combined with singular energy of character. As for the women, before work has tried them, they represent the ideal of beauty—tall, well made, with splendid chestnut hair, which the married women roll round their head, and the young ones wear in two long plaits over their shoulders. A dozen of these walking from the port, each with a large basket of fish on her head, and singing some refrain of the country, in the silence of the night, forms a very striking picture.

Not far from Bermeo there is a little place which has the importance of a holy city in the eyes of the Basques. This is Guernica, which contains the palace of the juntos; the archives of the country—the palladium of their liberties; and the oak, under which from time immemorial the *Senor* of Vizcaya swears to maintain the laws. A son of the country has written a patriotic hymn upon it, which touches every heart, like *Auld Lang Syne* or the *Marseillaise*. He was a poor shepherd, but full of courage, who joined the ranks of Don Carlos V. at sixteen, and being terribly wounded, he withdrew into exile, and remained twenty years in France. He had a fine voice, long curls, and loved peril and excitement. Returning to his native land he became a wandering poet, and sang his own compositions to the crowds who flocked to the mountains from every farm and village. None was so great a favourite as *The Tree of Guernica*, that holy symbol of their liberties; and so great was the enthusiasm created when he sang it, that the men fell on their knees and swore to die for their laws. The authorities were alarmed, and for fear of trouble ordered the poor troubadour to leave the country and remain in exile for life.

As soon as a traveller enters Guernica, he is at once conducted to this tree. The present one is about a century old, and is a direct descendant of the first. Two or three young scions are always growing beside the more ancient one. The last, which fell from age in 1811, existed, according to tradition, from the middle of the fourteenth century. Under its shadow, Ferdinand and Isabella, seated on the bench which surrounded the trunk, took the oath to respect the *fueros*. The deliberations of the congress always took place

in the open air, until the number of delegates so much increased, that the plan was abandoned, and the ancient church of Santa Maria was adopted as the meeting-place.

Amidst the greatest loveliness all around, there rises the battlemented donjon of Arteaga, situated in a grand demesne. It belongs to the ex-Empress of the French, one of the Montijos. In the year 1856 the Assembly declared the late Prince Imperial a Viscayan, and sent deputies to the court with the decree. Napoleon III. received them with much kindness, and the Empress decided to restore the castle. The primitive structure has been retained as much as possible, but accommodated to the requirements of modern comfort. Red jasper surrounds the arched windows, and contrasts well with the gray marble of the edifice. In the interior, a splendid staircase, floors of marquetry, and sculptured ceilings, correspond with the exterior magnificence. Unfortunately, it has never been furnished, but waits the promised visit of the Empress; whilst a French lady who lives in a pavilion near has the charge of it. But though absent, the generous hand of the owner is felt everywhere; there is no better kept village than Arteaga, and the houses have an air of the greatest comfort.

The flourishing commerce of Bilbao has to some extent injured the smaller ports on the coast. After visiting the old towns covered with the dust of ages, Bilbao forms a complete contrast by its modern aspect and bright animation. Yet it has suffered terribly from war. One of its most intelligent and distinguished citizens, Don Juan Delmas, suffered losses that can never be replaced. He was a passionate lover of art and antiquity, and having collected a library of six thousand precious volumes, many old Flemish and Spanish pictures, with jewellery and medals, he built a chateau, and arranged them in the different rooms. But during a siege, the heart-broken Delmas watched the burning of his home, and his *chefs-d'œuvre* stolen and dispersed. His town-house was riddled by bomb-shells; his wife and one of his daughters died, exhausted by fatigue and terror; his two brothers-in-law were shot; and in the course of a couple of years he had known the utmost limits of what a man could suffer.

When we last visited Bilbao a festival was at its height. From the neighbouring villages had assembled young men gay in their scarlet caps, and handsome girls in short petticoats and braided tresses. Near the church, the favourite game of the Basques, that of tennis, was going on. There is no hamlet however small without its tennis-court, where the young men play in the presence of the elders, as judges. Many can maintain the ball in the air for several minutes. The women also display wonderful skill in this exercise. The favourite dance is a very complicated one, called the *cortico*; it lasts about twenty minutes, and fourteen persons join in it. The alcalde sits at the head, and the dancers form a circle before him. The young men from each village have a right to dance successively, and their names are inscribed on a list given to the alcalde, that there may be no dispute. At the beginning, the simplicity of the measure, the solemnity that regulates the steps, recall the old French minuet; but as it proceeds,

all join in couples, *vis-à-vis*, with arms extended, using their fingers like castanets; quicker and quicker goes the music, until it finishes with the most rapid of *galops*.

During the festival, refreshments of a simple character are sold at small tables under the shadow of the trees; they consist of dry cakes, cider, and an inoffensive beverage made of red wine, sugar, and water. At the first sound of the evening bell for the Angelus, whatever may be the excitement, the dancing stops; the magistrates take off their hats, as well as the crowd, and all repeat the prayer. Then the *tamborilero* precedes the magistrates, who march round the square; whilst the men withdraw with loud sharp cries, to shew their joy; and the mountains repeat the echo. Great bonfires are lighted, and the popular dances of the *jota* and *fandango* succeed each other until eleven o'clock. When the fire dies out, the couples separate with an adieu, and slowly retire through the streets to their homes, with the respect for law and authority which distinguishes this much to be admired people.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XL.—SIR LUCIUS.

SIR LUCIUS LARPERT, in no enviable frame of mind, sat before the fire in the billiard-room of Llosthuel Court, gazing at the glowing coals, as though, like the reputed wizards of a bygone age, he sought to read the future of his own and others' fortunes in their cavernous depths. He had a cigar between his lips; but its fiery tip had grown cold and gray through sheer forgetfulness on the smoker's part, and presently he snatched it away and tossed it peevishly into the fire. Then he turned to a little table beside him, on which stood a silver tray, bearing glasses and decanters, and filling a large wine-glass to the brim, not with sherry, but with strong Manzanilla, tossed off the contents as if the potent liquor had been harmless cold water. Then he refilled the glass, sipped slowly and relishingly the cordial within it, and setting it down, drew a letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and began to read it.

The letter in question had been brought up-stairs to Sir Lucius that morning along with the cup of chocolate and slice of toast which formed the baronet's apology for a breakfast. Sir Lucius had perused and reperused it several times since then, and each time with an anxious eye and frowning brow, which shewed the tidings it imparted to be the reverse of agreeable. It was not a long letter, nor was it one of those stiff epistles on blue office paper wherewith gentlemen learned in the law vex the souls of the laity, unskilled in legal jargon. Indeed it was obviously the letter of no gentleman, whether by Act of Parliament or otherwise, but of a person to whom penmanship was a pain, and orthography a distress, the curt product of severe toil at the scribe's distasteful task.

The reading of this letter, whatever it was, had stirred the ignoble nature of Sir Lucius to its lowest depths, and he was savagely intent upon

the means of counteracting, without mercy or scruple, the course of events which thwarted his most cherished projects. Without mercy or scruple—yes, the words were true as to the baronet's compassion for a foe or as to his readiness to remove a stumbling-block from his path—but there *was* a scruple, notwithstanding. The exemplary young dandy did not wish to put his precious neck in jeopardy of ever being subjected to the clammy touch of the hangman's fumbling fingers. And for this reason he desired to find a bolder villain than himself, some one—to quote, that old Earl Angus who hanged King James's favourites over the Brig of Launder—who would 'bell the cat.' And he thought he knew of such a one at Tregunnow.

Sir Lucius rang the bell. 'Bring me something—a sandwich,' he said, when the servant came; 'nothing else; and be quick! There is sherry here. And tell Phillips to put the brown horse, Lightfoot, into the dog-cart instantly.'

'Groom with you, Sir Lucius?' asked the under-butler, as he brought in the desired refreshment.

'No groom; but let them look sharp!' answered the baronet gruffly. 'No need, either, to come worrying round to the door. I'll get in yonder, in the yard.'

Sir Lucius had been gruff and irritable all day long, short-tempered even with his imperial mother, rough with young Willie his brother, and snappish to Edgar, who had come in with a stripling's frankness, to challenge his senior to a game at billiards.

'Billiards! Knocking the balls about, you mean. No; thank you!' had been the baronet's cross-grained reply; and he had been left thenceforth to the hermit-like possession of the billiard-room.

Slowly and painfully, according to such lights as his keen but shallow intelligence could work by, Sir Lucius had shaped out and solved the problem that perplexed him. He must go to Pen Mawth. He must see the Black Miller—a tool useful for his purpose. What such men as Sir Lucius can never be made to see is, that such tools are two-edged; and that the ruffian or rascal they hire to do any dirty work with tongue or pen or bludgeon, is the most dangerous enemy, of their own making, that can be like a lion in the path.

It was easy for Lady Larpent's titled son to leave Llosthuel without having to answer inconvenient questions. He had refused, on slight grounds, or none at all, to be present at luncheon. Few young men, in country-houses, are to be seen at luncheon. It is not easy to get back from the stubble-fields, and from hunting impossible, when the ladies of the family are ready for the blameless enjoyment of their outlets. But Sir Lucius, who ate no breakfast, could not well wait till eight o'clock for the prandial meal, and he was usually hungry by two. Hungry or not, he had his sandwich and his sherry, took up his overcoat, and went round to the yard, where his dog-cart, with the brown horse harnessed, stood ready.

'Like me to wait—anywhere, Sir Lucius?' said a pert dwarf in gaiters and striped waistcoat, a young London lad, news-monger, and who regarded the son and heir of the potential Dowager as only governor No. 2.

The ferocious reply which was made by the baronet as he drove rapidly away, was long remembered in the stable-yard of Llosthuel.

A dog-cart is a vehicle capable of rapid locomotion, especially with only a single sitter behind the shafts; and Lightfoot was a good horse. The Cornish carters stared at the speed with which the gentleman, flogging hard—for Sir Lucius was a hard taskmaster to the noble beast which some of us love so well—shot past them. The brown horse was all lather and foam when he came at a hand-gallop up to the station, twenty minutes too soon, and was left at a public-house which miners and market-folks frequented, while Sir Lucius took his ticket for Tregunnow. He took a ticket—not a return one—for Tregunnow, because he thought that thus, in case of need, he should best escape inquiry and recognition. And when the slow train, fraught with little but fish-baskets, tin, and a few packages marked 'London—Immediate,' and full of precocious vegetables from Scilly, came jumbling in, Sir Lucius took his seat in a mouldy first-class carriage that had the smell of a coffin, and was borne to Tregunnow, where he alighted in a fog and a drizzle of rain.

This time there were no boys at Tregunnow, outside the white gate, and on the gravel-path that was the property of the Company, and the only dry spot in sight. But the baronet, who now knew his way, preferred to dispense with a guide, and walked on, through the waning daylight and gentle rain, to Pen Mawth. He had the dubious good fortune to find the Black Miller—often abroad at fair and market—at home when he knocked. It was Ralph Swart's grim face that appeared in the half-opened doorway.

The Black Miller started a very little when he saw Sir Lucius Larpent at his door, and looked suspiciously out through the waning light and drizzling rain, as though to assure himself that the baronet was unaccompanied. No one save Sir Lucius himself was in sight, so that Ralph Swart relaxed somewhat his mien of scowling defiance, and slowly, and as it were unwillingly, opened his door to the full width, growling in the deep voice that sounded like the low roar of a lion: 'Come in, if you wish it, young sir. You are free of the place.' Something—it might have been the warning whisper, according to oriental belief, of his good angel—seemed to suggest to Sir Lucius to decline the invitation to enter, to give up the wicked purpose that had brought him out to Pen Mawth, and to make his way back to Tregunnow while the walk could yet be taken by daylight. But he disregarded the impulse, and he went in. The Black Miller closed the door, locking and barring it as usual.

'And now, Sir Lucius Larpent, to business,' he said, roughly thrusting a chair towards the visitor, and seating himself beside the battered kitchen table, on which stood a petroleum lamp, already lighted, for within the house it was dark, and which threw its gleam full on Ralph Swart's strong harsh features and grizzled hair.

'To business, with all my heart,' answered the baronet, assuming a gaiety he by no means felt. 'You see, Mr Swart, that our previous transaction did not turn out, after all, quite so successfully as we thought.'

'I must ask you to explain, Sir Lucius,' said the Black Miller with so stern an accent and

so dark a frown, that the visitor hastened to assume a more conciliatory tone.

'I meant to imply no species of blame to you, I can assure you,' he said; 'you did your work well, and the adventurer, the fisher-fellow, was got rid of, as regards Treport. But here he must needs, as if the Fiend himself were bent on placing him always in my path, find employment in Dorsetshire, close to my uncle's place—Lord Penrith's place, and what is worse, attract my uncle's notice. I am speaking of Alfringham, near the New Forest, which you may have heard of.'

'I have heard of it,' returned the Black Miller shortly.

'I thought as much!' retorted the baronet, and for his very life he could not help giving a malicious intonation to his words. 'Well, there's a station called Hollow Oak on the railway there, and that confounded fisherman has somehow got made station-master.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the Black Miller; 'and then after a moment's thought: 'Well, Sir Lucius!'

'Anything but well, I think,' replied the baronet irritably. 'This fellow Ashton is a meddling hound, and I shall know no rest until there is an end of his impertinent interference with my family. Some trumpety service he affects to have rendered Lord Penrith.' And as he spoke he drew forth the letter which had preoccupied his mind throughout the day. 'But this, which I received this morning from my good uncle's valet, a certain Luke Jackson, whom I have found it convenient to enlist in my interest, tells the story better than I can. I will just read it aloud, if you please.'

'I will listen,' answered Ralph Swart, fixing his dark eyes, which gleamed like those of a vulture, on his visitor.

Sir Lucius drew a little nearer to the flaring lamp, so that the light might fall upon the writing of the Own Correspondent whose services as spy or chronicler at Alfringham he had deemed it politic to purchase. Then he began—

'HONOURED SIR LUCIUS.—In obedience to your wish for news from Alfringham, I beg to say, my lord now is very bad, and no mistake, unable to leave his bed; and Sir Joseph and other London doctors had down to give opinions, with Dr Bland in constant attendance. It came of a railway accident that happened at Hollow Oak, where we all were within an ace of coming to smash, going up to London. We were saved by the presence of mind of the new station-master, one Mr Hugh Ashton, the same, oddly enough, that pulled Miss Maud out of the Welsh lake, and was captain of the steamer at Treport, and got my brother Salem discharged for mutiny; which that he is a fine young fellow cannot be denied. All the country is ringing with his praises for the brave action he did when we had such a narrow shave for our lives; and Mrs Stanhope and Miss Maud were very grateful, and also my lord, that has invited the young man to come up to Alfringham and receive his thanks in person, as I know. But they do say—though what business it is of his I cannot tell—this young Mr Hugh goes about ferreting and raking for proofs about the old murder of my lord's eldest son by his brother, ever so many years ago. I mention this'—

'Ah, indeed!'

Very commonplace words were in themselves these, by which the Black Miller interrupted the reading of the letter, but, from so formidable a personage, and uttered in a tone so grudgingly significant, they somewhat startled Sir Lucius, who, however, soon went on: 'Because such conduct is singular. Also, in accordance with your honour's wishes, and in part through my brother's assistance, I think it pretty clear that this Mr Swart of the Pen Mawth Mill is no other than my lord's former steward, name of James Grewler, who made off with a heap of my lord's money four-and-twenty years ago, and has never been heard of since. The picture of him on the wall in the steward's house is exactly what you describe, allowing for his being younger then, and I don't wonder the likeness struck you at first meeting. So no more at present, from your faithful servant to command,

LUKE JACKSON.'

'Now,' said the baronet, as he refolded and pocketed the letter, looking the Black Miller full between the eyes as he did so, 'it is pleasant, is it not—Mr Swart, *alias* James Grewler—to see our way?'

'Yes,' answered the Black Miller, with a scowl and a flash of his savage eyes, but in a voice that was calm, and almost soft; 'I like to see my way. You wish this young Hugh Ashton to be got out of yours, I suspect. And you come to me to help you, and prove to me very sensibly that you have recognised me, and so have a hold upon me, so that I can refuse you nothing. Have I read your meaning rightly, young sir? Ho, ho!'

And the Black Miller laughed. It was not a laugh good to hear, but deep and hollow, as we might imagine a ghoul's laugh to be. There was an irony, too, in his tone, which to a warier ear than that of Sir Lucius might have impressed the necessity for caution. But he was so pleased with his own cleverness in getting a hold on his dangerous confederate, that it was in a voice of ill-concealed triumph that he resumed: 'We can afford, now, to play with our cards on the table. I am ready to hand you a hundred pounds when I hear that the fisherman fellow can give me no further trouble. Personally, I prefer not to be mixed up in the affair. In Salem Jackson, the blackguard sailor at Treport, I should think you would find a convenient instrument, the rather that he has a grudge against young Ashton. And, as regards the old history of my uncle's cash, I assure you that, if you deal but fairly with me, no one will care to ask for an account of your stewardship, or to identify James Grewler of the past with Ralph Swart of the present. Now we understand each other.'

'Thoroughly,' answered the Black Miller, in the same soft voice as before. 'You may count on me. Especially as I am, after a fashion, in your power, as you will be in mine, ho, ho! when the job is done. Either of us could hang the other. But no need of that.'

'Good-by, then, Mr Swart,' said Sir Lucius, who was in haste to be gone, and with a nod of leave-taking, he turned to the door. Slowly, but promptly, Ralph Swart undid the fastenings, and opened the door.

'Good-evening, sir,' he said as the baronet stepped forth into the rain, and then reclosed the door.

'That was the way to deal with the fellow!'

muttered Sir Lucius to himself as he left the Pen Mawth Mill behind.

Meanwhile the Black Miller, after standing for some two minutes in deep thought beside the table on which stood the lamp, snatched up his hat, took down from the peg on which it hung his loaded riding-whip, and went softly out, carefully but silently locking the door behind him.

KASPAR HAUSER.

On the evening of Whitmonday some fifty years ago, a citizen of Nuremberg happened to be loitering near his door in an unfrequented part of the town, when he observed a short distance off an ungainly looking young man standing in a singular posture, having the appearance of one intoxicated, and apparently making attempts to move forward without having the power either to stand upright or to control the movement of his limbs.

The citizen approached the stranger, who immediately thrust into his hands a letter—a letter addressed to the captain of one of the regiments then quartered in Nuremberg. The citizen attempted to question the strange youth; but in reply to his queries could only elicit a repetition of some unintelligible jargon, and therefore conducted him to the guard-room of the regiment. Here the captain's orderly took charge of the unknown, and led him to his master's house. The captain happened to be from home at the time; and as the stranger could give no account of himself in answer to the numerous questions with which he was assailed, and as he did not appear to understand anything that was said to him, he was taken for a kind of savage; and after much consultation on the part of the servants as to his disposal, he was shut up in a stable, to await the return of the captain. The contents of his pockets created the greatest surprise. They consisted of coloured rags, a key, a paper of gold sand, a small horn rosary, and a few religious tracts.

The poor fellow was so much fatigued that his attempts to walk resulted in an unsteady stagger; his feet were bruised and bleeding; and he appeared to be suffering intensely from the effects of hunger and thirst. Some meat was offered to him; but on tasting it he immediately spat it out in disgust. Beer too was given him; but on tasting a few drops of it he rejected it as he had done the meat. Some bread and a glass of water, however, afforded him much satisfaction, and he swallowed them eagerly. After refreshing himself in this manner, he threw himself on some straw in the stable, and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep. He was still asleep when the captain returned home, although several hours had elapsed. Attempts were made to awaken him, but for some time without success. They lifted him from the ground and tried to place him upon his feet; but in spite of all their exertions, the youth slept on, and seemed more like one dead or in a trance, than a living being merely asleep. At last, however, his eyes slowly opened, and as if struck with the

glittering colour of the captain's uniform, he immediately commenced to utter the same jargon he had used to the bewilderment of the good citizen who had discovered him.

The captain knew nothing of the stranger, and no particulars could be ascertained from the letter of which he was the bearer. This letter did not give any clue to the name or previous home of the youth. It was not even addressed to any person by name, and from its style and orthography, seemed to have been intended to pass for the production of some illiterate peasant. The writer merely stated that he was a poor workman with a large family, which he could ill support; that the mother of the stranger had placed him under his care when quite young; that the boy wished to be a soldier, as his father had been. No name was signed at the end of the letter, which closed with this inhuman sentence: 'If you do not keep him, you may kill him or hang him up in the chimney.'

The captain was in a great dilemma with regard to the disposal of the charge that had been imposed upon him in so sudden and unexpected a manner; but at last, when every attempt at questioning had failed, the unknown was taken to the police station. Here they could make nothing of him. The usual interrogations as to who he was, whence he came, what was his business, &c., elicited no intelligible answer, and the authorities were much perplexed to know what to do with him. His tears, the state of his feet, and his childish and apparently harmless demeanour, excited the pity of those who saw him. Opinions as to his real nature were divided. Some considered him an idiot, others thought him a savage. Not a few affected to believe that under this appearance of simplicity some cunning deceit might be concealed.

At the suggestion of one of the officials, pen, ink, and paper were put before him, and signs were made that he should use them. At this the stranger manifested considerable pleasure; and taking up the pen, to the infinite astonishment it must be confessed of all present, he wrote in bold legible characters the words 'Kaspar Hauser.' Here, however, he stopped. All attempts to make him understand that they wanted him to write down the name of the place whence he came, failed; and as a last resource, he was committed to the prison where rogues and vagabonds were usually confined. On being conducted to his cell, he immediately sank on his straw-bed in a deep sleep. Such was Kaspar Hauser's first introduction to the world.

At this time, Kaspar was about sixteen or seventeen years old, and four feet nine inches in height. His chin and lips were thinly covered with down; his wisdom-teeth, as they are called, had not yet come, nor did they make their appearance until about three years later. His hair, which was of a light-brown colour, was very fine, and curled in ringlets. The structure of his body, which was stout and broad-shouldered, showed perfect symmetry without any visible defect. His hands were small and beautifully shaped. The soles of his feet were as soft as the palms of his hands, and from their appearance, had never before either been used for walking or confined in a shoe. His

face, particularly when in a state of tranquillity, was almost without any expression whatever. He appeared to have little or no idea of the use of his limbs. His attempts at walking were most ludicrous, for they resembled the first toddlings of an infant. He was wholly destitute of words and ideas, and showed a complete ignorance of the most common objects of nature and the ordinary usages of daily life. In fact, the whole of the circumstances connected with the unfortunate youth were for some considerable time a dark mystery, that baffled even the wisest in their attempts to fathom. He appeared to resemble an inhabitant of some other planet, miraculously and suddenly transferred to the earth, rather than one belonging to the same race of men who now exist.

The only food he could be prevailed upon to take was bread and water. For all other kinds of meat and drink he shewed the greatest aversion. Even the smell of them was sufficient to make him shudder; and the least drop of wine, or tea, or coffee occasioned him cold sweats, or caused him to be seized with vomiting or violent headache. Among the few intelligible words, to most of which he appeared to attach no meaning whatever, that now and then escaped his lips, the one most frequently used was 'Ross' (horse); from this circumstance the idea of bringing him a wooden toy-horse occurred to some of the police officials. At the sight of this plaything Kaspar, who hitherto had treated everything and every one with stolid indifference, suddenly roused up. He seated himself on the ground by the side of his toy, stroked it, patted it, kept his eyes continually fixed on it, and finally endeavoured to decorate it with all the various trifling presents which benevolent visitors from time to time had given him. For hours he would sit by the side of his horse playing with it, taking no notice of anything that was going on around him. Several toy-horses were now given to him, and for each of them he manifested the same affection he had shewn for the first one he received. Even at meal-time he would not be separated from his favourites; and before eating his bread or drinking his water, he tried hard to induce his horses to partake. His plan was to hold his bread to the mouth of each horse in turn, and after that to dip the mouth of each horse in the water. One of the horses happened to be made of plaster of Paris, and the constant wetting had the effect of softening the lips, and by degrees part of the mouth crumbled off. This circumstance caused Kaspar the most intense sorrow, nor would he be comforted until one of the officials had mended his toy for him.

In a very short time after his arrival at the prison, Kaspar was no longer considered as an ordinary prisoner, but rather as a forsaken and neglected child, who needed only care and education to render him like other human beings. The governor of the prison admitted him to his family table, where, although he would not yet eat the same food as the others had, he still learned to sit properly, and in some measure to conform to the ordinary rules of decent society. Kaspar was pleased to have the governor's children as playmates, while they on their part were delighted at the idea of having a playfellow bigger than themselves, and yet with the gentleness and simplicity of a child.

About a fortnight after Kaspar's arrival in Nuremberg, he was providentially favoured with a visit from a certain Professor Daumer, an intelligent young scholar, who forthwith devoted himself to the peculiar and most interesting task of training the virgin mind of the unfortunate youth. The Burgomaster, Herr Binder, also took a very deep interest in Kaspar, and frequently had him brought to his house, where he was encouraged and assisted in his attempts to learn to converse; and where, by carefully avoiding all the puzzling restrictions of legal forms and questionings, the young man was by degrees, as he advanced in his knowledge of words, induced to try and recall some of the incidents in his early life. At the same time the police were still busy with their investigations; but the clue they had to work upon being so slight, they made but slow progress in unravelling the tangled thread of the mystery which surrounded this strange specimen of humanity.

Little by little, however, Kaspar's mind became enlightened, and as his power of expression and his vocabulary increased, he began putting together, bit by bit as it were, those of the incidents of his past life which struck him most forcibly. The account he gave of himself was as follows: 'He neither knows who he is nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world. Here he learned for the first time that besides himself and one man who had always had the care of him, there existed other men or other creatures. As long as he could recollect, he had lived in a hole (or small low room, which he sometimes calls a cage), where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only in a shirt and a pair of trousers. In his apartment he had never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by an animal, or by anything else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (daylight) such as at Nuremberg. Whenever he awoke from sleep he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Sometimes this water had a bad taste; and whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep. When he awoke he found that he had a clean shirt on and that his nails had been out. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his bread and water. In his room he had two wooden horses and some ribbons. With these he always amused himself as long as he was awake. How long he lived in this state he knew not, for he had no knowledge of time. The man who acted as his keeper had, while he was in his little room, taught him to write, standing behind him during each lesson, in order that the face of the teacher might not be seen, and guiding his hand. In this manner he learned to write his name, and also some of the usual words and copies that are used in elementary instruction. After a time his keeper taught him to stand upright. The method employed for this purpose was very singular. The keeper caught him firmly round the breast from behind, placed his own feet behind his (Kaspar's) feet and lifted them as in stepping forward. Finally the man appeared once again, placed his (Kaspar's) hands over his shoulders, tied them fast, and carried him on his back out of the room. The journey must have lasted several days at least, for he remembered having eaten and slept several times. He never

saw the face of his keeper even now, for as he either led or carried him along, the man directed him (Kaspar) to keep his face directed towards the ground. During this time the keeper attempted to teach him to walk, and also instructed him to say the same jargon he had used when he was first observed by the citizen of Nuremberg. Not long before he was discovered the keeper put on him the clothes in which he was found. Then suddenly thrusting the letter into his hands, the keeper vanished. After this the citizen found him almost immediately, and conducted him to the guard-room.

This account, given almost in Kaspar's own words, will go far towards explaining how it happened that the youth's mind was in such a dark state; but it helps very little to shew who Kaspar Hauser really was, or whence he came, or in fact any real particulars of his actual history. That a great crime had been committed by some one, was very evident. Many conjectures were hazarded, and it was only after very considerable and protracted search that it was possible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions. Link by link the chain of evidence—circumstantial only, it must be admitted—was put together; and finally it was on all sides generally believed that Kaspar Hauser was the product of an illicit alliance. A priest, who was said to be his father, took charge of the child from the moment of his birth, and in time shut him up in some out-of-the-way subterranean vault in the convent where he resided. Here it was that Kaspar, totally secluded from all human observation and knowledge save that of the priest, passed seventeen long years; and here probably he would have remained, had not circumstances compelled the priest to leave the convent; when, having no other convenient place of concealment available, he released the poor fellow and left him to his fate.

The incident mentioned by Kaspar in his account of himself relating to the bad taste in his water, which caused him to fall into a deep sleep, was explained a short time after he had given the narrative to his friends. It occurred to one of them that the priest might have mixed a drop or two of laudanum with the water, with the view of inducing a stupor while the boy's clothes were being changed. One day a small dose of laudanum was put in his glass of water without Kaspar's knowledge. On tasting the water, he recognised the flavour at once, and unhesitatingly affirmed that the glass contained some of the stuff he used to have given him during his imprisonment when a change of clothes became necessary. This circumstance clearly proved the truth of the conjecture.

The accounts that are recorded of the growth of Kaspar's mind are most interesting. Incidents that to an ordinary person would appear of no moment, had a strange and inexplicable effect on him. For instance, as an experiment he was brought into contact with a female somnambulist. Her presence affected him in the most extraordinary manner. He was seized with violent pain and sudden disgust. He describes the interview in his own words as follows: 'As I came into the room and the door of the diseased person was opened, I felt a sudden dragging on both sides of my breast, as if some one wished to pull me into the room. As I went in and proceeded towards

the sick person, a very strong breath blew upon me, and when I had her at my back it blew upon me from behind, and the pulling I felt before in my breast I now felt in my shoulders. The sick person seated herself and said that she was ill. I also said that I was unwell, and that I must sit down. Now a violent beating of my heart came on me, and there was a heat in all my body. This condition lasted until the next morning, then I had a headache again and a twittering in all my limbs, still not so violent.' The somnambulist, curiously enough, was affected almost in the same manner.

On another occasion a spider let itself down from the ceiling on Kaspar's head. Directly it touched him he felt a chill and an excessive degree of cold on his forehead, without knowing the cause. Suddenly putting up his hand to his face, he crushed the spider on his under-lip. Hereupon he felt, for more than a quarter of an hour, a burning pain, which passed away with a tremor. When he retired to bed the burning sensation returned. During the night the lip swelled, and there rose on it several small bladders, out of which there was a discharge of white matter in the morning. The chill occasioned by the spider was of long continuance.

But it was not only by the sight of and contact with living creatures that Kaspar was visibly affected; for we are told that one day he happened to see a particularly fine flower, and on his attempting to pluck it, the same feeling as that caused by the spider came upon him. On another occasion, after eating a ripe grape he immediately became strangely affected, and was compelled to sleep off the effects of the, to him, potent juice.

Although for a long time Kaspar's body was considerably in advance of his mind, yet by degrees he began to overcome many of his peculiarities. Still he could never forget the hardships he had suffered, and the fact of his being inclined to brood over them tended to retard his mental progress.

About four years after his first appearance in Nuremberg, Kaspar was fortunate enough to come under the notice of Lord Stanhope. This nobleman conceived the idea of adopting the strange youth, and having prevailed upon the inhabitants of Nuremberg, who looked upon Kaspar as their adopted son, to give him up, he placed him under a tutor at Anspach previous to removing him to England. But unhappily these benevolent intentions were frustrated, for the same mystery which shrouded his birth hung over his death. On the 14th of December 1833, Kaspar Hauser, while returning from his official duties at mid-day, was accosted in the streets by a person who promised to impart to him the secret of his origin, if he would meet him in the park of Anspach Castle. Without informing his protectors of this circumstance, Hauser imprudently kept the appointment. The stranger was at his post; he took Kaspar aside, and, without speaking a word, plunged a dagger into his breast, and instantly disappeared. Hauser had sufficient strength left to reach the residence of his new tutor, into whose apartment he rushed, and had just breath enough to utter two or three indistinct words, when he immediately fainted, and, after relating the circumstances of his assassination, died on the 17th of the same month. Every expedient which the

police could invent was adopted to discover the murderer, but without success. The secret, which it cost so much crime to preserve, has never been divulged.

TWICE BETROTHED.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

‘A MAN who has land to sell within the four seas of Britain, seldom needs to look long for a purchaser;’ such was Leonard Merton’s soliloquy as he eyed, somewhat sorrowfully, the pretty Swiss-looking cottage, the slate-roofed farm-house, and the few fields that constituted his only possessions. Although no Welshman born, the young barrister had come to be very fond of this picturesque little property, which he had inherited from a good-natured Cambrian uncle, and which nestled, as it were, in a cleft of the big black mountain range that overlooked the river Arva and the village of Tremadoc. Leonard had been used to spend his holidays at Pen Madrin as a boy, had caught his first trout and shot his first bird on that land, and had scores of humble friends, brute and human, about the place.

Much as he loved the rustic retreat of which he was the master, Leonard felt that he must part from it, and for ever. It would be more than he could endure to be the neighbour of Annie, when settled in the grand house of Plas Madoc as the wife of Sir Albert Atwood. Not Old Jones, the Wrexham attorney, would see that he got a fair price for the tiny châlet and its two hundred acres of barren land; and for its late owner there would remain nothing but London, his Temple chambers, and hard professional work, could he but get enough of such work given to him.

It was with a heavy heart that the young man began to make his preparations for a departure that he intended to be final. Then he received a letter from an old friend and former school-fellow, volunteering a visit of a couple of days; and Leonard felt that even at that juncture he could not but delay his journey that he might receive the self-invited guest. He had known James Haworth long and intimately, although of late the paths of the struggling barrister and of the rising engineer had been somewhat wide apart, and he resolved to put as good a face on matters as he could, during his friend’s brief stay.

‘Going to leave this, for good and all!’ said Haworth, on the evening of his arrival. ‘Why, were it mine, I would strain a point to retain the ownership of such a pretty scrap of Welsh Arcadia. The waterfall and the wooded glen are, each in its way, a perfect picture, and— Ah, well! perhaps London is the best, after all, for an active young fellow who wants to make his mark on the world,’ added the civil engineer, as his quick eye noted the signs of ‘something wrong.’ That Leonard, perhaps through some rash speculation, was in debt, and that such was the motive which prompted the sacrifice of Pen Madrin, seemed only too probable.

‘You have gained, it seems, such fleeting immortality as the newspapers can confer,’ observed Haworth, on the following day, as he and his entertainer rambled about the crofts and meadows, the leafy hedgerows and rugged sheep-walk, to which their proprietor was soon to bid farewell; ‘and, without joking, Leonard, I felt proud of my school-fellow when I read the details of that Arva tunnel affair. How, by-the-by, Sir Albert, or whatever they call him, could give the contract to such charlatans as Eounce and Braggett, it puzzles me to say; but of course the fellows are plausible and well puffed—such men always are. It must have been a close thing, the other day, to cheat the coroner.’

‘A miss, you know, Haworth, is as good as a mile,’ answered the young barrister, smiling. ‘A wet jacket, I think, was the extent of it.’ ‘Why, what are you grubbing at yonder, old man, with that inquisitive stick of yours, among the nettles and dock-leaves. Not a gold mine, is it?’

‘Not a gold mine, certainly,’ answered Haworth, who by this time was on his knees, and groping with outstretched hands among the weeds and stones. ‘A gold mine is a luxury for a rich man; but this, unless I am much mistaken— I wish I had a spade, now, and a hammer.’

‘The former, at anyrate, I can supply,’ returned Leonard, beckoning to a labouring man engaged in digging potatoes on the other side of the low stone wall; ‘and as for the latter, if you really want it, Owen Owen here will fetch one from his own farm, or from the cottage.’

‘I shall be obliged to him if he will,’ said the engineer, as he struck the spade into the mossy turf; and, at a word or two in Welsh from Leonard, the digger of potatoes set off at a shuffling run, and speedily returned with the required implement. Haworth took the hammer, and dealt several smart taps upon a ringing hard substance that had lain concealed below the rank grass.

‘So far, so good!’ he said, picking up some splinters of a dark-blue colour. ‘And now to see if the bed trends, as it should do, according to what our rough excavators call the “lay” of the land.’

A second and a third exploration, some hundred yards away, seemed to confirm the first opinion of the searcher, who now turned towards his wondering host, and dryly said: ‘What rent, now, Merton, do you get for this bit of ground?’

‘It’s very poor pasture, you see,’ answered Leonard, glancing at the dwarf cow and lean mountain sheep that cropped the scanty herbage. ‘Owen, yonder, pays but twelve shillings an acre for the grass—eighteen at most, for the arable land.’

‘May I ask if Mr Owen has a long lease of his farm?’

‘No; he is a yearly tenant,’ replied Leonard, in surprise; ‘though of what earthly interest the conditions of his holding may be.’

‘Turn him out, then!’ cried the engineer, scrambling to his feet; ‘and compensate him, if you like, by making him foreman of what, I pledge my professional reputation, will turn out to be the finest slate-quarry in the county! Why, the slate of the famous Pennant quarries, or those on the Dinorben estate, which were worth a peerage to their lucky owner, is not equal in quality to that

of these chips that I hold in my hand. These acres of potato-garden and bare pasture will easily bring you in a handsome income—twenty, ay forty fold the pittance they have hitherto yielded. I give you joy, old fellow !’

But Leonard Merton manifested none of the elation which under the circumstances would have seemed natural. A shadow seemed to flit across his handsome face, and he muttered : ‘Too late ! too late !’ though in a tone so low that it did not reach his friend’s ears. He was none of those severe Spartans who profess a contempt for riches ; and a month or two ago he would have welcomed Haworth’s announcement with frank delight. But of what value was a large revenue to him now, when Annie—with whom it would have been happiness indeed to have shared it—was the betrothed bride of another man ! The civil engineer felt more than half-provoked at the passive equanimity with which his former school-fellow treated his new discovery.

‘Upon my word, Leonard,’ he said, ‘you are the very iciest philosopher who ever hearkened, without stirring a finger, to Fortune’s knock at his door ! Perhaps you think my talk mere moonshine, and the slate-quarry a chimera ? If so, do take the opinion of some practical man. There’s Roberts of Wrexham, or Harrison who has set up at Chester—and see whether experts consider that I have in any way exaggerated the worth of a “find” which raises the value of your property so very greatly.’

‘You are kind, old friend, very kind,’ said Leonard, forcing himself to smile ; ‘and I don’t in the least doubt the accuracy of your professional judgment. Only the discovery has come too late, for I have made up my mind not to stay here.’

The bustling, pushing man of business had never in his life been so sorely puzzled. It was with the most genuine pleasure that he had lit upon the unsuspected source of wealth over which so many previous possessors of Pen Madrin had walked in serene unconsciousness, and now it really did seem as though the young barrister were about to reject the good luck that had befallen him.

‘Leonard must be crossed in love’—such was his guest’s shrewd soliloquy—‘or he would never be so strange a Stoic as to sell these acres of beggarly sheep-walk for their market price ; or perhaps to leave my acquaintance Owen Owen’s potatoes to ripen over a quarry that ought to ring with the clangour of a hundred pickaxes, and to bring in as snug an income as a moderate man could wish for !’

Two days later the visitor left Pen Madrin in Leonard’s dog-cart, the latter undertaking to drive him to the railway station, which was about a mile on the farther side of the pretty village of Tremadoc, and about three times that distance from Merton’s cottage.

The mare in the shafts of the dog-cart was a young and skittish animal, a bright chestnut, and with the mettle that is common to horses of her colour. Leonard, a skilful whip on most occasions, seemed absent and preoccupied, and handled the reins exceedingly ill, so that more than once some sudden swerve on the part of the mare brought the near wheel dangerously close to the verge of the precipice. It was a steeply

winding mountain road, and an upset might easily imply a sheer descent of ninety feet or so ; and Haworth, as he marked the careless driving of his friend, inwardly congratulated himself that the journey was a short one.

The good-natured engineer had been unable to extract from his former school-fellow any definite statement as to his intentions with regard to the property, now so enormously enhanced in value, nor had he ventured to put a question as to the cause of his host’s melancholy. That to sell Pen Madrin for an old song would be a sin and a shame, was the lesson he had earnestly striven to impress ; but Leonard had scarcely seemed awake to the importance of the discovery that might swell his meagre rent-roll to one that would not discredit a county magnate.

‘Fine carriage that !’ exclaimed Haworth, as a well-appointed barouche appeared, rounding an angle of the mountain road. ‘A splendid pair of bays certainly ; and everything, from the silver-mounted harness to the trim liveries, a pattern of its kind. By Jove, what a pretty girl that is !’ added the appreciative engineer. ‘Neighbours of yours, Merton, I suppose, and— Have a care, dear boy, or you’ll upset us !’ For the hot-tempered chestnut, irritated by a sharp jerk of the bit, had swerved and plunged ominously.

The occupants of the carriage were a gentleman, Sir Albert Atwood, and two ladies, one of whom was young and beautiful. These were Miss Irvine and her mother. As the dog-cart and the barouche neared one another, Annie raised the parasol which had hitherto in part shaded her face, and her eyes and Leonard’s met. As if by an involuntary impulse, Leonard tightened the rein, and at the same moment struck the chestnut a smart blow with his whip. The fiery brute reared, arrow-straight, and then, boring her head, dashed off at a gallop down the hill-road.

‘Why, Merton, are you mad ?’ cried his companion, making an attempt to grasp the reins. ‘Pull up, or you’ll go smash into that carriage, and—’

Too late ! With a sickening sound of crashing woodwork and rent iron, the light dog-cart came into furious collision with the barouche, and with the customary result of such encounters. The chestnut mare, wild with fear and wrath, kicked herself free of the shafts, and galloped off, with her sides flecked with foam and her harness clattering about her. An axle was snapped and the body shattered of the lighter vehicle, without any corresponding damage being inflicted on the heavier one. Both the occupants of the dog-cart were violently flung out, but with varying fortune. Haworth fell, as the phrase is, ‘soft,’ and was able to struggle to his feet in a moment after the accident. But Leonard, a long thread of blood streaming from his forehead, and leaving its crimson trail upon the dust of the road, lay as if dead, and did not move or moan, almost beneath the very feet of the startled horses attached to Sir Albert Atwood’s superb barouche.

PART IV.

An accident, and especially a carriage accident, happens so quickly, that a few seconds suffice for the work of mischief. It seemed to Haworth, as dizzy with the shock, he stood beside the prostrate

form of his friend, as if but an instant had elapsed since he had first caught sight of the grand carriage and its tenants; and now Leonard lay to all appearance dead, while the shrieks of the ladies in the barouche which had been the innocent cause of the disaster were still ringing in his ears.

'Not killed—good heavens, it cannot be!—he who saved all our lives too!' exclaimed Sir Albert Atwood with honest emotion, as he leaped from his carriage and approached the fallen man. His old school-fellow stooped to lift Leonard's head. It fell back, nerveless and heavy, in the dust. With a cry of passionate sorrow, Annie Irwine sprang across the road, and knelt beside Leonard Merton.

'Killed! Yes, dead—dead! My darling! my own one! my all! Here lies the only man I ever loved, the only one whom I'—

'Annie, Annie! hush, hush! These are wild words, my dear, and you must not, shall not talk thus,' nervously interrupted Mrs Irwine, as she threw her arm around her daughter's waist and tried to draw her away. 'I do not wonder that you are shocked; but this must not be.'

Sir Albert's comely face grew first red and then very pale. What he had just heard was what it would have been exquisitely painful to any man to hear from the lips of the girl whom he was about to marry, and it is no discredit to his manhood if he winced under the ordeal. But he contrived to say, in a voice of tolerable steadiness: 'Not so bad as that—no; the poor fellow is not in such bad case as that.—One of you men,' he added, turning to the servants, 'had better hurry down to Dr Morgan's house. The doctor may be in his surgery now. Or stay—we had better lift poor Merton into the carriage, and drive to Tremadoc. He will get medical care sooner so.'

'The gentleman's not dead, Sir Albert. The blood's trickling yet from that cut on the temple,' said the coachman; while Haworth, with Miss Irwine's aid, gently raised Leonard's passive head. A brook was flowing close by, tinkling amid stones and tall broom, and thence a little water was procured, and sprinkled on Leonard's ashen pale face, while Miss Irwine with her handkerchief stanching the wound. Feebly and slowly he opened his eyes, and gazed, as with a dazed wonder, on Annie bending over him, and then, groaning, sunk back; while Miss Irwine, reckless of her mother's well-meant remonstrances, mingled tender words of love with bitter self-reproaches.

'I cannot bear this!' said Sir Albert, putting his hand to his forehead. 'Annie! Miss Irwine—your words, my dear, cut me to the heart.'

Leonard re-opened his eyes, and seemed, as he looked around, to rally his senses and comprehend the situation.

'I hope,' he said, 'that nobody else has suffered by my awkward carelessness. I—I was stunned, I think.'

'I should never have forgiven myself, Merton,' said Sir Albert, trying to assume a genial cordiality that was out of tune with his thoughts, 'if you had been as badly injured as we at the first feared you were.'

By this time Merton had been aided to regain his feet. He was still weak and very pale, and leaned heavily on Haworth's strong arm; but deprecated the idea that he could be the worse for the tumble; while Annie, blushing deeply as

she remembered what in her first agony of alarm she had said and done, shrank back, and hid her face, weeping.

'It is for me to dry those tears,' said Sir Albert, coming forward and taking the girl's hand in his. 'I am too sincerely attached to you, Miss Irwine—Annie—let me call you, for the last time, by that name—to prefer my own selfish happiness to yours. Fully and freely I release you from your promise. Fully and freely I give you back your troth-plight, and renounce the hopes which'—

He broke down here in his speech, which had been hurriedly, almost stammeringly spoken; but the purport was intelligible enough. Never, perhaps, before had Sir Albert acted or felt so nobly as now, and the evident pain which it cost him to utter the words deepened their impression upon the audience. True, it was Annie's exceeding prettiness that had in the first instance fascinated him, nor was his nature such as to appreciate thoroughly the gentle grace of hers; but he did love her after his fashion, and to give her up was to endure a pang new to this spoiled child of fortune, who had hardly ever in his life known what it was to be thwarted.

Annie threw a quick glance at her mother. Mrs Irwine was trembling and tearful; but she stood silent, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and left her daughter, unbiassed, to reply according to the dictates of her heart. The poor mother had, for her infirm husband's sake, been very much bent upon this match, which promised competence and comfort for the old clergyman's declining years; but not even with such a motive could she bring herself at this moment to attempt to influence Annie's choice.

'You are most kind—more than kind indeed, Sir Albert,' said the girl, endeavouring to speak firmly; 'but I cannot take back my word, thus hastily, even though your nobleness prompts you to offer me release from my engagement. I have been foolish, I know; but indeed, indeed I will do my duty, should you'— Here, however, a burst of sob interrupted the unfinished sentence, and Annie turned away and nestled by her mother's side, murmuring: 'O forgive me! What have I done?'

'No harm, my darling!' exclaimed Mrs Irwine, as she passed her arm around the weeping girl; 'but you, and I too, should do a grievous wrong did we persist in what would be no better than a sacrifice of your best affections. It would be absolute wickedness, loving your cousin as I now for the first time learn that you do, were you, for our sake, to become Lady Atwood.'

'And so say I,' rejoined Sir Albert himself, as he stepped forward and placed Miss Irwine's hand in that of Leonard Merton; and there was a confused scene of broken words and hurried explanations, and then a general sense of alarm and annoyance lest all this should have taken place in the presence of the servants. But the footman was by this time far on his way to the surgery of that Dr Morgan whose services would luckily not be required, and the discreet coachman appeared to have no eyes save for his horses.

In honest, manly terms Leonard Merton thanked the baronet for setting Annie free. 'I should not, could not have dared,' he said, 'to ask Miss Irwine to be my wife, had I been as poor as, three days

since, I believed myself to be. But now, according to the opinion of my good friend Mr Haworth here, I am prospectively a rich man.'

'You, Leonard!' exclaimed Mrs Irwine, clasping her thin hands together. She was quite ready; now that Annie's heart had been laid bare, and the sin of a mercenary marriage brought home to her, to give up her matronly hopes of a qualified prosperity, and to face penny side by side with her uncomplaining old husband; but this sudden announcement of Merton's seemed too good to be true.

'I can corroborate my old friend's words,' said James Haworth, smiling. 'Of slate in especial, as having for six months managed Lord Treverney's quarries in Glamorganshire, I do know something. We have just found slate of very fine quality on Leonard's land at Pen Madrin. If the foxes the place takes its name from are not scared before long by the din of mattock and shovel, I am not worth my salt as a civil engineer. My firm—Sterling, Bowlderby, and Co., at your service—would lease the place to-morrow at a clear two thousand, and make a good thing of the bargain too.'

('I knew,' said Haworth afterwards, confidentially to Mrs Irwine, 'that there was a lady in the case; for I assure you that my old school-fellow was as indifferent to the discovery that has turned him from a briefless barrister into a well-to-do land-owner, as if he had been like some savages, unaware of the value of money. I can understand him better now.')

Annie, with mingled feelings of gratitude and admiration, extended her hand to Sir Albert: 'I hope, I do hope that you will always be my friend. I can never, to my dying day, forget how good and generous you have been.'

Sir Albert had never liked the girl better, nor she him one half so well, as now that he had given her up. But the plunge had been taken, the renunciation made and accepted, and all that remained for the baronet was to make the best of the situation. He *had* acted well, and felt more contented with himself than he had done of late. Ever since the avowal which Annie had made in the tunnel, her affianced suitor had been graver and more pensive than was usual with him. The spoiled child of fortune, who knew little of self-denial, and with whom the wish for a fine horse, a good picture, or a bit of coveted land had generally been gratified without serious opposition, had for the first time begun to doubt as to whether he were not selfish in holding Annie Irwine to her word. But, save for Leonard's accident, he might have married her, with the doubt still unsolved.

Arrived at Tremadoc, medical attendance was found for Leonard, and satisfactory intelligence was received concerning the capture of the runaway mare. The civil engineer had missed his train; but another was to start three hours later; and he willingly agreed to be introduced to old Mr Irwine—who was overjoyed at hearing that Leonard, always his favourite, was now in a position to become his son-in-law—and to spend the time in that sorry lodging which had been Annie's abode since leaving the vicarage.

This was by no means the last time that Mr Haworth was seen in Tremadoc; for, at Sir Albert's instance, the task of rebuilding the tunnel was intrusted to the well-famed firm of which he

was a junior partner; and under his inspection the work has since turned out a brilliant commercial success, adding largely to the value of the baronet's mines and works, and developing as much as the most sanguine could desire the resources of the district. The slate-quarry too has turned out so well that, save in his duties as a county magistrate, should his name presently figure in the Commission of the Peace, Leonard Merton can afford to leave his law-books undisturbed.

Pen Madrin, hitherto a pretty cottage, is being enlarged into a substantial family residence, since Leonard has insisted that when Annie and he are married in the picturesque church of Tremadoc, Mr and Mrs Irwine are to share his home. And there is talk of Sir Albert's wedding being celebrated at the same place and time, since the baronet, who proved fortunately consolable, has during his sojourn in London persuaded a young lady of rank and beauty to sign herself in future as Lady Flora Atwood.

THE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

THE popularity of Helen's Babies, Budge and Toddie, has proved to a demonstration the great interest taken in children; and when we consider that they form so large a proportion of our population and are to be found in most households, this is scarcely to be wondered at. A collection of the *Sayings and Doings of Children* has been recently made by the Rev. J. Byington Smith, and from that work and two or three other sources we derive the following examples.

As Mr Smith remarks: 'Children are embryo philosophers. As the tiny plant foreshadows the flower of the garden or the tree of the forest, so the child foreshadows the man, and the early developments of the mind indicate the latent philosophical capabilities.' A little boy once stood gazing thoughtfully into the sky, and upon his father inquiring what he was looking for, was found philosophising on 'how God got him down here when he was made up in the sky.'—A little girl was also puzzling herself about her transference from heaven to this mundane sphere, and questioned her mother: 'Did God and the angels have a funeral when I came away?'

'I presume there was no funeral,' said the mother.

'Well,' said the child, 'I presume they all felt bad.'

A little girl who had fallen out of bed, said at first: 'It was because I slept too near the place where I got in.' Then correcting herself, she said: 'No; it was because I slept too near the place where I fell out!'

A little boy was asked if he had a good memory. 'No,' said he; 'but I have a good forgettency.'

A shrewd little fellow lived with an uncle who barely afforded him the necessaries of life. One day the two were out together, and saw a very thin greyhound, and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor.

'I expect,' replied the boy, 'he lives with his uncle.'

A little boy running along, caught his toe in something, and fell on the pavement.

'Never mind, my little fellow; it won't hurt to-morrow,' said a by-stander.

To which the boy replied: 'Then I won't cry to-morrow.'

A mother was telling her 'little hopeful' among other things of the leopard that cannot 'change its spots'; he, however, insisted to the contrary, declaring that 'when it is tired of one spot it can change to another.'

A little girl found a shellless egg under the current bushes in the garden, and in a high state of excitement brought it and shewed it to her aunt. 'See, auntie,' said she, 'what I found under the current bushes! And I know the old hen that laid it. I'm just going to put it back in the nest and make her finish it!'

A friend of the writer who resides in a hilly district, was one day not long ago walking out with her little nephew, a child of seven. They observed a strong little pony drawing its load vigorously and quickly up an incline. At length Harry asked: 'How is it, auntie, that ponies can go faster than horses?' Then he paused a moment, and answered himself: 'I think I know—they haven't so much of themselves to carry.'

Another friend very recently overheard the following dialogue, the speakers being her little daughter Maggie, about four years old, and her little son Wilfred, two and a half. Master Wilfred had nervously requested his sister to go with him into another room for some purpose; the room in question being at the time unoccupied. This proposition not meeting with Miss Maggie's approval, as she was just then otherwise engaged, she promptly said: 'There are no lions there, and there are no tigers there; go yourself, Wilfred. And besides,' she added, 'you will not be by yourself; Jesus Christ will be there.'

'Will he?' queried little Wilfred; and apparently satisfied, he went alone on his expedition.

A talkative girl often annoyed her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occasion, a gentleman was expected whose nose had been by some accident flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child beforehand to say nothing about this peculiarity. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed in the gentleman's presence: 'Ma! you told me not to say anything about Mr Smith's nose; why, he hasn't got any!'

The confidence a child has in what is said by its parents is well illustrated in the following. A little boy disputing with his sister, argued his point in this way: 'It is true, for ma says so. And if ma says so, it is so, even if it ain't so!'

The following is an instance of a kind of drollery one would scarcely expect in a very little child. The writer has a brother who stands not far from six feet 'in his stockings,' and as he is a well-built man, the said hose, knitted of good thick wool, for winter wear, are rather immense articles. This 'big brother' has two little girls, one named Ethel, the other Nellie—still called Baby—two years old. One day a short time ago, mamma

having occasion to visit the kitchen, Miss Ethel, who was with her, must needs go too; and what should she spy but her papa's stockings hanging up to dry. Turning her eyes upon her mamma with a most comical expression in them, she said: 'Are those Baby's little socks, mamma?'

To Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences* we are indebted for the following: 'A wretched woman who used to traverse the country as a beggar or tramp, left a poor half-starved little girl by the roadside near the house of one of my friends. Always ready to assist the unfortunate, they took charge of the child; and as she grew a little older, they began to give her some education, and taught her to read. She soon made some progress in reading the Bible, and her native odd humour began soon to shew itself. On reading the passage which began, "Then David arose," &c., the child stopped and looked up knowingly to say: "I ken wha that was;" and on being asked what she could mean, she confidently said: "That's David Rowse the ploughman."

'And again reading the passage where the words occur, "He took Paul's girdle," the child said with much confidence: "I ken what he took that for;" and on being asked to explain, replied at once: "To bake his bannocks on"—girdle being in the north the name for the iron plate hung over the fire for making oat-cakes or bannocks.'

The Dean also relates another excellent story of 'quaint child-humour.' A girl of eight years of age was taken by her grandmother to church. The parish minister was not only a long preacher, but as the custom was, delivered two sermons, without any interval, on the Sabbath-day, and thus saved the parishioners a second journey to church. Elizabeth was sufficiently wearied before the close of the first discourse; but when, after singing and prayer, the good minister opened the Bible, read a second text, and prepared to give a second sermon, the young girl being both tired and hungry, lost all patience, and cried out to her grandmother, to the no small amusement of those who were so near as to hear her: 'Come awa, gramma, and gang hame; this is lung gae and nae meat!'

A most amusing account of child-humour is told of a little boy who was much spoiled by indulgence. In fact the parents were scarcely able to refuse him anything he demanded. On one occasion when some dinner-guests were assembled, he was permitted to come into the drawing-room—provided he promised to behave himself. He was dressed out in a new suit of clothes—which included a pair of yellow nankeen pantaloons. Dinner was in due time announced; and on being ordered up to the nursery, he insisted on going down to dinner with the company. His mother was for refusal, but the child persevered, and kept saying: 'If I don't go, I'll tell you,' which being interpreted means: 'I will tell something you might not like to hear.' His father then for peace-sake let him accompany the guests to the dining-room, where he sat at table by his mother. When he found every one getting soup and himself omitted, he demanded some, and repeated: 'If I don't get it, I'll tell you.' Well, soup was given, and various other things yielded to his importunities, to which he always added the usual threat of 'telling you.' At last, when it came to wine, his mother stood firm,

and positively refused, as 'a bad thing for little boys,' and so on. He then became more vociferous than ever about 'telling you,' and as still he was refused, he declared: 'Now, I will tell you,' and to the inexpressible confusion of his much-enduring parents, and the irrepressible amusement of the assembled guests, roared out: '*My new trousers were made out o' mother's old window-blinds!*'

Dean Ramsay mentions a little boy who must have had a very unlovable father, for when he was told of heaven, he put the question: 'An' will feather be there?' And on his instructress answering that 'Of course she hoped he would be there,' the child at once sturdily replied: 'Then I'll no gang.'

But though generally candid and open, children, like those 'of larger growth,' will often put the best face upon facts concerning themselves. A little Scotch boy who attended a day-school was always asked, when he came home in the evening, how he stood in his own class. His invariable answer was: 'I'm second dux,' which means in Scottish academical language, next to the top of the class. As his habits of application at home seemed scarcely to warrant such a position at school, one of the family at length ventured to ask of what number of pupils the class consisted. After some hesitation, the little fellow replied: 'Ou, there's jist me and anither lass.'

Little children have often very tender consciences, and are perfectly aware when they have been 'naughty.'

A little girl one day said to her mother: 'Papa calls me good, auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good; but I am not good.'

'I am very sorry,' said the mother.

'And so am I,' said the child; 'but I have got a very naughty think.'

'A naughty what?'

'My think is naughty inside of me.'

And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said: 'Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry nor anything; but when you was gone, I wished the carriage would turn over, and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me?'

A little fellow four years old prayed thus for himself: 'O Lord, bless George, and make him a good boy; and don't let him be naughty again, never no never! Because you know when he is naughty, he sticks to it so!'

Children will sometimes add to their usual prayers petitions for something they particularly desire. A very little boy, who lived with his aunt, had been often told by her of the fine time coming, when he should be big enough to go to school and carry his dinner in a little basket on his arm. One night, when he had finished 'Now lay me down to sleep,' &c., Eddie asked his aunt to teach him the 'big prayer.' She accordingly said: 'Our Father' for him, stopping very often, that he might repeat it. When she said: 'Give us, this day, our daily bread,' Eddie drawled out, half asleep: 'Give us, this day, our daily bread, and a b-a-c-k-e-t too!'

Finally, another little fellow, who like many children, found his boots a very troublesome part

of his toilet, prayed: 'O God, bless father and mother, and sister Nanny, and please make my boots go on easy.'

GENEROSITY, AMONGST CONVICTS.

We have all heard of honour among thieves; but the present writer has just witnessed an exhibition of generosity on the part of a convict which acted on his moral nature as a refreshing tonic. The assizes are going on at the town where I write, and to-day, having nothing better to do, I sauntered into court to hear the learned summing up of judges, and routine of court-practice generally. The charge that was being tried was one of insubordination at Spike Island Convict Prison against two convicts, called respectively James Kirk and Daniel Bartley. They were charged with wounding a warder, by name John Condon. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, and conducted their own case. And very well they did it for the most part, though a few questions were asked by them when cross-examination, which made their cause appear worse rather than better. Several convicts had been brought up on the previous evening from their prison to give evidence. It was certainly a rather unusual sight to see over a dozen men dressed in ugly frieze jackets, on the arms of which were marked their prison number, length of sentence, and other mysterious signs—to see these one after another ascending the stand as witnesses to be examined, not by barristers, but by two of their brother-convicts standing in the dock. There they sat, looking round the court with eager cunning eyes, as though they could never see enough in the short time during which they were allowed to leave their prison. What a chance it was for men sentenced to five, seven, and eight years' penal servitude to lay up fool for thought that would relieve the torture of dark cells and the silent system!

The witnesses one could easily see were genuine specimens of the criminal class. People become very expert phrenologists when looking at the 'dangerous classes.' It is easy to read in the faces of those who wear a prison garb and have their hair cropped, all sorts of deadly sin. 'What a murderous eye!' we think. 'There surely goes a cunning forger.' 'How terribly developed is the bump of destruction in the case of Ps. 15962!' Another reflection was forcibly suggested by this rather unique trial. It was this—that Englishmen ought indeed to be proud of the majesty of their equal laws, which give even to convicted men not merely justice, but the greatest amount of consideration. These two convicts were being prosecuted for an assault committed when they were in prison; but had they been sons of the Queen herself, dressed in broad-cloth instead of in prison frieze, they could not have had a more patient trial. The judge in a courteous manner gave them all the assistance he could, and they were allowed to examine and cross-examine as many warders and fellow-prisoners as they chose.

The prisoner Bartley then addressed the jury with considerable ability, complaining of having been ill-treated, and appealing for justice. Kirk also addressed the jury, but confused himself to the evidence. The jury, without leaving the box, found Kirk guilty of common assault, and Bartley

guilty of assault, occasioning actual bodily harm. His lordship then sentenced Kirk to be imprisoned for six calendar months, and kept to hard labour, to commence at the expiration of his present sentence; and Bartley, who appeared to have been far the worse of the two, to be imprisoned for eighteen calendar months. And now the circumstance occurred, to describe which is the object of this paper. No sooner had the judge pronounced his sentence than the voice of the prisoner Kirk was heard making a most generous proposal in reference to his companion in crime.

Kirk. Give me the same, my lord.

The Judge. No; I will not.

Kirk. I have been the cause of bringing him into it; only for me, he would not have done anything at all. Give him the six months, and I will take the eighteen.

Judge. That I cannot do; but as you desire it, I will take, for you, six months off Bartley's sentence, and only give him twelve.

There was considerable applause in court at this settlement of affairs between his lordship on the bench and one of the prisoners at the bar. And no wonder, for it is seldom that a judge is called upon to refuse to a prisoner a longer term of punishment than justice demands, at the self-sacrificing suggestion of the prisoner himself. It would indeed have been difficult to refuse our mite of admiration to poor Kirk as we heard him saying in an impulsive manner: 'I have been the cause of bringing him into it; only for me, he would not have done anything at all. Give him the six months, and I will take the eighteen.' 'There is,' according to Shakespeare, 'some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out;' and here, I thought, as I heard Kirk plead for his friend against himself, is a manifest example of the principle. Prisoner Kirk was in the eyes of ordinary people a villain of the blackest hue, and yet he proved himself capable of an act of generosity concerning which most of us unconvicted persons in court would have thought twice before doing. Pharisaic self-righteousness can with difficulty believe anything good of those who have had the misfortune of being caught and imprisoned. On the other hand, a person who is guilty of even hateful vices need never despair of being considered 'respectable,' if only he be cunning enough to escape detection, or rich enough to purchase impunity.

The incident, that has been related as it was lately heard by the present writer, proves that a convict is not of necessity wholly bad. It illustrates the fact, that in the case of even the worst and most dangerous characters there are latent sparks of goodness which only require the breath of sympathy and confidence to fan into a generous glow.

I'll no say men are villains a';

The real, hardened wicked,

Wha hae nae cheek but human law,

Are to a few restricted.

Those who have allowed themselves to be influenced by the spirit of Him who was called the 'Sinner's Friend'—these 'magnets for discovering virtue' find such a large mixture of goodness in things evil that they cannot be cynical. And in cases where the dark cloud of sin and crime seems to have no silver lining, 'what's done,' they

say, 'we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted.'

An old and beautiful Eastern apologue occurred to my mind as I left the court where I had learned to believe more in imprisoned human nature. 'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city; and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And he saw at the corner of the market, some people gathered together looking at some object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose; "it pollutes the air!" "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all dragged and bleeding." "No doubt," said a fifth, "he has been hanged for thieving."

'And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth."

'Then the people turned to him with amazement, and said among themselves: "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth; for only he could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog." And being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.'

Prisoner Kirk had undoubtedly been 'dragged through the dirt' during his life of crime; but I could not help repeating to myself, as he stood pleading for his friend Bartley, and asking to be allowed to bear his punishment: 'Underneath a prison jacket a heart has throbbed at least one generous impulse, compared to which pearls are valueless.'

LONDON DOG-STEALERS.

AMONG the depraved lower classes in the metropolis there are men, and women too, who carry on a regular trade of stealing dogs; and in this they are very proficient. They are ever on the watch to pick up dogs that happen to be strolling out with their masters or mistresses. They note the dwellings where dogs are kept, and lay all sorts of plans to capture and carry them off. Small spaniels or terriers, usually known as toy-dogs, and which in a sense are the happiness of households, are specially watched for. We have known the case of a pretty little dog of this class that was stolen again and again, although carefully looked after, as it was thought; and was recovered by its disconsolate master and mistress only at considerable expense. How it was taken away appeared to be incomprehensible. At length it was ascertained that it was caught up, put into a milk-pail, and carried off by the person who supplied the house with milk—one of the servants of the establishment probably facilitating the larceny. Some years ago, the law against dog-stealing was increased in severity; nevertheless, dogs continue to be stolen in considerable numbers, and much heavier penalties for the offence would

need to be enforced. To our apprehension, the stealing of an attached pet-dog is a crime only short of child-stealing, and we should be glad to see it visited at least with penal servitude, as a terror to the scoundrels who habitually perpetrate this atrocious outrage.

Meanwhile, we are delighted to see that at the Middlesex May Sessions, before Mr P. H. Edlin, Q. C., the Assistant-Judge, and a number of Justices, a proper spirit was shewn in the matter of repressing dog-stealing. As the case is curious, instructive, and in its issue peculiarly gratifying, we copy the report of it entire from *The Times*.

Charles Burdett, forty, was indicted for having stolen a dog the property of Henry Layton, and a dog the property of Thomas Phillips; and also for having unlawfully and corruptly taken money of Edward Freeman upon account of aiding him to recover a dog which was in the possession of a person not being the owner. Mr Kelly appeared for the prosecution; Mr Ribton for the defence. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty." Mr Kelly said that, as his Lordship was aware, the prisoner had already been convicted of dog-stealing; but a short statement of the circumstances in which Burdett was now before the court might not prove uninteresting. At about two o'clock on the morning of the 26th of April, Mr Abberline, an inspector of the metropolitan police, observed the prisoner walking in Shoreditch with a bull-dog, which Burdett said was his own. The inspector, not believing this story, arrested the prisoner, and found on him a piece of prepared liver, such as is used by dog-stealers to entice the animals. The bull-dog turned out to be the property of Mr Layton. It was a very valuable prize animal, and was safe in Mr Layton's yard at Finsbury on the night of the 25th April. On a search of the house in which the prisoner lived, several dogs were found there, and among them a little toy-terrier, the property of Mr Phillips, of Wilton Place, which Burdett became possessed of by an ingenious subterfuge. Emma Bowles, a servant in the employment of Mr Phillips, was with her master's dog in Hyde Park on the 25th of April. The little dog was disporting itself by rolling over in the grass, when the prisoner informed Bowles that it was in a fit, and it was necessary to give it water. He administered the water, and then suggested that it would bite her if he handed it back, and that the best course for him to adopt would be to take it to her master's house. She gave him the name and address of Mr Phillips; but the prisoner, instead of going there, carried off the dog to his own place at Shoreditch. In the case of the third dog, which was a collie, belonging to Mr G. Seymour Fitzgerald, of Queen's Gate, Kensington, Freeman, a groom, was exercising one of Mr Fitzgerald's horses on the 6th of November last. He was followed by the dog, which he suddenly missed. On the 12th of the same month an advertisement was inserted in *The Times* offering a reward of two pounds for the recovery of the collie. On the 15th the prisoner went to Mr Fitzgerald's stables and told Freeman that he knew a person who had bought the collie at the cattle-market, but who, although he had a customer for the animal at Brighton, was willing to give it up to the owner for the sum he had paid for it. At Burdett's request, Freeman accompanied him to a

public-house in Holywell Lane, Shoreditch. Here a woman appeared on the scene, and said that her father had paid three pounds for the dog; but on the representation of the prisoner that Freeman was only a servant, the woman ultimately restored the dog for two pounds. Other stolen dogs, which had since been recognised by their owners, were found at the prisoner's house; and there could be no doubt that he was a persistent and systematic dog-stealer. Mr Ribton, addressing the court in mitigation, suggested that motives of humanity might have prompted the action of the prisoner in respect of the toy-terrier. The Assistant-Judge said that the law did not allow the Bench to give the prisoner penal servitude, though he had been previously convicted of dog-stealing. The sentence was that he be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for eight months on each of the three charges in the present indictment, which would for all three be two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

Two years with hard labour is not bad as a visitation of justice. We trust that this very just punishment will have a salutary effect in repressing the system of dog-stealing in London. All honour to Mr Edlin and other members of the Bench for their fortitude in applying the law in a matter which so intimately concerns the feelings of the community.

W. C.

THE OLD OAK-TREE.

I LOVE the woods arrayed in Summer's green,
Or tinged with russet Autumn's golden sheen;
In pensive mood I gladly seek their shade,
And ramble through each leafy glen and glade.
But yet, how'er the forest may delight,
The opening plain brings still a welcome sight.
No dearer spot the landscape holds for me
Than that white-gowned, spacious grassy len
Where stands in solitude, the old oak-tree!

In bygone days, how often here I've strayed,
And lovingly thy giant form surveyed;
Returning now from lands I long have ranged,
I come in age and find thee all unchanged.
'Tis truly writ that life is but a span,
At least that portion which belongs to man;
For but as yesterday it seems to be
When, still a boy, I cut my name with glee
Deep in thy rugged bark, dear old oak-tree!

In rising manhood three staunch friends were wont
From time to time to seek this cherished haunt;
Each took his chosen path the world to roam,
With hopes to meet in after-days at home.
Alas! ere many years had fled o'er,
One sunk to rest on far Arabia's shore;
The next found sailor-grave in tropic sea;
While I am left alone of all the three
To keep the trust beside the old oak-tree!

How still the air around this regal oak
Ere yet my voice the charmed silence broke;
Till now unheard, the drowsy feathered throng
Awake to pipe with joy their evening song;
The daisy closes with a glance of love;
The dark'ning shades surround the mystic grove.
Oh! when the Fates send forth their dread decree,
That bids the day no longer break for me,
May sunset find me 'neath the old oak-tree!

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

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THE FRENCH-CANADIANS OF TO-DAY.

SAILING up the great St Lawrence from the mighty Gulf which bears its name, as the rolling plane of water narrows and the banks appear on each side, the traveller is struck by the appearance of dreary lifelessness which characterises the groups of houses or sparsely settled villages which at intervals gleam whitely through the sombre shadow of dense pine-woods. Remote from towns or any centres of civilisation, simple and peaceful as the inhabitants of Acadia, but alas! minus their practical prosperity—where there is nothing to be bought, even if they possessed the money necessary for purchasing, which they do not—these people may be said to live almost entirely within themselves. The houses of the peasantry are as a rule built of wood; sometimes of logs laid upon each other, having their interstices filled with mortar, which renders them almost impervious to the cold of winter; though more frequently they are composed of a shell of boards, upon which is nailed in sheets the inner bark of the birch-tree. This again is covered with clapboards or planks lapping one over the other from the ground to the eaves. The main idea in building is warmth, on account of the severity of winter; and this double wall as it were, lined with the closely fibred birch-bark, renders the houses much more comfortable than might at first be supposed.

As a rule, the French-Canadian village is more picturesque, as are also the inhabitants, than those of the English-speaking populations of Western Canada and the United States. The houses, though low-roofed, have an air of comfort and a long-settled appearance which is conspicuous from its absence in the hamlets of the west. The curved roofs project several feet beyond the walls, and this of itself is to the eye a great improvement on the square, box-like structure which usually satisfies the methodical mind of the rustic of English or Scottish descent. Instead of innumerable black tree-stumps which by their ugliness deform more newly settled districts, trees and

shrubs lend a beauty to the landscape; which, moreover, has the advantage over Western scenery of being diversified by hill and valley. The houses are generally whitewashed or painted; and thus a French-Canadian village, or even farm-standing with out-buildings, has a charming air of cleanliness and neatness.

Nor do the interiors belie the exteriors. There everything is characterised by an exquisite purity. Floor, tables, wooden benches and chairs, in the kitchen or common living-room—all have arrived at a state of brilliant whiteness which hearty scouring alone can command. The great cooking-stove, supported on legs nearly a foot high, is half through the partition into the next room, for a square opening to admit it has been made. This has been polished, until it has likewise arrived at a condition of brightness very nearly resembling perfection. Upon the floor, at intervals, thus lending an air of comfort to the room, are placed oval mats and strips of rag-carpet. This carpet is quite an institution among the *habitants*, and is made by the women of the household after their other work is finished. It is composed of narrow strips of all colours, which are sewn together, and then woven in a rude sort of loom. Against the walls hang gaudy pictures of the Madonna and Child, the favourite or patron saints of the family, and generally a representation of the reigning Pope, for whom, as in duty bound, they entertain feelings of profound veneration. About the frames of these pictures is twined the graceful ground-pine; while in the corners of the room branches of pine and spruce are fastened against the wall. These, to the uninitiated, might appear to be solely for ornament; but such is not the case—they have a much deeper significance. The common house-fly, though harmless enough in itself, becomes to the householder throughout the summer, when augmented by millions of its kind, a source of great nuisance. This troublesome insect entertains, it would seem, a strong repugnance to the odour of these trees, and hence the custom, which at first appears singular to the

traveller. The culture of home-plants enters largely into the economy of the French-Canadians. In the windows of almost every house, no matter how mean, are to be seen throughout the long and bitter winter, such flowers as monthly roses, fuchsias, carnations, begonias, in full bloom.

The bedrooms of the houses exhibit as a rule no less careful attention than those into which visitors are ushered. Here is to be found more rag-carpet, more highly coloured saints, and generally a little common crucifix and holy-water font hanging against the wall. Upon the bed is spread a patched counterpane, formed of wonderful combinations of calico in every shade and pattern. These are replaced on extraordinary occasions, in the houses of well-to-do *habitants*, by counterpanes of white cotton, upon which are sewn in crimson, green, and orange the most impossible figures, selected apparently from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is a curious feature with many of the poorer French, even in the cities, that the gaudily caparisoned beds are kept only for ornament, and that the members of the family leave these much and gorgeously adorned articles of furniture entirely unoccupied, invariably sleeping on the hard floor, and covered only by a blanket or buffalo robe. In winter-time the stove oven, in the absence of fire-places, affords a comfortable retreat for the feet. Small as the houses are—and among their various economies that of room is not the least—these householders manage to stow away a considerable number of people. Marrying as they do often when little more than children, it is not surprising that they have very numerous families, eighteen and even twenty not being considered anything very unusual.

In all parts of the country where Indians are to be found they are on the most amicable terms with the French-Canadians, and many intermarriages occur between them. Almost all the tribes which have become Christianised have embraced the Roman Catholic faith, but this is of course rather an effect than cause of their intimacy. At the present time the guides, trappers, and buffalo-hunters of forest and prairie, half Indian, half French-Canadian, are the true descendants of those hardy men who were the pioneers of the fur-trade in that wide stretch of country which is washed by northern seas and hemmed in by a vast mountain-range. They possess extraordinary powers of endurance, and are able to undergo any amount of fatigue. But as civilisation advances towards the great North-west, this class, like the game they hunt, must gradually disappear, for they are of too volatile a nature ever to settle down in farm or workshop. As a picturesque figure—as a gay rover of forest and river and prairie, the half-breed or *metis* of the Red River, of the Assiniboine, and of the Saskatchewan must soon fade away into history and romance, like his old prototype the *coursour du bois*.

Since the occupation of hunting fur-bearing animals has in a great measure gone from them, the French-Canadians have turned their attention to that of timber-felling, or 'lumbering' as it is called in America. In the autumn the lumberers are collected in the great centres for this work—the Gatineau, the Desert, the St Maurice, and the Ottawa; and there for six or seven months during the long and bitter winter, they labour, felling the mighty pines with dexterous arm. Working

together in such numbers and for such a length of time, with no women or other softening influences, the men have rough times. Their houses are built of great unsquared logs, often with the bark left upon them, and have holes cut in the roofs for chimneys. Their rations, provided by the employers, are cooked by different individuals in turn, and consist of salt pork, bread, and molasses, with diluted high wines and tea by way of beverage. During the evenings they amuse themselves with reading, singing, or playing cards; but the life is monotonous, and has not even the spice of danger as formerly, for the work is now conducted with care. In the spring, the 'shanties' (from *chantier*, a log-house) are deserted, and as the streams and rivers thaw, the great 'drive' of logs commences. As long as the lakes and rivers are smooth, this is not difficult to manage; but there are many impetuous falls and foaming rapids to pass ere the great rafts reach their destination, and men of keen eye, skilful arm, and daring heart are needed to guide them aright. It is a fine sight to see one of these great rafts sweeping down the Ottawa on its course to the St Lawrence, with the men grasping their long oars, ready for any emergency. Log-houses are built upon the rafts for the accommodation of the drivers, and the smoke issuing from their chimneys, and the clothes-lines on which red flannel shirts and other articles are capering in the wind, look very picturesque—from the shore. Of course all nationalities of the people of Canada are employed in the lumber-trade, but the majority is made up of French-Canadians.

The greatest possible contrast exists between those who cannot be induced to stay at home and those who remain from choice on the farms, and cultivate the land to the best of their ability. They possess few modern agricultural implements, and cling tenaciously to the old-fashioned methods of farming. Men, women, and children throughout the summer months are busily employed sowing, reaping, and garnering their scanty crops and stock of vegetables. Tobacco also is cultivated by almost all the *habitants* for home consumption, and the plant may be seen rearing its broad leaves and delicate pink flowers beside almost every cottage; for the male portion of the community are from childhood inveterate smokers. During the long winter days, when the dark river is fast bound in ice, when bitter winds howl about their dwellings, and roads are rendered impassable by immense drifts of snow, the women employ themselves in spinning, dyeing, and weaving the wool from which their garments are made.

Farmers who live in the vicinity of towns and villages devote their time to the cultivation of vegetables and fruits necessary for market supplies. These on market-days are frequently intrusted to the women, who sit enthroned among their farm-produce, and guide the rickety wagons to the nearest town. Arrived there, they either quickly dispose of their goods to the stall-keepers, or, which is more profitable, hobble their horses, and themselves await customers, who find it more economical to purchase direct from the country-people. These market-days without exception comprise the happiest moments of a French-Canadian woman's life, for at no time is she more in her element. Everywhere are evidences

of bounteous harvest—vegetables of every kind in abundance, huge golden pumpkins, and melons with delicate gray tracery over a pale green rind. Great baskets of ruddy tomatoes, and piles of Indian corn with its shaded brown and green silk tassels. Apples of many kinds, pears, peaches, regal plums, rosy and pale golden crab-apples, and huge baskets of small purple wild-grapes. Besides the foregoing produce, and surrounded by great blocks of clear blue ice, there are bottles of thick rich cream for sale; and yellow butter, which is well and carefully made, in dainty pats. Nor are these by any means all the articles which French-Canadian farmers and their wives send to market. All sorts of home-made clothing, woollen comforters and socks, sausages and wooden shoes, maple-sugar, wild-fruit in its season, hats with queer conical or broad crowns and immense spreading brims, made of coarse straw plaited by the women and children—all these and many more things have their part in the conglomeration. Chattering, laughing, scolding, haggling, so passes the day, until stock is sold out, or the westerling sun begins to cast lengthening shadows. Then nosebags are removed from horses' mouths, unsold vegetables gathered up and replaced in the wagons, and the busy scene becomes deserted.

Both men and women of the French-Canadians are as a rule short of stature, and have swarthy complexions, and black eyes and hair; though in some parts of the country the traveller finds families and even whole villages of persons with fair skin, blue eyes, and light brown or red hair. The women are seldom pretty, though almost always bright and animated-looking. They age rapidly, and though slight in youth, become in middle age stout and shapeless. As young people, both sexes are fond of wearing gay clothing; the young men confining their attention to bright neckties, silver finger-rings and other jewellery, and being greatly addicted to high taper-heeled boots; while the women endeavour to follow the goddess Fashion as closely as possible, in cheap and gaudy materials.

It is difficult to say in what manner they amuse themselves, unless it be simply in dancing, singing, and talking. Strange to say, the French-Canadians have lost much of the wit and *espièglerie* of their ancestors; though that, in their opinion, does not constitute a sufficient reason for preserving silence. On the contrary, they are always chattering, and do not, apparently, have any false delicacy about private concerns; for their opinions are delivered in the street, in the market, wherever they may be, with great loudness and volubility, accompanied with unlimited shrugs and other gesticulations. The *habitants* delight in singing ballads or *chansons*, which have long been in vogue among them. These ballads are essentially characteristic of people conservative of old customs and traditions, and are the same in spirit, and often in words, as those their ancestors brought from Bretagne and Normandy, and which were sung in the days of the first settlers. Some have been adapted to Canadian life and scenery; but the majority are European in sentiment and expression. The French-Canadian lumberer, as he swings his axe in the depths of the pine-woods, still sings snatches of songs, which even now can be heard at Norman, Breton, and Provençal festivals. Among many others which are sung by all classes

of people, one of the most popular from Gaspé to the Red River is *En roulant ma Boulé*. It is particularly adapted to be sung during rapid motion, as that of the sleigh with its chime of bells, or the light birch-bark canoe shooting over rapid rivers. There are many versions of this gay and lively melody, shewing clearly that there is no doubt as to its popularity in all parts of the country. There is however, in all the French-Canadian songs, much repetition, which cannot be properly translated into English.

Frugal, industrious, hospitable, light of heart, these people are also imbued with deep religious feeling. Nor is this confined to the women alone, as is often the case in France; on the contrary, the men are assiduous in rendering obedience to the many rules of their Church. So much so indeed, that those spiritual fathers who in the course of missionary tours have made Canada a field of labour, express much satisfaction at the condition of religious affairs.

Thus in an imperfect and unfinished manner has the writer endeavoured to give his observations of the manners and customs, in public and in private life, of the French-Canadian people. Immigrants originally from *La belle France*, and spreading as they are throughout the great Dominion of Canada, it is a pity that in spite of many excellent qualities, they, with certain brilliant exceptions, do not possess more independent habits. Much could be written upon this subject which would doubtless interest the reader, and yet comparatively little can be accomplished in the way of improvement so long as they calmly submit to being thought for instead of thinking, and being led, in place of valiantly striking out in a new path for themselves. Without doubt, the French-Canadian peasantry might be much worse, as they might also be better, citizens than they now are; but to what nation might not such words be truthfully applied! It is more than probable that as educational institutions spring up in a country whose magnificent resources are yearly becoming more developed, this class of people cannot fail to improve, and may ultimately achieve great success in all branches of mercantile labour.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XL.—THE OLD SHAFT.

It is dreary enough, on a winter's evening, to be overtaken by the darkness, far from home, even when the road is one that we know well, and the district perfectly familiar. But Sir Lucius, stumbling on through the chilly rain and thick mist, in a rugged and stony ravine down which the mill-stream, swollen by recent wet weather, made its way with sullen roar, bitterly lamented the inadvertence which had caused him to be alone after dark in such a spot. Had he but brought with him the boy who had on a previous occasion guided him to the Mawth Mill, or some similar boy, there would have been little risk of missing the track. As it was, however, he found it hard indeed to keep to the narrow and ill-defined path, and looked around more than once for some light, from cottage door or farm-house window, by

which he might shape his course. But he saw, from the time of his leaving the Mill of Death, no signs of human habitation. The hamlet of Mawth itself, where once the serfs of the Montmorts had dwelt, and where Ralph Swart's hired men resided, was in a wooded hollow nearer to the ruined castle. There were few dwellings between Pen Mawth and Tregunnow. Sir Lucius had to pick his steps as best he could among the rubbish-heaps and rotting lumber and cinders, which told where men had toiled, and ore been raised, and money spent, in the prosperous past that was, long since, a mere tradition.

Once or twice, as he threaded his difficult way among the stones and scoriae and deep ruts made long ago, the baronet fancied that he heard footsteps behind him. But, when he stopped and listened, the sounds invariably ceased, and there was nothing but the moan of the low wind and the distant gurgling of the swollen mill-stream that he was leaving behind. The cold ruin fell fast and faster, and he was shivering, and was glad to button his overcoat more closely around him; glad, too, to summon up such pleasant thoughts as he could muster, to counteract the depressing influences of the bad weather and the desolate landscape. How well he had come out of that business with the Black Miller! How skillfully he had played his cards, and how boldly withal. Yes, boldness was, with a ruffian of that stamp, the best policy, the best and the safest. He had a hold on Swart, or Grewler, and could count on his active aid in the removal of a hated obstacle, without compromising himself in the event of failure.

That odious fisherman fellow—that insufferable upstart who won praise and good-will, somehow—and on whose behalf Maud Stanhope was provokingly ready to speak her mind—his run of luck, surely, must be almost over. It was unendurable that the future Lord Penrith should be thwarted and—Again those stealthy footsteps! Sir Lucius turned briskly round, but he saw nothing and heard nothing. He called aloud, but there was no reply. He seemed to be alone with the gathering night and ceaseless rain.

He stumbled on, then, after a short pause, but suddenly came to a stop. Straight in front, at his very feet, yawned a blackness that was blacker than the night, and the blood ran cold in his veins as he reflected that he must have strayed from the path, and that a single step in advance would have hurled him, many a fathom deep, down the silent shaft of some deserted mine.

'Lucky I stopped when I did, precious lucky!' said the baronet, as he picked up a pebble, and tossed it down the yawning pit so near him. It was long—or to his heated imagination it seemed long—before a faint sound, as of a stone splashing into water, came feebly to his ear. Sir Lucius could not repress a shudder, but he was angry with himself because of the fear that chilled his veins. Half mechanically he thrust his hand into a side-pocket of his coat, but found no hunting-flask replete with spirituous comfort. As he did so, he thought that again he heard footsteps creep-

ing up behind him; but as he turned his face and shaded his eyes with his open hand, the better to pry into the darkness, a loose stone near him was violently displaced by the spurn of a heavy foot, and a smothered, savage imprecation made him recoil. Then the treacherous earth trembled, crumbled, and gave way beneath his shrinking feet, and with one cry for succour or for mercy, the Baronet stumbled and fell headlong into the black gulf of the abandoned mine!

The Black Miller—for he it was, as may well be guessed, who had dogged his late visitor so closely—came crouching to the very edge of the pit. His powerful right arm had been uplifted, and in the strong hand was the loaded riding-whip ready to strike; but Ralph Swart's murderous purpose had been balked by the sudden catastrophe that had removed his victim beyond his reach. With a sort of reluctance, the ruffian allowed the upraised arm to drop wearily by his side, and stooped over the brink of the shaft, listening greedily for the anticipated sound. Yes, it came at last, deep down, and muffled, the sullen splash of something heavy falling into water, and then there was silence, unbroken by moan or cry, a silence so profound and so terrible that even the hardened wretch kneeling there was in a manner constrained to break it.

Stooping perilously low, so as to throw the sound of his resonant voice down the shaft, he uttered a short exclamation, to which the gloomy pit gave back, as if in mockery, but a hollow echo. Ralph Swart did not a second time disturb the sullen profound. He rose, and taking a box of matches from his pocket, struck a light, not once, but repeatedly, and by the short-lived glimmer of each successive match, took a hasty but heedful survey of the spot.

'Nothing left about!' muttered the Black Miller in grumbling accents. 'Nothing—not a glove, not a stick, not so much as a half-burnt cigar to tell tales, when the hunt begins. Ho, ho! Dead men—according to the old saw—tell no tales. But I am afraid they'll wait dinner long for Sir Lucius at Llosthuel Court this evening.' He laughed again, and chuckled, and laughed more ogreishly than before, as he stealthily picked his way among the stone-heaps; but a good judge of laughter would have set down Ralph Swart's rude mirth that night as an outburst of mere ribald bravado.

We can never, try as we may, divorce ourselves from the common ties of humanity, from the common rules of right and wrong; and even the most hardened ruffian will shew an occasional gleam of remorse when a more than usually brutal crime has been perpetrated. But the Black Miller had physically a stout heart, and he felt less, as he groped his way back to the road, than many a meaner ruffian would have done.

'The cur!' muttered Ralph Swart, as he slowly and painfully threaded a path, through fog and thickening rain, amidst the rubbish-heaps, and the unfenced mouths of abandoned mines, and the mouldering lumber—the cowardly cur, without even the courage necessary to back his selfish scheming—it served him right that he should finish thus! He must have been a dolt to come here, an idiot to threaten me! But as for Hugh—young Hugh!—and here the Black Miller changed his tone to one of involuntary respect—

'there is a man, plague him! It would be worth while, now'— As he spoke, Ralph Swart halted and drew himself up to his full height, throwing out his brawny arms like a wrestler who challenges an opponent. 'He is the younger man,' cried the Black Miller boastfully; 'but I—I never met my match!'

And very terrible this fierce, shrewd, pitiless man would have looked, had any eye pierced through the curtain of mist and darkness to see him as he stood, alone in the waste, frowning grim defiance on an imaginary foe. His vast strength, resolute countenance, and threatening attitude caused him to resemble some rough-hewn statue of a gladiator, ready to commence the struggle in a Roman arena, where blood and bone and muscle were pitted in deadly strife, amidst the clapping of soft hands, and offering of wagers, as on a modern race-course.

Then Ralph Swart's mood seemed to change, for his arms fell to his sides, and his head was bowed, and it was slouchingly, and with a clownish gait, that he regained the well-known track, and plodded upwards, along the path that bordered the roaring mill-stream, towards the Mawth Mill. It rained hard and harder; but, as often happens, the fog thinned and waned, and through a rift in the clouds the sickly moon peeped out, and threw a pale lustre on the dark keep of the ruined castle where once the Barons of Montmort dwelt, clutching what was theirs, and more, by the strong hand and the hard heart. It was a lesson lost on the unlettered peasant who passed by; but to the Black Miller it did seem to suggest ideas, for he stopped, and looked cynically at the old robber-hold of the Norman nobles. 'What does Aristotle say,' he growled out, 'about the tyrant's life, in his time? The Greek slips my memory; but there could have been no great difference between a lord in Hellas and a vavasour of feudal times, save that the one had no suzerain, and the other had. Either lot would have suited me, ho, ho! either would have suited me well enough.'

As he spoke, he came in sight of the dark mass of his own mill-tower, overshadowed by crags, and was soon at his own door. He unlocked the door with the key that he carried in his pocket, went in and reclosed it, barring, bolting, and locking it, as if to stand a siege. Half an hour afterwards the flaring petroleum lamp that had stood so long on the kitchen table was extinguished, and every window of the Miller's house was dark.

(To be continued.)

PRECOCIOUS CLEVERNESS.

Precocious cleverness is not unfrequently believed to foreshadow a career the reverse of brilliant, and is believed by many to presage an early death. The vanity and greed on the part of parents sometimes inducing them to make the most of gifts unusually developed in their children, to the overtaxing of such infantile genius, may account for a belief in this nature. But many instances may nevertheless be brought forward to prove the fallibility of an assumption so unfavourable.

Such youthful prodigies as Pope, Cowley, Campbell, Montgomery, Master Betty the young Roscius, Buxton, Bidder, and the 'Learned Child of Lübeck' for instance, are doubtless familiar to our readers; but there are other examples of early

development of talent that may not be so well known. Take the case of James Ferguson the astronomer and mechanist. He was a native of Banffshire in Scotland, and though only the son of a labourer, his extraordinary genius quickly displayed itself. He learned to read in infancy by hearing his father teach one of his brothers; and when only eight years of age he is said to have constructed a wooden clock. Employed when old enough as a farm-servant, he was sent out to keep sheep, in which humble situation he acquired, we are told, a surprising knowledge of the stars. His abilities being discovered by some neighbouring gentlemen, one of them took him to his house and taught him the rudiments of mathematics. He afterwards published some astronomical works and gave lectures in experimental philosophy, which met with great success.

Seldom are the indications of genius in youth so apparent as they were in the case of Theodore Hook. At seventeen he produced his first drama, *The Soldier's Return*, which was speedily followed by other operatic pieces, nearly all of which were successful. These with a host of piquant articles in the *Satirist* magazine and other periodicals, were hit off before his twenty-fifth year. His reputation as a man of rare accomplishments and pre-eminently convivial talents is well known.

The extraordinary precocity sometimes displayed by great musicians like Mozart may here be alluded to. Before he was eight years of age, Mendelssohn excited the wonder of his teachers by the accuracy of his ear, the strength of his memory, and above all by his incredible facility in playing music at sight. Meyerbeer at the tender age of six played at a concert, and three years later was one of the best pianists at Berlin; while the genius of Beethoven shewed itself so early that his musical education was commenced by his father, at the age of five. When two years younger than this, Samuel Wesley the musician could play extempore music on the organ; and the distinguished German musical composer, Robert Schumann, also shewed at a very early age a strong passion for music, and remarkable talents both for playing and composing. Though he lost the use of his right hand at the very outset of his studies, he worked on with a giant's strength, struggling against all obstacles 'with uncompromising devotion to what he conceived to be the highest interests of art.'

Something of the same early development of musical abilities displayed itself in the case of Cipriani Potter, distinguished as a composer and pianist; and Henrietta Sontag, a famous singer of her time, trod the boards when a child, and was prima-donna of the Berlin stage and the idol of the capital before she was eighteen. The great vocalist who has passed from our midst, Madame Tietjens, is also said to have given indications of promising musical talents from earliest infancy. Before she could speak, she would hum the opening notes of Auber's opera *Fra Diavolo*. When a toddling child, she used to create great amusement by her efforts to sing and play, and was quite content to be allowed to wander amongst the instruments of a neighbouring pianoforte manufacturer's warehouse and make music after her own fashion—music which was recognised by one at least of those who heard it as more than the strumming of a child.

A rarity even in these go-ahead days was a concert given not very long since by a pianist of five and a half years old; and therefore Made-moiselle Jeanne Douste's *matinées* at the Langham Hall had powerful attractions for those interested in musical affairs. Little Jeanne Douste, a marvel of precocity, plays with all the steadiness and confidence of a practised professional, and is free from the drawbacks which generally mark the performances of juvenile prodigies. The child-pianist's rendering of the works of composers like Haydn and Mozart is said to have been truly remarkable alike for unwavering accuracy and apparent ease of manipulation. Whether the extraordinary promise evinced by this child will be substantiated in the future, time alone can shew; at present however, her powers are wonderful, her practical skill and artistic taste being far in advance of her years.

Instances of early exhibition of great mental powers amongst British poets and authors are well known; but 'earth's sweet singers' and writers have, in other lands, not seldom given similar evidences of precocious cleverness. Metastasio, an eminent Italian poet, when only ten years of age displayed such a talent for extemporising in verse as to attract the notice of the celebrated Gravina, who took him under his protection. The young poet being thus placed in easy circumstances, devoted himself to his favourite study, and under the guidance of the celebrated singer Maria Romanina (afterwards Bulgarelli), created the modern Italian opera. The most celebrated dramatic poet of Scandinavia, Adam Oehlenschlaeger, when quite a child evinced great skill in writing verses. Even in his ninth year he wrote short comedies for private theatricals in which the child-performers were himself, his sister, and a friend. Throughout his life he displayed strong feelings and great earnestness of purpose, which gained him universal respect while he lived, and more than regal honours at his death.

John O'Keefe, a well-known dramatist, at the age of fifteen wrote a comedy in five acts. Among his early productions was a kind of histrionic monologue called *Tony Lumpkin's Rambles through Dublin*, which afforded him abundant scope for the exhibition of broad humour, and was received with applause not only in Dublin, his native city, but at the Haymarket Theatre, London. He subsequently produced nearly fifty comedies, comic operas, and farces, many of which acquired a flattering popularity.

John Payne, an American actor and dramatist, was another prodigy from childhood. He was a writer for the press, and editor of the *Thespian Mirror* when only in his thirteenth year. Three years later he appeared as Norval in *Douglas* at the Park Theatre, New York. Coming to England, he made his debut at Drury Lane in his twenty-first year; and afterwards prepared dramas for the London stage, in most of which Charles Kemble appeared.

Painters and sculptors, as well as musicians and authors, can shew many cases of precocious cleverness in their annals. Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of Louis-Philippe, evinced from childhood a remarkable love of the fine arts, especially of sculpture. This branch of art she cultivated with a zeal and assiduity that soon gave her a prominent place among the most distinguished

artists of her time. Her marvellous statue of Joan of Arc in the Museum of Versailles was finished before she reached her twentieth year. She also produced numerous bas-reliefs, busts, and statuettes of rare beauty and excellence.

The genius of Stevens, one of the greatest decorative artists of modern times, shewed itself at a very early age. Those who have seen the Wellington Monument in St Paul's Cathedral, after being so many years in erection, can judge what that artist's powers were in their maturity. Turner may be quoted as another example of precocity; and how the great animal painter Sir Edwin Landseer, gave early indications of his genius, may be judged when we are told that he drew animals well before he was five years old.

There are many persons who, if we are to place full credence in their biographers, must have been extraordinary marvels of precocity and cleverness. Anne Maria Schurman, for example, who was the boast of Germany, was one of this description. At the age of six, and without instruction, she cut in paper the most delicate figures; at eight, she learned in a few days to paint flowers, which, it should be added, were highly esteemed; and two years later it cost her only five hours' application to learn the art of embroidering with elegance. Her talents for higher attainments, we are told, did not develop themselves till she was twelve years of age, when they were discovered in the following manner. Her brothers were studying in the apartment where she sat, and it was noticed that whenever their memories failed in the recital of their lessons, the little girl prompted them without any previous knowledge of their tasks except what she had gained from hearing the boys con them over. In her education she made extraordinary progress, and is said to have perfectly understood the German, Low-Dutch, French, English, Latin, Greek, Italian, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopian languages. Her knowledge of science and her skill in music, painting, and sculpture were also extraordinary; and her talent for modelling was shewn by the wax portrait she contrived to make of herself with the aid of a mirror. When it is added that her letters were not only valuable for the elegance of their style but for the beauty of the written characters, which caused the said epistles to be preserved as cabinet curiosities, we may judge what a prodigy of cleverness was foreshadowed by the talents she displayed as a child.

In *A Father's Memoirs of his Child*, by Dr Malkin, it is just possible that the 'trivial fond records' of a precocious child may be dwelt upon with a minuteness betraying the partiality of a parent. Whether it is thought so or not in the present case, the biographer has furnished plenty of evidence to prove the extraordinary talents of his son. He tells us that Thomas Malkin learned to read, spell, and write with a rapidity that can scarcely be credited, and that on attaining the age of three years he wrote a letter to his mother with a pencil, and others to some of his relatives a few months afterwards. A year later he had learned the Greek alphabet, and had so far advanced in Latin as to write an exercise every day with a considerable degree of accuracy. He drew maps and heads with correctness, wrote fables in his seventh year and made some respectable attempts at

poetical composition. His fertile imagination was displayed in his idea of an imaginary country called 'Allstone,' of which he gave vivid and intelligent descriptions. He wrote part of its history in a number of letters and tales, and drew a map of this fanciful kingdom, giving names of his own invention to the principal mountains, rivers, sea-port towns, and villages. This was however, one of the last efforts of his genius, for this youthful prodigy died before he was seven years of age.

John Barretier is declared to have been master of five languages when he was only nine years of age. In his eleventh year he published a learned letter in Latin, and translated the Travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into the French. Four years later the fame of his learning and writings attracted the notice of the king of Prussia, who sent for him to court. When passing through Halle on his journey, he so distinguished himself in his conversation with the professors of the university that they offered him the degree of Doctor in Philosophy. The whole university was delighted and amazed with his wit and knowledge; and on his arrival at Berlin the king honoured him with peculiar marks of distinction, declaring that such abilities properly cultivated might exalt Barretier in ten years to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. But the young philosopher was not dazzled with such prospects, and returned to Halle to pursue his studies. His health unfortunately gave way in his nineteenth year, and after lingering for eighteen months he died; another illustration of the expression 'too clever to live long.'

Another prodigy was Dorothy Schlozer, a Hanoverian lady, who was thought worthy of the highest academical honours of the university of Göttingen, and had the degree of Doctor in Philosophy conferred upon her when she was only seventeen years of age. Before she was three years old she was taught Low-German; and three years later learned French and German; and after receiving ten lessons in geometry, was able to answer abstruse questions. Other languages were next acquired with singular rapidity; and before she was fourteen she knew Latin and Greek, and had become a good classical scholar. She also made herself acquainted with almost every branch of polite literature, as well as many of the sciences. As an instance of this lady's indefatigable industry, it may be mentioned that she visited the deepest mines in the Harz Forest in the common garb of a labourer, to gain proficiency in mineralogy.

It is said that Blaise Pascal, one of the most profound thinkers and accomplished writers of France, exhibited precocious proofs of genius, especially in mathematics, from his earliest childhood. Having been purposely kept in ignorance of geometry, lest his propensity in that direction should interfere with the prosecution of other studies, his self-prompted genius discovered for itself the elementary truths of the forbidden science. When quite a boy, he was discovered by his father in the act of demonstrating on the pavement of an old hall where he used to play, and by means of a rude diagram he traced with a piece of coal a proposition which corresponded to the thirty-second of the First Book of Euclid. At the age of sixteen he composed a treatise on conic sections, which excited great

admiration. Three years later he invented his celebrated arithmetical machine; and at the age of twenty-six he had composed the greater part of his mathematical works, and made those brilliant experiments in hydrostatics and pneumatics which ranked him amongst the first natural philosophers of his time.

From such examples then, it will be seen that precocious cleverness has not in by any means every case betokened for the possessor either an unsuccessful life or an early death.

On the other hand however, we are inclined to think that the early development of unusual talent is but too frequently fraught with evil results to its possessor. At an age when he ought to be mingling with his fellows at school and joining in their pastimes, the 'prodigy' is pouring over books of abstruse science, or perhaps racking his young brain in thinking out some new mathematical problem, or perfecting some intricate machine. His self-imposed studies engross a great section of the time that might be more fitly employed in needful recreation or in sleep. The triumphs he may be presently achieving, or which he is yet to gain, are too frequently purchased at the expense of the joys which Nature gives to her more soberly endowed children.

THAT YANKEE WHALER.

ONE of the most striking headlands on the South African coast is the Bluff of Natal. Its majestic position, standing boldly out from the mainland, and rising straight up from the deep blue ocean to a height of several hundred feet; the brilliant hues of the thousand and one varieties of tropical foliage which cover its steep sides from top to bottom; the clear sky above, and the bright plumage of the birds flashing in the sun—all contribute to make the spot picturesque in the extreme. In the maze of the gigantic underwood on the Bluff, at the time of which I am writing, leopards, tigers, cats, monkeys, serpents, and other beasts and reptiles, roamed at will; the precipitous sides and wild entanglement insuring protection from the attacks of the hunter. Within the last few years a road has been made up the Bluff, and a lighthouse now crowns the summit. The inner or northern side of the Bluff forms one side of the Bay of Natal, while low sandhills inclose it on the north. The northern coast is irregular, and a sandhill projecting far into the bay almost cuts it into two parts; so forming a double harbour. From this point the harbour-bar stretches across; and the water being there very shallow, vessels of large size are prevented from passing into the inner harbour. Fortunately, however, the Bluff protects them on the south; and except when north or east winds are blowing, a tolerably good anchorage is obtainable. On account of the impossibility of emigrant ships sailing over the bar, the early emigrants were transported from the ships to the beach in the inner harbour in large surf-boats, and frequently had to be carried through the surf to the shore by Kaffirs. On the sandhill that divides the bay there stand a look-out and the Port-captain or Harbour-master's house; and about two miles up the south shore is situated the town of Durban, the only road to which, at the date of this story, was through the bush-path.

Early in the afternoon of one of the hottest days of the summer of 185-, the thermometer registering something like one hundred and ten degrees in the shade, the bay as calm as glass, and the beach quite deserted, the men in the look-out were surprised to see a long rakish schooner sail round the Bluff and drop anchor in the outer bay. No sooner had she brought to than a whale-boat was lowered and put off from her side. The Harbour-master hurried down, followed by half-a-dozen men, to the beach; and before the boat had reached the shore, a small crowd of white men and Kaffirs had gathered round. As the boat ran on to the shingle, a tall sallow man, whose bony frame, sharp eyes, and features proclaimed him an American before he spoke, jumped ashore and asked in a sharp nasal tone: 'Who's Boss [chief personage] here?'

'I am the Port-captain,' said that functionary, stepping forward. 'Do you want me?'

'Wal, yes, I do—some. I'm Cap'n of the *Southern Cross* schooner—thar she is. She's sprung a bad leak, and I want to beach her here and examine her timbers. My lads is a'most done up with pumpin'. She's fillin' most awful quick; and I want some men to come off and take a hand at the pumps. My crew can't keep on much longer, I guess.'

'Where are you from, and where bound, Captain?' asked the Harbour-master.

'I've bin cruisin' after whales, and thar's a pile of ile aboard. But sir, if we stop palav'ring here I shan't git my quick beached. What men can you git me, now, quick?'

'There's plenty of Kaffirs about,' said the Harbour-master; 'but you must get permission before you can take any of 'em off to your ship.'

'Permission!' echoed the stranger. 'Wal, I never! Who's got charge of this lot? Who do they belong to?'

'They don't belong to anybody. This is a British colony, Captain. But you must get leave to take 'em aboard, or else you can't have 'em,' replied the Harbour-master emphatically.

'Who'll give me permission—you?' asked the Captain.

'No; I can't; you must go and get a magistrate's order.'

'Whar's he to be found? Jest shew me the way. Look sharp, Boss, 'cos I'm in a mortal hurry, you know.'

The Harbour-master turned away, saying: 'Up in Durban, and—'

'How fur's that?' broke in the Yankee.

'A good two miles through the bush-path. You'll have to get a horse.'

'Whar'll I git one?' asked the Captain.

At this moment, Mr M'Kay, the government Land Agent, who, full of officious curiosity, had come down from the Custom-house, pushed through the crowd and said: 'I'll lend you a horse, Captain. Just come this way.'

'You're very obligin' sir,' said the Captain, turning and following the Agent. 'I'll accept your offer, and feel honoured.'

In a few minutes the horse was produced, and a nigger engaged to run ahead and shew the way. As the Captain mounted the horse, he turned to the Harbour-master and said: 'You'll be able to find boats enough to take fifty niggers off at once, eh?'

'O yes; we can do that.'

'Wal now,' said the stranger as a parting observation, 'ain't it a plaguy shame that a man can't save his ship without all this palaver? Here's the *Southern Cross*—as smart a schooner as ever sailed under Stars and Stripes—a-makin' water like mad, and I've to go through all this here performance before I ken git a few darned niggers to pump.' And away he rode towards Durban.

The magistrate not only gave the American Captain the necessary order, but opened a bottle of wine and, drinking to his success, promised any further assistance that might lie in his power; and in two hours after leaving the harbour the stranger was half-way back again.

During his absence, all had been bustle at the harbour. More Kaffirs had come down in the hope of being hired, and great was the amount of speculation as to the terms likely to be offered. These Natal Kaffirs are runaway Zulus, who, having once deserted, are barred from returning to Zululand under penalty of death. They are both brave and intelligent, and are a much finer set of men than the negroes of the west coast. From the look-out, the crew of the schooner could be seen pumping incessantly, a continuous stream pouring from her side; and Mr M'Kay, whose proffer of the horse was instigated more by the hope of profit than by disinterested kindness, for he was the owner of the surf-boats, was waiting with great impatience for the stranger's return, and calculating the amount he would realise by the business.

Sooner than could have been expected, the Captain came riding up at a rattling pace; and jumping from the horse, said: 'Here's the permission, Boss, all correct and complete. And now, how many niggers ken I hev?'

'Just as many as you like,' said the Harbour-master; 'there they are waiting to be hired.'

'Now, sir, tell me—what time in the mornin' ken I git over the bar? I draw ten feet of water.'

'Tide flows at six o'clock, and you could come over by eight, I should say,' responded the Harbour-master.

'Good. Wal, now, you boys, I'll give you seven and sixpence apiece to come and take turns all night. There's a powerful lot o' water in the hold by this time, and you'll hev to work, I tell you.'

The pay was high, and a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd; those among the Kaffirs who did not understand English having it explained to them by those who did. The terms were good enough for many a white man standing round to jump at; but to work side by side with niggers was too degrading, and they were obliged to let the chance pass.

'Wal, boys, what say?' asked the Yankee.

Several voices eagerly accepted the terms, and the Harbour-master asked how many he would engage.

'Jest you stand in a row, boys, and I'll pick out the likely ones. Be smart; the sun'll be down before we git aboard, if you don't be sliik.'

The Kaffirs were soon in line. The Captain walked up and down, surveying them, and carefully picking out the biggest and strongest, until he had selected about sixty. This was a large number for the work; but it was put down by Mr M'Kay and the Harbour-master to Yankee

enterprise; and in a few minutes the surf-boats with all the niggers on board were afloat.

'I will come off to you in the morning, Captain, and bring you a pilot,' said the Harbour-master.

'Well, now, that's friendly of you, Boss. Really, if you would, I should take it kind,' responded the Yankee.

'I will,' said the Harbour-master; 'I'll come off when the tide makes.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the Captain, as he stepped into the whale-boat. 'You won't forget to come!'

'Certainly not,' replied the Harbour-master. 'Good-night.'

'Good-night,' said the stranger, with a grim smile, waving his hand as the boat pulled away.

When the surf-boats returned, the men with them reported the *Southern Cross* to be just as smart and trim a craft as the Captain had said she was. They also reported the safe transference of the dingy volunteers. The sun went down, and in ten minutes the scorching hot day had given place to a beautiful tropical night.

Before the sun had risen on the following morning, the Port-captain, Mr McKay, and the look-out men were already assembled on the sand-point; and as the first flush of daylight came rapidly spreading over land and sea, they strained their eyes across the bay, eager to catch an early glimpse of the schooner, whose arrival and condition had caused such unusual excitement the day before. Well might they start and stare in speechless astonishment. There was the bay all right, and there was the Bluff beyond it, but nothing else! No *Southern Cross*! No ship at all! Nothing to mark where she had lain at anchor on the previous night. What could it mean? Could she have foundered with all hands? No; for there was not depth of water sufficient to cover her masts if she had. Could she have broken away and gone ashore? Impossible, for the wind, a mere capful, was off the land.

'She's gone!' was the first exclamation which broke the silence—'clean gone!'

'What can it mean?' asked Mr McKay.

'Mean?' said the Harbour-master—'mean? That we're all born fools—that's what it means.'

'Why, how?' gasped the bewildered Agent.

'How!' responded the Harbour-master. 'Why was he so particular about the sort of Kaffirs he engaged? Wouldn't any kind of Kaffirs do for working pumps? Of course they would. I can see it all now. She was no whaler. She had sprung no leak. She was a Yankee slaver, that's what she was; and we ought all to be shot for not seeing it before.'

A thrill of horror passed through the group. It was as clear as daylight now.

'But we saw them pumping the water out of her,' said the Agent, after a pause.

'Of course you did. But you didn't see the other side of her, did you, Mr McKay?'

'Well, no,' responded the Agent.

'No; but if you had, you'd have seen 'em pumping the water in! That's what it was, Mr McKay—the rascals were pumping it in on the starboard side, and out again on the port; don't you see?'

'Yes, I see now,' sighed the Agent. 'Sixty niggers kidnapped before our very eyes!' continued the Harbour-master. 'A pretty thing, upon my word!'

'Beg pardon sir,' said one of the men; 'p'raps she's in sight now sir—if we was to pull off in the boat round the Bluff head sir.'

'What's the good of that?' growled the Harbour-master.

'O'ay p'raps we might see what course she was a-takin'; and in case the Admiral was to come round, we could say which way she was a-goin' sir.'

'Oh, she's out o' sight by this time, never fear,' said the Harbour-master. 'But man the boat, and we'll see.'

Away went the men to get the boat out; and away went the Harbour-master and Mr McKay after them down to the beach.

No wonder he was so particular, the rascal! Why, every one of those Kaffirs will fetch five hundred dollars in America. He's done a very fair day's work, and no mistake, Mr McKay.'

'Yes; and never paid me for the hire of my boats,' dolefully responded the Agent; 'and I leut the scoundrel my horse too!'

'Well, it's no use now. But where our senses were, Mr McKay, to be outwitted like that, I can't think. I shall hear of this again. If only the Admiral would cruise round here, we might catch 'em now; but we shan't see him for months, maybe. It's about the deepest move that ever I heard of.'

By this time the boat was out and manned, and a hearty pull took them to the Bluff head in half an hour; but no sign of the slaver was to be seen.

The next day a southern-bound brig dropped anchor in the outer bay, and sent ashore for some fresh meat. The Harbour-master went off to her, and gave the captain a letter to deliver to the Admiral if he fell in with him, or to leave at the Cape if he did not. Although the letter reached the Admiral within a week, and he put off to sea on the chance of falling in with some news of that *Southern Cross*, no more was ever heard of that Yankee Whaler.

EXPERIENCES OF A STROLLING ACTRESS.

IMPROMPTU DROLLERIES.

My first experience of a theatre was a particularly unpleasant one. My mother—leading lady in a south of England *corps dramatique*—when I was a tiny urchin, after many entreaties on my part took me with her one evening, and placed me in an out-of-the-way nook behind the scenes, to see the first act of the piece, which she told me was called *The Vampire, or the Bride of the Isles*. I had not the least notion of what either a vampire or a bride might be like, but was on the tiptoe of expectation; when my mother suddenly recollected that she had omitted to put on the tartan silk scarf which, as the Lady Margaret, it behoved her to wear, and told me to fetch it from her dressing-room. Intent on obeying her, I ran half-way across the stage, when the floor suddenly

opened beneath my feet. I fell a long, long way down, and alighted in the arms of a hideous Monster, with a yellowish-green cadaverous face and long dishevelled hair. The ground closed at once over our heads. Escape was impossible; and a feeble distant light just served to shew me that this frightful wretch and I were alone in a capacious dungeon, surrounded by beams, cranks, screws, blocks, and pulleys. At that time I knew not their names; but from my remembrance of some pictures that had been shewn me in a story of the Inquisition, I at once recognised in them instruments of torture and of death!

The Monster, who seemed quite at home in this terrible abode, tried to comfort me when I cried; but the closer he hugged me to his breast, the more terrified I was. At last he saw a man in a white jacket coming towards us, and called out: 'Here, Watty, come and take this child to her mother.'

'Hollo!' said the man, 'has little missy fallen through the vampire trap?'

Dimly I began to comprehend that the ugly Monster was an actor waiting in that dark and dismal cave until he should be wanted on the stage; for I had seen a pantomime in which a beautiful lady had disappeared through the ground; but she came up again presently, without seeming any the worse; whereas it took me all the evening, even when quite safe on *terra firma*, to recover from the effects of my transit to the shades below.

To the uninitiated, many expressions heard within the walls of a theatre sound strangely enough; for example, the property-man says to his subordinate: 'Joe, just iron those waves out, will you? I'd like 'em nice and straight for the *Colleen Bawn*.' Joe's reply being: 'I'll do 'em by-and-by; they're too damp at present.' Or, 'Has any one seen the crash?' Or, 'Who made that hole in the leap?' 'Go and ask the wardrobe-keeper for the red cloaks for them suppers as has to sit as mucky-coves [magnificoes] in the Senate Scene.' 'This thunder's worn out; it's cracked from top to bottom.' And so on.

One actress says to another: 'Please lend me a "scream" for *Fiordelisa*' (*Fool's Revenge*). To 'draw first blood' is to get the first round of applause in a piece. 'A pill' is a long disagreeable part to study. A character easy to personate and acceptable to the public is described as 'all sack and sugar.'

Calls and Encores.—Surely these compliments have now arrived at the height of absurdity. By degrees we have become reconciled to seeing Othello and Desdemona, Richard and Richmond, Lady Isabel Carlyle and her child, Leah, &c. whom we have just beheld die—as per the author's decree—resuscitated at a moment's notice, solely for the purpose of bowing their acknowledgments to an admiring auditory. This may gratify the artists' vanity; but it certainly helps to destroy the interest in the drama's illusion; and I entirely

agree with an old Yorkshirewoman, who observed, on seeing Lear and Cordelia come before the curtain in response to a 'call' just as she was shedding tears of pity for their hapless fate, that it was 'nowt but baby-work' (that is, child's-play). Recently, the ghost of a murdered Countess, in the old tragedy of *The Castle Spectre*, was encoined at the conclusion of the fourth act, after having appeared with lamp and dagger, and a wound in the breast, kissed and blessed her daughter—who, affrighted, fainted away—and then gliding back, vanished gracefully through the folding-doors of the Castle Oratory in a flood of blue-fire, to the music of an impalpable harp, and a chorus of (supposed) angels' voices lustily singing 'Jubilate!' Nothing therefore, could be more absurd than for the young Lady Angela to have to recover suddenly, to be again overcome with terror, and again to fall into a swoon, while the shade of her respected parent went through the same 'business' as before, and made a second exit, under precisely the same circumstances as on her previous appearance, and with all the accompaniments of blue-fire, harp, and chorus.

Performing dogs, camels, donkeys, goats, pigs, and even a magpie—of silver-spoon notoriety—have had to respond to 'calls.' The very latest eccentric demonstration that I know of was in the drama of *Under the Gaslight*, when the locomotive had again to steam on, and fizz its thanks to an irresistible encore!

'*Stage waits*.—Nothing throws such a damper over a performance as a 'stage wait.' One night at a theatre in Yorkshire a piece was to be represented in which four of the ladies and gentlemen of the company should have begun the second scene. They were not forthcoming at the appointed time. The fact is they were two pairs of lovers in real as well as in stage life, and had run away to get married in opposition to their friends' wishes. Presently, the audience grew clamorous, and began to hiss. The manager went on to crave their indulgence—being obliged to change the play—and the only apology that occurred to him was that 'the Misses Blank and Dash, and the Messrs Brown and Jones, had all been suddenly taken ill;' an announcement that caused roars of laughter, and restored good-humour to the much enduring audience.—One night Prince Ludgar went off to address a disloyal multitude, and should have been seen almost immediately at the back of the stage haranguing them from the battlements; but oblivious of this duty, the Prince had retired to change his costume, and after a tedious 'wait,' the act-drop was lowered amidst yells of disapprobation; and the unlucky actor expiated his fault on the following 'treasury day' by a fine of half a sovereign.—At Liverpool a star came to play in a brand-new comedy. The theatre is large, and the dressing-rooms are numerous; the one appointed for Mr B— to occupy was so distant from the orchestra that the overture was unheard by him; the call-boy, of course, was sent to summon him; but full ten minutes elapsed before the gentleman was found. Meantime, the curtain rose. The lady who began the piece spoke a long speech, and then quietly awaited the arrival of her supposed son, who, however, did not make his appearance until after a tedious 'wait.' Here, there were no hisses, the theatre being attended chiefly by the upper classes;

but the delay spoiled the star's reception, and acted as a wet-blanket on the evening's amusement.

Realism.—A lady playing Louise the blind orphan girl, who had just been rescued from drowning, stands at the wing with a couple of pounds of pulverised ice hanging round her neck, in order that when the cue for her entrance is given, she may go on the stage shivering violently; and she frequently stands ill-clad and bareheaded at an open door on a wintry night, as her maid phrases it, 'practising her shivers.' Such devotion to 'realism' is only exceeded by that of a certain actress, who, if report be correct, used to medicate herself every evening in her famous dying scene. Owing to the potion that she swallowed being actually poisonous, the convulsions and spasms that followed were strictly genuine, and highly appreciated by the spectators. An antidote used to bring the artiste to in about an hour.

Managers.—One of our best English managers is famous for writing a gigantic hand, spreading a very few words over several pages of note-paper. The response to Mr York's application for an engagement as juvenile gentleman was brevity itself, consisting merely of one line from *The Slave*, in which Fogrum continually appeals to his Yorkshire Mentor, Sam Sharpset, for advice and assistance—namely, 'York, you're wanted!' Here too is a copy of one of the foregoing manager's most lengthy epistles: 'DEAR SIR—I cannot engage you this season'—that filled page number one; and on turning the leaf, the recipient would read as follows—'unless you accept of ten shillings a week more than before; you are worth it.' An excellent manager this.

I subjoin a few more anecdotes which may perhaps amuse my readers.

A juvenile gentleman whose voice was not by any means powerful, was representing Macduff. On his observing: 'My voice is in my sword; one of his auditors called out: 'I'm glad you told us, Harry; we were just wondering where it was.'—Another actor in the same character—well known to be an excellent combatant—was one night seized with a sudden and uncontrollable presentiment that he should be mortally wounded in the fight that terminates the tragedy, so threw his sword down, and made a hasty and ignominious retreat. Poor Macbeth thus left in the lurch, imagined that some alarming illness had caused his enemy to back out. What was to be done? His death alone could satisfy poetic justice, and bring the piece to the orthodox conclusion; so in desperation he rushed off and dragged in the first person he met with; this happened to be the physician. Handing Macduff's sword to him, he spoke this remarkable extempore speech: 'As killing is thy trade, now try thy hand upon thy master, as proxy for his coward foe.' The combat was fought, and terminated of course with the tyrant king's being defeated and stabbed through and through several times—to make quite sure of him. The audience cheered and called uproariously for the combatants. But the manager was not so well pleased, and fined the trio of actors—Macduff for not attending to his business; Macbeth for daring to 'gag' (take liberties with the text) in Shakespeare; and the unlucky physician for doing what he was actually forced to do.

A very weak tenor in Dublin singing feebly, caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery: 'Corney, what noise is that?' 'Bedaad,' said Corney, 'I believe it's the gas whistling in the pipe.'—In the same lively city, a late mayor gave his patronage, and was hailed with 'a cheer for the ex-mayor!' When quiet was restored, a voice called out: 'Now, boys, a cheer for the Double X mayor!' (Mr Guinness the great brewer was the gentleman then filling the civic chair.) A Sir William Fondlove, in *The Love Chase*, summing up his personal advantages, says, conceitedly enough: 'I'm every atom what a man should be.' A man slightly lame was playing the part, when at this point a voice from the pit cried: 'Barring the gamey leg, Freddy.'—On an lago, who was disfigured by a frightful obliquity of vision, saying to Othello, 'Wear your eyes thus; one of the spectators unkindly remarked: 'He can't, you fool! he hasn't learnt to squint.'

A very tedious old actor, whose Hamlet occupies four hours, was once playing the part in a town in the Potteries, and with plenty of emphasis, but no discretion, was 'lading out' the celebrated soliloquy, 'To—be—or—not—to—be,' when an irreverent gallery-boy called out to him: 'Oh, toss up for it, mister, and don't preach.'

I was waiting at the wing one night to go on in the Grave Scene in *Hamlet*, when suddenly Mr Seek, who was the grave-digger on that occasion, asked me what tune he ought to sing his verses to; so I whispered to him to sing them to the same tune as he had been singing something to the previous evening. He had never before gone on for the grave-digger, and had forgotten the text, so actually sang both words and tune as before:

Three children slid upon the ice,
All on a summer's day;
It so fell out they all fell in;
The rest they ran away.

This occurred at Workington, and strange to say, the highly respectable audience made no sign of being surprised at this strange version!

In a seaport town, Black-eyed Susan's husband, the far-famed William, was thus addressed by the admiral, after his trial for striking his captain: 'The sentence of this court is, that you be hanged at the yard-arm of every ship in His Majesty's service; and heaven have mercy on your soul!'

THE IRISH WAYFARER.

A SUMMER or two ago I was spending a happy holiday at a Highland sheep-farm nestled in the wild hills of Lochaber, whose mountain streams, like silver threadlets, fall murmuringly to sleep in the blue lake below. No sound but the drowsy hum of heather-bees, unless at intervals the bleating of the sheep, or the wailing notes of the curlew, broke the silence of the hills.

The farm itself was picturesque to a degree, with even a well-trimmed garden, where, in this rocky fastness, the pale blush-rose was not afraid to grow. But to my hero. One warm summer afternoon, as we were all engaged in the hayfield, some giving good assistance, and others, like myself, amusing ourselves, a

worn, weary-looking man was seen to approach. He carried a bundle on his back, and leant upon a large stick. The stranger raised his hat as he approached, but looked shy more than anything else, and did not speak. At a nearer view, I saw that the man was young comparatively, though fatigue and exposure had aged him, and turned his hair to iron gray. The farmer asked him, with the quick native instinct of hospitality, if he wanted a night's lodging; to which he replied, that it would be a great kindness if he were allowed to sleep in the barn or any other place; and directly I said to myself: 'You are an Irishman, but you are not an Irishman of the lower orders.' The rich accents of his mother-tongue fell mellifluous, and as I looked at him I saw the open countenance and honest blue eye of his race. His dress was threadbare and tattered, though he strove to conceal it as much as possible; and his whole appearance indicated a forlorn woe-begone stranger—a wanderer, in fact, houseless and homeless. The night shadows began to fall and day steal away as we returned to the house; and after supper, according to custom, as a family we proceeded to the big kitchen, where shepherds, servants, and dogs had all gathered for family worship.

Next morning, in wandering about the yard I met in with our stray visitor, whose name was Charles Macarthy, and something about him attracted me strangely; I felt fascinated by him; but that feeling was general among the other members of the family, for he had been already invited to stay and rest here another week. He was shy, as I said before, with nothing of the manner of a beggar about him; neither forward nor intrusive, and never trying to appeal for pity.

I drew from him at intervals many interesting details. He told me that he led this wandering life on account of a great Unrest that possessed him; that he was troubled with depression of spirits; but that he should recover himself. This last remark he always kept repeating. He said: 'My friends are in Ireland; but I cannot possibly go to see them till I recover myself; for they would be ashamed to recognise such a poor wretch as I am.' I inferred from his account of his early life and education, that he must have been a member of a distinguished Irish family. He read and spoke the Latin, French, and German languages with fluency, and seemed to be familiar with every detail of British, and I may say European history. He told me he had at one time made a special study of the history of the popes; and he spoke of monastic life and rigours in Spain and Italy with such seeming knowledge, that it slowly dawned on us that this wanderer had at one time been a devoted servant of Rome. Indeed one day, as he was sitting at a table painting a crucifix and shrine, which he said was to be a present for me, an old servant observed to me in Gaelic (of which we imagined he knew nothing): 'I'm thinking he's an old priest.' He flung down

the brushes, turned on her with a face black as thunder, and demanded angrily: 'How did *she* know he was an old priest? and what was his business with what he had been?' For the rest of the day he went about gloomy, and remained in that state till next day. That afternoon the lady of the house (who was poor Charles Macarthy's best friend), her cousin and I, were in the drawing-room having some music. After some time a timid tap was heard at the door; and on opening it, here was our strange guest quite subdued by the 'concord of sweet sound.' He begged that if he were allowed into the room, he might leave his old shoes outside; and this faint request was graciously acceded to. My friend asked him if he could play, and he replied that he would like to touch the instrument. He sat down; and verily the instrument seemed to live under his touch, and such a rare flood of melody followed as I have seldom listened to. His music was entirely classical, and much of it appeared to be voluntaries, or selections from masses. We more and more suspected his connection with some Roman Catholic order, from discussions which took place in the house during his stay; but in these he never became heated or overbearing, speaking with knowledge and firmness on the general question, but repelling personal investigation.

He told me he had travelled the length and breadth of Scotland on foot, and had at this time crossed the hills from Glenfinnan, where the priest, a fine gentlemanly man, had had a long conversation with him, and given him his supper and a half-crown.

On the following Sabbath we went to church as usual, and left Macarthy, apparently in good spirits, with the shepherds.

On our return, I observed that he wore his moody expression, and did not meet us with his usual open smile. He could not be got to tell what was wrong with him. I pressed him, and at last he volleyed out: 'What is *not* wrong? None of you have spoken to me to-day. Why did you all go away and leave me here alone? I have been associating to-day with creatures not one step removed beyond the brute creation.' And this was the cause of great offence; the simple uneducated shepherds were not society congenial to the soul of this wayfarer. Poor fellow! he was immediately angry with himself for this outburst, and begged next day to get the Family Bible, in which he inscribed the names of the children in the most exquisite illuminated styles. In these painted devices he excelled any I have ever seen, and I cherish in my manuscript album some choice specimens, the handiwork of Charles Macarthy. I am happy to possess also some English and French verses from his pen, and these are the most admired in my book.

The subject of my tale left us in the beginning of the following week, and I felt a keen pang of regret as I saw the last of the poor wayfarer. He left behind him a pleasant remembrance not soon to be eradicated. It was touching to contemplate a mind so gifted, so stored with rare intelligence; a person so distinguished-looking even in poverty and rags; a taste so fine, a courtesy so natural—all unhinged, 'like sweet bells jangled,' by the overwhelming load of an ever-recurring melancholy.

[Should the foregoing narrative meet the eye

of the Wayfarer or of any one acquainted with his subsequent wanderings, we should esteem it a favour to be made acquainted with any further particulars of interest.—[Ed.]

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Electric Lighting has been published, and may be regarded as favourable to the new process of illumination; but not favourable to the conferring on gas companies the privilege of laying on the electric light, which, committed to their care, might have a slow development. And the Committee are of opinion that the time has not yet arrived for giving general powers to private electric companies to break up the streets; but the proprietors of large buildings, lecture-halls, theatres, factories, are free to generate electricity for their own use without further delay or legislative sanction. As regards the light itself, attention is drawn to the peculiarity that it produces a transformation of energy in a singularly complete manner. The energy of one-horse power, for example, may be converted into gas-light, yielding a luminosity equal to twelve-candle power; but the same amount of energy transformed into electric light produces sixteen-hundred-candle power. 'It is therefore not surprising,' as stated in the Report, 'that while many practical witnesses see serious difficulties in the speedy adaptation of the electric light to useful purposes of illumination, the scientific witnesses see in this economy of force the means of great industrial development, and believe that in the future it is destined to take a leading part in public and private illumination. On one point all are agreed—namely, that the electric light will produce little of that vitiated air which is largely formed by the products of combustion of ordinary illuminants.' And further, the scientific witnesses are of opinion that 'in the future the electric current may be extensively used to transmit power as well as light to considerable distances, so that the power applied to mechanical purposes during the day may be made available for light during the night.' On the question of cost as compared with gas, the Committee are not of opinion that the economy for equal illumination has been conclusively established.

The theory that there is some relation between terrestrial magnetism and manifestation of sunspots is strengthened by researches made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Mr Ellis, one of the assistants in that establishment, after careful examination of the observations made from 1841 to 1877—a period of thirty-six years—including the diurnal range of magnetic declination and horizontal force, finds that 'in addition to the ordinary diurnal and annual changes, there appears to exist, in the magnetic diurnal ranges, an inequality of marked character, and of longer period, resembling in its features the well-established eleven-year sunspot period.' And that which is true of the regular movements is true also of the irregular, as very remarkable correspondences are shown between the rapid sunspot and the sudden magnetic variations; but generally the magnetic epochs are somewhat later than the corresponding sunspot epochs. And lastly, Mr

Ellis states that 'it seems probable that the annual inequalities of magnetic diurnal range are subject also to periodical variation, being increased at the time of a sunspot maximum, when the mean diurnal range is increased, and diminished at the time of a sunspot minimum, when the mean diurnal range is diminished.' This confirmation, under the authority of Sir George Airy, Astronomer-Royal, of an important theory, will be very interesting to physicists.

It has been proved in Paris that vicious horses may be effectually cured by electro-magnetism. With bits, bridles, nose-bands, and curbs specially constructed so as to apply a gentle current to the required place, the current being supplied by an electro-magnet easily portable, seven of the most violent horses among twelve thousand were reduced to obedience, and allowed themselves to be shod. Some horses required two applications, some three; but all were completely cured of their vicious propensities, and without any weakening or stupefying effect. Particulars of the method of treatment, and the results, are published in the *Procès-verbaux of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale*.

Dr Cunningham, of the government sanitary staff in Calcutta, has made a careful investigation 'on certain effects of starvation on vegetable and animal tissues.' One effect in the human subject is the destruction of the intestinal mucous membrane. Hence the digestion and assimilation of nutritive materials supplied in the food must necessarily be impaired or destroyed, according to the degree of morbid change. Under such circumstances, the food elements not being submitted to their normal transformations, become mere foreign bodies liable to undergo decomposition, and well adapted to cause irritation. The conclusion to be drawn is one that should be kept in mind by the functionaries appointed to administer relief in time of famine. The starvation must not be allowed to go on too long; for, as Dr Cunningham observes, 'the fatal diarrhoea and dysentery first manifested itself in people after their admission into the relief camps. The investigations shew the absolute necessity of great caution in regard to dietetic experiments and dietetic systems of punishment. They shew that it is not safe to push such procedures in the belief that so long as no evident active evil results present themselves, we can at any time pull up and restore things to their normal state.'

Dr Roberts, F.R.S., of the Royal Infirmary, Manchester, has found that the property of milk-curdling is not exclusively confined to the gastric ferment, as has long been supposed, but that the pancreas of the pig, the ox, and sheep yields a ferment of similar property. 'The brine extract of pancreas,' he remarks, 'or pancreatic rennet as it may be called, seems to act on milk exactly in the same way as rennet made from the calf's stomach. It coagulates casein actively, both in neutral and alkaline milk, and it may be assumed as probable—at least until further inquiry—that the curdling agent of the stomach and the curdling agent of the pancreas are one and the same ferment.'

Mr Gunning, in order to test Pasteur's assertion that micro-organisms (germs) can exist without free oxygen, constructed apparatus entirely of glass and therein inclosed quantities of putrefy-

ing matters with which putrefaction-bacteria had been mixed, and exhaled oxygen as far as possible, in some instances substances being used to absorb the oxygen, in others the vessels being filled with hydrogen or nitrogen. The experiment was carried on at different temperatures during eighteen months, and the conclusion drawn is, 'that exclusion of oxygen produces the death of the bacteria, and stops the putrefaction; and that putrefaction does not begin again unless fresh bacteria are introduced when air is admitted.'

As part of the works for the supply of water to the town of Lausanne, a tunnel was hewn through a sandstone bluff. During the excavation the workmen found exuding from the crevices in the rock a milky white gelatinous substance somewhat resembling starch, to which they gave the name 'mineral bacon.' This novel substance was talked about. Specimens were obtained by Professor Renevier, who has given an account of his examination thereof to the *Société Vaudoise des Sciences Naturelles*, and from this we learn that the so-called mineral bacon is a gelatinous silicate of a kind hitherto undescribed, but having some similarity to a substance known to mineralogists as Chabasie. The difference between them, as Professor Renevier suggests, may be merely a difference of crystallisation; and we may, he remarks, 'consider our gelatinous silicate as a Chabasie in course of formation. Soft and amorphous substances, are they not, in fact, minerals in an embryonic state, while crystals are minerals in a perfect state?'

As supplementary to this curious fact in Switzerland, we mention the discovery of mineral wax, cokerit, in the Wahatch Mountains near Lake Utah. A district sixty miles in length by twenty in breadth is occupied by beds of shale, and in this shale the wax occurs in layers varying from a streak to twenty feet in thickness, and the quantity is described as 'enormous.'

In 1865 a boring for petroleum was begun near Goderich, Upper Canada, on the border of Lake Huron. The adventurers found not what they were in search of, oil, but a bed of rock-salt thirty feet thick, at a depth of nine hundred and sixty-four feet. Since then, within a distance of fifty miles, other borings have made known the existence of beds of pure salt from ten to sixty feet in thickness. In some places, deposits of brine have been met with, which already are turned to profit in the manufacture of salt on a large scale; and as mining operations to 'get' the rock-salt are planned, there will be a further development of the industrial resources of the region round Goderich.

A writer in the *American Journal* makes known that 'terrible destruction' is going on in the forests of Nevada by the mining population, who are utterly reckless in the use of timber. The forests of that state, he remarks, consist of a few species adapted to struggle with adverse conditions of soil and climate, and are of immense age, most of the trees having reached maturity only after centuries of exceedingly slow growth. On this account, and on their importance in so dry a climate, as reservoirs of moisture, he recommends that the forest-rangers belonging to the general government should be carefully protected. Among the trees, a species known as Nut Pine (*Pinus monophylla*) is pointed out as suitable for the bare and dry hill-sides of

the south of Europe, which have so long resisted the endeavours made to plant them with any European tree. While young, the Nut Pine grows strictly pyramidal; the pleasing glaucous tints of its foliage commend it to the lovers of ornamental conifers; and its delicately flavoured seeds, produced in enormous quantities, would be no unimportant article among the food resources of a hill country.

A statistical Report drawn up by the Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington contains particulars of the agricultural produce of the United States, which seem amazing. Last year, thirty million acres, an area nearly equal to the whole of England, were under wheat, and the produce was more than four hundred and twenty-two million bushels. The estimate for the present year is sixty million bushels more. The yield of oats from twelve million eight hundred thousand acres was more than four hundred and six million bushels; of barley from one million six hundred thousand acres, more than forty-two million bushels; and of buckwheat, about twelve million bushels were harvested. But maize heads the list with thirteen hundred and forty-two million five hundred and fifty-eight thousand bushels, from fifty million three hundred and sixty-nine thousand one hundred and thirteen acres, in 1877. Add to these magnificent totals the potato and other root crops, and as we hinted in a recent article, the claim of America to feed the world will be acknowledged.

The Cooper Union is a New York institution for the advancement of science and art. The trustees, in their twentieth annual Report, just published, state that their chief aim is to teach all conditions and ranks of men and women to work with their hands: they consider it as important for a man with pecuniary resources to be possessed of manual skill, as for one who must earn his daily bread. They believe that schools of industry are a better safeguard against anarchy than 'schools' of knowledge, and that the general misery and pauperism, ever ready for vice and disorder, are more threatening to the maintenance of good government than what is called 'ignorance.' The results so far are encouraging: the number of pupils in the day and evening schools has been at times three thousand a day. In the Art School for women, drawing, painting, photography, and wood-engraving are taught; a department of telegraphy offers a resource to those devoid of artistic facility; and for men there are schools of practical mechanics and engineering. In addition to all this, there is a library of more than fourteen thousand volumes, which is much resorted to; and prizes are given to the most proficient of the pupils.

Perhaps it is not so well known as it ought to be that there are many places in London where mechanical instruction is given, and that more will shortly be available. The City Guilds are about to establish Technical Schools; and a society—the Amateur Mechanics' Workshop Association—are taking measures for the opening of workshops 'wherein students, clerks, and others not at school may be taught practical science and mechanics during their leisure hours.' They already possess lathes, cabinet-makers' benches, glass-blowing apparatus, and a variety of tools; and, as is stated, several gentlemen well known in the scientific world are prepared to instruct. The number of members is already about six hundred, and a class

for the study and construction of electrical apparatus is making good progress. We heartily wish success to this praiseworthy undertaking.

The *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* contains an account of a very remarkable snow-fall that took place in Kashmir, to the astonishment alike of the inhabitants and of meteorologists. Early in October 1877, snow began to fall, and continued almost without intermission up to May 1878, when the general depth was estimated at from thirty to forty feet. The effects were disastrous. Houses and villages were crushed under the enormous weight; long ranges of hillslopes, with all their trees and vegetation, were swept away by avalanches, which left huge gaps in the primeval forests; and wild animals, chiefly the ibex and bears, perished in large numbers. Much of the snow remained unmelting even in September 1878.

The President of the Society, Mr W. T. Blanford, F.R.S., in his last anniversary address, expresses his hope that something will be done to remove the reproach that we have less knowledge of the rivers of India than of Africa, and that the sources of the Nile and Congo have been explored before those of the Brahmaputra and Irrawadi. To penetrate Tibet, and thence explore the upper waters of the great streams that irrigate our Indian territory, would be difficult; but able and willing explorers are ready to offer their services. If these are not accepted, the task will be accomplished by some adventurous Russian or German.

Since the establishment of a central meteorological office for the whole of India, telegraphic weather reports are received every day from forty-nine stations, ranging from Assam to Ceylon, and from Bombay to Burmah, giving the readings of barometers and thermometers, direction of wind and rainfall. On receipt of the reports at the government headquarters—Simla or Calcutta, according to season—they are printed with remarks, and promptly circulated. This practice is to be continued, with the addition of lithographed weather-charts for India, similar to those published in Europe and the United States. 'The time may come,' says Mr Blanford, 'when a meteorological report will have to be posted at every thannah (police station) in the empire, in order to warn farmers when to expect rain or fine weather for their crops; and there can be no reasonable doubt that either a continuance of dry weather or heavy rainfalls could, in India, as a general rule, be foretold several days beforehand even now.'

Cyclones are carefully investigated, and some knowledge of the laws by which their movements are regulated has been obtained, and it is hoped that warning of their approach may ere long be given by telegraph. Destructive as those whirling storms are on the water, they are far more destructive on the land by their huge invading sea-wave. In the Backergunge cyclone of 1876, one hundred thousand human lives perished; and at Masulipatam, thirty thousand persons were swept away in a single night.

With reference to Overseeing in Demerara—an account of which we recently gave—the Colonial Company, 16 Leadenhall Street, London, will supply all needful information. In reply to many inquiries on the subject, we have to state

that it is hazardous to go out to Demerara without having a situation previously secured, or letter of introduction to some person of influence in the colony.

BIRD-NOTES.

THREE SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

WE are indebted to a lady contributor for the following bird-notes.

Birds are not usually credited with half the intelligence or good qualities that are freely attributed to a few favoured animals; but many well-authenticated instances prove them to possess a very large share. The following cases came under my own eyes. The first I will relate occurred when I resided in a detached country-house far from any town, and where I had many feathered friends, with whom I became on the most confidential terms. The winter had been exceptionally severe and long, the snow lying deep on the ground for a considerable time. The birds had suffered terribly. I had a large muster of daily pensioners; but as numbers were still frozen to death, I had an unused room turned into a refuge for the destitute, a temporary home for my out-patients; and soon had a perfect aviary in it by merely leaving the window open from early in the morning till dusk. There were representatives of many families, and amongst them some not usually on sociable terms with mankind. One robin was soon the tamest of all my welcome visitors, and he remained long after the rest had left. He was so perfectly fearless that he not only made himself quite at home in his own quarters, but he would fly into an adjoining sitting-room, alight on the breakfast-table, pick up crumbs, and to the surprise and amusement of all, even perch on a loaf of bread and help himself, calmly looking round with his large expressive eyes in a most entertaining manner, and eventually returning to his adopted home, where there was food and water; therefore neither hunger nor thirst could have led him to pay these visits.

As the warmer days came on, he would sit near the open window and sing in the sunshine. He at length flew out; and I feared that I should not see my pretty friend again; but towards evening he returned to roost, and I closed the window as before. He continued to fly away and return thus for some time. Then he came *2s* no longer, but would sit in a laurel bush close to the window and sing most sweetly. By degrees he came less frequently, and when birds began to build, I lost sight of him. I left the neighbourhood shortly after, and with sincere regret bade farewell to the hope of seeing my grateful little favourite again. I only trust that if he returned and sought for shelter in other winters, he may have found a welcome from later occupants of the house. I shall never forget his gratitude and trustfulness; and all robins will for his sake be specially endeared to me. He was a beautiful specimen of his class; and I often thought, in listening to his sweet wild notes, and in admiring his bright brown plumage and his vividly red breast, that if he had been a native of some tropical land, a far higher value would have been by most people

set upon him. But 'no man is a prophet in his own country and amongst his own kindred.'

The second of my recollections in illustration of bird-life will be a very brief story to tell; but it caused perhaps more actual amusement than either of the others. The servants had been for some time in the habit, during some very hard weather, of feeding a house-sparrow at the kitchen-door, and by degrees had lured him into coming inside. He grew so tame, that when they were sitting at the table he would hop about close to their chairs and go in and out underneath the table, and in this manner was a constant visitor for some weeks. He also subsequently visited my portion of the premises, and we became even greater friends. When the frost disappeared, I thought the sparrow had left us; for on inquiry I found that he had not been seen for some days. One warm sunny morning I had opened the French-windows, but did not notice him outside, when suddenly I heard an extraordinary sound, something like the squeaking noise made in using india-rubber, or that of love-birds when going to roost. There on the carpet close to my feet was our old friend the sparrow, making an insane attempt at singing; and the house-sparrow not being exactly a song-bird, the nearest approach that he could make to music was the indescribable serenade that I had heard. He looked most ludicrous, warbling his love-song in his new rôle of tenor. I have no doubt that he was doing his utmost to express his thanks for our hospitality. It was the best acknowledgment that he could make, the sweetest song that he could sing. Sims Reeves could have done no more. After exhausting all his powers of vocalisation, he flew away, and we never, to our knowledge, saw him again.

The third of my *souvenirs* probably the inhabitants of towns will consider a purely imaginary story, but it is nevertheless strictly true; and country residents, in their constant observation of the habits of wild-birds, I have no doubt often hear of and witness instances quite as curious. Returning home from a long mountain ramble, I saw a poor little newly fledged bird on the roadside, evidently but lately out of the nest; though there was neither hedge nor bush near to account for its being where it was. I took it home with me; but doubting whether I could rear one so young, I looked about to see if I could discover the parent-birds; and soon gladly deserted two hedge-sparrows following me, and evidently in a state of great excitement over the collapse of their domestic arrangements. Having heard that if a young bird be placed in a cage where it can be easily seen and heard by the old birds, they will continue to feed it, I placed the little foundling in a cage and hung it on the porch. The heads of the family continued near, but never approached the cage; and as the sun was going down, I was at a loss what to do for the best. After a short consideration, I took the little 'waif and stray,' and holding it so that the father and mother could clearly see it, I walked slowly towards a corn-field—only divided by some hurdles from the garden—and saw that they still followed me, and continued to do so, till I reached my destination. There I held up my protégé for a few minutes well in view, and then quietly placed

it on the ground, and stood a few paces off awaiting the result. After a short pause, I saw both the old birds fly down to the spot where I had left their newly-recovered treasure; and so the happy family were now reunited.

About a week afterwards I was sitting near a window that opened down to the ground, and hearing an unusually loud twittering of birds in the garden, I feared that something had alarmed them. Close to the veranda I discovered the two hedge-sparrows and their loved one—now strong and able to fly—assembled before me, trying their utmost to attract attention. The old birds were evidently immensely proud of their son and heir. I am perfectly convinced that they were the same trio. It was late in the building season; there had been no nests, to my certain knowledge, immediately round the house; no young birds had been seen near; and in any other case there would in all probability have been more than one hedge-sparrow hatched. Beyond a doubt this was the pleasant termination of the wreck ashore in which I had so willingly come to the rescue. The visit was a thank-offering for assistance at a time of need. They remained for some minutes triumphantly exhibiting themselves, singing and chirping to the best of their ability; and then all three flew away 'to fresh fields and pastures new.' Thus ended three scenes in the romance of real life.

IN THE WOODS.

The following lines were suggested by the backwardness of the past season. Flowers which in ordinary seasons ought to have bloomed early in May, only made their appearances in June; while in the latter month even primroses might be culled in 'sheltered nooks.'

FEATHERY larches here and there
Tremble in the fragrant air;
Slowly opening, ash-trees green
With half-folded leaves are seen;
May-bloom lingering scarce full-blown,
By its fragrant breath is known.

Spring yet lingers—light leaves fall
From the sweet wild-cherry boughs;
And the poplars slim and tall
Fan with rustling leaves our brows;
In some sheltered nooks that lie
Far from sunlight, you may still
Pluck a primrose, if you will;
And on yonder hedge-bank high,
Golden gorses, late and fair,
Perfume all the sunny air;
While pale hyacinths, out of date,
Sweet and faint their odour spread;
And tall oxlips brown and dead,
For another spring-time wait!

And we hail the Summer gladly,
Though its footsteps seem so slow;
And the flowers of Spring that blow
Thus in June, smile somewhat sadly.
Yet the seasons come and go,
Still obedient to the call
Of the Hand which ruleth all!

J. C. H.

EAST LOTHIAN, June 24, 1879.

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THE FREE HOSPITAL SYSTEM.

TWELVE months ago, in an article, 'Mischievous Philanthropy,' we drew attention to the abuses arising from the establishment of free dispensaries and hospitals. We attempted to shew that the lavish way in which these so-called charities were administered tended to demoralise not only the native inhabitants of large cities, but the masses of strangers whom they attracted from distant parts of the country. It was stated on good authority that owing to the drain upon them, twenty-eight hospitals in the metropolis were urgently in want of funds. Since that time, matters have been going from bad to worse. The fact is at length discovered, which might have been found out long ago, that the system of almost indiscriminate admission to the benefits of medical hospitals is wrong in principle; that a large number of patients, probably more than one half, are able to pay something towards the cure of their ailments; and that gratuitous relief, besides imposing an unnecessary burden on the community, is a direct encouragement of improvidence.

The mischief effected in various ways by this kind of wastefulness is evidently dawning on the public. One of the latest demonstrations of dissatisfaction is rather curious. A deputation of medical and other gentlemen waited on the Home Secretary to ask for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the management of the large hospitals, with a view to a reform in the system complained of. This strikes us as a strange method of trying to reform an abuse which is purely voluntary. If there be a consciousness that the hospitals are badly conducted, let the contributors provide a remedy by simply challenging the rules, and, if need be, stopping the supplies. The government, as far as we can see, has nothing to do with the matter. Should it be desirable to arouse and concentrate public opinion, this could be accomplished by the leading municipal authority placing itself at the head of the movement. Such would naturally occur to any

one out of London. The meeting with the Home Secretary, however, was not thrown away. It evoked a few striking particulars. Among these was the estimate that upwards of a million persons obtained gratuitous hospital relief in London every year. This statement, which was equivalent to saying that one in four of the population were medically pauperised, shewed the great extent to which the abuse had grown. Sir William Gull urged 'that there was great room for inquiry into the hospital management of London, as charity was wasted upon those who should not receive it.' Referring to the out-patient or dispensary system, Sir Charles Trevelyan said: 'The out-patient departments of hospitals were thronged by persons with ailments which might be regarded as certain to come to human nature. The large numbers had grown through hospitals advertising the "numbers relieved;" and it was stated that as many as one million four hundred thousand went to the London hospitals in a year. The system was stimulated by "subscribers' letters;" manufacturers who had put down their names for a five-pound or ten-pound subscription gave their well-paid workmen letters of recommendation to hospitals, and in return got fifty times the value of what they paid. Noblemen and gentlemen at the West End paid a guinea, and sometimes as much as five (a laugh), to an institution; but they sent their highly-paid butlers, housekeepers, and ladies-maids as patients in return.'

In reply to the various speakers, the Home Secretary said he should advise 'the large hospitals to set before themselves the task of remedying the abuses of which the deputation had spoken.' This was common-sense. It is the duty of the hospitals to set about that kind of reform in their management which would check the outlay on patients who are able and perhaps not altogether unwilling to contribute towards the board and medical attendance now offered to them gratuitously. We do not expect, however, that the larger and well-established hospitals will readily concur in ingrafting rules for payment on the old pauperising arrangements. It is generally

out of their way to do so. A more eligible proceeding would consist in organising associations for promoting methods of treatment by regulated annual fees, under the name of Provident Hospitals or Provident Dispensaries. The idea of such a thing will not, of course, meet with the approval of wild philanthropists, whose sole notion of doing good is to give for nothing, and saddle the expenses on voluntary contributories, or on ratepayers.

In this as in some other departments of social economics, the provinces, and even some of the colonial possessions, have got ahead of London. Less governed by routine than the metropolis, they have here and there struck out the idea of organising Provident Dispensaries. Take one or two examples. A correspondent of the *Hampshire Telegraph* wrote as follows, November 1878: 'I have always looked with the greatest interest on the movement to establish Provident Dispensaries throughout the country, and believing it to be one great means for enabling the working classes to obtain medical assistance without in any way pauperising them or lowering their manly independence, wish it the most entire success. I shall be very glad should the Provident Dispensary lately opened at Landport develop into something really worthy of this large town. I will not stop to inquire what may have been the motive which prompted the starting of this Dispensary, but would instead urge those connected with it to consider whether they could not join with the hospital authorities, and elaborate, as at Manchester and some other places, a Provident Dispensary Association, which might benefit the whole place. We want, not one, but half a dozen of these Dispensaries, and the Out-patient Department of the hospital should be, as at Plymouth, the principal of these. Thinking men are more and more convinced that the free out-patient work at hospitals is in reality a great mistake—that it is a charity vastly abused by many who ought to pay a medical man; and it is notorious that, with the best intentions, it is simply impossible for the out-patient physician and surgeons to give that proper attention which each case demands to the crowds which apply for aid. Many remedies have been sought for this, which I will not now enter into; but one of these, which has met with much success, is to change the Out-patient Department into a Provident Dispensary. Is it too much to hope that the question I have raised may be at least discussed by the hospital authorities in conjunction with those interested in the Provident Dispensary just started in Commercial Road? There are many points which would require most careful consideration; but the main conditions of success are: That those only should be permitted to become paying members whose wages are such that they cannot in any other way afford to pay a medical man, and yet who ought to be above being attended gratis. That each member should have the choice of his medical attendant.

That the whole of the medical men of these towns should be consulted, and should have the option of being placed on the staff of the proposed Dispensaries.' Here is the true ring of a thrift-loving anti-pauperising Englishman.

It is interesting to note that a Scottish church mission on Mount Lebanon has besides training the young, successfully introduced a paying medical dispensary. On this subject Dr Carslaw reports as follows: 'The work of the dispensary has been more hopeful during the year 1878 than in the two previous years. The medical treatment has been more appreciated, and the people are now paying willingly for their medicines, and that is saying a great deal for the Syrians.

'The dispensary is open at three o'clock in the afternoon. Each patient comes to the table in turn, has his or her symptoms inquired into, and gets the necessary prescription, which is made up by one of my two assistants. Most of the people now pay full price for their medicines, but there are many cases too poor to pay—these get them free. The most common diseases treated in the dispensary have been fevers, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, dysentery, rheumatism, bronchitis, pneumonia, &c. Fractures have been pretty numerous, and among them were two cases of fractured skull. Wounds, especially of the head and face, were very numerous, caused chiefly by falls upon the sharp rocks and stones so plentiful in Lebanon.'

Perhaps partly owing to the discouragement from the Home Secretary, a conference of several public bodies connected with charities took place in Cannon Street Hotel on the evening of the 21st June, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of establishing a metropolitan association to provide for the ordinary medical treatment of the industrial classes on self-supporting principles, in due relation to the hospitals. We quote as follows from the newspapers. 'There was a large attendance. Mr Stansfeld, M.P., occupied the chair, and was supported by Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr Holmes, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Canon Clarke, Mr Hamilton Hoare, Dr Fairlie Clarke, and others. Mr Stansfeld, in the course of his opening remarks, said he believed that the time might yet come when parliament might say to itself the only charity, the only system of gratuitous assistance which the law can permit to exist and encourage must be a charity wisely administered, so as not to create pernicious habits of dependence and pauperism, but to make people help themselves. The reforms they were invited to inaugurate could only be established by the determined co-operation of the members of the industrial classes themselves, but they were necessary because the hospital system of London was on the point of breaking down. The strain upon the limited number of the wealthy, charitable, and generous was becoming almost too heavy, and indoor and outdoor relief had become largely indiscriminate. The object the conference had before it was to provide dispensaries all over London, where young but com-

petent medical men could each receive a limited number of patients, act to them as family doctors did to the middle and upper classes, visiting them at their homes, and when they came to very serious cases, referring them to the hospitals with which the dispensaries were affiliated. Sir Charles Trevelyan moved a resolution, seconded by Mr Byne, and carried with only one dissentient, in favour of the establishment of a metropolitan association for the purpose of providing for the ordinary medical treatment of the industrial classes on provident principles, in due relation to the hospitals. Mr Timothy Holmes, St George's Hospital, moved the appointment of a representative committee of fifteen members to prepare rules, to be submitted to a subsequent meeting; which after some discussion was agreed to.

Here is the promise of something being done in the right direction, though it remains to be seen whether the movement so initiated will be conspicuously successful. The metropolis is difficult to move. We trust that no effort will be spared, through the agency of the press and otherwise, to secure support for the newly formed association. We have likewise some hope that medical practitioners will lend their aid in promoting a Hospital and Dispensary system which shall embrace the principle of paying for medical relief by classes of persons who have hitherto shrunk from their proper obligations. We know no order of professional men who are called on to give so much of their valuable time for nothing, as medical practitioners generally. What they do gratuitously, not only for hospitals but for crowds of outdoor patients who seek their advice, is altogether marvellous. On one occasion, we heard a skilled and kind-hearted medical man say that for his ministrations among persons who were really well off he rarely received any remuneration—that if all who sought and received his advice were to give him only a shilling each, he should realise a thousand a year! In short, the shabbiest shifts imaginable are resorted to for the purpose of shirking payment to the doctor. On the public at large, therefore, rests the obligation of, in all cases, paying for medicine and medical attendance where practicable. Where there is the misfortune of utter poverty, the dispensation of charitable relief is of course a duty which no one can reasonably challenge.

Possibly, the subject has never been thoroughly pressed on general consideration. London is proud of its hospitals, supported by voluntary contribution. They offer a noble instance of what may be done by private and unobtrusive generosity. The same feeling prevails elsewhere. A large town with incalculable energy manages to build and complete a hospital, or infirmary, on a more than usually grand scale, and points to the vast numbers whom it gratuitously shelters and relieves. Not a thought is given to the fact that as administered it is a gigantic means of pauperisation. Doubtless, while doing much good, and while serviceable to medical science, it evidently has a

demoralising tendency. To be unqualifiedly proud of such an institution, is about as ridiculous as to be proud of having a large and always well-filled prison or workhouse, which in either case should properly be matter for humiliation and regret.

Viewed in the light now brought under notice, the free hospital system clearly stands in need of reform. Without in the slightest degree repressing charitable aid where it is absolutely necessary, and where it is especially needed in cases of emergency, the public, on seeing the matter in its true light, are bound to further any reasonable scheme for lessening the burden of free hospitals and free dispensaries, by establishing processes of payment on a modified scale suitable to the means of the classes who ordinarily depend on hospital assistance. We are aware this may not be a popular advice; but it is at all events consistent with moral and economical principles, and at the present conjuncture is certainly worth thinking of.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XLII.—RALPH SWART'S RIDE.

It was the second day after that which had witnessed Sir Lucius Larpent's second and disastrous visit to the Mawth Mill, and towards noon, that the Black Miller rode clattering into the stony streets of Treport. He put up his horse at a small inn frequented by farmers from the country round, and strode off on foot, choosing such thoroughfares as were the loneliest, and making his way towards a remote part of the little seaport town. He had an appointment to keep. On the previous day he had himself posted at Tregunnow a letter which was to give notice to the person with whom he desired to confer to be in readiness at the trysting-place he had selected. And from what he knew of Salem Jackson, he had little doubt but that the Americanised Cornishman would readily fall in with his views.

It was a wet, wild day. Fierce gusts of wind, chasing before them, like hunted creatures, the blurred and ragged masses of the clouds, swept at intervals over land and sea, and heavy showers succeeded to them; while those who were reputed weather-wise predicted a coming storm that should play havoc with farm-stock and shipping alike. As it was, the bad weather of the last two weeks had deluged the low-lying lands, and converted brooks into rivers, and trickling rills into brooks. The mill-stream at Pen Mawth was so swollen that the mill had ceased working, and labourers had been employed during the whole of the preceding day in repairing the dam and strengthening the sluice. But in the morning the Black Miller had risen early, had prepared his own ride breakfast, and saddled his own horse, and ridden slowly off through the dim light of the wintry dawn, locking the door of his house, and marking it with a broad cross in chalk, by which token the hind who acted as his servant would learn that for that day his customary household duties need not be discharged.

Ralph Swart had but seldom been in Treport, some five or six times perhaps, during the many years of his residence at Pen Mawth. But he was one of those men whose powers of observation are quick, and their memory for localities tenacious. Few natives of the little coast-town, Treporters

born and bred, could have found their way more unerringly among the devious by-ways, the stairs, and alleys that intersected the outskirts of the place, than did the dangerous tenant of the Mawth Mill. And at last he reached the spot which he had selected as the scene of his conference with the kindred spirit whom he had chosen to aid him in his dark designs. Nothing would have been easier than to have arranged for an interview in a private parlour of some tavern or inn. But the Black Miller preferred, like the Douglas of old, rather to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak, and mistrusted partitions and doors, as convenient hiding-places for surreptitious eaves-droppers.

It has been mentioned that there was a lane, winding upwards between high banks, and which furnished the shortest path, although steep and rugged, from the beach to the environs of Llosthuel Court. It was up this lane, the lower end of which almost skirted old Captain Trawl's garden hedge, that Hugh Ashton had wended his way when, before quitting Treport, he sought one parting look at Mand's windows, from beyond the fence of Lady Larpent's rose-garden. A quieter spot than this, or one in which conversation was less liable to interruption, could not easily have been found so near Treport; for the dwellings bordering on the lane occurred only at rare intervals, and the foot-passengers who traversed it were rarer still.

It so happened that Rose Trawl, a little basket on her arm, came tripping lightly down this winding lane, returning from some household errand, when suddenly, as she was about to turn an angle of the rocky road, she heard what made her stop as abruptly as if by magic art her feet had become rooted to the ground. The words she heard were: 'This Hugh Ashton, fine fellow as they think him, will get the worst of it for once, ho, ho! the worst of it for once!' The speech was ambiguous; but there was that in the deep, hoarse voice that uttered it which made Rose Trawl's heart almost cease to beat, so fraught did it seem with malice and menace.

'He can't get worse than I wish him,' said another voice, higher and shriller, and which Rose fancied that she had heard before. 'Confound him! if this had been New Orleans instead of Treport, I'd have settled scores with him long ago, for getting me sacked from the steamer. But bowie-knives don't pay, in this benighted old island, boss!'

Rose rallied all her courage, and, herself unseen, peering cautiously round the cover of the rock, saw the two men to a portion of whose conversation she had listened. One was a stranger, a large-made, powerful man of middle age, with a dark, stern face, booted and spurred, and with a heavy whip under his arm. He held a written paper in his hand, which the other, who was dressed as a seaman, and in whom Rose recognised Salem Jackson the mutineer, was in the act of receiving from him. One glimpse was enough, and then the girl cowered down behind the rock, like a hare in its form. Would they murder her, this pair of evil companions, if they detected her in the act of listening to the details of the wicked plot against her good friend and former guest, Hugh Ashton? It seemed not unlikely; but then had not Providence sent her there to frustrate the conspiracy, and should she not be brought un-

harmed out of the peril of the moment! She held her breath, and waited to hear more.

'This is better than bowie-knives!' said the tall dark man, authoritatively. 'Do not lose this paper, with the address of the inn at Bullbury, and let us consider it a bargain. The contents of the cash-box are your perquisite. The hundred pounds you shall have as soon as you have earned them by bringing about the ruin of the man you hate. Let me know for certain that Hugh Ashton has left Hollow Oak Station with iron bracelets round his wrists, a disgraced man for life, and you shall have the sum I mentioned, all in gold. Here are five sovereigns for expenses.' And the money clinked as it was put into the sailor's ready palm.

'All right, Ralph Swart!' exclaimed Salem Jackson joyfully. 'A bargain it is. But I can tell you, Mr Swart, or Grewler, I don't do it as much for the yellow shiners, as to be revenged on that coxcomb of a Captain, forsooth! And a fine vengeance too!'

'Ay, and safe!' muttered his confederate, in a tone of ill-disguised contempt. 'Drop me a line at Pen Mawth Mill, near Tregunnow Churchtown, to say when the job is done.'

And then, to Rose's inexpressible relief, the two voices and the footsteps of the speakers died away gradually in the distance. But although the rain, which had set in again, beat heavily upon her crouching form, the girl did not dare to rise and continue her homeward route until many minutes had elapsed.

Meanwhile the Black Miller, having parted with his accomplice, made his way in the same circuitous fashion as that which he had previously adopted, back to the inn where he had left his horse. He dined alone, eating voraciously, as was his wont, and drank deeply afterwards, chuckling to himself, as he sat at his solitary table, his hat drawn down over his massive brows, and a glass of stiff grog before him, while the storm increased, and the short-lived daylight waned. Then he called for his bill, and ordered his horse.

'A rough, wild night, squire,' said the wondering hostler, as he brought round the horse to the inn-door.

'Who cares!' answered Ralph Swart with an oath, as he swung himself into the saddle, and clattered up the street, and out into the open country.

A wild night it was, and a toilsome ride that lay before him. The shrieking wind swept by with furious force, and the blinding rain fell in such sheets, and with such violence, that it was hard to make head against it. The horse the Black Miller rode, a thorough-bred, purchased cheaply from Sir Lucius Larpent, and always vicious tempered, reared and swerved in a manner that would have unseated an average horseman. Again and again did the terrified horse refuse to face the storm, and each time his rider forced him on, at a hand-gallop, in the teeth of howling wind and driving rain. The tempest seemed to gain in strength as Ralph Swart left Treport and the coast behind, and crossed the moorlands, rolling far away inland. The very road was like a lake, while great pools of water had collected in the lower fields, and still the rain fell, and still the wind rushed by with a sound like the cry of wolves clamorous for their prey.

Strangely enough, the spirits of the Black Miller seemed to rise as he confronted the fury of the storm. He sang snatches of old half-forgotten songs, and laughed with a grim enjoyment of the tumult of the elements, and of his own iron nerves and iron frame, that rendered him indifferent to all. The snorting horse in vain tried to break from the control of the rider, in vain plunged and reared, swerving across the flooded road, and straining at the bit. Ralph Swart merely laughed, and spurred on, firm in his saddle, as though he had been a centaur indeed.

Presently the landscape grew more familiar. To the left were a few scattered lights, that must proceed from the windows of Tregunnow Church-town. To the right, dimly descried through the shadows of night, rose an ungainly black mass, that could be no other than the Hill of Death, looming far over the dismal landscape that it crowned. Near the road were strewed rubbish-heaps uncounted, piled up, as Ralph Swart well knew, near the yawning mouth of many a work-out mine. It was with a sort of chuckle of self-congratulation that he remembered the visit of Sir Lucius, and how it ended. He had done that day another stroke of business, had blighted—so he hoped—the life of one who had indeed harmed him in nothing, but whose existence was to him a standing source of danger. What cared he for wet or mire, or the toil of the long ride! His jaded horse went quietly enough beneath him now.

How loud was the roar of the mill-stream, as it rushed, torrent-like, down the ghastly ravine, topped by frowning crags, in which his mill was built! But here was the mill itself now, and his journey was over. Dismounting, Ralph Swart led his weary horse into the shed that did duty for a stable, unsaddled it, and, replacing the bridle by a halter, tossed a measure of corn into the manger, and shook down some marsh-hay into the clumsy rack. Then, carrying the stable lantern, which it had been his first care to light, in his hand, he shut the door of the shed, and entered his own house, the door of which he locked, barred, and bolted with his usual jealous care. How loud was the roar of the mill-stream as it rushed, washing and gurgling among the stones hard by! Never had the Black Miller heard it sound so portentous during all the years of his tenancy of the Mill of Death.

CHAPTER XLIII.—ROSE WRITES TO MAUD.

Rose Trawl's being natural terror, so long as she ran the risk of being discovered in her hiding-place behind the rock by those with regard to whom she had involuntarily played the part of a spy, gave place, so soon as she had gained the security of her own home, to an equally natural indignation. She trembled now, not for herself, but for gallant Hugh Ashton, knowing, as she did, that the very frankness of the young man's generous nature was likely to render it the more easy for his enemies to insure him to his ruin. That the pair of conspirators whose talk she had overheard were not likely to be restrained by any scruples, she could well believe. Salem Jackson bore but an indifferent character in his native place, and although reputed more untrustworthy than truculent, was known to have uttered threats

at the bar of more than one public-house against his former Captain.

By far the most dangerous of Hugh's unsuspected foes, so Rose deemed, was the Black Miller. That shrewd, massive face, swarthy as that of a Spaniard, and lit up by those baleful eyes, was not readily to be forgotten. Ralph Swart was one of those men whose daring it is impossible for the most casual observer to doubt, and whose strength and cunning would forbid the boldest to despise their enmity. Hugh must be warned. Hugh must be saved. But how? Rose could not venture to tell her ailing grandfather, whose health had lately altered for the worse, what she had overheard. 'He should be kept quiet,' the doctor had said; and besides, the old sea-captain, as unsuspecting as a child by temperament and habit, was by no means the sort of counsellor in such a strait as this.

Lady Larpent was the personage whose image next rose up in poor Rose's bewildered imagination; but there were two reasons why an appeal to the strong-willed Lady of Lloshedd seemed to be out of the question. It had filtered round somehow, through small tradesfolk and through the servants at the Court, that the Dowager's early liking and esteem for Hugh Ashton had changed, for some inexplicable reason, into frigid disapprobation. And then Lady Larpent was known to be in trouble just then, concerning the unaccountable disappearance of her eldest son, Sir Lucius, relating to whom all manner of vague and alarming reports were in circulation. To whom, then, could Rose turn, save to her betrothed husband, Will Farleigh! But the young ornithologist was absent just then, on one of his professional rambles in search of rare specimens that would be acceptable to collectors; and a day, and the better part of another, were thus unavoidably lost.

When Will Farleigh did come back, and heard his sweetheart's story, pretty Rose had no need to complain of the lack of sympathy. That Hugh Ashton—dear, brave Hugh—the man who had saved his life, and whose friendship he felt to be an honour, should be threatened by hidden foes, with some cowardly vengeance half explained, was enough to awaken every manly impulse in the bird-hunter's nature.

'Swart—Ralph Swart—and Pen Mawth Mill—you are quite sure of those names, Rose dear?'

'Yes,' Rose was quite sure.

'Well,' said Will thoughtfully, 'I have heard tell in the country, inland, of such a mill, and of such a man, and never heard any good of either. But did not the other scamp, Salem Jackson, call this Swart by another name—I did not catch that?'

'Yes; Rose was certain that she had heard the Black Miller addressed by two names. One was Swart. The other was Grewler.

'But then, what do they intend to do? It can't be murder, because of what was said about iron bracelets!' said Will, staring hard at a beam which spanned the ceiling, as if he hoped to find an explanation written there.

'Salem Jackson did talk of bowie-knives!' said Rose gravely.

'But Salem Jackson's more brag than do!' returned her affianced one. 'He's but a coward, slippery as he is. I happened to hear him, a fort-

night ago, abusing Captain Hugh at the *Blue Anchor*, and I promised him a set of aching bones if he dared breathe a word against a man whose little finger was worth Salem's whole body. He was the bigger of the two, but he only looked black, and slunk out. No; if he does mischief, it'll be by stealth, and in a sneaking way, as suits him.

'But the other—that Swart, or whatever he is—he looked wicked, but bold as a black lion!' objected Rose.

'Ay, that, if all tales be true, is a bird of another hackle!' answered her lover meditatively. 'But then, Rose, as luck will have it, your black lion does not seem to care to go to Dorsetshire himself, but prefers to send out his skulking jackal, as I've read that lions do at times, to do his dirty work for him. What are *we* to do? is the question. Captain Hugh's so open and fearless, it would be useless to caution him. Stop! You know Miss Maud there—at her uncle's fine house at Alfringham, close by—she always was kind to you—and she should be kind to Hugh, that saved her from drowning in Wales yonder. Can't you write to Miss Maud, and I'll carry the letter?'

Rose looked aghast at first, partly at the proposal that she should write a letter, diffident as she felt of her own powers as a correspondent, and partly at the idea of addressing, with pen and ink, a lady by birth, and an heiress.

'Very kind she always was—but I've not often spoken to her, Will, not above half-a-dozen times!' said the girl shyly.

However, for Hugh's sake, and with Will's help, the letter was written. Here it is:

HONOURED MISS MAUD—Excuse the liberty I take—Will Farleigh, who, as Lady Larpent knows, is to be married to me as soon as we are Rich enough—will carry this letter himself, all the long way from Cornwall to my lord your Uncle's grand home in Dorsetshire—but I am drove to intrude by the Peril of one respected and Liked by us all. I am no great scholar, nor clever with my Pen, but sooner than Harm should come to Captain Hugh Ashton, to whom all Owe so much, he being the brave good young man we all know him to be, I would walk every step of the road, if needed, to say how Wicked men have plotted his Ruin. Which William Farleigh, who takes this, will explain, and how by the Lord's mercy I was enabled to overhear bad people—names of Salem Jackson, which, for our shame, he is a Cornishman, and sailor here, and Ralph Swart—or Grewler—called the Black Miller of Pen Mawth, Tregunnow Churchtown, talking how to do our friend hurt, and bring Disgrace to him that deserves so well of All. I hope my Lord Penrith is quite well. I hope Mrs Stanhope is quite well. And, with best respects, no more now from your grateful servant,

ROSE TRAWL.

For God's sake, get my lord to protect Captain Hugh.

TRAFALGAR, December 29, 18—.

With this letter, Will Farleigh, with Rose's savings in his pocket, to eke out his own meagre ones, started by the night-train from the nearest station, to which, for time-saving, he hired a gig from the same inn at which the Black Miller had put up his horse, and travelled all night. The

morning was well advanced before, walking from Stedham Station, at which, it being a larger place, more trains stopped than at Hollow Oak, the traveller had alighted. Will came in sight of the stately pile of Alfringham. Now, there was really no particular reason why Rose's affianced husband should not have rung the door-bell, stated his name and whence he came, and obtained an interview with Miss Stanhope. But he thought there was; and Rose had been strongly of opinion that he must approach Miss Maud secretly, and deliver his credentials in quite a mysterious fashion. And when he saw how very big and splendid was Lord Penrith's mansion, Will's heart failed him a little, and he began to think that the hardest part of his task yet lay before him.

To deliver a letter privately, even for the best of motives, to a young lady of high degree, dwelling beneath the roof of such a relative as was the noble master of Alfringham, is no easy matter. Figaro or Scapin might manage it, by some display of practised impudence; but otherwise it is hard indeed. However, fortune befriended the young bird-stuffer, in that he met Miss Stanhope in the park, and close to the garden gate, and alone. Will introduced himself promptly enough, putting the letter forward, however, and keeping himself in the background to the utmost of his power, precisely as Rose, in her awe of a social superior, had thrown the onus of explanation on Will.

Miss Stanhope read the letter with an agitation of manner which surprised the young Cornishman, but was much perplexed by its contents. Plots and conspiracies were things so foreign to the world in which she had lived, a world of decorous observances and of conventional propriety, that she seemed bewildered, until Will's almost verbatim account of the conversation which Rose Trawl had overheard convinced her of the danger that menaced Hugh.

Then Maud read the letter of her humble friend once more, and this time understood it. Now she could see the peril, undefined and shadowy; but not on that account the less to be dreaded, that impended over him she loved. And, in the fear of losing him, in her natural womanly anxiety for his safety, she all but forgot the tacit lesson that she had learned through life, the pride of her superior station. For an instant she forgot that Hugh was but a poor fisherman, who, by gallant efforts, and by the force of a character singularly noble, pure, and strong, was winning his way upwards in the world. For an instant she forgot that she was a lady, and only remembered that she was a girl that loved.

'You are Hugh's friend!' she exclaimed, putting her hand on Will's arm; 'and you owe him, as I do, a life. Help him now, dear Mr Farleigh; for my poor help, which sweet Rose has written, ah! so prettily, to ask, avails little now. My uncle—Lord Penrith—is ill and old, and since the late accident on the railway—brave Hugh again! always foremost when good deeds are done—passes half the day in lethargic sleep. Go and warn him, good friend! Warn Captain Ashton that traitors are plotting—not his death—who dares meet him, face to face!—but some cruel scheme, to which his own guileless confidence may— O warn him, tell him what you have told me—and if you will come to the Hall and tell me that all is

well, I will bless dear Rose Trawl and you for the good deed done.'

So Will Farleigh set off for Hollow Oak Station, while Maund went back to her room to pray for him she loved.

HOME-LIFE OF THE ZULUS.

In the present state of our relations with this people, the following sketch of their social life, their domestic manners and customs, compiled from the most recent books on South Africa, may be of interest to our readers.

Zulu history, in the few words we need devote to it, begins about two years before Waterloo, when King Chaka became chief of the petty tribe which by his military genius he raised into a large and powerful nation. Chaka while a lad in exile had heard from some English sailors of the exploits of the great Napoleon, and this had fired his ambition to become the Napoleon of South Africa.' By great military genius and consummate statecraft he succeeded in his purpose, and in a few years became king of a new and large but compact and rigidly governed nation of warriors.

Under Chaka the whole manhood of the fast-growing Zulu nation was put under compulsory military service, and this has continued to be the law of the country under the three kings—Dingaan, Panda, and Ketchwayo—who succeeded him. This unique army of at least fifty thousand fighting-men is divided into regiments, each having its own military kraal or headquarters. Some of these regiments are composed of married men, others of bachelors; but no man is allowed to marry without the express sanction of the king, which is granted to whole regiments at once, but almost never until the men are past middle age, and have 'washed their spears' in an enemy's blood. Nor can the middle-aged Zulu even then exercise much choice in the selection of his bride, as the king, at the great annual festival when marriages take place, simply orders one regiment to take for wives the daughters of men composing other regiments of his army. If the maidens so chosen refuse to marry at the king's order, and especially if they are detected in love-affairs with men too young to marry, their punishment by the stern Zulu law is death.

The military kraals of each regiment are the villages of Zululand, and it is to them we must go to see the home-life of the people. These kraals consist of a large field, surrounded by a circular stockade about ten feet high, constructed of wattles firmly twisted together. Inside this fence are the huts of the natives, which are built by fixing in the ground a number of pliant poles in a circle, and then bringing their points together at the summit, and fastening them with ropes of hide. These poles, however, do not go up parallel to one another, but cross each other obliquely at regular intervals; and as the intersecting points are firmly tied together, the beehive-shaped huts have all the strength of basket-work; while stout posts driven deeply into the earth at the base give them additional security. The walls outside and in are daubed over with clay; and the

floor is also composed of clay, stamped down hard and polished by friction. The Zulu hut, Captain Lucas tells us in his recent work, 'is not at all an uncomfortable or unsightly dwelling, though affording but a single room for the accommodation of the family.' A partition of wattles, however, divides the interior of a married man's hut into two parts, of which the left-hand room, as one opens the door of wattles, is given over to the women and children, while the other apartment is reserved to the master of the house and his male companions. In each compartment are kept the personal chattels of its occupants: in the man's, his assegais, his shield and rifle, with his uniform of plumes, cow-tails, and apron of wild-cat skin; while the women, besides their simple finery of gale dress, keep the pots of milk, the stores of grain, and the cooking utensils; and under the raised platform on which they sit, the Zulu herdsman shelters his precious lambs and calves from the inclemency of the weather.

The kraals of unmarried regiments differ to this extent from the others, that they are each under the immediate care of an 'induna' or chief, who strictly looks after the men and provides for their maintenance. In a corner of the inclosure, away from the huts, in each of which eight or ten bachelor inmates are housed, is an inner stockade, behind which is the Zulu colonel's 'isogodhlo' or domestic establishment, the houses of his wives, and the huts of his slaves; while in the centre of the great inclosure is his cattle-pen.

Cattle form the only riches of the Zulu; these are the only medium of exchange, and the only means of acquiring power and getting wives. Polygamy is universal; and whenever a man gets leave to marry, the only limit to the number of wives he can take is his power of buying and maintaining them. Each wife costs so many cattle to buy, and for each wife so bought the husband must provide a separate hut; so if a man is wealthy he may continue adding new wives to his household to the end of his days. This has brought about the deplorable state of matters that the more daughters a man has the wealthier he becomes, as daughters are readily available as so much stock for sale to the would-be husband who bids the most cattle for them.

Thus females are little better than slaves; and to them falls the task of digging and hoeing the fields, sowing and reaping the maize-crops, grinding the corn, weaving mats, and most of the other simple industrial labours of the country. Now and then an obliging young man may condescend to help in sowing and harvesting grain; but in no other labour will they help the women; while again there are certain departments of work which are exclusively confined to men, and in which the women dare not engage. It is not surprising to find that three of these are hut-building, the construction of fenced kraals, and the making of weapons; but the fourth is very strange. This is the task of milking cows, 'which,' says Captain Lucas, 'is esteemed rather as a kind of recreation, the practice being to suck the cow's udder with the mouth, and to discharge the milk by mouthfuls into the pail.'

The food of the Zulus is simple, and consists of millet, 'mealies' or maize, and milk, with now and then beef and mutton from their herds. Grain, however, is their staple; and this simplicity

of their commissariat arrangements is one of the great advantages the hardy and lightly equipped Zulu armies have over a British army with all its complicated array of baggage-wagons. A Zulu 'impi' on the war-path is followed by a company of lads, who bear a few days' supply of maize, the sleeping mats and blankets of the warriors, and who assist in driving a small herd of cattle, proportionate to the time the particular expedition is expected to last.

The great national festival of the Zulu year is the U-kweschwana or harvest thanksgiving on the first of January for the crop of maize, which now lies ripe for gathering. All the regiments appear at it, and are exercised and reviewed by the king, who at this festival grants permission to certain old soldiers to retire from military service, and to others to marry. The king then proceeds to perform certain sacrificial rites to their gods, who are the souls of Chaka and other deceased monarchs and heroes, authors of Zulu glory and greatness. Bulls are sacrificed to them, and they are implored to continue sending bountiful harvests, 'that the soldiers may eat and be strong for the noble work of war.' There are no regular temples in Zululand, nor any stated ordinances of public prayer, except at this harvest thanksgiving, and other similar festivals of the year, at which the king, as arch-pontiff, takes the leading part. 'It is evident,' says Captain Lucas, 'that whatever gods the Zulus may have in their own country, they have plenty of devils, and there is perhaps not much to choose between them.' Witchcraft is firmly believed in; and whenever this terrible charge is brought against any man, no matter how blameless his conduct had hitherto been, no mercy is shewn him; and his treatment recalls that dark page that stained our own history not so long ago. This gross superstition affords a ready pretext to king or chief in Zululand for destroying an obnoxious person, or acquiring the wealth of a rich man whose teeming cattle-kraal may have excited their cupidity. The 'inyanga' or witch-finder soon makes out a case against any such unfortunate; and his lands, herds, and women become forfeit to the king or other instigator of the 'inyanga's' accusation.

The ordinary administration of justice by the local chiefs is conducted in a form not very unlike our trial by jury. Plaintiff and defendant, accompanied each by a band of sympathising friends, approach the seat of justice—set up in the middle of the kraal—from opposite directions, shouting out the cause of complaint and the pleas in justification. When they reach the judge, these are restated in a quieter manner: a jury is formed of the notables of the kraal, who examine the witnesses, listen to the speeches of any of the bystanders, and pronounce their opinions how the verdict should go. All this time the 'induna' says not a word, sometimes, even, he lies down and appears to go to sleep; but when he has heard the popular verdict or verdicts, he retires for a little to consult the divine oracles, and then returns to pronounce his judgment, which generally agrees with that of the majority of the jurymen, who, however, are apt to fall in with the popular opinion shouted out by the crowd standing at a little distance from them.

Captain Lucas assures us that, except for the

curious 'click' sounds, which after all are not of frequent occurrence, 'the ordinary flow of Zulu talk is as liquid and melodious as that of Italian.'

A PICTURE-DEALER'S ROMANCE.

I.

I, JOHN GILDERN, was confidential clerk to Messrs Copal and Sons, picture-dealers near Oxford Street, London, long ago when these events happened; and the firm of Gildern and Co., that now passes pictures worth thousands through its hands, was not then even a dream of mine.

I thread my way back through the maze and confusion of a busy life to those forgotten days, and one picture rises before me, real, living, all but substantial in my memory—the one picture that has haunted me through all these years, and that all the gold that ever was coined could not purchase, nor all the power of man give back again to my bodily sight. A young English girl, not tall or queenly, not lofty in looks, but straight and graceful and very fair; a face with clear-cut features, wearing yet the looks of a child; blue eyes, looking upward, with their dark fringes raised; eyes of the softest grayish blue, not bright, unskilled in any artfulness of glance, not fine with any artistic correctness of form; but eyes that were supremely beautiful in that rapt upward look, because they told of a child's unconscious simplicity, of a true heart's open candour, of a pure soul that in everyday life and among every-day things was bright enough to make its presence known. This is the picture in my mind. Marian standing on the door-step of a manor-house watching the floating clouds in the autumn sky. It was a picture of ordinary things with an inner depth of beauty. The accessories were commonplace enough. There was a white pavement before this side-door, some ivy on the wall, and all within was dark. The fair figure thus framed was dressed in some poor cotton stuff of pale-blue and white lines that ran into one soft colour. The dusky brown hair with only a few golden threads where it sprang straight upward from the forehead, was plaited and hung in braids, as was the custom once before in those old days; and the hat with ivy leaves thrust under its band of pale blue, was pushed back, and cast no shadow on that never-to-be-forgotten face.

I, plain John Gildern, was in the most unromantic of moods, when turning out of the path from the side-gate by which I had entered, I came upon this sight. I presented the appearance of the most ordinary man of thirty, such as may be seen any day in London banks or offices in scores. I had come to the house merely on business, with no introduction to the family; but I carried a carpet-bag—a necessary appurtenance of the traveller in those days—and I was invited to stay in the house till my business was done, for it was expected to be troublesome and lengthy work—the drawing up of an accurate catalogue of the names and value of a galleryful of pictures, which the master of this place desired to sell to our firm. At my approach the girl stepped out

of the door-way into the garden, and I saw no more of her that day.

An old gentleman, careworn and, as it seemed to me, not too amiable in appearance or manner, received me in a room full of books and papers. When the servant, a shabby-looking individual with threadbare livery, ushered me into his presence, he was bending over the table looking at some stones and coloured earth through a glass that he held in a thin palsied hand. He drew a newspaper hurriedly over his treasures, and without asking me to be seated, made his inquiries in a proud slow voice. Was I from Messrs Copal and Sons? I was. Had I come to examine the pictures as their agent? Yes; I had come to do that service. Then, he said, holding himself straight all the time, and with a pitiable artifice of display, smoothing back his thin gray hair with the shaking hand, whereon glittered a great diamond—then I would find my room made ready; and I was free to stay at Elmsmere as long as my work lasted, for Messrs Copal had given him to understand that it was sometimes a tedious operation to catalogue and do justice to so many pictures of all degrees of merit. He explained that he was a lover not of art but of study—waving his hand towards the book-shelves. He never went near the picture-gallery, and desiring retirement, he chose to ask but few to his house; so he was anxious to clear off the whole art collection—'all,' he said, 'every one of them;' and with a sudden betrayal of anxiety despite his proud demeanour: 'I am sure sir, Messrs Copal have sent a competent agent who will do my property justice. You can have them all, every one, mind; and I know such a house as yours gives a good price.' Now sir, the servants will attend to your wants.

With that he bowed me out; and the shabby serving-man went before me along the passage, with slippers down at heel and stooping gait; a living satire upon the last order of the poor broken-down gentleman. Such indeed was his master! I knew it as well as if he had shewn me his files of bills and his mortgage papers and the blank credit side of the accounts of Elmsmere. His diamond ring, his cold ceremony, and his erect port bearing fortune, did not deceive me; but I must quit for the credit of me, John Gilden the clerk, that I quitted his presence as I would have quitted that of a millionaire; for respect was commanded by this remnant of a grand family struggling against ill-fortune, and being, as the phrase goes, 'out of luck.'

My work began, and was not easily ended. There were but few paintings of value, though there were many having traditions of great names attached to them, which a close examination proved to be groundless; for these were generally but copies, or works 'in the manner of' Van Eyck or De Wint, as the case might be. There were, however, some really good Dutch pictures, a beautiful but ill-preserved Madonna of the Tuscan school, and a Rubens that sorely puzzled me, but which, as the event proved, turned out to be genuine. The main bulk of the collection were family portraits, worth little more than their frames. It was clear from the names of these that the family was related to a knightly one; but this branch bore no title. There was a veritable Stuart court-lady by Lely among the rubbish; and

there were two pretty children with unkempt hair, great brown eyes, and pointed chins, purporting to be from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is no need to describe, nor can I at this day remember, all the pictures of that miscellaneous collection. But amongst these hundreds of bright or old and discoloured canvases, there was one that attracted my attention, and it was only a little thing, no more than eighteen by twenty inches in size. This was the portrait of a fair young woman among vine-leaves at a window. She was dressed in white silk, adorned with jewels, and with strings of large pearls round her neck. Her hands were raised and clasped as if in some enraptured gesture, her blue eyes cast upwards. And though the dress was so different, and the attitude of the hands was tragic and what we commonly call 'stagey,' I had no difficulty in detecting a striking likeness between those fair, refined, spiritual features and the girl I had seen standing at the door. In the corner of the picture there was an awkward smear of paint. 'That conceals the artist's name,' I thought; and I soon carefully removed it. But beneath there was only scratched in small white letters, 'My Juliet'—two words which cast no light upon my business, but awakened my curiosity to a painful degree. On the back was a date twenty years before.

My work soon put the discovery out of my head. I saw no one all day except the slipshod serving-man; and after a lonely evening, he came with a guttering candle to light me up-stairs to a large bare room, filled with the smoke of an unwanted fire. It was a room with faded hangings, seedy pictures, a tiled hearth-place, and shadowy half-lit walls. Any one nervously inclined would have imagined not one but half-a-dozen ghosts there. I was haunted by nothing but the memory of the girl at the door and the mystery of the portrait with its obliterated name, 'My Juliet.'

II.

All next day I worked alone, the rain pattering against the high narrow windows of the gallery. Many of the family portraits I omitted from my last list as not saleable, and various other pictures I set down as 'doubtful,' not being able without consultation to settle the question of their authenticity, but the little painting of the girl in white silk at the window was so exquisite in feeling, in colour, and in minute finish, that I had no hesitation about placing it in my list. It was about sunset when the light in the gallery was strong and clear in a dry hour after the rain, that as I knelt deciphering some artist's marks on a little Dutch sea-piece hung badly near the floor, I heard a light footfall, and looking up, I beheld a slight girlish figure treading with little slippered feet on the dark oak floor. I rose and bowed. It was the girl of whom I had wished vainly all day and all last evening to catch another glimpse. I rightly guessed that she was my host's granddaughter, and I was not free from an embarrassing flutter of heart when she came to speak to me; but I supposed it would be some message from the old man, nothing more.

The girl drew near and began to speak, with eyes not downcast, but like a child's eyes, raised steadily to mine, with a look that was at once the soul of innocence and maidenly gentleness. 'I

want to ask you,' she said, 'is that picture to be sold among the rest?' The picture she pointed to was that which had roused my curiosity the evening before.

Yes, I said; it was on my list. The instructions received were to the effect that all were to be sold; and though there were some of the larger portraits that I could not take, this picture was of value.

Never shall I forget the effect of these words—the nervous trembling of the girl's lip and the liquid look in the blue eyes. 'Sir,' she said, addressing me in that way because she knew nothing of latter-day customs, and was making an urgent appeal—'Sir, it is my mother's portrait. Grandfather does not care for it; but oh! I do. It is no use for me to ask it of him, he thought so little of her. But will you ask him, and have it kept for me?'

'Most assuredly I will,' said I, looking down at the earnest face, which it would have taken a harder and a more unchivalrous heart than John Gildern's to refuse. 'I am certain there will be no difficulty about having it left out of the list.'

'I am not so sure of that,' she said, smiling and shaking her head. 'Grandfather has such strange ideas sometimes, and he keeps so to whatever he once says.'

'Other people do that too,' I replied assuringly. 'I shall keep to what I have said, and see that the picture remains here.'

With her sweet voice she thanked me, and went away, leaving poor John Gildern standing still, note-book in hand, calling to mind every word that had passed, like any romantic swain of twenty, wondering if he would see her again, and through sheer anxiety, fancying every word of his own had been awkwardly and stupidly uttered.

When the servant summoned me to my solitary dinner, and took his place behind my chair in the deserted dining-room, full of faded grandeur, I could no longer resist the temptation to find out something about the family, or rather—need I conceal it!—about my charming little maid.

'It is rather tedious work for me here,' I said as a beginning, my preoccupation causing me to make such spluttering failures in dismembering a duck, that I knew the shabby-coated old man was grinning behind my shoulder. 'Family portraits are such useless things unless they are by a man of note, and there are some of the pictures that I know nothing about. For instance, there is a little thing of a lady in white silk at a window, and there is something interesting about it; but it has not even an artist's name.' I knew I was not wasting my words. This servant had evidently grown gray in the family; most likely there was not an inch of the house unknown to him.

'Ah! yes—ah, yes, yes!' he said, speaking in low husky tones, and clearly making a bad copy of his master's air of importance. 'There's a secret about that picture; 'tain't no common affair, no!'

'Well! I said, if you can assist me in any way that is valuable in my business, I shall of course consider your services! All is fair in love and war, they say, and I could not resist the desire to satisfy my curiosity.

'Much obliged to you, sir,' said the husky

old man with a bow of great dignity, as he forthwith proceeded to relate the history of the mysterious picture.

The facts I afterwards put together were these. There had long ago been a coldness, almost a feud between the owner of Elmsmere and his only son. The cause of this was the attachment existing between the son and a beautiful and virtuous girl, who was then on the boards at a provincial theatre. The delay to the marriage was caused by the father's threats of disinheriting the offender. But at last that difficulty was surmounted; a consent was wrested from the old man; the marriage took place; and the bride, bidding farewell to the stage, was brought home to Elmsmere. Her husband, the heir of the mansion, had dabbled a good deal in art. He painted his wife as Juliet, the part in which he had first seen her; and he insisted on hanging the portrait with the rest in the gallery. He met with a fatal accident not long after the marriage; and the father, for love of his wilful son, let the small portrait hang where he had placed it, but with his own hand blotted out the words in the corner—'My Juliet.' The young wife did not long outlive her sudden loss; and the old man was never reconciled to her, although, as the servant said, 'she was the gentlest, most heavenliest bein', sir, that ever drew breath.' But when, in dying, she left an infant daughter, the father's heart warmed to the child, and for his son's sake she became to him the one dear thing on earth. This was the whole story—a sad one enough. My interest in it only made the servant more communicative.

'Master will want to see you to-night, sir, as the business is done,' he said; 'and don't you mind, sir, if you find him nervous a bit—or hot, as I may say. It's his way, sir. The world's gone askew with him this long time back; and there's always a mine or some such nonsense just a-goin' for to be found on the estate, and not bein' found after all, and edging his temper, poor gentleman!'

The old man was evidently glad of some one to talk to; but when he verged on his master's present affairs, I stopped him; and dinner being finished, sent him with a message to my host to ask if he was at leisure to see me. He sent back word that he was engaged on most important business, but he would see me in half an hour. When the summons to the library came at last, it was easy enough to see that the 'most important business' had something to do with plans on the table, which were stained by late contact with clay or dusty stones. This much I could not help observing, as the plans lay on the table, and the old man held something in his hand, which dropped reddish earth on the floor when he stretched it towards me in an impatient gesture. I gave him a rough estimate of the value of his pictures subject to changes, for better or worse, which might be made in it by my employers. I offered him the option of doing business in this way, or of having the whole collection disposed of on his own account for what it would bring at our salerooms. He said he preferred ready-money transactions with the firm for the purchaser, but the figure I named was much too low. He went over the list with me, and waxed, as the servant had predicted, rather hot on seeing some of the prices, and hotter still at my inability even to take into

consideration the purchase of many of the portraits. He was only pacified, when he was absolutely losing his self-command, by my assurance that this catalogue was only a first estimate; that in order to avoid disappointment, I had set down what I myself thought the lowest figure, and that I had to leave out some works which examination might prove to be of great value, in which case our house would deal with him liberally. He had risen to his feet; but he sank again into his arm-chair on hearing this explanation, saying: 'Certainly, certainly; we cannot yet decide on the exact figure; and after all'—with a trembling voice and his loftiest air—'a few pounds one way or the other matter but little to me; but a man does not like to part with any of his property below what he himself believes to be its actual worth.'

This I judged a favourable moment for the commission I had received from my fair suppliant in the morning. I hastened to explain that a young lady, whom I judged to be his daughter—miserable me, driven to use such flattery!—'No,' he said; 'his grand-daughter.'—I bowed, and went on. The young lady had requested me not to include in my list a small family portrait of some value.

'I know the thing,' he said impatiently. 'She has been talking to me about it. Let it go. It is only a fancy of hers to keep it—a fancy, sir, which does not concern your business here. I want the gallery cleared, and I am only sorry so many of those vapid daubs of our ancestors have to remain there.'

His severe tone and cold looks were almost too much for me; but I was not outmastered yet. I replied in a firm but respectful manner, sorry for the artifice I was resorting to against his gray-haired ruined pride: 'You say sir, it does not matter to you whether the pictures bring a few pounds more or less. The price of this one is of no value to you; and the portrait itself is of so much value to the young lady for whom I speak, that she herself made it be my business and my concern to mention it.' This was a home-thrust.

'Of course I don't care about the paltry price,' he said. 'If she really wants the thing so much, strike it out of your list.' After that hurried speech, he bowed my dismissal, as he had done at the last interview, only remarking that he supposed I would carry the result of my work to London in the morning, and there would be no further delay. When I had gone to the foot of the staircase, in the dusk of the spacious flagged hall, I saw his grand-daughter coming hastily from a door-way, where no doubt she had waited anxiously for my step on the stairs.

'Have you asked grandfather?' she whispered. 'I have. He will do as you wish about the portrait. I have struck it off my list.'

'I am so glad!' she said, still in a low voice. 'I would not part with it for the world!' And she seemed surprised at her good fortune; while I knew but too well that the secret of it lay in my allusion to money affairs, a subject on which the poor man would have done anything rather than have a stranger's suspicion roused.

'You have been very kind,' she said—'very good to me.' And with some sudden impulse of gratitude she stretched out her hand, which I was but too proud to press for a moment in token of friendship.

'It was but a slight service,' I said, scarcely knowing what words I stammered out. 'I have to thank you for the pleasure of allowing me to do it for you.'

In another moment she was gone with a kindly 'good-night;' and I tried in vain to persuade myself that it was possible for her to take my answer as anything but a piece of ordinary politeness. Yet I had meant it with all my heart. What else could I have said? I thought. What else could I have done? Of course my words had only the sound of a courteous answer, and as such she took them, thinking not of poor John Gildern, but of her rescued treasure.

In the morning I wished in vain for one sight of that fair simple-hearted girl, that had so unconsciously robbed me of my own heart's peace, and of my ordinary, unromantic, business-like frame of mind. More—I confess I loitered unnecessarily long over breakfast and departure; and I took many a side-glance as the shabby servant led me to the door, and then it was not by the shortest route that I made my way to the high-road. But there was no help for it; I left Elmsmere without seeing my little enchantress again.

III.

Four years passed to be added to John Gildern's thirty. I was fortunate enough to have a rich relative, and I gave up the service of Messrs Copal, and spent the best part of those four years travelling with him in Italy; and it must be admitted that I thought but seldom of Elmsmere after the first few months, though there were certain memories connected with the place, which might any day or hour have filled my time-tried heart as full of romance as was ever a boy of half my years. These memories I put out of my mind permanently, as useless and disturbing; but I had no other romance, though there were ample opportunities for such indulgence both at home and when we were on our travels. At the end of those four years we returned to London, and I took up my former employment, but at a different house, which I may call here the house of Messrs Easelby and Sons. One morning I was laughing over the pages of *Punch* in an idle hour—there were many idle hours at Messrs Easelby's—when a fellow-clerk said in his usual off-hand way of throwing work on me: 'You might open that parcel and attend to those letters which the late post has just brought in, Gildern!'

I made some remarks more forcible than courteous about the parcel and letters, adding: 'I shall attend to them this time; but it is none of my business.' It was in this mood that I opened the first letter. Had my fellow-clerk been a student of physiognomy he would have seen my annoyance suddenly change to a feeling very different. But my comrade had no such gift of insight; and even if he had, there were deeper feelings awakened by that letter which my face did not betray. It was addressed to Messrs Easelby, and the writing was light and unfinished in character, much like a school-girl's with *u* and *n* alike. It was in after-readings—days, months after that—I noted all this, and then it was in no spirit of criticism. At the time I only saw that it was from a young lady, asking if water-colour drawings of hers done at her former country home would be acceptable for sale, adding that any

price would be taken, as she was anxious to part with them; and the name signed was MARIAN —. Even here I cannot break the sacred secrecy of that second name; but it was the same as that of the owner of Elmsmere, and I no longer doubted who the writer was, even before I opened the thin flat parcel, and took out sketches of parts of the well-remembered garden, the avenue of elms, and the shallow reedy widening of the little river that bounded one part of the grounds, and gave the name to the house. The letter was dated from a shop that I happened to know, a stationer's in City Road. I knew also that this was merely an address for correspondence, and not the residence of the writer. Unfortunately, there would not be the smallest hope in offering the drawings to my employers. But it was impossible for one who knew the would-be artist, and guessed the history of their coming, to return them to her as a failure. At least it was impossible for me, with pictures of the past rising in my mind, and sympathy roused until it was pain. I inclosed a trifling sum, letting it appear to come from Messrs Easelby, and signing my name in my accustomed illegible manner; and that night I took the parcel of drawings to my own home.

Day after day I spent in plans for coming into actual communication with her. I built castles in the air then indeed, imagining how I would come to know her again; how her grandfather, who doubtless had by this time fallen lower in the world, would accept me as her suitor; and how life would run for the rest of our days like a fairy tale. At the same time, every week that went by in hesitation added to my anxieties, and at last I was positively suffering from suspense, all my old ardour roused and my sympathies quickened by the thought of this young girl, so unfit for the world's trials, obliged to do stern battle with them, and perhaps alone. My surmises were true. When about a month had passed, the clerk who attended to the correspondence came to me one day, laughing at a poor attempt at water-colour drawing. I took the cardboard out of his hand, touched to the quick, and gave some awkward explanation, ending with: 'I shall attend to it.' So I did attend to it, by sending to the girl's address a poor price, but the best I could afford, and taking home with me the worthless drawing. This happened twice again; and being now on the watch, I myself managed to receive the parcels and letters; and each time I did what any man on earth would have done had he been placed as John Gildern was—sent my own money with my useful illegible signature, and appropriated the poor child's work. Then fearing the repetition of my pardonable ruse might lead to some awkward discovery, I desired the sender of the water-colour drawings to leave them in future at an address which I gave in the City, and merely to mark them 'Messrs Easelby & Co.—to be called for.'

The result of this step proved that I was right in relying on her small knowledge of the business world. But what was my dismay to find when first I called at this city address, a package, which, on opening it at my own rooms, I found to contain—ah! how well remembered—the picture of Marian's mother. A voice came to me out of the past: 'I am so glad; I would not

part with it for the world.' But some overruling power had doubtless compelled it otherwise, and what a tale the parting told! I glanced at the accompanying letter. It stated with the most unbusiness-like simplicity that the writer greatly valued the picture, but she needed money at the moment. If Messrs Easelby would send part of its price, and leave her the chance of buying it back again at some future time, she would be most grateful. But if they never did business on those terms, she would sell the picture for whatever they thought it worth.

'Poor child! Poor Marian!' I exclaimed with heaven knows how sad and burning a heart; 'she is sorely tried somewhere in this great hard world of London—sorely tried, and perhaps without a friend.'

I paced up and down for a few moments with the open letter in my hand, thinking what could be done, and haunted by every soul-stirring memory that the sweet young face and trustful blue eyes had left me. I wrote a hurried note, and sent it on its way, delaying only to inclose a cheque for the picture, and to explain that it would be safely kept, and might at any time be repurchased by the sender. Then I wrote another letter, taking care that it would arrive a post later than the business communication, purporting to be from Messrs Easelby's clerk of the unknown signature. The second letter ran:

DEAR MISS N—, I have hitherto corresponded with you only in your business affairs in relation to Messrs Easelby; but strangely enough I once had the honour—far from forgotten—of meeting you at Elmsmere, when I was acting as agent for Messrs Copal & Co. I have not forgotten your kindness and confidence in allowing me then to do you a slight service in connection with a picture which has to-day passed through my hands. If you send a word in answer to this note to John Gildern at the above address, I shall take it as a sign that you will do me the great favour of permitting me to renew that chance acquaintance. If I receive no answer, I shall do my best to be resigned to the greatest disappointment of my life; and in either case your business relations with Messrs Easelby will remain exactly as if I had never ventrally but upon this letter.

I took care to write me at last, in the body of the letter, but important when I most anxiety, a few words came 'h day.' Poor Marian explained that her grandfather was ill, but that he would be glad to receive me, and that she hoped I would not be surprised at finding that they had suffered great losses and misfortunes, for I would visit a very different home from Elmsmere. At the head of this letter was an address in a street in Finsbury, a quiet dull corner, not far from the City Road. Thither I made my way the very first evening after receiving the letter; and I still recollect how dull that street looked in the twilight, all the houses alike, as if each row had been cast in a mould. As I looked up and down for the house, I wondered if the people who lived there had to make sure of the number every time they went home. The number I sought led me to a house where in the lower room there was but dim firelight, and bright light

only in the top windows. After a long delay I was admitted to the room distinguished in those houses as the 'front parlour.' The stout landlady, who seemed particularly untidy and in a hurry, poked up the fire before she left me, and I could see distinctly the worn furniture, the glass shades of wax-fruit and the old lace curtains that still recollect in one vague dream when I think of that room. The fire was bright, flashing white on the walls, when there came in a fair girl, pale and altered, but blue-eyed Marian still. But how strange she looked—tearful, and without a smile! She stretched out her hand, with the sorrowful words on her lips: 'Poor grandpapa!' She could utter no more; but I understood the rest. The poor broken-down man was dead in that bright room up-stairs.

I would have gone away at once, feeling my presence an intrusion just then; but she asked me to stay, adding most simply, with her face hidden in thin white hands: 'You won't mind my crying a little; but don't go just awhile. It is kind of you to come, and I shall be able to talk to you soon. But I am so—so nervous and shaken.'

We did not meet as strangers. Sorrow and sympathy become friends at once, and there is no barrier of ceremony between them. Somehow she trusted me; why I cannot tell, except perhaps because she knew nothing of the world, and I had once shewn some little kindness to her about that picture at Elmsmere.

There is but little more to tell. I accompanied her a few days after to the old man's grave. It was a sad lonely funeral; we were the only mourners.

I let but little time pass until I won Marian and made her my own; for loneliness and grief were telling upon her, and I could afford to despise the fatterers who talked of my unbecoming haste. Ah! it was well to make haste, for little did I suspect then that my new-found treasure was already hastening away from me. She busied herself gaily in our new home; she laid plans of all she would do to make it 'a little paradise, John,' when she would be well and strong; but there was a dark look under my little wife's blue eyes, a hollowness of the cheek once so fair and smooth, a husky cough that drove me wild with increasing fears. There was for me a deepening beauty in her looks; but more and more I felt the hand of fate upon us, as I watched her face and delicate form from day to day, seeing but too plainly

Something faint and fragile in the whole,
As though 'twere but a lamp that held a soul.

At last the day came, dreaded—oh! how long! when raising her fair head from her pillow, my poor Marian whispered to the watcher in his constant place beside it: 'Dear heart, tell me, am I dying?'

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NATURE—if not unduly interfered with by Man—preserves a tolerably even balance in all created things. At the same time the due proportions of animal life can only be maintained, as we all know, by that incessant warfare among living things which is everywhere observable. All Nature is alive, the world teems with life, and whatever is living must be fed and nourished, whether it be animal or vegetable. One tribe seems only created to afford food to another tribe, and the strong as a rule devour the weak. The world, indeed, could not give space or yield sustenance to all, if all were destined to live and multiply for indefinite periods.

Although every created thing, however small it may be, has its mission, and plays its part in the animal economy of sea or land, Man is not always able to distinguish its rôle, or to know sometimes which are his friends and which his foes. Indeed, various plans have from time to time been propounded for the stamping out of sundry insects and animals which it is fancied are injurious to agriculture; but happily without effect. When, for instance, the French gardeners and farmers killed off their small birds in a ruthless manner because of their partiality for fruit, they speedily found, from the enormous increase of all sorts of insects, that their remedy was worse than the disease; and they were very glad to let the little birds alone. They found themselves, in short, in the same plight as that of a certain proprietor of an extensive fresh-water fishery who determined at one time to capture and kill all the pike which were in his waters, and did so most successfully. But the result did not fulfil his expectations; his trout certainly increased in numbers after the massacre of the pike had been accomplished, but they ceased to fatten; in fact they so fell off in condition as to be quite worthless for the purposes of the table. The food in a trout-pond is limited, and the pike did his part in keeping down the numbers, and insured that those trout which escaped his voracity were fat and palatable.

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price would be taken, as she was anxious to part with them; and the name signed was MARIAN —. Even here I cannot break the sacred secrecy of that second name; but it was the same as that of the owner of Elmsmere, and I no longer doubted who the writer was, even before I opened the thin flat parcel, and took out sketches of parts of the well-remembered garden, the avenue of elms, and the shallow reedy widening of the little river that bounded one part of the grounds, and gave the name to the house. The letter was dated from a shop that I happened to know, a stationer's in City Road. I knew also that this was merely an address for correspondence, and not the residence of the writer. Unfortunately, there would not be the smallest hope in offering the drawings to my employers. But it was impossible for one who knew the would-be artist, and guessed the history of their coming, to return them to her as a failure. At least it was impossible for me, with pictures of the past rising in my mind, and sympathy roused until it was pain. I inclosed a trifling sum, letting it appear to come from Messrs Easelby, and signing my name in my accustomed illegible manner; and that night I took the parcel of drawings to my own home.

Day after day I spent in plans for coming into actual communication with her. I built castles in the air then indeed, imagining how I would come to know her again; how her grandfather, who doubtless had by this time fallen lower in the world, would accept me as her suitor; and how life would run for the rest of our days like a fairy tale. At the same time, every week that went by in hesitation added to my anxieties, and at last I was positively suffering from suspense, all my old ardour roused and my sympathies quickened by the thought of this young girl, so unfit for the world's trials, obliged to do stern battle with them, and perhaps alone. My surmises were true. When about a month had passed, the clerk who attended to the correspondence came to me one day, laughing at a poor attempt at water-colour drawing. I took the cardboard out of his hand, touched to the quick, and gave some awkward explanation, ending with: 'I shall attend to it.' So I did attend to it, by sending to the girl's address a poor price, but the best I could afford, and taking home with me the worthless drawing. This happened twice again; and being now on the watch, I myself managed to receive the parcels and letters; and each time I did what any man on earth would have done had he been placed as John Gildern was—sent my own money with my useful illegible signature, and appropriated the poor child's work. Then fearing the repetition of my pardonable ruse might lead to some awkward discovery, I desired the sender of the water-colour drawings to leave them in future at an address which I gave in the City, and merely to mark them 'Messrs Easelby & Co.—to be called for.'

The result of this step proved that I was right in relying on her small knowledge of the business world. But what was my dismay to find when first I called at this city address, a package, which, on opening it at my own rooms, I found to contain—ah! how well remembered—the picture of Marian's mother. A voice came to me out of the past: 'I am so glad; I would not

part with it for the world.' But some overruling power had doubtless compelled it otherwise, and what a tale the parting told! I glanced at the accompanying letter. It stated with the most unbusiness-like simplicity that the writer greatly valued the picture, but she needed money at the moment. If Messrs Easelby would send part of its price, and leave her the chance of buying it back again at some future time, she would be most grateful. But if they never did business on those terms, she would sell the picture for whatever they thought it worth.

'Poor child! Poor Marian!' I exclaimed with heaven knows how sad and burning a heart; 'she is sorely tried somewhere in this great hard world of London—sorely tried, and perhaps without a friend.'

I paced up and down for a few moments with the open letter in my hand, thinking what could be done, and haunted by every soul-stirring memory that the sweet young face and trustful blue eyes had left me. I wrote a hurried note, and sent it on its way, delaying only to inclose a cheque for the picture, and to explain that it would be safely kept, and might at any time be repurchased by the sender. Then I wrote another letter, taking care that it would arrive a post later than the business communication, purporting to be from Messrs Easelby's clerk of the unknown signature. The second letter ran:

DEAR MISS N—, I have hitherto corresponded with you only in your business affairs in relation to Messrs Easelby; but strangely enough I once had the honour—far from forgotten—of meeting you at Elmsmere, when I was acting as agent for Messrs Copal & Co. I have not forgotten your kindness and confidence in allowing me then to do you a slight service in connection with a picture which has to-day passed through my hands. If you send a word in answer to this note to John Gildern at the above address, I shall take it as a sign that you will do me the great favour of permitting me to renew that chance acquaintance. If I receive no answer, I shall do my best to be resigned to the greatest disappointment of my life; and in either case your business relations with Messrs Easelby will continue exactly as if I had never ventured to send you this letter.

I took care to write my name with clearness in the body of the letter, but to sign it as usual at the close. After a day or two of the utmost anxiety, a few words came in answer. Poor Marian explained that her grandfather was ill, but that he would be glad to receive me, and that she hoped I would not be surprised at finding that they had suffered great losses and misfortunes, for I would visit a very different home from Elmsmere. At the head of this letter was an address in a street in Finsbury, a quiet dull corner, not far from the City Road. Thither I made my way the very first evening after receiving the letter; and I still recollect how dull that street looked in the twilight, all the houses alike, as if each row had been cast in a mould. As I looked up and down for the house, I wondered if the people who lived there had to make sure of the number every time they went home. The number I sought led me to a house where in the lower room there was but dim firelight, and bright light

only in the top windows. After a long delay I was admitted to the room distinguished in those houses as the 'front parlour.' The stout landlady, who seemed particularly untidy and in a hurry, poked up the fire before she left me, and I could see distinctly the worn furniture, the glass shades of wax-fruit and the old lace curtains that I still recollect in one vague dream when I think of that room. The fire was bright, flashing white on the walls, when there came in a fair girl, pale and altered, but blue-eyed Marian still. But how strange she looked—fearful, and without a smile! She stretched out her hand with the sorrowful words on her lips: 'Poor grandpapa!' She could utter no more; but I understood the rest. The poor broken-down man was dead in that bright room up-stairs.

I would have gone away at once, feeling my presence an intrusion just then; but she asked me to stay, adding most simply, with her face hidden in thin white hands: 'You won't mind my crying a little; but don't go just awhile. It is kind of you to come, and I shall be able to talk to you soon. But I am so—so nervous and shaken.'

We did not meet as strangers. Sorrow and sympathy become friends at once, and there is no barrier of ceremony between them. Somehow she trusted me; why I cannot tell, except perhaps because she knew nothing of the world, and I had once shown some little kindness to her about that picture at Elmsmere.

There is but little more to tell. I accompanied her a few days after to the old man's grave. It was a sad lonely funeral; we were the only mourners.

I let but little time pass until I won Marian and made her my own; for loneliness and grief were telling upon her, and I could afford to despise the tattlers who talked of my unbecoming haste. Ah! it was well to make haste, for little did I suspect then that my new-found treasure was already hastening away from me. She bustled herself gaily in our new home; she laid plans of all she would do to make it 'a little paradise, John,' when she would be well and strong; but there was a dark look under my little wife's blue eyes, a hollowness of the cheek once so fair and smooth, a husky cough that drove me wild with increasing fears. There was for me a deepening beauty in her looks; but more and more I felt the hand of fate upon us, as I watched her face and delicate form from day to day, seeing but too plainly

Something faint and fragile in the whole, As though 'twere but a lamp that held a soul.

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not a single friend in the meeting to say a word in his behalf. The enormous fecundity and vast destructive power of the rat were forcibly argued, and the saving, particularly of grain, which would be effected were these animals utterly exterminated, was announced to be very large. But when such a proposition is brought forward, it is only fair that the part played by the rat in the economy of Nature should be considered, as it is perfectly certain that this animal is intrusted with the performance of various useful functions, the cessation of which might be dangerous. The lobster is eaten with relish, and appears at the most fashionable tables as one of the *entrées* of distinction. Lobster salad is considered to be delicious, and *potage à la homard* is the soup *par excellence* of the chief restaurants of Paris. Yet the lobster fulfils in the sea much the same functions as the rat in the common sewer; they both exist upon garbage and débris.

The rat has many enemies, and great efforts are made by farm-servants and professional rat-killers to keep down their numbers. Statistics of rat-killing are not difficult to obtain. The late Mr H. Mayhew, who was well versed in out-of-the-way information, reckoned that at least two thousand of these animals are required in London every week in dog-training or in killing-matches. In the larger cities and towns of the provinces, as many more will be destroyed in a similar way; whilst in manufactories, grain-stores, provision-shops, bakehouses, and private dwellings, countless numbers are annually caught by means of traps, cats, dogs, &c. In the country, the rat is preyed upon to a large extent by foxes, which kill an enormous number in the course of a year; and as rat-skins are now largely used in glove-making, the animal has a distinctive money value, which will aid materially in his repression. With all his sins, however, the rat is much maligned. Notwithstanding his depredations in the barn and stack-yard, his value as a sanitary agent is all-important, and his extermination might therefore lead to serious evils; especially when we take into consideration the undoubted fact that he is a perfect scavenger, and reaches and disposes of matter which might otherwise occasion disease and death.

Nothing aids the increase of vermin of all kinds so much as a plentiful supply of food. At one time rats were over-abundant in Paris; but during the siege, two causes combined to exterminate them—food of all kinds became so scarce that the people were glad to eat these vermin, those fed in granaries bringing the price of three francs each. As a matter of course, when food for the people became scarce, food for the rats became scarcer, and under the pressure of circumstances these animals were in the latter days of the siege esteemed a delicacy of the rarest description.

In the case of the dog-fish which attend the herring-shoals, we have an excellent example of how the enemies of a species increase, when the individuals of the species preyed upon become plentiful in a more than usual degree. If we hear the herring fishermen complain that the dog-fish are making a mess of their nets, we expect to see in the official returns a series of figures to denote a large increase in the herring catch. In some years the 'dogs' multiply so enormously as quite to

impede the men in their work; a boat's crew will sometimes capture as many as five hundred of these marauders in a morning; and during some seasons they are found in literal tens of thousands on the outskirts of the herring-shoals, snatching the fish from the nets in which they have been caught, and destroying sometimes more than they can consume. It is therefore obvious that if dog-fish exist in tens of thousands, the herrings upon which they prey will be congregated in countless millions.

It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the number of individual fish which may compose a shoal of herrings, and it has been averred that they would speedily impede navigation were it not for the vast number of agencies that are at work to prevent an undue increase of their number. As the result of recent inquiry, we have been informed that the quantities which man takes from the water for food uses do not represent a tenth of what are captured by the sea-birds, or devoured by marine enemies. As the herring is the only fish of which statistics of the capture are collected and tabulated, we are in possession of figures which afford us a rough idea of the numbers annually withdrawn from the sea for food-purposes. In a recent year, sufficient herrings were taken to fill a million barrels; and as each barrel contains on an average seven hundred fish, we have thus a number equal to seven hundred millions. This quantity it must be observed represents *cured* fish only, and only those which are caught in Scotland under the superintendence of the Fishery Board. It is pretty certain that as many herrings are captured and offered for sale as fresh fish and 'reds' as are cured for the markets in Scotland and offered for sale as salt herrings; which gives us the prodigious total of fourteen hundred millions withdrawn annually from the sea; and even this number, vast as it is, does not include what are used in the form of white-bait, or those which are sold as sprats.

After draining the sea to such an extent, it might almost be supposed that there would be scarcely so many herrings left as would suffice for a breeding stock; but the demands of man are a mere fraction of what are taken out of the shoals. All that are captured, as well as all that are wasted during the capture, and destroyed in the process of curing, sink into insignificance when compared with the vastness of the quantities which are devoured by other enemies of the fish. Cod and ling are known to prey extensively on the herring; and a calculation, based on the number of cod and ling annually caught under the auspices of the Scottish Board of Fisheries (three million five hundred thousand were taken in 1876), assumes that there is a capital stock of these fish in the Scottish firths and seas of seventy million individuals; and that each individual consumes four hundred and twenty herrings per annum, which at the rate of two herrings every day for seven months in the year, shows a consumption of twenty-nine thousand four hundred million individual herrings. Nor does the account stop at this point. The Commissioners who recently collected information on Scottish herring-fisheries, assume that in Scotland alone, the gannet (a sea-bird) will annually draw on the shoals to the extent of one thousand one hundred and ten

million herrings! In addition to dog-fish, cod, gannets, and other sea-birds, the herring has many other enemies; porpoises, seals, coal-fish, and other predaceous fishes are constantly lying in wait to fall upon and devour them. A female herring, we know, yields over thirty thousand eggs; but at the shoaling-time myriads of those eggs are devoured by a variety of enemies; besides which, hundreds of thousands of the eggs are never touched by the fructifying mill of the male fish, and so perish in the waters.

Certain species of flies multiply in an alarming ratio and with great rapidity. We have the authority of Linnaeus for stating that three flies with the generations which spring from them could devour a dead horse as soon as a lion could. Almost every flower and vegetable of the garden is the dwelling-place of a countless number of insects, which live upon them and multiply and replenish. Many recipes are in use among gardeners for the destruction of these pests; but prevention is better than cure, and when methods can be devised to prevent their appearance on the scene, it is better than killing by mineral powders and other plans. Here is a chance for the toad shewing his usefulness, as any one may prove who keeps a garden. The toad is a voracious feeder on all kinds of garden insects, and this knowledge induces London market-gardeners to purchase them in quantities.

Some farmers and landlords regard with high disfavour the depredations committed by rooks; but it cannot be sufficiently urged that these birds, if they do help themselves to a little of the newly sown grain, make ample amends by the good they achieve as grub-hunters and worm-eaters. Thus it may be taken as an exceedingly moderate estimate that the common rook will eat one pound-weight of food in each week, the greater proportion of such food being insects, grubs, and worms. One hundred of these birds will therefore consume in a single season as much as four thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds of matter that would prove exceedingly injurious to the farmer. In France, during the period of bird-murder, fourteen thousand beetle-larvæ were gathered by a small body of children in a few days; and at another time and during one season, twenty-eight million of these pests were collected, and after being boiled, were spread upon the ground as manure.

Within the last few years farmers have had legitimate cause of complaint with regard to the extraordinary increase of those genuine pests the wood-pigeons. In reflecting, however, upon the causes which have induced this increase, consideration must be given to the changes which have taken place in the rotation of crops; likewise, as we shall presently notice, to the merciless slaughter of our birds of prey. In destructiveness, the wood-pigeon may be said to excel every other pest with which the farmer has to contend. The ravages committed by this bird on grain and on the young shoots of turnips, seem to be in no way compensated for—as in the rook—by the devouring of grubs, wire-worms, and noxious insects. Mr Scott Skirving, an authority on such matters, estimates that as many as twenty thousand individual pigeons have been seen in one flock! They are fond of red clover, of which a plentiful supply is now grown in Scotland, and their food being

plentiful, the birds thrive and multiply. It would be for the general benefit if adequate means could be hit upon for keeping wood-pigeons within reasonable bounds.

In treating of the causes which affect the due preservation of Nature's balance, we would take this opportunity of protesting, as we have frequently protested before, against the indiscriminate slaughter of hawks and owls. Gamekeepers, with certain notable exceptions, seem to have *carte blanche* to shoot and otherwise destroy every animal that does not come within the category of man. And what is equally bad, their masters but too frequently approve of the slaughter.

Nothing can be more short-sighted than this indiscriminate killing down of animals which, though apparently inimical to the interests of the game-preserver, are in reality fulfilling a marvellously useful end, inasmuch as they serve to preserve the balance of Nature. Thus the peregrine falcon, though occasionally guilty of carrying off a grouse or partridge, is the means of killing thousands of wood-pigeons. The pretty little kestrel, which falls, with the rest of its tribe, a victim to the keeper's gun, includes in its dietary animals which are in ill repute with the farmer—namely, mice, frogs, and snails. While the owl, so far from damaging the interests of the farmer or the squire, is one of their best friends, and keeps the fields and barn-yards clear of mice, which, but for these silent night-dittiers, might become a terrible nuisance.

Again we urge that the wholesale system of slaughtering animals simply because they are supposed to be game-destroyers, is one that demands inquiry and rectification.

LENTILS—CHEAP COOKERY.

VARIOUS kinds of cheap and nourishing articles of food, the properties of which were previously but imperfectly known, have been lately introduced with success into many homes in the community. Amongst these articles of food brought prominently into public notice and use has been the lentil, which now bids fair to continue to be a staple article of consumption and commerce.

As far back as the year 1851, a notice appeared in this *Journal* on the 'Lentil in Scotland.' At that time M. Guillerez, a French gentleman resident in Edinburgh, made an attempt to bring about the adoption of lentils as a British field-crop, and succeeded in sowing and bringing them to great perfection in ground near Queensferry. This experiment was entirely successful; and in the same paper the usefulness of the lentil in the homes of the poor was plainly stated, from its cheapness and nutritious qualities; the fact being that on the continent six men could dine well on a dish of lentils, costing *troopence*. The public mind has, however, been slow to accept this novelty in food, until the sufferings undergone by many during the winter of 1878-9 again forced the matter into prominence. Mr W. G. Ward, writing in the *Times* on January 23d of this year, noticed the fact that the last cargo of lentils imported into Liverpool found not buyers as human food, so they were ground and sold to feed pigs. The only other cargo in England at the time was at Gloucester, where it had remained

unsold for about two years, and was only then beginning to move off, as public attention was being awakened to its value as an article of food. Now we find the lentil sold and displayed by most respectable grocers in both town and country at threepence per pound, and in some places even at less.

A little well-timed volume on *Food for the People; or Lentils and other Vegetable Cookery*, by Eleanor E. Orlebar, supplies much useful information on this subject. The lentil is a kind of tare or vetch, with weak, angular, creeping, and clinging stems from one to two feet long, separated from near the bottom into several branches. Delicate stalks grow from the axils of the leaves, bearing whitish or purple flowers; and the pods when matured do not bear more than two sound seeds, flat on both sides. Where introduced as a field-crop in England, they have generally been used as fodder and food for cattle and pigs. To grow well, they require a light, dry, sandy yet strong soil, and may be sown about the middle of March. When ripe, the pods are thrashed, winnowed, and cleared like corn. Pulse of lentils is much eaten during Lent on the continent, and some are of opinion that the name of this season of fasting is derived from this favourite food. Revalenta Arabica, so highly recommended for invalids, is simply the well-ground flour of lentils. Dr Playfair on examination found that one hundred parts of lentils contained thirty-three parts of albumen or gluten, and forty-eight parts of starch, &c. They are well-known articles of daily consumption in Syria, Arabia, Egypt, North Africa, and the south of Europe generally.

To Mr W. G. Ward, of Ross, Herefordshire, belongs the credit of causing the demand for lentils, by several letters written to the *Times* on the subject. Mr Ward is one of the oldest vice-presidents of the Vegetarian Society; but though we do not indorse all his views, there is much that is worthy of attention. Speaking of cheap dishes for the poor, he recommends a tin of tomatoes, which may be bought at from sevenpence to tenpence a tin, which will form the relish for four dinners for three persons, to be used in the following fashion: Put a fourth of the contents of the tin into a frying-pan, with a liberal quantity of salt and some butter. Fry and boil; toast a slice of bread for each person; let it soak in the gravy; and then eat bread, tomatoes, and potatoes, all covered with rich gravy.

By using celery well cooked, Mr Ward declares it will be impossible to suffer from rheumatism, the latter ailment springing less from cold and damp than from acid blood. Used in the following form, he declares that celery is a preventative of both rheumatism and gout: Cut the celery into inch-dice; boil in water until soft. The water may be drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk; slightly thicken with flour; and flavour with nutmeg; warm with the celery in the saucepan; serve up with diamonds of toasted bread round dish, and eat with potatoes.

The simplest method of preparing lentil soup is to wash, soak over-night in water, and boil them for three or four hours, adding onions, carrots, celery, or other seasoning according to taste. Miss Orlebar thus quotes from the lips of a German corn-dealer: Half a pound of seeds will make a

quart or three pints of excellent soup. Do not strain off the liquor. The seeds will be soft like green peas when they are done; and all you will actually want for simple lentil soup is one of these little packets, two quarts of water or more, because it will keep boiling away; and remember to put them in the saucepan with the liquor in which they have been soaked.

We give what Miss Orlebar says was her 'best success' in cheap soup-making: Half a pound of uncrushed lentils, one carrot chopped, three onions, one leek, two pounds of parsnips, an ounce of chopped parsley, pepper, salt, a dessert-spoonful of brown sugar, and three large crusts of bread. We washed and picked the lentils, soaked them all night, boiled them with some soda in a large saucepan from ten to one o'clock, pressed them through a colander, heated up again, served, and thought our soup delicious. It cost very little, and was enough to last for two or three days.

Those who wish to be initiated further into the mysteries of lentils prepared with meat, and lentil puddings, &c. may consult Miss Orlebar's book. We will conclude by noticing one or two of Mr Ward's other statements regarding lentils and haricot beans. According to Boussingault's scale, fifty-six parts of white haricot beans, or fifty-seven parts of lentils, or sixty-seven parts of peas, are equivalent to one hundred parts of wheat-flour. Haricot beans when properly prepared are extremely nourishing. A common method is to boil them soft, and eat them with parsley sauce and potatoes. Another way is to prepare them after the manner of the Mexican national dish frijoles: boil until soft; drain; turn into the frying-pan with sage and onions, and fry with olive-oil; and then eat with potatoes. The sage and onions may be left out if desired, and flavour instead with Cayenne or curry powder; or make tomato sauce for the beans. Once cooked, these may be eaten perfectly well when cold. are some of the recommendations regarding vegetable cookery, which, if introduced, may be a boon to thousands of homes.

SUN-LIGHT ON THE SEA.

THE August glamour falls upon the sea,
What time the East is flushed with rosetate dawn,
And the brown sails on the horizon-line
Shew out, a stately troop of messengers,
To all the climes of Earth.

The clover-fields
Are pink with fragrant blossoms, and the corn,
Its red-gold earlets rustles in the breeze,
That sea-born, on the white cliffs gently stirs
With whispering music the rich harvest-fields,
And softly dies away.

Up-heaves the breast
Of slumbering Ocean, glimmering in the sun
With green and purple sheen: and on the belt
Of yellow sand that bounds the wide sea-shore,
Beat the foam-crestlets of the breaking waves,
With murmurous ripple: on the shingle-beds,
Drawn up in grim array, the fisher-boats
Their black-tarred hulls shew in the flickering light—
The golden sun-light shimmering on the sea!

A. H. B.

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A SHIPWRECK AVERTED BY THE USE OF OIL.

On several occasions we have urged on public attention the wonderful efficacy of oil in allaying rough tempestuous waves at sea, in cases of danger to mariners. 'Throwing oil on the troubled waters' is an old figurative sentiment, to which few pay any regard. The sentiment, however, has a foundation in fact, of which every one can satisfy himself, by practical experiment. So true is the fact, that the real thing to be wondered at is the frequency of shipwrecks which might probably have been averted by the simple sacrifice of a small cask of oil. Certainly those mariners who neglect to try the effect of this inexpensive precaution have not a little to answer for. How the oil should reduce the violence of the sea, is a scientific question. All that need here be said is, that the film of oil spreading along the surface of the surging waves tends to produce a calming effect, of which the navigator, driven to his last shifts, would be wrong not to take advantage.

Some instances of the value of oil in saving from shipwreck were given by us in an article, 'The Use of Oil at Sea,' 10th August 1878. In another article, 'Throwing Oil on the Waters,' on the 21st December 1878, we detailed the experiences of Shetland fishermen in saving their boats from being wrecked in raging tideways, by a very simple expedient. They crush in their hands the livers of any ling or cod they may have caught, and keep throwing them astern and around them. The effect is said to be magical. The waves are not lessened in size; but the oil keeps them from breaking, and thus extreme danger is averted. As what we stated was on trustworthy evidence, and may be readily verified, there is positively no excuse for neglecting precautions of this kind. The navigator who goes to sea unprovided with oil to be used on an emergency, may almost be said to invite destruction.

Not only should all sea-going ships be provided with oil, as a counteractive of danger to life and property, but all fishing-craft and pleasure-yachts.

We would particularly enforce this precaution on those who are intrusted with the use of Life-boats. For boats of any kind, one or two bladders of oil would suffice, and the cheapest whale-oil would answer the required purpose. When used in case of a storm, the bladders might be inclosed in a coarse canvas bag, and pricked all over with the point of a knife, to let the oil ooze out on the water. It will be proper to secure the bags to the boats by means of cords before being thrown overboard in the direction which appears most desirable. It might be suggested that in order to acquire proficiency in the management of these oil-bags, experiments should be made at suitable opportunities; the expense and trouble of such experiments being very inconsiderable in comparison with the advantages that may be derived.

In consequence of our repeated urgings, we should have refrained from so soon returning to the subject, but for receiving a letter from Mr Alexander Sprunt, British vice-consul at Wilmington, North Carolina, United States, dated 28th June 1879. The following is the letter, which will not be perused without interest by our readers:

'DEAR SIR—I consider that you are entitled to the thanks of not only shipmasters and shipowners, but of all who go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters, for publishing in the widely circulated *Chambers's Journal* the fact that during dangerously tempestuous weather at sea, a comparatively small quantity of oil thrown on the breaking waves greatly relieves the storm-vexed ship. I yesterday took down the experience of the master of a brigantine just arrived here from Bristol, on this point, as inclosed herewith. I doubt not you will receive many such acknowledgments of the excellent results attending the use of oil at sea; and it might be well still to keep before the reading public, both in Great Britain and this country, the great importance of this simple but valuable discovery.' The writer adds a number of personal compliments, and incloses copy of the following official deposition:

'British brigantine *Gem* of Sackville, New Brunswick, Richardson master. On the 1st April last, bound from Wilmington, North Carolina, for Bristol, took a heavy gale of wind about a degree to the eastward of Bermuda, from the south, veering rapidly to the north-west, whence it blew a hurricane for thirty-six hours, with a cross-breaking sea, ship labouring heavily—"started" the after-house and boats, stove lazarette hatch, and took try-sail from the mast. All hands aft in the cabin in case the sea should break over and carry away fore-house. 8 P.M., sea getting worse, the master thought of resorting to the oil experiment, which he had read of in *Chambers's Journal*. Had a canvas bag prepared, holding about three quarts of kerosene oil, with a rope of six fathoms attached, and kept trailing to windward; the oil leaking through the canvas greatly broke topping sea, and made matters much more favourable for the ship. This was kept up through the night; and at 3 A.M. on the 2d April the weather began to moderate. The mate, who had himself lashed to the rigging during the whole of his watch, believed with the captain that the resort to the oil saved the ship, as such fearful weather had never during the captain's experience of fourteen years been witnessed by him. A drop of the oil will smooth about four feet circumference of sea. Captain Richardson suggests that a canvas bag to hold about six gallons is the best size, pierced with small holes with a penknife, the holes to be enlarged as the canvas becomes wet and its texture closer.'

Here, then, is official testimony to the value of oil in allaying certain dangers on the occasion of tempests at sea. Surely, if there be truth in that and similar testimony, the duty of enforcing it should not be left to the editor of *Chambers's Journal*. We allow there is a vast gratification in knowing that we have been instrumental in doing the good which is above candidly admitted. But the matter goes beyond our efforts. It eminently deserves the attention of Lloyd's, and of all others who are specially concerned in shipping.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE TWO LETTERS.

'Two letters for you, Mr Ashton,' said Edmunds the head-porter, as Hugh, who now found more time on his hands than he could easily dispose of, returned, after one of the solitary rambles that were now habitual to him, to the station. One of these—which was sealed with red wax, and bore the impression of a coat of arms such as the *Heralds' College* grants for money in this degenerate age, when the heraldic instinct seems dead, and the simple beauty of antique blazons unattainable—was from Mr Dicker. Hugh's patron, in kindly terms enough, informed his young friend of his intention, on a tour of inspection, in company with two other Directors, of visiting Hollow Oak Station on the ensuing day. Mr Dicker, as Deputy Chairman, named two o'clock as the probable time for the

arrival of the Directors' special train, hinted at possible promotion for Hugh as the result of his late courageous action, and expressed his intention of formally verifying the accounts and receiving the amount of cash accumulated at the station.

Now it so happened that the sum-total of the cash under Hugh's charge was, for so very minor a station, unusually large. There are, of course, regular rules as to the paying over of moneys in the hands of station-masters into those of a Company's Manager, or Deputy Manager; but these rules admit of exceptions, and one such had been made in the case of Hollow Oak. The late station-master, Mr Weeks, had left a hoard of his employers' gold and silver behind him; while an unusual amount of ready-money had been lately received, on account of cattle, sheep, poultry, and other agricultural produce, alive or dead, which had been transmitted to London at that hungry Christmas-time. Hugh had a hundred and ninety-three pounds, odd shillings, in the cash-box, which was kept as usual in the station-master's house, ready to be handed over to the proper authorities.

As for the accounts, there could be no difficulty about them. They were short, simple, and had been kept so steadily posted up that a very brief survey would suffice to audit them. Hugh thought much more of the friendly terms in which the capitalist addressed him, and of his satisfaction in seeing that kind face again, than he did of the responsibility which his position entailed upon him. The other letter, however, now claimed his attention. It was very different in appearance from Mr Dicker's, being an ill-written and untidy missive enough, the contents of which, however, when he opened it, were such as to send the blood rapidly coursing through his veins. These were the words of the letter:

SIR—If you will take the trouble to be at Bullbury to-morrow (market-day), and will meet, at the *Chequers* in King Street, a person who Wishes you Well, and will be in waiting there at one o'clock P.M., you may learn some information of value to you in the search in which you are engaged. Mr Ashton is advised, for the sake of what he holds dear, not to fail at time and place, where I shall count upon meeting you.

Such was the letter, which was in the strictest sense anonymous, inasmuch that it bore no pseudo-signature, such as 'Lovers of Justice,' and the like, are wont to append to the epistolary arrows they launch in the dark. And Hugh was not the less inclined to place some credence in the good faith of his unknown correspondent, on account of the grammatical slips, or the irregular transition from the third person to the present, which the letter itself contained. But in any case he should have blamed himself had he flung away a chance, no matter how slender or how desperate, of elucidating the dark mystery that he had vainly tried to pierce. It was quite true that since Hugh's appointment to Hollow Oak Station he had made many inquiries, guardedly, as he thought, but not so guardedly as to avoid the appetite for gossip, which is the bane of a country neighbourhood. But he had gained no information worth the having. Gipsy Nan alone seemed to possess a clue to the secret that he would have

given his very life to solve; and although he had tried, repeatedly, to meet with the wayward wanderer again, he had failed to obtain a second interview. Her people, even, seemed to have shifted their camp to another part of the Forest, and could not be met with. Hugh felt that he had no choice but to accept the anonymous invitation to the *Chequers* at Bullbury.

Hugh never hesitated as to keeping the rendezvous which had been given to him by his unknown correspondent. It so happened that no duties of an urgent character compelled him to be at Hollow Oak at or near the hour named in the letter. Had his nameless friend been cognisant of the ordinary routine of the little official colony, he could not have timed more conveniently the hour appointed for the responsible chief of the station to be seven miles off, at Bullbury. At one o'clock the porters went to their well-earned dinners, in the full conviction that there was nothing to do. Later on there would be lumbering Parliamentaries that stopped at Hollow Oak, and swift trains that went by like the wind, but which, unlike the wind, required clear rails and elbow-room. But for the moment the station-master and his subordinates had really nothing to do.

Hugh borrowed a farmer's horse—his Australian experience of bush-leapers and buck-jumpers had been noised abroad, and he had been begged to break in more than one skittish colt, since he came to Hollow Oak—and rode over to Bullbury. The chief hotel there, like the only public-house in Hollow Oak, bore the name of the *Beville Arms*. But Hugh did not choose to patronise the chief hotel; nor did the *Angel*, the *Rose and Crown*, or the *Harp*, dear to Irish labourers employed on the canal works, find favour in his eyes. Inquiring his way, he rode up to where the ancient sign of the *Chequers* swung aloft over cobble-stoned King Street, and there dismounted.

There was not much business done, even on market-day, to all appearance, at the *Chequers Inn*, Bullbury. Inns, like other institutions, have their fashion, and run to seed. The *Chequers* of Bullbury, third-rate at best, was now, to judge by the eye, obsolete. Two or three farmers or bailiffs had what they called their 'traps' in its grass-grown yard. A few horses were rattling their halters in its damp stable. The waiter who ran about carrying half-cooked meat and half-boiled vegetables to grumbling chance customers in the mouldy old coffee-room, was out at elbows, and had white seams to his coat, and a general air of irritable dejection. The very mastiff in his kennel seemed infected by the insolvent melancholy of the place, and whined instead of barking. It was plain that the *Chequers* was in a bad way of business.

But Hugh saw no sign of anybody on the look-out for him, or for any stranger. Over and over again did he pace up and down before the wide gateway, down which the winter wind whistled shrilly; but not a glimpse could be caught of any person who seemed likely to communicate tidings of importance. The few people in the mouldy coffee-room appeared to be gloomy and preoccupied, men who devoured a bad dinner in hurried fashion, then called for the bill, and snarled at it, and were stinging to the ineffably shabby waiter, and went out into the town, declaring in no measured language that the *Chequers* was a rat-

hole that should have no more of their patronage.

But as for any one intent on him or his concerns, Hugh Ashton felt as though he might as well have been in the Sahara itself, amidst yellow gravel, and thorn bushes, and driving sand, such as constitute every wilderness from the Pillars of Hercules to many-hued Nile. There seemed to be not a soul, in or near the inn, whether man or woman, whose mind was busy on any other subject than the welfare of the thinker. When Hugh asked the hostler if any strange gentleman were waiting about, the rough fellow, in his catkin cap and fustian jacket, replied by asking if Hugh 'knewed of a place where a poor man as knowed horses, and did 'em justice alleys, could make a living.'

And the fluffy-haired waiter, in a white-seamed coat and pumps down at heel, confided to Hugh his desire to serve some member of the British aristocracy, in town or country, 'where I might be treated a little less of a negro slave, and have a trifle wholesomer victuals, when dinner-time does come!' concluded, the waiter, with suppressed vehemence, and a stealthy shaking of a feeble fist towards the window of the room wherein his bankrupt master, with his lean wife and unruly children, were dining noisily.

At last Hugh went back, baffled and perplexed. Had Ghost Nan been the writer of the letter, and if so, why had she failed in keeping the appointment? Hugh could not tell; but at any rate, he had lost nothing save his time. On riding back to Hollow Oak, he found the station peaceful, and the regular routine of the day going on as steadily as ever.

CHAPTER XLV.—SALEM JACKSON'S STRATAGEM.

As a gaunt and hungry winter-wolf prowls about a sheepfold, half-maddened by the scent of live mutton that comes steamingly from the woolly flock, close-packed within, and yet keenly anxious to keep clear behind him the track by which his tireless gallop over snow and sward, through bush and brake, may outstrip hound and horseman, until he sees the Pyrenees, with peak unsealed by human foot, and cavern into which none but the 'gray beast' dares to creep, towering aloft like the ramparts of his city of refuge; even so did Salem Jackson, once a mariner on board the steamer *Western Mail*, range around the station of Hollow Oak.

Hugh, who knew him, was away. Salem Jackson, prompted by the Black Miller, had taken care that such should be the case. His anonymous letter, backed by Swart's local knowledge, had drawn away, on a false scent, the object of his hate and fear. The former butner had never forgiven the blow by which Hugh Ashton, on the occasion of the shipwreck, had caused him to measure his length on the steamer's deck; but then he had never forgotten it, and the remembrance of his former captain's superior prowess cowed him. Salem Jackson was of quite another order of scoundrelism from that to which his grim employer, Ralph Swart, belonged. Had any man struck the Black Miller a blow, there would have been a grapple indeed, from which one or other would hardly have emerged alive and unmaimed. But Salem Jackson was of another

mould. He feared hard knocks. He feared the law. He had used the knife, and had fired the revolver, not always with lethal consequences, in southern cities to the west of the Atlantic. But that was because others did so, and because, in tavern brawls at Memphis or New Orleans, it was safer to fight than to allow other rowdies to have free play for pistol or for bowie. In England, however, and with Hugh Ashton, though unarmed, for an antagonist, Salem Jackson preferred not to resort to the rude arbitrament of blows.

The sailor had his bowie-knife in the weasel-skin belt that he wore beneath his blue waistcoat. But he had no pistol. His three revolvers, relics of a stormy past on the other side of the ocean, he had purposely left at Treport. He would not trust himself to carry firearms, for fear, before his treacherous work was done, the door should burst open, and he should find himself confronted by his former Captain, and only able to free himself by doing what would bring his felon neck under the immediate attention of the Newgate authorities. He meant to succeed, this time, by fraud, but not by force, and therefore perhaps deserved to be likened rather to the fox than to the fox's lupine cousin, that turns so savagely on dog and man as they follow, straggling, in the long pursuit over hill and dale. Both Sir Lucius and the Black Miller had judged rightly in selecting this man, inspired as he was by mingled hate and greed, as a worthy instrument for vile designs. Salem Jackson was strong and lithe, and had a practised cunning which had eluded deserved punishment before that day.

The habits of railway servants at small stations are so much alike, allowance being made for the coming and going of trains, that their proceedings may be predicated with almost as much certainty as those of bees or ants. At Hollow Oak there was nothing to prevent porters or policeman from locking up the station and going off to dinner at one o'clock, the hour most congenial to themselves, and most convenient to their families. Nobody, on these occasions, was left in the station except Hugh Ashton, if he chanced to be at home, and a boy, a sort of apprentice to the guild of portership, who was called familiarly 'Brooms,' who drew about four-and-sixpence of weekly salary from the Company's exchequer, and who rubbed door-handles, and cleaned lamps, and wore corduroys, and was by no means the least efficient of the permanent staff there on duty. It had been arranged that little 'Brooms,' who was the son of a widow—and, it may be said, a widow of the Company's making, since his father, a plate-layer, had been killed on the line through some inattention to the switching of points—should always get such dinner as he was to have when the men came back from theirs, in order that the station might never remain absolutely ungarri-soned. And this, Salem Jackson, peering down from the edge of the fir plantation that crested the bank on the down side of the line, was not slow to perceive. He saw the porters troop off, like schoolboys dismissed from school, and saw the green-coated policeman follow them, yawningly. Hugh Ashton, he knew, was, thanks to the lying letter he had himself, at the Black Miller's suggestion, indited, away at Bullbury. But then there was the boy.

Little Brooms, when left alone, moved for some

minutes to and fro, walking the platform with an air of authority, much as some junior lieutenant in the navy, who was a midshipman but yesterday, walks the deck as officer of the watch. He tried doors, glanced into the telegraph-room, as if to see whether anything had occurred to the instruments, and looked into the empty waiting-room and booking-office. Then he began gravely to peruse the scraps of literature gratuitously provided in the shape of large-type advertisements, and seemed absorbed in contemplation of the merits of iron bedsteads, cattle-feed, mustard, and perambulators. Salem Jackson, watching this young student from his lurking place, waxed impatient. The minutes were flying. Was this urchin such a marvel of steadiness that he would stand sentinel until the men returned from dinner? And if so, would it not be necessary to secure his silence by—

Ha! a change had come over young Brooms, and he had forgotten, for the moment, his position of responsibility as a railway servant, to remember that he was a boy, and strolled off to the locked carriage-gate of the station, there to indulge in a contest of repartee with other little lads of his own age, who came close to the wooden bars to banter him with rustic wit on the subject of the official cap and buttons, which they nevertheless envied, and to ask if he were hungry. Now was the time! So good an opportunity might never recur. With a sailor's activity, Salem Jackson cleared the fence, scrambled down the bank, and darted across the line. The boy, still beside the gate, had not turned his head. There were some crates, filled with live poultry, waiting for conveyance to London, stacked in a corner. Behind these Salem Jackson ensconced himself, while he took a closer survey of the place. What he desired to find must be looked for, he felt convinced, either in the ticket-office or in the station-master's house. The latter was the more likely of the two. But as a prudent general leaves nothing to chance, he determined to explore the ticket-office first.

Peeping round the corner of the pile of crates, Salem Jackson looked cautiously at the boy. The boy's face was yet averted, but he seemed as though he were in the act of turning his head. Quick as thought, the ambushed lurker crept from behind the crates, and gained the waiting-room, through which he passed into the booking-office. Once in the citadel, as it were, of the little pacific fortress that he sought to surprise, the Cornishman who had seen the world made haste to profit by the occasion. The tiny ticket-office was locked up. This was a matter of course. But the intruder's quick eye soon perceived that the stout timber partition, painted and varnished, which shut it in, separating it from the booking-office—which also served as a waiting-room for passengers of the second and third class—did not reach the ceiling, but left, probably for ventilating purposes, a space through which a man could easily squeeze himself. To scale the wooden screen, difficult perhaps to a rustic, was to a sailor a feat that presented no difficulty, and soon Salem Jackson found himself on the inner side of the partition.

The ticket-office did not prove to contain what the Black Miller's emissary was hunting for. In a half-shut drawer were two sovereigns and some

thirty shillings in silver. There were the tickets, and the stamping instruments, and some accounts and printed forms, and a watch belonging to the clerk or head porter, and an overcoat hanging on a peg, and a few parcels in brown paper, ready for conveyance. With none of these things did Salem Jackson meddle. He was in the act of reclimbing the partition, when he heard footsteps and the sound of a young voice, and in an instant he removed his brown sinewy hands from the top of the wooden screen, and stood, motionless as a statue, on the inner ledge close to the aperture where tickets are given out and change counted, stooping his head low, lest it should be visible above the partition.

Would that boy never go? Perhaps the fire in the booking-office was an attraction, on that chilly day, compared with which even such social intercourse as was possible through the bars of a gate had lost its charms. But at anyrate young Brooms lingered long in front of the blazing coals, shuffling his feet as he hummed a nigger ditty picked up from some roving company of begrimed serenaders, and all this time the strong man, scarcely venturing even to glance up at the clock overhead to note the provoking flight of time, watched and waited. All unconscious was the lad of the close proximity of Salem Jackson, with his knife concealed beneath his clothes, and breathing softly in the dread of being overheard. Would the boy never go? The villain grew desperate as he saw his chance of success and safety waning. Should he spring out now, like a tiger from the long grass of the jungle, he could readily—

Ah! Brooms, with the versatility of his age, was sauntering out at last, unwitting of the bony fingers that were preparing to clutch at his throat.

When the sound of the boy's iron-bound heels had died away in the distance, the seaman leaped noiselessly over the wooden screen, traversed the waiting-room, and after a brief sojourn under the lee of the pile of crates, made his way to the door of the station-master's house. The door was locked. But Salem Jackson was prepared to find it locked. Drawing from an outer pocket of his rough pea-coat a bunch of skeleton keys, such as locksmiths and burglars use, he selected one and then another. At the second attempt he succeeded, went in, and shut the door. There was nothing in the parlour, he found, that would serve his purpose. In Hugh's bedroom, when he reached it, he found a cupboard which was locked, but which, with slight trouble, he contrived to open. In it was a large-sized box of japanned metal, bearing the initials of the Railway Company, and secured by a patent padlock. The sailor shook the box, and heard the rattle of the money inside.

'Let us see, now,' muttered the fellow, as he produced another and a smaller bunch of wardless master-keys, 'whether the old Philadelphias won't tackle this toy from Brummagem.—I thought as much! he added complacently, as the lock yielded to his efforts, and he was enabled to lift the lid of the cash-box. The sailor's eyes brightened as he saw the notes and gold within, and that the sum was larger than he had expected it to be. There were papers too, but of these he selected but one, which he crammed hastily into his pocket, along with the bank-notes and the

gold. Then he reclosed and relocked the cash-box, replaced it in the exact situation where he had found it, and locked the cupboard. Hugh's window had been left open. It was high above the ground, but an agile man could drop from it into the garden below, uninjured. Salem Jackson crept down-stairs, locked the door, remounted the stairs, and, emerging from the window, grasped the sill firmly, and dropped, as softly as a cat would have done, on the strip of turf below. Then he leaped the fence, climbed the paling, burst through a plantation of young trees, and, with an ugly grin of triumph, descended the bank, ran across the line, and plunged into the fire-wood, at the opposite side of which wound the Ballbury Road.

'Lifted that one's hair, I guess,' snarled out the sailor, as he trudged off townwards. 'I'd give a hundred dollars, I would, to see his face, presently.'

But Salem Jackson had not seen another face, watching him from amidst the dark trunks of the fir plantation as he cleared the garden fence, nor did he hear the footsteps that seemed to echo his own as he neared the town of Ballbury.

WEST OF SCOTLAND FOLK-LORE.

WITHIN the last two or three years, considerable progress has been made in the collection of the folk-tales and country sayings which remain to us. Not only has a Society, under able guidance, specially devoted itself to the collection and preservation of those relics, but numerous works upon the subject of folk-lore have seen the light. It is a truism that railways and the schoolmaster are fast changing all the conditions of life. Every year the network becomes more complex, every summer the tourist penetrates into remoter villages. The coming and going of many strangers, the news from east and west, have their imperceptible influence in inspiring new thoughts. Parents find that their children have learned at the Board school to despise all the little home superstitions; and they themselves therefore grow yearly more and more afraid of inquisitive gentlemen who want to know if there are any witches in the neighbourhood, or if Sandie or Jeanie know any ghost-stories.

A recently published volume on the folk-lore of the west of Scotland (*Folk-lore, or Superstitious Beliefs in the West of Scotland within this Century*, by James Napier, F.R.S.E., F.C.S. &c. Paisley: Alex. Gardner, 1879) is deserving of notice, mainly because in it we have the notes of one who was born and bred among the popular beliefs and superstitions which 'in a green old age he has recorded for the information of students. We have therefore in reading his book a confidence in the accuracy of its statements, which cannot unfortunately be felt regarding all treatises on folk-lore. A tourist however painstaking and vigilant, is more than likely to make some mistake in noting down a local saying or tale. Owing to want of familiarity with the dialect, or possibly to acquaintance with kindred legends, his version is often, though unconsciously on his part, distorted and absurd. Folk-lore as a study requires rigid attention to the state in which a tale is

found; and in this as in other studies, there is nothing that ought to be more avoided than hasty generalisation. The labours of Professor Max Müller, Dr Tylor, Mr Ralston, and others have shewn indisputably the value to be attached to comparisons of many versions of one tale: and we may hazard the assertion that not only is the collector of folk-lore quite unjustified as a rule in drawing conclusions from his own investigations; but further, that it is impossible for any one who has not devoted time and talents to the special study of comparative folk-lore, and who has not at hand the fruits of other men's investigations, to speak with authority as to the worth or the worthlessness of a single note.

In the west of Scotland it was still an article of belief in days not very long gone by, that if an infant died before baptism its fate was only too certain; and the sighing of the wind among the trees was interpreted as the wails of unchristened bairns. If a stranger inquired what name had been chosen for a child, before baptism, the cautious answer given was: 'It has not been out yet;' for it was unlucky to call the child by any name. Great, therefore, was the anxiety to have the rite performed; and an instance is known of a baby born on a Saturday being carried two miles to church on the following day, rather than allow so long a space as a week to elapse. Great importance was attached to the choice of the woman who should carry the infant to church, to the manner in which the first person she met received the ancient gift of bread and cheese, and to the order in which the children were baptised; for if by any mischance Jeanie was christened before Sandie, Jeanie would have a beard, and Sandie would have none! Salt must have been familiar to the infant palate. Not only immediately after birth was the child bathed in salted water, and made to taste it three times, but whenever the mother took her baby to a friend's house for the first time, custom ordained that the person visited should put salt into the child's mouth and wish it well. But too great well-wishing was as dangerous as aversion, for the 'weel-faured' or well-favoured were most likely to be stolen by Queen Mab. No pains were spared to ward off the evil influence; and here we note that Mr Napier was himself thought to have had 'a blink of an ill e'e.'

'I have quite a vivid remembrance,' says he, 'of being myself believed to be the unhappy victim of an evil-eye. I had taken what was called a *divining*, which baffled all experience. . . To remove this evil influence, I was subjected to the following operation, which was prescribed and superintended by a neighbour "skilly" in such matters. A sixpence was borrowed from a neighbour, a good fire was kept burning in the grate, the door was locked, and I was placed upon a chair in front of the fire. The operator, an old woman, took a tablespoon, and filled it with water. With the sixpence she then lifted as much salt as it could carry, and both were put into the water in the spoon. The water was then stirred with the forefinger till the salt was dissolved. Then the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands were bathed with this solution thrice, and after these bathings I was made to taste the solution three times. The operator then drew her wet forefinger across my brow—

called scoring aboon the breath. The remaining contents of the spoon she then cast right over the fire into the hinder part of the fire, saying as she did so: "Gude preserve frae a' skaith." [Preserve him from all harm.] These were the first words permitted to be spoken during the operation. I was then put in bed; and, in attestation of the efficacy of the charm, recovered. To my knowledge this operation has been performed within these forty years, and probably in many outlying country places it is still practised.'

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found; and in this as in other studies, there is nothing that ought to be more avoided than hasty generalisation. The labours of Professor Max Müller, Dr Tylor, Mr Ralston, and others have shewn indisputably the value to be attached to comparisons of many versions of one tale: and we may hazard the assertion that not only is the collector of folk-lore quite unjustified as a rule in drawing conclusions from his own investigations; but further, that it is impossible for any one who has not devoted time and talents to the special study of comparative folk-lore, and who has not at hand the fruits of other men's investigations, to speak with authority as to the worth or the worthlessness of a single note.

In the west of Scotland it was still an article of belief in days not very long gone by, that if an infant died before baptism its fate was only too certain; and the sighing of the wind among the trees was interpreted as the wails of unchristened bairns. If a stranger inquired what name had been chosen for a child, before baptism, the cautious answer given was: 'It has not been out yet;' for it was unlucky to call the child by any name. Great, therefore, was the anxiety to have the rite performed; and an instance is known of a baby born on a Saturday being carried two miles to church on the following day, rather than allow so long a space as a week to elapse. Great importance was attached to the choice of the woman who should carry the infant to church, to the manner in which the first person she met received the ancient gift of bread and cheese, and to the order in which the children were baptised; for if by any mischance Jeanie was christened before Sandie, Jeanie would have a beard, and Sandie would have none! Salt must have been familiar to the infant palate. Not only immediately after birth was the child bathed in salted water, and made to taste it three times, but whenever the mother took her baby to a friend's house for the first time, custom ordained that the person visited should put salt into the child's mouth and wish it well. But too great well-wishing was as dangerous as aversion, for the 'weel-faured' or well-favoured were most likely to be stolen by Queen Mab. No pains were spared to ward off the evil influence; and here we note that Mr Napier was himself thought to have had 'a blink of an ill e'e':

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During the Tobacco Controversy in the medical journals some years ago, one of the combatants declared that the great Sir Isaac Newton was a determined smoker. This set inquirers to work; and they found that the reliable biographies of

the great philosopher do not support this assertion. On the contrary Sir David Brewster says that 'when Sir Isaac was invited to take snuff, he declined either to smoke or to snuff, remarking that "he would make no necessities to himself."'

'Up Guards, and at 'em!' Much interest attaches to the controversy whether the Duke of Wellington used these words at Waterloo. It is agreed on all hands that his custom was to shelter his troops as much as possible from artillery-fire by taking advantage of such irregularities of ground as might present themselves. He caused the soldiers to sit or lie down till the moment of attack; and then, when the enemy appeared likely to advance, he bade them rise and be the first to attack. The general belief is that he did this at Waterloo. An officer of the second brigade of Guards, writing some years afterwards his reminiscences of that eventful period, stated that the Duke at the time was not in such a spot that troops could have heard him, and that the 'Up Guards, and at 'em!' was the invention of some writer more graphic than veritable. The curious part of the matter is that when Mr Wyatt long subsequently took a likeness of the Duke, as a preliminary to a statue, and asked him about the truthfulness or otherwise of the popular account, His Grace replied that he did not remember having used the words, nor could he remember what words he had really used. Certainly they are rather more melodramatic than suited the plain-speaking Wellington.

The French have a great tendency to cherish sayings and phrases which were uttered or are believed to have been uttered by celebrated men. This proneness is due in part to a pardonable kind of national vanity, and in part to a certain fitness in the French language to adapt itself to brief, telling, epigrammatic sentences and phrases. Multitudes of such examples are to be met with, found on sober scrutiny to lack verification; nevertheless they live, and seem likely to live in spite of criticism.

'La France est assez riche pour payer sa gloire,' is attributed to Guizot the statesman, when he signed a treaty of peace with a vanquished power without asking for a money indemnity. France has truly shewn herself, in recent years, to be rich enough to pay for defeat if not for glory; but the question is whether Guizot uttered the words attributed to him—words which brought upon him a taunt for boastfulness by the Opposition. It has been shewn that the phrase was put into his mouth by a French journalist—in fact a downright invention.

'La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas!' said to have been exclaimed by General Cambronne, has in like manner been traced to a Parisian journalist; yet the French will doubtless continue to believe that the General, in relation to the condition of the famous Imperial Guard at a critical moment, heroically declared that the Guard would die rather than surrender.

'Fils de St Louis, montez au ciel!' The Abbé Edgeworth is said to have uttered these pious but somewhat venturesome words at the execution of the hapless Louis XVI. The Republicans who decapitated the king had of course no belief that they were sending 'the son of St Louis' to heaven; but the Royalists long cherished the idea

that the words had really been uttered by the Abbé. When questioned afterwards on the matter, however, he stated that the phrase was invented by the editor of one of the newspapers, and had not been used by him.

'Vive la République!' was the heroic shout of the crew of *La Vengeur*, as she sank beneath the waves after a desperate hard battle. At least so the majority of Frenchmen believe. But the more sober among critics fail to find any evidence to shew that the unfortunate crew said anything of the kind.

'It is wrong for a man in a high station to revenge an affront suffered when he occupied a lower step on the ladder of life.' This, or something to this effect, was long attributed to Louis XIII., in reference to a wrong or an insult he had endured when Duke of Orleans. But the cruel critics have traced the magnanimous aphorism to an earlier date—the speaker being the Duke of Savoy, who prior to his dual honours was only a Count. Shakspeare appreciated the sentiment well, when he made Henry V. behave with noble courtesy to the Chief-justice, who, in the days when the former was the roystering Prince Hal, had punished him for a misdemeanour; but the great dramatist did not put it into so sententious a form.

'All is lost except Honour,' was long believed in France to have been the sole contents of a letter in which Francis I. informed his mother of his defeat at the battle of Pavia; but when a recent examination of the king's letters was instituted, no such words were to be met with.

During the short Peace of 1814, when a hope was entertained throughout the greater part of Europe that the sun of the terrible Napoleon was set for ever, the Count d'Artois—afterwards Charles X.—entered France from exile in England. To please or appease persons who feared that stern measures would be adopted by the restored Bourbons, he is credited with having said: 'There is only one Frenchman the more: nothing is changed.' This became current on the authority of Count Beugnot. The speech was certainly neat and epigrammatic, as expressed in French: 'Rien n'est changé, Messieurs; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus.' It has been found, however, that the words were invented by a *littérateur* to adorn a newspaper account of Charles's public entry into Paris. The inhabitants of the gay metropolis rather liked poking fun at the somewhat obese Bourbon prince. Sir Robert Wilson, in his *Note-book*, speaking of a time when there was a general belief that the Count had really uttered the words imputed to him, narrates that when the once famous griffin came to Paris, some of the wits made the animal say: 'Rien n'est changé, Messieurs; il n'y a qu'une bête de plus;' and that when the griffin was taken to the palace at the king's command, the animal professed to be mortified at finding himself no longer the greatest *bête* in the kingdom. We must here bear in mind that *bête* in French frequently denotes dull, foolish, stupid—an additional sting in the arrows of the wits.

The time at which, and the mode in which the allied powers heard of the news which startled them all so greatly—the escape of Napoleon from Elba in 1815—have become the subject of a remarkable controversy, which tends to shew how difficult it often is to trace such matters to

their true source. The popular version is given in Sir Henry Bulwer's work on *Historical Characters*. On the 5th of March in the above-named year, while the Congress of Vienna was being held, a splendid ball was given at which most of the royal and distinguished diplomatists were present. A whisper gradually spread through the saloons to the effect that the dreaded enemy had escaped from his temporary island-prison. Prince Metternich suspected that Napoleon would at once march to Paris. The Duke of Wellington suggested that the Prince, as representative of Austria, should promptly draw up a proclamation, to be signed by all the powers, denouncing Bonaparte as a pirate and freebooter. M. Varnhagen, however, has recently ascertained that the scene in question did not take place at a ball. The historian wrote to Metternich, asking to be favoured with the real facts of the case. According to this account a conference of most of the plenipotentiaries lasted during the greater part of the night of March 6-7. Metternich, after two hours' sleep, was awakened by his valet, who handed him a letter marked 'urgent'; it came from the Austrian consul at Genoa. Metternich, wearied with hard work, left this letter unopened, probably not observing the word 'urgent.' Opening the letter two or three hours afterwards, he was startled at the contents. It comprised simply six lines, stating that the commander of an English vessel had called at the Austrian consulate to ask whether Napoleon Bonaparte had been seen at Genoa, as he had escaped from Elba. Metternich dressed and hastened to his sovereign the Emperor of Austria. The latter announced that he would at once send an army into France, and bade his minister ascertain whether Russia and Prussia would do the like. In one single hour all the three sovereigns had agreed, and had seen Field-marshal Prince Schwarzenberg about the command. By ten o'clock orders were transmitted to three armies.—At a midnight ball on March 6, and in the Austrian minister's bedroom at eight o'clock on the morning of the 7th, are obviously incompatible; and thus Varnhagen claims to have corrected a popular error which had deceived Bulwer as well as other writers.

In an article relating to the question whether and to what extent 'History repeats itself' (inserted in this *Journal* for March 15, 1879), reference is made to the Rev. George Harvest, a clergyman whose erudition was more than equalled by his eccentricities. In sheer absence of mind he threw his watch instead of a pebble into the Thames. There is something so marvellously like this in one of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, that one's suspicions are excited. Will Honeycomb's Club and Mr Harvest's Club; Somerset Gardens and the Temple Gardens; seven minutes to spare in each case; the picking up of a curiously shaped pebble; the intention to shew it to a virtuoso; the pocketing of the pebble and the flinging away of the watch—coincidences beyond measure strange. We have deemed it not unprofitable to dip into this matter a little. *Notes and Queries* quoted the anecdote of Mr Harvest from the *Rock* newspaper, and at the same time drew attention to its resemblance to the *Spectator* anecdote. The *Rock*, we find, gave no authorities. A little search has brought under our notice two biographical tracts or pamphlets, published early in the present

century, each giving in full the anecdote of Mr Harvest. He was, it appears, incumbent of Thames Ditton in the second half of the last century. His death is noticed in some of the London periodicals for 1781; but we have failed to trace the story of his watch and pebble farther back than thirty years after that date. As the two tracts are anonymous, we have no hesitation in stating our belief that some writer (name unknown) concocted the story out of materials which he found ready to his hand in the *Spectator*.

This question of Mr Harvest may seem trifling in itself, but it affords a good example of some of the difficulties which arise in verifying history.

THE STORY OF A SPEAR.

An oriental-looking weapon decidedly; indeed any one familiar with antique Eastern arms will recognise it at once as one of the pikes formerly carried by running footmen in India. It is of iron, plated with silver, in rings, to give a firmer grasp. It is rather more than six feet in length, and has a triangular blade more than twenty inches long, with sharp edges. A formidable weapon unquestionably, in skillful and resolute hands. Among a host of other oriental curiosities in a certain west-country English mansion it occupies a conspicuous place of honour. It is regarded indeed with a singular veneration—as well it may be; for on the 14th of January eighty years ago there was done with that spear a deed of prowess which stands unique even in the long and brilliant record of British valour—a deed which proves, if proof were needed, that the civilian can in emergency play the hero as effectively and successfully as the trained soldier. The story of that spear we purpose telling here.

The scene of the story is laid in the holy city of Benares, which was at that time, to use the words of Macaulay, 'in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity among the foremost of Asia.' It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings were crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines and minarets and balconies and carved oriels to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarce make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. . . . Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die; for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the balls of St James's and of Versailles; and in the bazaars, the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere. But Benares was not only the gathering-place of merchants and pilgrims, it was also the resort of all the maddest fanatics and most

desperate adventurers in India. The hardy rabble of its streets, ready at a moment's notice to rush to arms, were very handy auxiliaries to any bold political conspirator—and there was never any lack of such refugees in the holy city.

Now, among all the turbulent spirits that kept Benares in a ferment during the year 1798, by far the most conspicuous and mischievous was Vizier Ali, the recently deposed sovereign of Oude. He was but nineteen years of age, and had only enjoyed the sovereignty for the brief period of two months, when he was summarily ejected. It is necessary, in order to understand the incidents of our story, to explain briefly who and what this Vizier Ali was. He was the putative son of Asaph ul Doulah, Nabob-vizier of Oude, a mere creature of the Company, who had died in 1797. On his death there were two claimants to the vacant throne: this putative or adopted son, whom the late Nabob-vizier had publicly recognised and acknowledged; and Saadut Ali, the eldest surviving brother of the deceased sovereign. Sir John Shore—afterwards Lord Teignmouth—the then Governor-general, at first rashly recognised the claim of Vizier Ali; but two months later had to revoke his recognition, and admit the superior validity of Saadut Ali's claim. The latter was accordingly brought from Benares to Lucknow, and proclaimed Nabob-vizier of Oude on the 21st January 1798; whilst Vizier Ali, to console him for his disappointment, was granted a pension of fifteen thousand a year and a palace at Benares. So leniently was the young prince treated, that no attempt was made to control or restrain his movements. He was permitted to keep regal state and surround himself with a large retinue of armed adherents—to maintain, in short, all the external appearance of an independent sovereign.

The folly and imprudence of allowing Vizier Ali to live in this style in such a city as Benares, within the confines of the very state of which he believed himself to be the rightful ruler, was presently to become fatally apparent. He was a bold, ambitious, unscrupulous young man, of fierce passions and headstrong will; and though vicious and debauched, was exceedingly popular among the rabble on account of his profuse liberality. Indeed, he was in the act of plotting the overthrow of British power in Oude, when one of his secret envoys, intrusted with treasonable despatches to Zemaun Shah, was seized by the Company's police. The detection of his intrigues was quickly followed by an order from the Governor-general for his removal to Calcutta. He was to be allowed to retain his income and his state; but it was felt that the only way to neutralise his mischievous propensities was to keep him under the strict surveillance of the British authorities and isolated from his fellow-conspirators. It remained now to announce to Vizier Ali this order, which must be a death-blow to all his ambition. And at this point it becomes necessary to introduce the two important characters who figure most prominently in the story of the spear.

At a short distance out of the city of Benares there is a pleasant suburb called Secrole, which the European residents—the majority of them English—had chosen as their quarters. Their houses, which stood usually in the centre of con-

siderable grounds, were built after the English style, with such modifications as the difference of climate necessitated. There was seldom more than one story above the ground-floor. The flat roof, however, afforded space for an extensive terrace, surrounded with a parapet, and approached by a single narrow winding staircase, from the top of which a trap-door gave access to the roof. It is requisite that these details of construction should be borne in mind in order to understand the main incident of the story. In this suburb, within a quarter of a mile of one another, lived at the time of this narrative the two chief civil authorities of the Company at Benares—Mr Cherry, the political agent of the Governor-general, and Mr Samuel Davis, judge and magistrate of the district and city court. Mr Cherry, from the nature of his duties, was necessarily brought sometimes into personal contact with Vizier Ali; but with this exception, the haughty young prince held no communication whatever with Europeans. Upon Mr Cherry devolved the necessity of announcing to Vizier Ali the order of the Governor-general directing his immediate removal from Benares to Calcutta. The political agent was unfortunately a good-tempered, easy-going man of a singularly unsuspicious nature. From the very first he had been completely hoodwinked by the wily young Vizier Ali, in whose honesty and good faith he implicitly believed. When, therefore, the first ebullition of rage at the announcement of the Governor-general's order was succeeded by humble submission and a declaration of the Vizier's readiness to leave Benares as soon as his travelling arrangements could be completed, poor unsuspecting Mr Cherry took it for granted that there would be no further trouble about carrying the order into execution.

Mr Davis, on the other hand, was a man of sagacity and penetration, who knew the treacherous nature of orientals too well to be duped by professions of friendship and loyalty, and who had besides, from information supplied through his police agents, the best possible reasons for distrusting Vizier Ali. It was he who discovered that there had been secret negotiations with Zemaun Shah, and it was owing to his emphatic representations that the Governor-general was induced to issue the peremptory order of removal. He had repeatedly warned Mr Cherry too; but that infatuated person would believe nothing to the discredit of Vizier Ali.

On the evening of the 13th of January 1799, Vizier Ali sent a messenger to Mr Cherry announcing his intention of visiting the political agent the next day 'at the hour of breakfast.' On the morning of the 14th of January, as Mr Davis was taking his customary ride on an elephant, he saw Vizier Ali, accompanied by a train of some three hundred horse and foot, pass on his way to the residence of Mr Cherry. As there was, however, nothing unusual in the sight, for Vizier Ali was always so attended, the judge thought nothing more of it at the time. But on his return home from his ride he found his *cutchul* or head of police awaiting him in a state of great perturbation with the news that he had just received sure information that Vizier Ali had despatched emissaries over the whole of Oude summoning armed men to his standard, and that he feared the Vizier's visit to Mr Cherry had some sinister

object. Mr Davis at once sent a hasty note to Mr Cherry, and waited in much anxiety and impatience for the reply. It was not long in coming; but in a very different form from what he anticipated. First there was a great cloud of dust, then a confused sound of shouts and cries, then the tramp of many feet, then a glimpse of men and horses and glittering steel. The solitary sentry at the gate, fifty yards from the house, challenged the advancing crowd; his challenge was answered by half-a-dozen musket-shots, and with a ferocious yell the mingled medley of horse and foot rushed over his corpse towards the house. There was murder in the yell, and the judge knew it; but his heart never quailed, nor did his presence of mind for a moment forsake him. He ran to his wife's apartments, bade her flee like lightning with her two children and her female servants up the winding staircase and through a trap-door to the roof; then dashed back for his firearms, but only to find the room in which they were, filled with the fierce followers of Vizier Ali. Remembering that there was a spear in one of the rooms above—think of the cool-headedness of the man, so unfurnished by the danger that he could remember this!—he had just time to snatch the weapon from the wall and gain the trap-door when he heard the quick tramp of his pursuers close upon his heels. Turning to the terrified women and children, he bade them lie down flat in the centre of the roof, so that no stray bullets might reach them, told them to remember that General Erskine's camp was not ten miles away, and that without doubt help was even now on the way to them; then, spear in hand, and kneeling on one knee, he took up his post at the trap-door, resolved to hold that coign of vantage so long as life and strength were left him.

The staircase was a peculiar one, winding round a central stem, supported by four wooden posts, open at all sides, and so narrow as to allow only one person to ascend at a time. The trap-door which communicated with the roof was like a hatchway on board ship, and the judge kept it open, that he might have a fair view of his assailants as they came up to the assault.

He was not long kept in suspense. Rapidly the ascending footsteps approached, until the head and shoulders of a man appeared. It was Izzut Ali, one of the bosom friends of Vizier Ali, who sword in hand confronted the intrepid judge. For a moment Izzut stopped short, eyeing the figure above him, and then burst into a storm of abuse and execration. Hearing exhausted his stock of anathemas, he made a rush forward.

'Back, you scoundrel!' cried the judge; 'the troops are coming from the camp.'

Izzut Ali gave a derisive laugh, and struck fiercely with his sword; the blow was parried, and a thrust from the spear transfixed his arm. With a howl of rage and pain the first assailant fell back. Others pressed furiously forward from behind; but one after another they were sent back foiled and wounded, till no one cared to face that deadly spear-point and the strong arm that wielded it. Then they began to fire at the gallant defender of the stairs; but fortunately the peculiar construction of the staircase prevented them from taking good aim, and the balls went crashing harmlessly into the ceiling.

After a long fusillade it was resolved to make

one more effort to storm the trap-door; and this time the judge had a narrow escape. The first of the storming-party was a big powerful man, who dodged the thrust made at his head, and caught the spear-point in his strong grasp. It would have gone hard with Mr Davis had not the blade been triangular with sharp edges. But when, exerting all his force, he gave a desperate pull, the sharp edges cut through his antagonist's hands, inflicting severe wounds, and the spear was jerked out of his gripe. After that, no one ventured to come to close quarters with the judge, and his assailants contented themselves with keeping up for some time a desultory and harmless fire. Finally, they grew tired of this waste of ammunition, and proceeded to wreak their vengeance upon the judge's furniture, as they could not reach his body. After they had smashed up everything they could lay their hands upon, there was a mysterious and unaccountable silence. Not a sound of any kind was to be heard. Had the foiled assassins given up the attack in despair, and gone to seek other and less formidable victims? One of the female servants cautiously peered over the parapet. A shower of bullets rattled round her in an instant, and one of them pierced her arm. It was clear then that the house was surrounded and vigilantly watched. Again all was silent. The judge dared not leave his post of vantage to reconnoitre, though the silence was more trying than the noise. Could they be going to fire the house, and give the hapless inmates but the choice between massacre and burning?

Two hours had elapsed since the first assault upon the trap-door; surely the news of the rising must have reached Erskine's camp, and troops must be on the way to Benares. Suddenly the silence was again broken; there was the sound of footsteps, ascending the staircase. Once more the judge set his teeth, grasped his spear, and prepared to sell his life dearly. The steps came nearer, then a turbaned head appeared. In another instant the upraised spear would have been driven through the turban into the skull beneath it, when the intruder lifted his head and shewed the white beard and withered face of one of the judge's own body-servants. Fearing treachery, however, Mr Davis kept him at bay until he was assured that the party consisted of friends. He then descended, and found the new arrivals to be fifteen sepoy and a few of his own police. As the sepoys were armed with musket and bayonet, and had fifteen rounds apiece, the judge felt that he was now equal to standing a siege, and heard without dismay that Vizier Ali was preparing for another attack in greater force. Meanwhile he inquired if anything had been heard of Mr Cherry. He was told that to the best of his informant's belief Sahib Cherry and all the Englishmen with him had been killed. The judge was still musing over this melancholy news, when he was roused by another alarm, the rattle of sabres and the clatter of horses' hoofs. A hurried glance from the window, however, set all his fears at rest; for in the new-comers he recognised a troop of cavalry from Erskine's camp. The first hearty greeting over, the officer in command briefly explained that immediately on the receipt of the news of Vizier Ali's insurrection, he had been ordered to hasten forward with his

small force, and announces the approach of reinforcements. They had ridden first to Mr Cherry's; and there they found the house sacked, and the dead bodies of Mr Cherry and four other Englishmen lying mutilated in the grounds. Then they hurried to Judge Davis's, expecting to find a similar horrible spectacle awaiting them there; but were overjoyed to discover that here at least they were not too late. Little more remains to be told. All danger was now over. A strong force under General Erskine arrived shortly afterwards; and though there was some severe street-fighting, yet before nightfall, Vizier Ali's palace was stormed, his followers dispersed, and order restored in the city. The arch-conspirator himself, however, escaped, and at the head of a band of marauders made himself troublesome for a few months on the frontier; but was eventually betrayed to the English by the Rajah of Jeypore, with whom he had taken refuge, and kept in close confinement till his death.

By a curious coincidence, Vizier Ali was brought into Benares a prisoner on the anniversary of the memorable day which had witnessed the massacre of Mr Cherry and the heroic defence of Judge Davis.

As for the gallant Horatius of the staircase, he received the due meed of his valour. His grateful fellow-countrymen at Benares hailed him as their saviour from a cruel massacre. And the Governor-general, the Marquis of Wellesley, wrote expressing his high admiration of the splendid courage and coolness displayed by Mr Davis on that occasion; to which alone, he said, 'was to be attributed the safety of the English residents, and the salvation of the city from pillage.' For there could be no doubt that by holding the Vizier and his forces at bay for two hours, the judge enabled the other European residents to make their escape to General Erskine's camp, and kept the insurrection from spreading into a serious and formidable rebellion. Nor was there wanting more substantial recognition of the judge's gallantry and resolution. He was shortly afterwards removed to Calcutta, where he was promoted to a post of high honour and emolument. And at the time of his death he was one of the most respected and influential Directors of the great Company whose interests he had so faithfully and bravely served.

At the mansion of Hollywood, near Bristol, the seat of his son Sir John Francis Davis, who for his distinguished services in China received a baronetage in 1846, the spear which figures in this story is still preserved with the deepest veneration, and will doubtless be handed down as a cherished and precious heirloom from generation to generation of the descendants of Samuel Davis. Cheeks will glow and pulses quicken as the story of that memorable feat of arms is told. Nor is it only in the family of the hero that these feelings of sympathetic pride and enthusiasm will be stirred. In some degree at any rate, would we hope that they may be stirred in the heart of every reader of this narrative. And who can tell but that some stout-hearted Briton who shall hereafter find himself in forlorn straits, may take fresh courage from the recollection of the brave judge of Benares, who with his single spear held the staircase against three hundred foes! For never surely was there a story yet that more forcibly pointed the moral

that 'While there's life there's hope;' and that even the most desperate game may be pulled out of the fire by dauntless determination and patient courage.

COOLIE IMMIGRANTS IN BRITISH GUIANA.

IN a recent number of this *Journal* we laid before our readers a Glimpse of Overseering in Demerara; and we would now say something about the coolie labourers employed on the plantations in that colony.

Among a certain class there exists a prejudice against the introduction of East Indians, male or female, into Demerara and the other West Indian colonies. Obstacles of every conceivable kind have until quite recently been thrown in their way, and it has even been alleged that on the arrival of coolies in the colony they are not only overworked and underpaid, but that they are subjected to every hardship possible to imagine. These statements are really nothing else but calumnies, as the writer, who has had experience of a planter's life for some years, and been in daily personal intercourse with the coolies during that time, can testify.

The plantation-work of Demerara being well suited to the capacity of East Indian (Coolie) labourers, thousands of them seek their fortunes in the colony. On their arrival they are distributed among the planters by the Immigration Agent-general acting under the Governor; the number being regulated according to the application of each planter, his means of providing for them, and his willingness and ability to pay the cost of the immigration by periodical instalments. The coolies on being assigned to an estate are at once put under a contract or indenture to work there for five years. At the expiration of this period they are free, and can return to their native country if they like, being entitled to a gratuitous passage home. While subject to this contract they are bound by law to work, unless prevented through illness; and should any try to evade their contract, by desertion, shirking, or other means, they render themselves liable to be summoned before the district stipendiary magistrate, who may fine or imprison them. The time spent in jail as a punishment for idleness is registered against them in the estate books. At the expiration of the five years' term of service, any period a coolie has thus spent in jail has to be made good before he is entitled to receive a certificate of exemption from labour.

The manager of an estate is obliged to have work always ready for his laborers, and to pay them for it weekly at stipulated rates, which are nearly similar all over the colony. The men often earn two and three shillings a day; and when it is taken into consideration that the estate finds them a good lodging, and that a single man seldom spends more than four shillings on his sustenance during a week, the remuneration is usually considered ample. Moreover, the official returns issued by the Immigration Agents in

Georgetown and Calcutta shew that large sums of money are carried back to their country by returning immigrants, after their term of service has expired.

The coolies are able at any time to lay a complaint of bad treatment, insufficient wages, over-work, or any other grievance under which they may believe themselves to be suffering, before a local magistrate or Immigration Agent; and these complaints are always sifted to the bottom, and if found true, redress is immediate. In fact so warmly has the head of the Immigration Department been their defender and partisan, that he is nicknamed 'the coolies' papa.' In cases of alleged hardship, the coolies will carry their grievance to headquarters, and it is by no means an uncommon spectacle to the merchants and store-keepers of Georgetown to see fifty or sixty coolie labourers appear in Water Street on their way to the Immigration Office. They have come from some estate in the country, armed with their shovels and forks, just as they have struck work, to lay a general complaint against the manager, overseers, and foremen of the estate to which they belong. Usually, the sum and substance of their complaints is that they are not paid sufficiently for their labour, and that they would like some little addition to their wages.

The complaints, whatever they be, being carefully taken down in intelligible language, the men are told to return to their work, and that an investigation will take place on the morrow. The next day, the manager of the estate gets an official intimation that such a charge has been made, and that Mr T—— will arrive at a stated time to investigate the case. The Agent arrives; the coolies renew their charge, but with less vehemence and more regard to truth, now that they are in the presence of their masters. The manager refuses to increase their pay, alleging that what has already been promised them is a fair equivalent for their work. A visit to the field where the work in question has been commenced takes place. It not infrequently happens that the Immigration Agent finds himself unable to come to a decision from his ignorance of planting details; and in such cases, four well-known planters are summoned—two chosen by the manager, and two by the coolies. Both parties then agree to decide by their judgment. With every wish to decide in the immigrants' favour, it is seldom that the Immigration Agent finds himself able to do so, for the simple reason, that as a rule the work is found to have been fairly valued, and at similar rates to those paid on neighbouring estates at the same time. The regular monthly visit of the Immigration Agent also affords the coolies opportunities of bringing complaints, thus saving them the time and trouble a walk to the town or magistrate's residence would entail.

The immigrants' time of work is limited by law to seven hours a day in the open air, and ten hours a day under cover in the manufactories; if, however, they like to work a longer time for extra pay, they are open to do so, and most of them gladly avail themselves of this right, by which they secure more wages at the end of the week. The children are free from birth, and when grown up usually develop into the most useful and skillful labourers. As a further inducement to the immigrants to work well, they are entitled to a

day's leave provided they labour with tolerable steadiness; and an industrious man or woman never asks in vain for two or three days or even a week's leave, supposing they wish to travel to a distant part of the country. Their children are formed into gangs, and employed at light easy work about the manufactory, or in the fields, being paid from sixpence to tenpence a day according to their age and ability.

The labourers on all estates are under the immediate supervision of several foremen, called 'drivers.' These men are coolies themselves, and are specially selected by the manager of an estate as men of superior intelligence and strength, and as having shewn themselves thoroughly acquainted with and able to perform the different descriptions of agricultural work they will have to superintend. These men are in receipt of fixed wages, and enjoy many agreeable privileges. It is their duty to stop all disputes, report everything wrong that may come under their notice, and be all day long with their fellow-immigrants in the fields, superintending their work, besides having to accomplish a host of minor duties. To rise to this position is the great ambition of most coolies, and the hope of one day becoming a driver acts as a very healthy stimulant to induce them to increase their industry.

There must be a hospital on each estate for the labourers, and a regular doctor; and when ill, and consequently inmates of this hospital, the coolies receive medical attendance, medicines, and food gratis. Properly qualified men called 'sick-nurses' have charge of these hospitals, and always live on the premises. The doctor visits three or four times a week, and in serious cases once or twice a day if need be.

The chief difficulty the coolies experience is in their acclimatisation and in recovering from the attacks of colony fever—not yellow fever—which is certain sooner or later to prostrate them, or anybody else, after their arrival in the colony.

Now we will suppose the first four months of a man's indenture passed; he has recovered from the worst attacks of fever; his hands have hardened, allowing him to grasp his *cultas*—a Demerara agricultural implement—without pain or blistering; he has learned tolerably well how to perform the different kinds of work, and has settled down to his new life just as a boy at school does after his first term. As for the first three or four months after their introduction the coolies are not sufficiently acquainted with their work, and might find it difficult on this account to earn a fair week's wages with which to support themselves, it is the custom for new coolies to be fed by the estate for the time being. They receive a good meal twice a day, and get biscuits and tea early in the morning. Were a man, therefore, at first only to earn as little as sixpence a week, he would not starve in consequence. The food is generally served out already cooked. Two and fourpence is deducted from each immigrant's weekly wages to pay for this food; but supposing that any man or woman has not earned so much, the estate is the loser, as the amount short is not carried on against them into the next week, but foregone at once.

Generally speaking, the coolies arrive from Calcutta almost destitute, and though perhaps they may experience rather a hard time of it for the

first four or five months after their introduction, so satisfied do they at length become with their lot, that as a rule they abandon all idea of returning to their native country, and ultimately settle down in the colony, as may be seen by the numerous coolie villages generally situated near large estates in the country. Even before their indentures have expired the men invest largely in cattle, and their wives invariably keep poultry or goats. A stranger landing in Georgetown cannot fail to be struck by the cheerful and happy aspect of the coolie men and women he meets as he walks along the streets. The Indian look of the place is heightened by the appearance of the population, the streets being filled with coolies in the picturesque garb of the East, with their wives in their bright dresses, their arms, ankles, and often ears and noses loaded with gold and silver jewellery, and their children in the garb of Eden.

Before concluding this paper, I must say a few words about the annual festival of the coolies, called the *Taga*, to celebrate which they are allowed from three to six days' leave. This festival usually takes place at the end of January or beginning of February, and preparations for it are commenced months before. The ceremony consists of the coolies carrying about the country structures made of bamboo covered with different kinds of coloured paper, which they call temples. The coolies of each estate attire themselves in bright apparel, and vie with one another in the size and gaudy magnificence of their temples. While these are being carried about by night at the head of long processions of coolies bearing torches, fencing, boxing, and other feats of strength are resorted to. The festival lasts two or three days, and is much looked forward to; as a rule, however, planters do not much encourage it, as after the third day a great deal of drinking goes on, and the immigrants do not recover from their exertions and excesses for weeks afterwards; moreover, its celebration has not unfrequently led to a free fight taking place between the coolies of two neighbouring estates, which has sometimes ended fatally for some of the rioters. However, it comes but once a year, and as it is the only real holiday these people enjoy, it seems hard to grudge it them. The most amusing part is that, on the last day of the festival, the temples and gorgeous structures upon which they have spent so much time and money are thrown into the river or into some old ditch, where they are left to rot and fall to pieces. In such places these remnants of departed grandeur may be seen for months afterwards.

In bringing this paper to a conclusion, the writer hopes that to any one who has had the patience to follow him so far, it will be tolerably clear that the coolies who leave Hindustan to try their fortunes in Demerara, are not subject to the persecutions and hardships supposed by many to be their lot. Looking at the subject from a thoroughly worldly point of view, it pays a planter much better to treat his coolies as human beings, susceptible of feelings like ourselves, than like wild beasts; and this the planters know perfectly well. So long as there is a constant and steady flow of immigration from India, Demerara is secured of prosperity; but once let this introduction of labour into Demerara cease, the wages which would be demanded for native labour would render it impossible for the planter to carry out

his operations with anything like success. Immigration, then, is as the lifeblood in her veins, endowed with which, Demerara is reserved for a great life in the future.

IRISH TRAITS.

MARY'S ABBEY, F.—LANE, ETC.

A MODERN writer—A. M. Sullivan, author of *New Ireland*—has remarked upon 'the greater seriousness of character which the famine period has imprinted on the Irish people; and no one who knew them well, and was familiar with their manners and habits before the 'black forty-seven,' will fail to indorse the truth of this observation. The once reckless taking-no-thought-for-the-morrow, living-from-hand-to-mouth system, has in a great measure gone out with the exclusive potato diet; but notwithstanding the diminution of improvidence and increased 'seriousness,' much of the old characteristic remains. The light-hearted fun, the keen relish of a joke still so prevalent, strike one, especially after an absence from the Green Isle.

Very noticeable was this to a small party of travellers who a few weeks since landed in Dublin from one of the North Wall steamers, having been absentees from the Green Isle for some considerable time. The boat was very full, and the moment the gangway was let down, the majority of the passengers pressed eagerly towards it.

Why is it that travellers, who surely cannot all want to catch a train or secure the best rooms at a hotel, and to whom, therefore, a few minutes sooner or later cannot be a matter of vital importance, will crowd and push and squeeze, getting themselves elbowed and jostled as they are propelled forward by the throng, bumped up against knobby packages, hand-bags, umbrellas, sticks, dressing-cases, and all the various articles wherewith passengers encumber themselves, and over which in the jam and crowd they have no control?

Our travellers elected to stay quietly behind until the rush had subsided, so that when they emerged from the *Shamrock*, the quay was comparatively deserted, and only a few cabs were left. Along the line of these, among the cabbies, some rare and wonderful joke was passing. Peel after peel of laughter followed each sally as it flashed from one driving-seat to another. A man whose cab was just before the brougham where our friends sat waiting for their luggage, actually wriggled with delight at some extra-pungent repartee, drumming his feet on the footboard in an ecstasy of appreciation, and causing his sleepy horse to rouse from his doze and prick up his ears. The joke, whatever it was, had not died out when the cabbies, despairing of more fares—their spirits in nowise damped thereby—drove away, firing off parting shots of mirth-provoking fun with many a backward flourish of the whip at those left behind. The party, fresh from the sedate Jehus

of Euston and Paddington, were fain to confess that Paddy could still be sometimes 'himself again.'

But it is in the fairs and markets, the back-slums of towns, and wherever the lower orders congregate to buy and sell, that national characteristics most abound; and very droll they sometimes are.

Mary's Abbey in Dublin, frequented by customers of this class, affords many examples. Goods of various descriptions are ranged along the edge of the road-way in baskets, barrows, trays, and stands of temporary construction. Here a table of old clothes, brushed and furnished up to the best advantage; next crockery-ware; then a tray of gaudy artificial flowers, round whose splendid attractions, with longing eyes the young girls cluster, like bees about a lavender-bush; some of the damsels exceeding comely and good to look at. Cheap fish, not always the freshest; fruit at times ditto ditto; strings of onions, old nails, penny toys; smart muslin caps, knitted stockings, and bright-coloured woollen mufflers dazzling to behold; clay-pipes, sacks of potatoes, rows of second-hand boots and shoes, wooden ware.

Here is a man shouting out at the top of his voice: 'Three silver spoons for a halfpenny! Come and buy, ladies. Who'd keep on stirring their tay wid the bone of a herring, when they could buy three splendid silver spoons for wan halfpenny! Stand back there, gentlemen'—to the crew of ragged young street arabs pressing round—'stand back, if ye please, and don't crowd the ladies. Don't ye see they want to examine the plate?'

Farther on—in P—— Lane, an unsavoury region chiefly devoted to fish—a group of women are squatted round one presiding over a basket of herrings, listening eagerly while she narrates how Big Moll was 'run in by the pöliss—she having a throp in her same time.'

'And sarve her right,' adds the speaker viciously. 'There isn't one in all Ireland handier with her fists and her tongue nor herself. Last Christmas, she and I had an argyment in Moore Street, and I gav her the lie before the whole market. With that, my dear, she ups with a big pot-stick was in her hand, and without another word she downs me. I thought I was kill't. Biddy O'Shea run up. "Vo, vo! Mrs Brien ma'am," she calls out, "are you dead?" "No jewel," sez I; "not dead; 'are you spallless?" For I couldn't spake, with the stun I was after gettin' when I was stretched. At last I come to, and struggled up by degrees; and away with me to Jarvis Street Hospital wid my head in my hand to the doctor. He done the best he could, and plaistered it up. But ever since, and more especial when there's a change in the weather and rain coming on, there does be a humming and a bizzing and a buzzing in it, as if a whole swarm of honey-bees was working away in th' inside. Never fear but what I made the lady sup sorrow for what she done; summoned her before the magistrate, and got her two months—I did!'

Beyond these sits a wizened, meek-faced little woman keeping guard over a tray of doughy cakes.

She wears a shabby brown shawl; and stuck on the top of her grizzled head is a morsel of a bonnet, all lace and feather and gossamer, that evidently has surmounted, at fête or garden-party, the dainty *chevelure* of youth and beauty, before—in the vicissitudes of life—are her to—it came down, dragged and defiled, to P—— Lane. The effect in its present position is grotesque in the extreme.

'Lovely cakes!' cries the wearer of the faded finery; 'beautiful and fresh, baked this morning. The smell of 'em coming out of the oven would rise your heart. I just laid the dish on the kitchen floor for one minute; and the black beetles, when they got the lovely whiff of it—'tis they're the lads that knows what's good, and small blame to 'em—come swarming round in hundreds an' hundreds; you'd think 'twas a funeral was there. Just see the flies now, settling down and spotted all over the top, as if they was currants. Take one, acushla;' this to a starved-looking little girl with a puny child in her arms, who is eyeing with wistfully the tempting delicacies, and about to cower shyly away as she catches the eye of their owner.—'Ye haven't got the coppers; is that it? What matter! I'll be paid in heaven. And give a mouthful to the babby; he looks hungry enough, God help him!'

'Potaties! Arrah wisha now, d'ye tell me ye have the face to call them potatoes? Marbles is what I'd call them. Why, woman alive! they're that small, a goose would be ashamed of itself that couldn't swallow them whole!'

'Look at mine, will you!' shouts a neighbour, opening wider the mouth of a sack; 'beauties! Them's what you may call praties, and no mistake. Top of the market—thumpers! Sure they're finer this saison—glory be to God!—nor we've had them since the year of the great rot. So big that they were scrooging one another out of the ground; the little ones crying out to the big fellows to lie over and lave them room to grow.'

The right of husbands to inflict personal discipline on their weaker halves seems to inspire the latter with extra respect for their lords and masters. One who does not assert it when there is due cause, is apt to be looked down upon by the ladies of P—— Lane.

'That's a fine black-eye you've got, missie,' says a man to a gaunt beldam who comes striding along, a fish-basket at her back. 'Fightin' again, I suppose, eh?'

'No; I wasn't fightin'. Himself it was gave me that.—And I'd like to know; facing fiercely round on the questioner.—'I'd like to know who had a bether right?'

'A pretty sort of man you, to spake in that way!—Look neighbours, he tould the wife-threatening-like—that he'd hate her as black as a mourning-coach if she'd attempt to go again his orders. Him? He dar'n't. He hasn't the sperrit of a field-mouse. If she got the stick, as she ought, 'twould do her good; a born divlle, as she always was. Didn't I see her with my own eyes break two eggs upon his face one time they had a differ about something? He bate her, indeed!'

A gentleman appears, threading his way through the lounging chaffing idlers, and groups of eager busy buyers and sellers. He is bound for the Four Courts, and making through P—— Lane a

short-cut. General attention is fixed on 'the Counsellor.'

'Faix, if you had all the larning that that one has under his hair, you might consider yerself a wise man.'

'I'd sooner have the money he has in his purse.'

'More fool you then! Sure 'tis with their brains the likes o' them fills their pockets.'

A beggar-woman has espied the pedestrian, and straightway fastens on her prey. Shuffling along to keep up with his hurried footsteps, she follows him pertinaciously the whole length of the street, whimpering forth complaints and supplications in the face of repeated refusals. At last his patience is exhausted. He turns angrily on his tormentor: 'You have already got your answer. I never give to beggars in the street!'

'You don't sir, don't ye? give in the street? Ooh thin'—changing her tone to one of ironical politeness—'sure if I knew where yer honour lives, and if you'll just tell me your address and the number of your house, I'll call upon you an' welcome. Faix, I will, with all the pleasure in life, call any day you appoint for whatsoever 'twill be plazing to yer worship's honour to give me.'

The cool humour of her speech, ignoring the gentlemen's angry irritation, and affecting to misunderstand his meaning, elicits transports of delight from the grinning audience.

There are some persons to whom queer things are often happening. Or is it that having a turn for humour, they see it, where others fail to perceive the ridiculous? G—— was one of these. Arriving in Dublin rather suddenly on one occasion, he found there was to be a Drawing-room at the Castle that night; and meaning to go, he directed his servant to put out his court-dress in readiness. Up to the throne-room he was making his way through the usual crowded throng and the usual baking heat, from numberless lamps and numbers of warm fellow-creatures, when he was taken with a violent fit of sneezing. Among the slowly moving multitude, acquaintances and greetings dropped up.

'G—— my dear fellow, I'm so glad to—
Tsha! When did— Tsha! tsha!
'I only arrived— Tsha! tsha! Confound it!
Caught cold, I suppose, and—'

'And have given it to me!'—with another sneeze.

A lady close by now began sneezing; and soon the infection spread, and there was tsha-tshaing all round. Such struggles to get at pockets and extract handkerchiefs among the closely packed company, ladies encumbered with their trains and fans and bouquets, not a hand available; and men handicapped with cocked-hats and swords, the latter giving civilian wearers, unaccustomed to their management, quite enough to do to prevent their tripping themselves up, sticking into their neighbours' legs, or getting foul of ladies' trains. It was the drollest scene imaginable, this sneezing chorus, and quite unaccountable; until G——, on his return home, discovered that his housekeeper—who like John Gilpin's wife was a 'careful soul'—had, when laying aside his court-suit, plentifully besprinkled it with pepper, to keep off moths. A good deal of this had remained in the cloth and about the creases and pockets even after brushing, and the heat of the crowded vice-regal rooms had

brought out its pungency, and set every one within reach of it sneezing.

G—— belonged to a family whose thoroughly Hibernian love of a joke was irrepressible. One of them meeting an old acquaintance he had not seen for many years, found the latter full of inquiries.

'And how are all your children?' he said. 'Tell me about them.'

'Children! I have none.'

'Oh, beg pardon, my poor fellow! I'm so sorry! I ought not to have asked. You had such a fine flock!'

'And they're that still, folks say. Fine young men and women, every one. They grew up well.'

'And your brother?'

'My brother? He's long since gone the way of all flesh.'

'Ah, poor H——! the merriest, jolliest, best fellow in the world! Dear, dear, what a pity!'

'So his bachelor friends all say; but really I don't think he's worse off than any other man who's gone and been and committed matrimony. You'll find him much the same as ever.'

'And you too, old fellow, I find much the same as of old,' rejoined the amused friend—'always fond of your joke!'

A QUESTION.

My home is in the North; piercing and bitter

The winds that sweep o'er the cold Northern sky.

From morn till eve I hear no song-birds' twitter,

Only the sea-gull's harsh discordant cry.

To the black rocks pale sea-weed tufts are clinging—

The only flowers that here can find a root—

And foaming waves, their white spray wildly flinging,

Warn travellers here they may not stay their foot.

But in a Southern home my Love is dwelling;

Rich Southern blossoms spring beneath her feet;

Bright birds with radiant wings, her praises telling,

Circle and hover round her presence sweet.

Before her lies the sunlit summer ocean,

Whose blue waves scarcely seem to ebb or flow

The livelong summer day—while without motion

The bluer sky above; and soft winds blow.

Which would be truest love? Shall I, who love her

As mine own soul, invade her calm retreat,

And cry to her by the blue heaven above her:

'Be mine, or I must die! Come with me, Sweet;

The winds blow bitter, but they will not harm thee,

Clasped in my arms, and to my warm heart pressed;

The waves rise fiercely, yet they will but charm thee,

For thou wilt view them sheltered on my breast.'

Or shall I leave her in her Southern dwelling

Unknowing or unwitting of my love,

And master my wild heart and curb its swelling,

Whilst she walks sheltered in her orange grove?

Would it be *Love* to bear her from its cover,

Upon my barren rocks to fade and pine?

Yes, if she loved me!—half but as I love her!

Aid me, kind Heaven! Say which course shall be mine!

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FICTION IN TWO ASPECTS.

For the same reason that cards are tabooed in some houses, stern disciplinarians unhesitatingly prohibit all who are under their control from reading novels. Novels, in their minds, are always associated with impure and dangerous literature; just as cards are regarded by people of narrow views as mischievous inventions which are certain to demoralise those who use them. Even Goldsmith, himself a novelist, was prejudiced against this class of literature, for he writes thus: 'Above all, never let your son touch a novel or a romance. . . . Novels teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed, to despise the little good that Fortune has mixed in our cup by expecting more than she ever gave.' Many have followed Goldsmith's counsel, and instead of discriminating between novels of a healthy moral tone and those of an opposite tendency, have condemned all alike.

Let the objections be what they may, it is nevertheless certain that novels of the better class have their uses, and can exercise a great influence for good on the minds of those who read them; hence to condemn them as not only useless but demoralising, is just as reasonable as to denounce all the theatres in our land as institutions for depraving the people. One of the first traits observable in a child is a love of hearing some story. A fairy tale or any narrative however simple, will thoroughly delight the wondering and curious minds of children. They like to sit and listen to any incidents which the narrator may invent or repeat about characters in real life, or characters 'carved out of the carver's brain.' This is a childish pleasure; but it is a pleasure which does not cease to please when childhood's days are over. The love of hearing a story remains; but with the developed mind comes, very naturally, a desire for more elaborate narratives, for faithful delineations of character, and for the word-pictures with which so many writers of fiction charm their readers.

This natural craving created the novel. The various histories of personal adventure, the biographies of those whose lives had been in any way remarkable, were by no means numerous enough to satisfy the demand for entertaining literature. Hence arose the need for supplying this demand; and in doing this there was no difficulty, since the demand could easily be met by fiction.

Human nature presents many curious phenomena, but none, perhaps, more curious than the interest and sympathy which can be felt by men and women for the imaginary creations of the novelist. Herein lies the power of the novel. Were it not for this interest and sympathy, the novel could have no *raison d'être*. Thus the novel does more than supply a demand; it draws its readers away from the consciousness of self, and arouses those feelings of sympathy which always have a humanising tendency. A good novel may exercise a beneficial influence, of which the reader is quite unconscious, but which will nevertheless bear fruit in its effect upon the character.

To look upon novels as mere inventions for giving idle people and frivolous young men and women an occupation, is to take not only a very low view, but a very unjust view of their utility. This view might be justified if they never rose beyond the standard aimed at by a certain class of French and English novelists; but writers with high aims have devoted their intellects to the production of novels which cannot fail to raise the moral tone of those who read them. An eminent Oxford lecturer recommends students for holy orders to read good novels as a means of enlarging their ideas, and educating themselves for the social work of the ministry. And quite lately, Canon Farrar, in a lecture delivered to the members of the Homiletical Society, gave his testimony to the value of novels when he said: 'The occasional reading of a good novel may be the very fruitful occupation of the brief leisure of the clergyman's study; may enable him far more successfully to touch the hearts and consciences of his hearers;

may furnish him with new thoughts and topics for many fresh and interesting sermons.'

Such passages as this must arrest attention, and who can tell what after-effect they may have on the minds of those whom they have once led to reflect? Many a profitable lesson has been learned and taken to heart from the pages of a novel. Faults have been recognised, and struggled against after the perusal of a work of fiction in which their pitifulness and the mischief wrought by them have been faithfully portrayed. Vicious inclinations have received their first check from the merciless exposure in some well-told tale, of the ghastly travesty upon pleasure and happiness that a life of sensual indulgence is. Take for instance the character of 'Becky Sharpe'; what a warning it must convey to the worldly woman who goes through life with no thoughts but thoughts of self and self-indulgence! In the vices, the faults, and follies described in these eloquent monitors, those who heed them may see their own shortcomings. Thus a good novel may be of incalculable use in warning its readers against some of their own failings; in pointing out those failings which no friend perhaps would have the courage to speak of, and in lending them generally to contemplate the defects in their characters.

But further than this, a good novel usually contains the delineation of a character worthy of imitation. And it very often happens that the study of a noble character, even if the character be that of a fictitious person, has a lasting influence on the mind. Thus a novel may act as an exemplar to its readers of the standard of life they ought to aim at. But it would, naturally, be impossible to estimate fully the value and influence of a really good work of fiction. A good novel that has made its mark in the literary world, and which remains popular after the interest in its first appearance has abated, is read by thousands. Out of these thousands there must be some who are capable of being influenced by it; and if the perusal does influence them for good, it is all the better for them and for society that the book was written.

There is another point for consideration. The most inveterate readers cannot always be engrossed in the study of works which require close attention. Times will come when the weary reader requires a change, and no more healthful change could be imagined than that afforded by the pages of a thoroughly interesting novel. Hence this species of literature has its value as a mental anodyne. And it has this value not only to the brain-workers, but to those whose lives are harassed by the dull monotony of daily cares and anxieties. It is a great relief to turn away from the realities of life, and become absorbed for a while in the imaginary cares, sorrows, and joys of the great world of fiction. The tension of the mind is relieved, new thoughts are suggested, fresh interests awakened, and the book is laid

down in a very different frame of mind from that in which it was taken up.

Collectively, novels are mischievous only to those who spend all their time in reading nothing else. Individually, they are harmful only when they have an immoral or irreligious tendency. And this leads us to the worse aspect of the subject. Unhappily, too many novels written now, not only by French but by English novelists, are nothing better than the embodiment of gross impurity, which makes an Englishman who has any feelings of decency blush for his countrymen, and especially for certain so-called lady novelists. For strange to say, the chief offenders are women! They are found ready to write things from which even the most unprincipled literary men would shrink, resulting in a 'stream of moral sewage' unblushingly given to the world. The mischief they do is incalculable. Such writers cannot possibly write truth. Their notions of life, of society, of human nature are false and mischievous. Their pathos, when they essay pathos, is soulless; while their love-scenes are coarse, and tainted with a sensuality which is as repellent as it is uncalled for. The sanctity of the holy estate of matrimony is unpardonably outraged by their writings. Heaven help the man whose bride has formed her ideas of the duties of a wife and mother from the novels of these literary pariahs! A girl's notion of a husband derived from such a source is that of an easy-going elderly man who will act the part of chaperon when he is wanted, keep up an expensive establishment for her, pay her bills, and then leave her to flirt with her chosen companions. Or in some cases the ideal husband is represented as an impossible Adonis, endowed with every bodily and sensual charm; while under any circumstances, the necessity for marrying for the sake of a grand establishment and a perpetual round of ball and opera going and other gaieties, is strongly impressed upon the minds of those who only too willingly adopt the false and pernicious notions thus suggested. Some of the unhappy results of this polluting and dangerously fascinating literature are from time to time made only too patent in the columns of our newspapers. There can be no doubt in any thinking man's mind that this kind of fiction is largely instrumental in causing many of the miserable scandals which are now of such frequent occurrence. Novels of the class referred to are read by thousands of readers of both sexes; and as the majority of these readers are, alas! the young, with their unformed and easily influenced characters, it is utterly impossible that the most mischievous results should not ensue.

As soon as a book is known to be in any way improper, there is an unseemly rush to the libraries for its possession. The volumes are not allowed to rest for a single day on the shelf; but as soon as one reader returns them, some other eager applicant carries them off, probably to be pored over by all the novel-reading members of a family. This is deplorable. Time that might be spent in reading healthy fiction is thus frittered away,

and worse than wasted; for the perusal of this vitiated fiction only whets the morbid appetite, and gives it a keen relish for every kind of depravity.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XLIV.—A VISIT OF INSPECTION.

'Your accounts, Mr Ashton, are quite correct. Nothing could be, ahem! more accurate. And now—if you have the cash ready, we will not trouble you much more.'

The speaker was not Mr Dicker, as may easily be conjectured, but Mr Mould, the elder of the other two railway Directors who accompanied their Deputy Chairman on his visit of inspection. Mr Mould was a thick-set, elderly, pompous-mannered man, with white whiskers, fishy eyes, a bunch of great gold seals, drab gaiters, and a remarkable resemblance to the thick, short, little fish called a miller's thumb. His voice was harsh but indistinct, and he lisped slightly. Mr Mould was not popular. A warm man on 'Change, he was a cold man in private life, but, such as he was, he represented among the Directors an Opposition party, adverse to Mr Dicker. The other Director, whose name was Barber, and who was a little man, red-faced, and with stiff gray hair that rose rebelliously to the brush, echoed Mr Mould's sentiments, and belonged to the Opposition too.

There are two parties in every Association or Assembly, public or private, as surely as night follows day, and so it was in this Railway Company. Mr Dicker's wealth and energy made him all but supreme; but there were those who grudged him the fortune he had amassed and the power he wielded, and these two, Messrs Mould and Barber, were of the envious minority. They had listened coldly to their chief's eulogies of Hugh's courage and coolness at the time of the late accident, which had saved the Company thousands of pounds in the form of costs and damages. They had been wroth when Mr Dicker spoke of preferment as a thing certain to accrue to the Hollow Oak station-master. It is for Managers and Chairmen to promote deserving subordinates, not for Directors as such. The station had been inspected; the accounts examined; it only remained to take over the money belonging to the Company.

Hugh went to his house, where the cash-box was kept, and returned to the waiting-room, where he had left the Directors, with a white seared face and haggard eyes. 'Gentlemen,' he said in a voice that he vainly tried to render firm, 'I have been robbed! The Company's money in my possession, as the accounts prove, amounted to one hundred and ninety-three pounds fifteen shillings. Of this sum, the greater part was in Bank of England notes, the numbers of which I have marked on this list, as you will see. The money, as I happen to know, was safe yesterday at noon. I absented myself for three hours or so, from the station, at this our slack time, leaving the cash in the cash-box, locked in a locked cupboard in my bedroom. I left the house-door locked, and found it locked on my return. So were the cupboard and the cash-box, when I went to seek the money a few minutes since. But!—

and here the young man groaned and turned away his face—'some thief has carried off every farthing there.'

The Directors looked at one another blankly. Then Mr Dicker rose, and going up to Hugh, clapped him on the shoulder in token of encouragement. 'This is a bad business,' he said; 'but do not take it so to heart, my young friend. No one imputes, for an instant, blame to you, and—'

'Excuse me, Mr Dicker, sir,' croaked out Mr Mould, arching his shaggy eyebrows and shaking his fat head: 'Mr Barber and I may not be quite certain to take so charitable, ahem! a view of what appears to us a very, ahem! awkward transaction.'

'Excessively awkward, very!' chimed in reduced Mr Barber.

'Not, of course,' resumed the senior of the two, 'that we would absolutely condemn Mr Ashton unheard'—

'Condemn!' broke in Hugh, flushing crimson, and then growing pale again. 'Can you pretend to believe, gentlemen, that I—'

He ceased speaking, and stood with horror in his eyes, as if for the first time he fathomed the position in which he found himself, and the suspicious under which he lay.

'I, for one,' said Mr Dicker sturdily, 'believe, from the bottom of my heart, everything, that Mr Ashton has told us. I would stake ten thousand pounds on his truth and honour, and ten thousand at the back of that, Mr Mould! I never saw a better lad, nor a braver, and I am not going to desert him at this pinch.'

But Mr Mould appeared to have reason on his side when he said, gruffly, that Mr Dicker's partiality must not blind him to obvious facts. Hugh was in a place of trust. He had been appointed, it seemed, without producing testimonials or giving security. The money in his charge had disappeared, on the eve of the Directors' visit, and he had nothing to say in explanation of the disappearance. With all due deference to the Deputy Chairman, the case had an ugly look. By all means let it be investigated. So the three Directors went, in Hugh's company, to look at the cupboard, and to look at the cash-box whence the money had been abstracted. The cash-box still contained some papers, vouchers for the sum amassed by Hugh as station-master, and Mr Dicker's letter. Then Hugh was questioned as to the reason of his recent absence from the station. He said, frankly, that he had spent some time in Bullbury, where an anonymous letter had invited him—for a purpose which he preferred to keep private—to attend.

'But where is this letter?' asked Mr Dicker.

Hugh could only conjecture that it had been stolen, together with the Company's cash, by the mysterious thief who had profited by his absence.

'Perhaps, Mr Dicker,' said Mr Mould, putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and looking more uncompromising than ever, 'you would like us to put faith in this cock-and-bull story!'

'That's just it—cock-and-bull story!' echoed Mr Barber, rubbing together his beefy little hands.

'I do believe it, Mr Mould, begging your pardon, and in spite of your ill-nature!' exclaimed the Deputy Chairman, taking Hugh's hand publicly, and rapping out an oath in conclusion, which we

will hope may be pardoned to the capitalist of Guildhall Chambers.

But Mr Mould, backed by his red-faced colleague, seemed master of the situation. He had, he said, in justice to the Company, a duty to discharge, disagreeable no doubt, but which no overbearing conduct on the part of his official superior should deter him from carrying out according to his conscience. The station-master at Hollow Oak, appointed, Mr Mould must say, in a loose and irregular fashion, to a place of trust, had failed in that trust. He had had, by his own admission, funds in his charge. What had become of those funds? That was the question. The plain duty of the Directors was to go before the nearest county magistrate—there was Sir Henry Marsden, Chairman of Quarter-sessions, a shareholder of their own, whose house, Marsden Hall, was near—and let justice take its course.

'I'll pay the money, and be hanged to it!' said Mr Dicker angrily. But the other two would not hear of this.

'Felonies,' said the senior dryly, 'must not be compounded, even to save your young friend, Mr Dicker.'

Hugh had quite broken down. The capitalist's kindness had unmanned him. But he dashed away the hot tears from his proud eyes, and said quietly: 'I am at your service, gentlemen. Let us go before—'

At that moment, with rattle and roar, and the ear-piercing shriek of the steam-whistle, the day-express went thundering past, drowning Hugh's voice; and, as the iron clangour ceased, a strange hubbub and dissonance disturbed the normal stillness of the place, and up the narrow stairs came, stumbling in their eagerness, several men. Will Farleigh it was who, flushed and panting, rushed up the first. Then followed police helmets, bright buttons, and blue uniforms. Two policemen led or dragged into the room a man in sailor's garb, with handcuffed wrists and dejected air, like a fox that has been trapped.

'Why, Will, lad? And Jackson—a prisoner, it seems!' cried Hugh, looking to right and left.

'Yes, Captain Hugh! we've got the villain, hard and fast! Here is the thief that robbed you,' said the bird-hunter eagerly. 'And here'—as one of the constables produced from his own pockets, and laid on the table, two bunches of skeleton keys, a chisel, a heap of gold and bank-notes, a letter bearing the Bullbury post-mark, and a bowie-knife of American make—'you may see what we found upon him.' 'Twas Rose Trawl sent me. God granted that she should hear this hound, and a worse than he, Captain, one Swart or Grewler, the Miller of Pen Mawth, plotting your ruin, and how to send you out of your station here—those were the scoundrel's own words—with iron bracelets on; and he had nearly succeeded, but that I was on the watch, followed him to Bullbury, and got him arrested there.'

Even Mr Mould could no longer feel or affect incredulity. There were the bank-notes, found in Salem Jackson's pocket, and indorsed by Hugh. There was the anonymous letter that had tempted Hugh over to Bullbury, and which, as a measure of precaution, the robber had carried off. Every proof was clear, and Mr Dicker was jubilant.

'We will go before Sir Henry,' he said, with a look at Mr Mould, 'but with a different charge

to make, and against a different person, gentlemen.'

But the Bullbury sergeant of police, jealous for the honour of his town, intervened. The caption, he said, had been made in the borough. Sir Henry—at mention of whom he touched his helmet—was a county magistrate. Let the borough magistrates first decide whether the prisoner was to be handed over to the county jurisdiction or not. And let the prisoner be safely lodged in Bullbury Bridewell.

Salem Jackson simplified matters by his behaviour. Like most cowards, in adversity he was abject. He snivelled out contrite entreaties to be forgiven by all, and especially by Hugh, hinted darkly at his readiness to denounce the Black Miller, and only checked his garrulous confession by frequent pleas to be assured of immunity from punishment as, 'State evidence—Queen's—as I believe you call it in the—in the dear old country, gents!' So he was removed to strong lodgings at Bullbury; and Hugh wrung Will Farleigh's hands, and asked him a thousand questions, and thanked him as his best of friends; and Mr Dicker thanked him too; while even Mr Mould exclaimed stilly: 'I am obliged to you, Mr—aw, Fairweather—for having prevented me from doing a great injustice.—Eh, Barber, didn't he?'

But he said it in a thick, pompous way, as though the fact of uttering those few words implied a receipt in full to himself and to his colleague for all previous severity in judging Hugh Ashton.

Then the two Directors caused their special train to be ordered up by telegraph from Stedham, and went off Londonwards, leaving the Deputy Chairman behind.

'I shall not leave my young friend here so soon, gentlemen both,' the capitalist had said with a cool nod.—'Good-day, Mr Mould—your servant, Mr Barber!'

Will Farleigh could not wait. A train, convenient for his return to the west, would start from Stedham at seven o'clock. And he must go to Alfringham, he said, to tell Miss Maud the result of his mission. Miss Maud, so the bird-hunter declared, had seemed as sorry for the scrape Captain Hugh was in, as himself or Rose Trawl. So Will trudged up again to Alfringham, where he found Miss Stanhope on the terrace that commanded a view of the road, eagerly awaiting him. And Maud thanked Will, and praised him, with thanks to heaven's mercy too, for Hugh's rescue from the vile schemes of vile men, and took him into the mansion, where Mrs Stanhope saw him, and commended him too, but with a well-bred moderation in her praise. And Will, with a grateful letter, hurriedly penned, of thanks from Maud Stanhope to her best of friends, dear Rose Trawl, was sent on in one of Lord Penrith's carriages to Stedham, in good time for his train to Cornwall. But he did not see the old lord himself, then struggling betwixt life and death.

CHAPTER XLVII.—MR DICKER'S DINNER.

Hugh Ashton left alone with Mr Dicker, after the special train had borne off the two other railway Directors, grasped the capitalist's hand and pressed it warmly.

'Heaven reward you, dear sir!' he said in a broken voice. 'You believed me, when others thought me a liar and a thief. I have known no such friend as you since my dear father died.'

'It is I, my boy, who have reason to be proud of your friendship,' answered Mr Dicker, coming for once fairly off his golden pedestal, and descending to the level of common humanity. 'I wish I had been your father. A son like you would have'— And the rich man sighed as he remembered that there was none to inherit his wealth save Miss Dicker—who was a plain little person, with pinkish eyes, and a resemblance to a white rabbit, overloaded with fine clothes and fine accomplishments—and whatsoever scion of needy nobility might become that young lady's husband.

'Your kindness emboldens me,' said Hugh, after a pause, 'to ask a further favour at your hands. My story—the real history of my life, I have breathed to no one; and I had determined, if I died before the proofs I seek were found, that the secret itself should die with me. But now, I begin to mistrust my own judgment, and should be glad of the counsel of so experienced a gentleman, as well as so true a friend'—

'As I am, eh?' chimed in the capitalist, patting Hugh gently on the shoulder. 'And quite right too. It's getting dark, isn't it; and if there's an inn in the neighbourhood where they can give us something to eat and a glass of wine, we'll dine together. By Jove! but we will.—Oh, the *Beville Arms*, eh?' And the capitalist passed his arm familiarly through Hugh's. 'Then the *Beville Arms* shall have the honour of providing for a hungry customer. This sort of thing makes me ravenous.—And you, Mr Edmunds, or whatever it is, will please to look to the station; and you and the others can drink Mr Ashton's health at proper time and place, with this five-pound note.—Now come along, and I won't hear a word, mind, till dinner's on the table!'

The *Beville Arms*, gaining from the tattle of the porters some inkling of the wealth and commercial standing of its unexpected customer, exerted itself to content the fastidious palate of a Londoner. Somehow, there was a fish, and a chicken, and a pudding added to the chop and steak which were all that the local butcher could supply; while the landlord, who had been a servant at Alfringham once upon a time, unearthed a bottle of such green-sealed sherry as he kept for rare occasions, as when some belated fox-hunter slept at Hollow Oak.

'It's not half bad!' said Mr Dicker critically of the wine; 'but I'll give you, one of these days, some Amontillado, which couldn't be bought, sir, couldn't be bought. It was a present when the *Araúzquez Junction* was planned, from the Infante'— Never mind that! I want to hear your story, my poor boy.'

'In the first place,' said Hugh, with a forced smile, 'I have to begin with a sort of confession, Mr Dicker. I fly, as we sailors say, false colours at the main. My real name is Hugh—but not Hugh Ashton.'

'Dear me!' returned the capitalist, really interested.

'It is from no mean motive, heaven knows!' went on Hugh, 'that I have consented to disguise my identity, and to bear the humble name by

which I have for years been known. My poor father—who died in helping to save lives in a boat-accident in Wales, last summer—was a man of rank and family, who lay for weary years under a foul and hideous charge—as false as it was cruel—that of fratricide—of the murder of Marquise Beville—his own brother.'

'Beville! your father! Surely he could not have been the Honourable George Beville, second son'— exclaimed the capitalist breathlessly.

'Second son, Mr Dicker,' said Hugh quietly, 'of the present Lord Penrith, of Alfringham, close to this place. I saw my grandfather, for the first time, when the railway accident occurred, the other day. Yes; my name is Hugh Beville—not Ashton—and these papers,' he added, as he drew from a large pocket-book of black leather, opened it, and laid it on the table before Mr Dicker—these papers will prove that my words are true. Here is the marriage certificate of the Hon. George Beville's marriage to Letitia Ashton, at the chapel of the English Embassy in Paris. Here is my own certificate of birth and baptism, dated, as you will see, from Sydney, Australia. And here are letters'—

'But, my dear young friend!' said Mr Dicker, jumping excitedly to his feet, 'are you aware of two things? First, that you are heir to one of the oldest titles, and one of the greatest territorial fortunes, as well as the future head of one of our most ancient families in England. And, secondly, that you are the son of my kindest friend, of the man who lent me a helping hand at the most critical moment of my fortunes; for, without the two thousand pounds he lent me—and which, in fact, I owe still—I should never have been a partner in the house of Isaacson, Jellaby, and Dicker, of which I am now sole representative!'

Mr Dicker's excitement seemed contagious.

'Can it be possible,' exclaimed Hugh, springing up, 'that you have been my father's friend as well as mine? And if so, is it in your power to assist me in the task to which, beside his grave, I solemnly devoted myself, that of clearing his dear name from the base aspersions of a heartless world? Because, Mr Dicker, so long as George Beville is deemed the murderer of his brother, Hugh Beville chooses to remain as he has hitherto done, plain Hugh Ashton, and to earn his bread by the labour of his own hands. And no temptation of rank or fortune would avail to change a resolve deliberately made, and steadfastly adhered to. Even love itself could not do that.'

'You mean,' inquired the capitalist, who could scarcely credit himself with having heard aright, 'that you will not claim your rights as Lord Penrith's heir, unless he do justice to your father's memory?'

'That was the meaning I intended to convey,' answered the young man. 'Until my father's innocence is acknowledged, I, for my part, will not count kinship with those who drove him out, like Cain, into the wilderness.'

Mr Dicker resealed himself, and eyed Hugh very much as he had eyed him, in Guildhall Chambers, at the time of his refusal of the cheque. 'Upon my word,' said the man of money, wonderingly, 'you are a very extraordinary young man. But I like you the better for it. I felt from the

first that you reminded me of some one, and now I look at you I see the likeness, and yet the difference. Your poor father had a thoughtful look and a retiring manner. Well, it so happens that I can, in my turn, hold out a helping hand to the son of my former benefactor. Sit down again, and fill your glass, and I will tell you how. I need not explain how first by accident—a lucky accident for me—I made acquaintance with Mr George Beville. I was then a poor and struggling man, and the money that he lent me—it had been part of his mother's fortune—gave me my first decided lift in the world, converting me from a clerk into a partner. I prospered so well, that in two years or so I should have been able to repay the debt, when suddenly came the rumour that Lord Penrith's eldest son had been shot dead, and that his brother had fled the country rather than stand his trial for the act. I never, for a moment, believed your father guilty.'

'You did not!' rejoined Hugh, with a bright gleam of pleasure on his face.

'No; because I knew him well, and could conceive,' resumed the capitalist, 'how his gentle nature would have shrunk, too sensitively perhaps, from the publicity of a trial in open court, and from the suspicious and callous curiosity of a crowd intent on being cheaply amused. And the circumstantial evidence, they said, was strong. Innocent men have been condemned ere this. At anyrate, I thought I could understand the motives that prompted him to keep away, and I tried more than once to discover his address and assure him of my regard; but in vain. What I never did comprehend was the reason of his doubly unfortunate absence at the very date of the murder.'

'These letters,' said Hugh, offering them, 'will explain that. They are from my mother, written while she was still Miss Ashton, and under a secret engagement to marry my father, who dared not, for fear of his father's prejudices and violence of temper, openly mention his attachment to an orphan girl without pedigree or fortune. It was a stolen match after all. My mother was induced to go over to Paris under escort of the old aunt with whom she lived, there to be privately married; and my father started to meet her in France, as ill-luck would have it, on the very afternoon that witnessed his brother's murder. He wrote to inform his father of this; but the old lord was angry and unjust, so that he destroyed the letter half-read, and answered it with a malediction.'

Mr Dicker took out his memorandum book and pencilled down a note or two. 'My poor friend left England, then, or at anyrate started from Alfringham, in the afternoon of the very day of the murder. That, in itself, should almost substantiate an alibi, coupled with the intention of going abroad, which these letters—yes, yes; post-marks and signatures well preserved, I see—establish.'

Hugh shook his head. 'My father always told me,' he said sadly, 'that he could not prove his innocence thus. He left his brother Marmaduke near the garden gate of the steward's house, and himself went by a footpath across the fields to Bromley Common, and so into the Stedham Road. At Stedham he procured a carriage and post-horses, and thus travelled to Southampton, whence he pursued his journey by railway to London and Dover. But he must still have been walking

towards Stedham when my uncle Marmaduke was found dead near Lambert's Stile, close to the Bullbury Road. Then, too, the pistol which was found in the snow, close to the place where the murder was done, had been mislaid, or stolen from the house, a day or two before; but unhappily my father had not mentioned its loss to any one.'

'That's bad!' rejoined the capitalist. 'But I hope we shall be able to prove that the fatal bullet was fired, not, as was assumed, from a pistol at all, but from a gun, and that the pistol was left on the ground for the purpose of directing suspicion to its owner, George Beville. Now listen to me! That poor fellow Purkiss, who perished in the shipwreck, as you remember, had special instructions from me to make inquiries, while in Australia, for George Beville's place of abode. In this he failed; but, strange to say, a man whom he befriended in Queensland, a poor wretch who had been waiter in a tavern, and was ill and poor, and whose last hours my clerk's good-nature rendered comfortable, dictated and signed a confession which Purkiss took down in writing, and which was among those valuable papers that were in the purple bag, and which you saved while rendering what assistance was possible on the night of the shipwreck. The man's name, as I recollect, was Cooper—it is a common name, I am told, among the gipsies, and he was himself of gipsy blood—and he had emigrated, been gold-digger, stockman, and shepherd, by turns, lost his health, and finally did not wish to die with the load of an undivulged secret on his conscience. Yes; his name was Cooper, and the usual camping-places of his tribe in or near this part of the Forest. He solemnly affirmed George Beville's absolute innocence of the crime imputed to him, declaring that he and a sister of his, Anne or Nan Cooper—better known as Gipsy or Ghost Nan—Why, you seem to know the name?' said the capitalist.

'I know the name, and the woman. But for heaven's sake, go on!' answered Hugh.

'Where was I?' said Mr Dicker. 'O yes; that he and a sister of his, bearing that name, were actually eye-witnesses of Marmaduke Beville's murder, being at that time encamped beside a hedge bordering the field in which the crime was committed, and that the deed was done by one James Grewler, the steward of Lord Penrith's estate, and a man in whom your grandfather reposed unbounded trust; and that the weapon used was a valuable gun, of somewhat remarkable construction for those days, which had been a present from Lord Penrith himself.'

'But why?' began Hugh, bewildered.

'Why, you will say,' went on the capitalist, 'did not the gipsies come forward to denounce the criminal, and save the reputation of an innocent man? But you must remember that these wanderers are at war with Society, and that it would take a strong motive to induce them to give evidence in a court of law, or aid the Justice they deem hostile to themselves. Then—if I recollect rightly—this Grewler had a hold on them, knowing of some poaching or petty depredations that the gang had committed; while, lastly, Cooper admitted having received hush-money, though to no great amount, from the steward, who afterwards, it appeared, absconded with a large sum of money belonging to Lord Penrith.'

'Why, then, may I ask, dear friend, did you?'—Hugh began; but again the capitalist anticipated him.

'Why did I not, on receiving these papers from Australia which your courage preserved, make public the gipsy's statement, and clear your father's name?' I answer—For two reasons. Cooper himself exacted a pledge from my clerk—of which, with some outline of the story, poor Purkiss informed me by mail—that old Lord Penrith should not hear the truth unless George Beville, or his innocent children, should prove to be alive to profit by it. I fancy the gipsy apprehended that some legal punishment might befall his sister, this Nan, or Nana, as he called her, of whom he seemed to stand in superstitious awe. And then, what proof had I that George Beville was alive? I knew that advertisements had been inserted, years ago, in the colonial newspapers, making inquiries about him, but fruitlessly. I will, however, telegraph forthwith to London to one of my people, and have the box that contains the confession brought to Hollow Oak to-morrow by the earliest train. Then we can go before Sir Henry, or any other justice of the peace, with a story worth the telling.'

The telegram was duly despatched; but there was still much to say and to arrange, and it was late before Hugh and Mr Dicker separated, the latter to commit himself to the lavender-scented sheets of the best bedroom at the village inn; the former to pass but broken slumbers, as may be guessed, while eagerly awaiting the morrow.

STAINED GLASS.

NEARLY contemporary with the revival of Gothic architecture applied both to ecclesiastical and secular buildings, the taste for the enrichment of such edifices by the introduction of coloured and painted glass has revived and flourished. The secret of communicating to glass the exquisite and glowing colours, so richly and harmoniously blended in the few uninjured specimens that remained in the mediæval churches of Great Britain, if not absolutely lost, was for long buried in obscurity. Another most serious impediment was the difficulty of producing a pigment which should possess sufficient affinity with the glass to be readily incorporated with it, and yet be capable of reduction to a consistency favourable to its use as an ordinary kind of painting material to be laid on, and variously treated, according to the artistic necessities of the manipulator. But these and other minor obstacles gradually disappeared before the searching investigations of enthusiasts in an art that had been so long neglected.

Let us now follow the art of glass-staining through its chief stages. The design of the window being determined upon, and the cartoon or full-sized drawing being prepared, a kind of skeleton-drawing is made, shewing only the lines which indicate the shape of each separate piece of glass. It is apparently not generally understood that a window is not one piece of glass, to which are applied the various colours displayed, but a number of small pieces, which are united by grooved lead, which incloses each individual fragment, and that each different colour we see is the colour of that particular piece of glass, the only painting material

employed being the dark-brown pigment used to define the more delicate and minute details. This skeleton or working drawing then passes to the cutting-room, where sheets of glass of every imaginable shade are arranged in racks, each bearing a number, by which a particular tint is known. The drawing being numbered on each separate piece of glass by means of a frame containing small pieces of every shade, and each numbered according to the rack containing the glass of that colour, the use of this frame renders unnecessary the tedious process of visiting each rack in search of the particular shade required; the glass is laid bit by bit on the drawing, and each piece is then cut to the required shape by means of a diamond.

After the glass is cut, it passes to the painter, who laying it over the drawing, traces upon it with his brush all the details of features, folds of drapery, foliage, &c., as designed by the artist. But as the action of the weather and the continually varying conditions of the atmosphere, would speedily remove every vestige of paint if left in this state, it is necessary to subject the painted glass to the action of heat by placing it for several hours in a kiln, under the influence of which the paint is fused into absolute affinity with the glass, and becomes actually incorporated with its substance. After this burning process, it only remains for the different pieces to be united with the grooved leaden framework which binds the whole together. The places where the leads join are then carefully soldered together, and nothing remains but to thoroughly work over the whole surface with a thick kind of cement, which fills up any interstices between the glass and lead, and renders the whole panel perfectly water-tight and weather-proof.

After having noted the various processes necessary to the completion of a window, let us proceed to the examination and comparison of the different styles and peculiarities which characterise the originals upon which most of our modern productions are founded. These styles or epochs correspond almost identically with those similarly adopted to distinguish the progress of architecture. The first is the Early English, commencing approximately towards the close of the twelfth and extending to the end of the thirteenth century. The windows of this period are characterised by extreme simplicity and even crudeness of design; but these defects as such, when carried to extremes, are counterbalanced by the great richness of general effect, and an apparently intuitive appreciation of the rules which affect and govern a pleasing harmony of colour. As the architecture of this period in its severe simplicity had not arrived at the elaboration of dividing the windows into separate compartments, or 'lights' as they are technically termed, it is obvious that the artist was either restricted to the portrayal of a single figure or subject in one window; or was compelled, if desirous of introducing more than one such representation, to reduce the size of each individual picture, and by a judicious and ornamental arrangement of geometrically shaped panels, to form by the repetition of these an effective and pleasing whole. This treatment was one widely adopted at this time both in England and abroad; and the comparatively few specimens

at home, and those somewhat more numerous on the continent, are sufficient to shew how effectively these arrangements were carried out. A natural consequence of the then architectural ignorance of the advantages of mullioned windows, was the increase in size of the single lights, thus affording far wider scope to the artist in arranging his groups of subjects. They represented for the most part scenes from the life of Christ, or pictorial histories of sainted and martyred Christians; and evidenced painstaking care on the part of the monastic artists who originated and executed the designs.

On comparing the attempts at ornamentation of this period in architecture and in illuminated manuscripts, we find the medieval artists following in the same track; and thus we find the decorating of their windows to take the form either of canopies and bases, founded in their design on the actual stone models before them in their churches, or of foliated scroll-work of an extremely conventional and formal character. We find as a rule, that the single figures—such as figures representing the apotheoses of saints or martyrs—stood under the canopies referred to with probably nothing but a broad strip to support the figure; and in the same manner the architectural work of the canopies was designed with the most sublime disregard of perspective, and arches of the flimsiest structure supported a superincumbent weight calculated to strike a modern engineer with horror. But such eccentricities as these are forgotten when we look upon the complete work, and see how, with all its incongruities of drawing, and its frequent defiance of the laws of gravity, the idea thus crudely conveyed was one of reverential worship on the part of the designers.

On the other hand, the grouped subjects, when arranged to contain several scenes, were generally separated by flowing scroll-work bearing some resemblance to foliage, but growing in carefully drawn curves, and interlacing with a remarkably happy effect of colour rather than of truth to nature. Still, the effect as a whole is beautiful and devotional in the extreme; and it is interesting for those who have the opportunity of studying the progressive styles, to note how, as devoutness and purity of expression diminishes, there grows a taste for elaborate and beautiful ornamental details, and a more artistic aptitude in the drawing of human and other figures.

In the glass of this period the brush is but sparingly used; the dresses being very simple and with few folds, are little more than the coloured glass cut to the shape as nearly as possible, a few strong strokes of the brush indicating the leading folds. The figures too are small compared with the space at command, and the accessories of background, trees, buildings, &c. are treated in the simplest and most primitive manner. But by slow degrees the style became merged into what is known as the Decorated or Second Pointed Period.

This epoch appears in medieval art to be the culminating point in architecture, stained glass, and illumination, beyond which the most aspiring ambition could not hope to pass; and truly it is difficult to imagine anything more perfect in its own sphere than the different branches of art at this time. The crudeness and imperfections of the earlier years were now rectified and supplied;

while little was lost of original simplicity or feeling in the superior treatment of the later style.

In this the Decorated Period we find the windows divided by mullions, and as the years went on, the mullions by interlacing curves, forming smaller openings in the upper part of the window, called tracery. The width of the several lights by this alteration was naturally considerably diminished, and encouraged the almost universal adoption of the canopy as an appropriate finish to the work. And in these canopies are evinced the most pleasing and varied fancies, being, with certain restrictions, almost reproductions of the beautiful stone tabernacle-work still to be seen throughout the cathedral towns of England. The crocketed pinnacle, the traiered window, the gargoyle grotesquely leering from his coign of vantage—all are to be found depicted in transparent splendour. The painting too at this period is found to have progressed; the features are more carefully and naturally traced; there is less grotesqueness of pose; the drapery bears evidence of closer study; and the whole shews a decided advance towards artistic success. The glass itself is cut in larger pieces as the power of expression by painting increases, and this of course implies a more sparing use of the lead-grooves, and a corresponding increase of lightness. At this point then, it may be said the art has reached its zenith; and from this point commences the downward course. It is perhaps natural that as the artists towards the close of the fourteenth century became conscious of their improvement in many ways, each generation should strive to outstrip the other; and beneficial as such a course, under certain restrictions, must necessarily be, the unrestrained and imperfectly educated efforts of these rivals, brought about a result far more disastrous than an absolute standstill. These artists overlooked the fact that, from the very conditions of its manufacture and treatment, stained glass must always be to a certain extent conventional. This was the trap into which fell the leaders of the third period, called the Perpendicular or Third Pointed. In their endeavours, honest and laudable enough no doubt, to outstrip all competitors, they discarded the brilliant and gorgeous colours of previous years, and presented little positive colour, except in the backgrounds to figures or subjects. They substituted for the magnificent canopies of the Decorated Period, elaborate and generally painfully top-heavy structures, certainly more true in insignificant details than their predecessors, but in disregard of the commonest rules of perspective.

We have now arrived at the virtual termination of the practice of the art for the time being; for although it was carried on for some time longer on the continent, it languished slowly but surely, and expired for want of encouragement in the stagnant times of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; to be revived and to flourish again with renewed vigour, and under more favourable circumstances, in the present century.

Of the adaptability of this beautiful art to the internal decoration of both public and private buildings, it is not necessary to say much. It agreeably completes the general scheme of mural decoration, which would otherwise be wanting in unity of design, in consequence of the break in

the continuity of ornament by the existence of an undecorated and, apart from its purpose, unjustifiable blank space. Thus the artist in stained glass comes to the rescue of the decorator, and without interfering with the transmission of light, renders the hitherto unsightly window an additional beauty and adornment to the building. And the art has another great advantage—of being capable of use in concealment as well as display. It frequently happens that from various causes the outlook from a window is far from agreeable, though the necessity remains for the window itself; and here again stained glass is of the greatest service, as it can be arranged to admit light, and at the same time prevent the eye from resting on an unpleasant prospect without, or the curious eyes of prying outsiders from intruding on the privacy of those within.

It will be seen from the foregoing how many and urgent are the claims of the art of stained glass on the notice of lovers of architectural adornment; and in these days of intellectual enlightenment, and artistic as well as scientific progress, such claims will not present themselves in vain.

ANECDOTES OF DOCTORS.

AMONGST the most honoured of all the professions is that of Medicine. It is often also a very lucrative one, especially if a medical man gains a name in the *beau monde*, and still better, is called upon to attend royalty. It is said that William III. during the first eleven years of his reign paid the celebrated Dr Radcliffe on an average not less than six hundred guineas per annum.

At a more recent date, royalty has not shewn itself ungrateful for medical services. Mr Wadd states in his *Memorabilia* that the physicians who attended Queen Caroline had each five hundred guineas, and the surgeons three hundred; and that Dr Willis was rewarded for his successful attendance on King George III. by fifteen hundred per annum for twenty years, and six hundred and fifty per annum to his son for life. The other physicians had, however, only thirty guineas each visit to Windsor, and ten guineas each visit to Kew. A physician's ordinary fee at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries was ten shillings; but if it happened that his patient were a man of condition, the doctor expected gold; and still later, several pieces of that coin from rich patients. A good story is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. The doctor dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them. But Sir Richard, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet.

"Are all the guineas found?" asked his lordship, looking round.

"There must be two still on the floor," was Sir Richard's answer, "for I have only three."

The hint of course was taken, and the right sum made up.

Another physician who had been accustomed to receive a three-guinea fee from an old lady-patient, received one day only two, and had recourse to one part of Sir Richard's artifice, and assuming that the third guinea had been dropped, through

his carelessness, looked about on the floor for it. The result, however, was rather disappointing. "Nay, nay," said the old lady with a smile; "you are not in fault. It is I who dropped it."

How much of 'hope deferred' is experienced by many doctors in the beginning of their career before the guineas become plentiful, is little known by the public. It is said that the great surgeon Sir Astley Cooper, whose income eventually varied from fifteen to over twenty thousand per annum, earned five guineas the first year, and in his fifth his fees only reached a hundred pounds. But the day came when patients waited for hours in his ante-rooms before they could obtain an interview with him, and even then perhaps were compelled to go away without a consultation. And for some years one patient alone paid him six hundred pounds annually for professional attendance upon him at his seat near Croydon.

Though there are numerous instances of large sums being received by doctors for successful treatment of their patients, it is rarely that they reap substantial benefit beyond their ordinary fees, in cases of failure; instances, however, are known.

A story is told of a French lady who put herself into the hands of a surgeon to be bled; the operator used his lancet so clumsily that instead of a vein he cut an artery. This mishap eventually caused the death of the lady. With a mixture of humanity and irony, she made a will in which she bequeathed a life-annuity of eight hundred livres to the surgeon on condition "that he never again bled anybody as long as he lived."

A Polish Princess about a hundred years ago, who lost her life in similar circumstances, had the following clause inserted in her will: "Convinced of the injury that my unfortunate accident will occasion to the unhappy surgeon who is the cause of my death, I bequeath to him a life-annuity of two hundred ducats, secured by my estate, and forgive his mistake from my heart. I wish this may indemnify him for the discredit which my sorrowful catastrophe will bring upon him."

Bleeding in those days, notwithstanding its risks, seems to have been regarded as almost a sovereign remedy for present ills, and an antidote against prospective ones. A good story is told of Lord Chesterfield and a friend of his, Lord Radnor, who was fond of acting the surgeon as far as bleeding was concerned. We will give it in Mr Jeaffreson's own words, from whose interesting *Book about Doctors* we have obtained a portion of our information. "Lord Chesterfield wanting an additional vote for a coming division in the House of Peers, called on Lord Radnor, and after a little introductory conversation, complained of a distressing headache.

"You ought to lose blood then," said Lord Radnor.

"God! do you indeed think so? Then my dear lord, do add to the service of your advice by performing the operation; I know you are a most skillful surgeon."

"Delighted at the compliment, Lord Radnor in a trice pulled out his lancet-case and opened a vein in his friend's arm.

"By-the-by," asked the patient, as his arm was being adroitly bound up, "do you go down to the House to-day?"

"I had not intended going," answered the noble operator, "not being sufficiently informed on the

question which is to be debated. But you, who have considered it, which side will you vote on?"

"In reply, Lord Chesterfield unfolded his view of the case; and Lord Radnor was so delighted with the reasoning of the man who held his surgical powers in such high estimation, that he forthwith promised to support the wily Earl's side in the division.

"I have shed my blood for the good of my country," said Lord Chesterfield that evening to a party of friends.

Amongst the doctors who have lived in this century, Abernethy perhaps figures most conspicuously. Though many of the stories related of his brusque manners and sometimes rude speech are said to be false or exaggerated, sufficient are authenticated to leave no doubt of his eccentricity. He had, however, under a rough exterior a kind heart. He often refused or returned his fees if he discovered that his patients were poor. In one well-known instance, a widow lady, whose child had been under his care, received from him, inclosed in a friendly letter, all the fees he had taken from her under the impression that she was well able to pay—he had learned that her means were straitened—and in addition fifty pounds, which he begged her to spend in giving her child a daily ride in the fresh air. To the honour of the profession be it said that instances of kind consideration and true generosity are far from rare amongst our medical men.

It is difficult to imagine how Abernethy could act with so much kindness and delicacy of feeling towards one lady, and yet give such offence to another, that she exclaimed: "I have heard of your rudeness before I came, sir, but I was not prepared for such treatment.—What am I to do with this?" she added; meaning the prescription he had given her.

"Anything you like," the surgeon roughly answered; "put it on the fire, if you please."

He had met his match. The lady took him at his word, placed his fee on the table, and his prescription on the fire, then with a bow left him. Abernethy instantly followed into the hall, apologised and begged her either to take the fee back or allow him to rewrite the prescription; but all to no purpose; the lady would not yield.

On another occasion the doctor was forced to own that he had the worst of it. The story runs thus. He was sent for one day in great haste by an innkeeper, whose wife had in a quarrel scratched his face with her nails to such an extent that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy thought this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said: "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all—your head, in fact?"

"Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

A gentleman once asked Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would "injure the brain."

"No sir," was the doctor's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff."

At the end of last century, and extending far into this, there flourished in Lancashire a family of the name of Taylor, the male members of

which for two or three generations were known as 'The Whitworth Doctors.' Indeed some of their descendants may possibly be still in the profession. Though plain of speech and possessing little refinement, the Whitworth Doctors were great provincial celebrities, especially as surgeons; but their fame extended far beyond their own region. In a number of *Tait's Magazine* published forty years ago, William Howitt gave an account of a visit he paid to the Whitworth doctor then extant who related to him one or two amusing incidents connected with his father's attendance upon royalty. He had been called in to prescribe for the Princess Elizabeth, a daughter of George III. 'The complaint of the Princess was a continued pain and stupor in the head. Of course John Taylor immediately ordered her to take his snuff. This snuff is made of the powdered leaves of the *Asarabacca*, which has the property of purging the head, and of which plenty was grown in the garden at Whitworth. John having given his order and delivered the snuff, looked about him, and seeing the Princesses all there, he clapped the Queen familiarly on the back, and said: "Well, thou art a farrently woman [good-looking] to be the mother of such a set of straight-backed lasses."

"Queen Charlotte took the unusual familiarity with very good grace, smiling and replying: "Yes, Mr Taylor; and I was once as straight-backed a lass as any of them."

"The doctor had not retired from the presence of royalty very long, when he was sent for again in great haste.

"Well, and what is the matter now?" asked he on entering.

"Oh, the Princess is taken with such a continual sneezing that we are quite alarmed."

"Is that all?" said John. "Then let the girl sneeze; that is the very thing that will do her good."

"The doctor is said to have had the honour of completely relieving the Princess of her complaint."

Patients doubtless often amuse by their idiosyncrasies the medical men they consult. According to Dean Ransay, Dr Gregory—"of immortal Mixture memory"—used to tell a story of an old Highland chieftain, intended to shew how such Celtic potentates were once held to be superior to all the usual considerations which affect ordinary mortals. The doctor, after due examination, had in his usual decided and blunt manner pronounced the liver of the Highlander to be at fault, and to be the cause of his ill-health. His patient, who could not but consider this as taking a great liberty with a Highland chieftain, roared out: "And what business is it of yours whether I have a liver or not?"

We are also indebted to the Dean's *Reminiscences* for the two following stories. 'An old lady about seventy years of age sent for her medical attendant to consult him about a sore throat, which had troubled her for some days. The doctor, decked out with the now-prevailing fashion, a moustache and flowing beard, was ushered into her room. The old lady, after exchanging the usual civilities, described her complaint to the worthy son of *Æsculapius*.

"Well," said he, "do you know, Mrs Macfarlane, I used to be much troubled with the very same kind of sore throat; but ever since I allowed my

moustache and beard to grow, I have never been troubled with it?"

"Aweel, aweel," said the old lady dryly, "that may be the case; but ye maun prescribe some other method for me to get quit o' the sair throat; for ye ken, doctor, I canna adopt that cure."

A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, &c., with strict injunctions *always* to prefix, "with her compliments." At length one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message: "Miss S—'s compliments, and she died last night at eight o'clock!"

Doctors are by no means infallible, and some times make very serious mistakes. In the *Book of Blunders* there is a curious story told, quoted from Cooke's *Seven Narcotics*, of a young Spanish doctor who went from Madrid to the Philippine Islands some years since with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he landed, the doctor sallied forth for a walk on the *paseo*. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood. Alarmed on the girl's account, the doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could overtake her, the girl had reached her home, a humble cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live. The distracted parents having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padre* was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the paces of purgatory. The doctor tried his skill to the utmost, but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead. As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manila, and very soon the newly arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune.

In the midst of all this, somebody one day had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before.

"Predict it!" replied the doctor; "why sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half-a-dozen times."

"Blood! But how did you know it was blood?"

"How! What else could it be?"

"But every one spits red in Manila."

The doctor, who had in the meantime observed this fact, and was labouring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough

to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread through the city, and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood was nothing else than the red juice of the *buaya*, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction.

The doctor's patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, the doctor was fain to escape from Manila, and return with all speed to Spain.

We will bring our gossip to an end with a story illustrating the varying degrees of feeling regulated by the state of his health, with which a patient may be said to regard his medical adviser. It is related of Bouvart, a French physician, that one morning as he entered the chamber of a certain Marquis whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was addressed by his noble patient thus: 'Good-day to you, Mr Bouvart! I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me.'

'I am sure it has,' replied Bouvart dryly. 'The very first expression you used convinced me of it.'

'Pray explain yourself,' said the Marquis.

'Nothing is easier,' was the doctor's reply. 'In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your "dearest friend"; as you began to get better, I was your "good Bouvart"; and now I am "Mr Bouvart." Depend upon it you are quite recovered.'

A COURIER'S STORY.

My name is Carl Johann Roessel. By birth and nationality I am a Swiss, but cosmopolitan in every taste and habit. In my early days I regularly followed the profession of a courier, as I do now occasionally when any of my old patrons or their friends require such services, which is rather infrequent, the taste of the travelling public having degenerated into hasty journeys by express trains, with the consequent loss of all enjoyment of the different phases of scenery through which the travellers are passing. In the course of my many years' experience, I have been witness to many strange occurrences, have assisted in many a secret and adventurous undertaking, and have been subject to many perils. From among such varied experiences I give the following strange story, suppressing for obvious reasons the real names of those interested.

Many years ago I was engaged as courier to His Excellency the Honourable Frederick Eslington, ambassador-extraordinary of His Britannic Majesty King George, on a special secret mission to one of the great continental powers. Having finished his duties and successfully attained the object of his mission, we started on our homeward journey in the summer of 18—. The period was one to be long remembered from the political excitement which existed throughout all Europe, almost every government having unsheathed the sword. We had travelled a considerable part of the first stage of our return journey, when His Excellency, who

was feeling the fatigues of the incessant travelling in the heavy rumbling carriage, said he should stop at the next town we arrived at, and take rest and refreshment; both of which he was much in need of, besides having important state documents to transcribe. In due course we arrived at the small town of S—, on the confines of Germany, where we put up. We stayed a day and a half there; and I was then instructed to have the carriage and horses in readiness to continue our journey. His Excellency meanwhile had completed his writings, to which he had assiduously applied himself; and told me, as it was a fine afternoon, he would take a short walk, and on his return resume his journey at once; and I must therefore make all necessary preparations. He accordingly left the hotel. But he was never seen afterwards, nor was anything known of his fate!

I waited for upwards of an hour anxiously, and then made a close search for him, which I continued for several days; but not a trace could I discover of my master. A villager, however, living outside the town brought to me at the hotel a pair of overalls, which he stated he had found in a neighbouring copse. I recognised the garment as belonging to His Excellency; and at once repaired with the villager to the copse, and closely examined the spot, but found no trace or sign of any struggle.

Finding it useless to prosecute the search, I at once returned to London with His Excellency's travelling gear, which I handed to his family. The British government at once instituted inquiries, as also did His Excellency's family, and large rewards were offered by both, and advertisements widely disseminated for any information respecting the missing ambassador; but they failed one and all to gain any information of or the slightest clue to his fate. A certain amount of suspicion attached to me, but it was only momentary, and I at once cleared myself of it, and assisted the distracted wife and her missing husband's family as much as lay in my power. Well I remember the agonies of anxiety and suspense caused to the ambassador's wife and family by the distressing calamity. Magisterial investigation was made, experts were employed, and every endeavour made to penetrate the dark veil of mystery surrounding the event; but all efforts were unsuccessful. One of His Majesty's ambassadors had completely and mysteriously disappeared, without leaving a clue to light up the awful obscurity which enveloped the tragic occurrence.

Several years had elapsed since the distressing event, and the memory, the painful memory, of it was beginning to fade from my mind, when I happened to be in Antwerp on a short tour through Belgium with patrons. And while listlessly strolling by myself on the quay one summer's evening, watching the passengers disembarking from the newly arrived steamer, I was accosted by a mean, haggard-looking, little man of beggarly appearance, who spoke to me in Flemish.

'Are you not Herr Roedel the courier?' said he.

'Yes,' replied I. 'What do you want with me? Who are you?'

'I suppose you have quite forgotten me?' said he.

I stared at him keenly. The man's features were somewhat familiar to me, yet I was confused in my remembrance of how and where I had seen him. 'I do not know you,' said I.

'Yes; you do, and very well,' replied he. 'My name is Ludwig Kühl, and I have frequently driven you the first stage out of Vienna. I did so when you were courier to His Excellency the Honourable Eslington, in the summer of the year 18—.'

(The courier is remembered even when the patron is forgotten, for it is to us that landlords and their servants look for their gratuities.)

I stared at him, and then recognised the haggard looks. 'True,' said I; 'I remember you now well. How goes it with you? What do you here in Antwerp? The old trade, eh?'

'Ah, no!' he replied with a deeply drawn sigh. 'It's a long story, and I can't tell it to you here in all this noise and bustle. Let us go to a quiet cabaret.'

I agreed; and in our short walk I revolved in my mind all those circumstances, so dark and impenetrable in their profound mystery, which had happened years before. And I remembered how our postillion Ludwig Kühl had assisted me in the unavailing search for His Excellency. Soon we reached a little cabaret—their name is legion in Antwerp—in one of the back streets near the Cathedral; and with a glass of his favourite Boonjekamp in front of him, he seated himself, and told me the following sequel to the mysterious disappearance.

'You must remember me, friend,' he began, 'when I was in a better condition than you now see me; and he scanned his wretched garments, shrugging his shoulders with an impatient air.

I nodded acquiescence.

'Well,' said he, 'you must also know in your long experience of travel that all classes of society on the continent, and particularly in Vienna, have their secret club. The postillions had theirs; but it was subject to the rule of the Chief Secret Society. In my younger days, friend, I was induced, in an unlucky moment, to enroll myself as a member, and take the oaths of the Secret Society of Postillions. Bitterly have I repented since, for it is to that circumstance I owe my present deplorable state of mind and position.'

'But what has that to do with the mysterious case of His Excellency?' I asked of him somewhat impatiently.

'Much more than you imagine or can ever know, friend,' replied he, sentimentally wagging his head. He paused for a moment. 'Well, I will tell you,' continued he, 'though you must not break my story with your inquiring comments. Firstly, then, you must know that I was on the establishment of Herr Spiltzen, the carriage-master and stable-keeper from whom His Excellency the Honourable Eslington hired his travelling carriage and horses for his return journey. It was known to the Chief Secret Society that His Excellency was in possession of important papers, and it was also known that he was on the point of starting with them for England. The Chief Commander had important reasons for

obtaining these papers, or copies of them, and of one in particular above all others, by fair means or foul; and what the Chief says is to be done, is done invariably at any cost. The Committee had balloted for the person who must execute their orders, and their choice had fallen on me as postillion, and the more likely to effect a successful result. By virtue of my oath I was bound to obey, or I should have suffered a secret death, by assassination probably. I need not tell you my instructions; but a dreadful fate awaited you in the event of your or His Excellency obstructing our wishes. In every town through which we passed there were emissaries of the Chief Society, to assist me, so great is its organisation; and when I received your instructions to pull up at the next town, which if you remember was S—, I knew the wishes of the Chief Commander would be effectually carried out. The landlord of the hotel you stayed at and the head hostler were known to me as members of the Chief Society, and there were other residents in the town also members whom I did not know. So you see, my friend, how His Excellency and you were encompassed in a net from which there was no escape; and he chuckled to himself as he said it. 'Now you remember how His Excellency was always engaged in writing his despatches and documents. Well, there was consequently great difficulty in getting a view of the papers without adopting foul means, and time was of great importance to the Chief Commander.'

'What!' I exclaimed in great astonishment, my hair almost on end with the suddenness of the confession—'what! Do you mean to tell me Carl Johann Roeckel, that you murdered His Excellency in cold blood?'

'Not exactly that, friend,' he quietly replied. 'When His Excellency went for that short walk, the head hostler also went for a stroll in the same direction. A short distance from the town the hostler met a friend, also a member, and they quickly bound and gagged His Excellency, and carried him to the cellar of the latter's house, where they kept him secretly until after the excitement of the disappearances and search had subsided, when he was taken to Vienna in the involuntary disguise of a dangerous lunatic peasant, and afterwards—' And he made a significant sign indicative of strangulation. 'The papers were abstracted by the landlord, and handed to me, and I in turn delivered them to the Chief Commander personally. Nothing was ever said about the missing documents, if you recollect, because only one other person besides His Excellency and the Chief Commander knew of them, and he dared not say what they were.'

'But how,' asked I, 'was everything kept so quietly, as the British government made a great stir over the matter, and large rewards were offered?'

'Well,' replied he; 'those to whom the matter was referred were mostly members of the Chief Society, which you must remember, numbered in its roll members of all ranks and stations. The pair of overalls found in the corpse some days after the disappearances were purposely placed there to lead and encourage the belief that His Excellency had been robbed and then murdered.'

'But you do not account for your being here in Antwerp now,' said I.

'Well, friend,' continued he, and he drew himself closer to me and spoke in a very low tone—'well, the Chief Commander, in consequence of the stir made by both the British and our government, and fearing disclosure on account of the large rewards offered, took effective steps to prevent it by ordering the deaths of those concerned in the tragedy. The landlord of the hotel, however, suddenly decamped to America—where he will be tracked, never fear—after hearing of the deaths of the hostler and his friend, who were found stabbed in their beds; and I escaped here, by circuitous routes, and I have remained in hiding ever since. But I am already known and discovered, and I go daily in fear of my life. The sign of the Black Dagger here!—and he tore open his vest and shirt, disclosing the print of a dagger on his breast—'is known to all members of the Secret Society. My death-warrant has long ago been signed, and I am studiously watched, I feel certain. Even now!—' And he suddenly stopped, casting a cautious glance round the room, and pointed to a stranger who was silently smoking and drinking, to all appearance engrossed in their enjoyment. 'I must leave you,' he said, in a hurried hoarse whisper. 'Good-bye, friend,' and he crept out of the *cabaret* quickly.

The next morning, Ludvig Käll's body was found floating in the canal, near its entrance to the Scheldt, pierced in the breast by a short dagger, with the device in German on its flat black handle, 'We wait.'

LEANING AND CROOKED TOWERS AND STEEPLES.

Of these singular objects, whose striking appearance is due to various causes, we meet with a number of instances both in our own country and on the continent. Of leaning towers, perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most widely known, is the celebrated one at Pisa in Italy. It is one hundred and eighty-seven feet in height, being ascended by three hundred and fifty-five steps, and is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than fourteen feet. Erected about 1174, this beautiful structure is built of marble and granite, having eight stories, each formed of arches supported by columns, the several stories being divided by ornamental cornices. Being unconnected with the neighbouring buildings, it was probably intended to be used as a belfry. Notwithstanding its inclination and the fact that seven hundred years have elapsed since the erection of the structure, it has withstood the ravages of time with more than ordinary success, exhibiting at the present time hardly any perceptible sign of decay. It would seem that the tower has not always presented the peculiar appearance which it has now assumed, for in the Campo Santa, a neighbouring burial-ground, the cloisters of which are ornamented with curious paintings on stucco, there exists a representation of the tower in an upright position. These paintings are supposed to have been executed about 1300, more than one hundred years after the tower was built; so that it may be considered pretty certain that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as is the case with those at Bologna in the same country. The taller of these latter, that of Asinelli, was built in 1109. It is over three hundred feet high, and has been stated to

incline two feet and a half. It may be ascended from the interior by five hundred steps; and the summit commands an extensive view of the neighbouring cities of Imola, Ferrara, and Modena. The lesser tower of the two, that of Garisendi or Garisimidi, compared by Dante to the stooping giant Anteus, is about one hundred and forty feet high, and deviates seven or eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been found by experiment that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from an upright position. In Italy, besides those already mentioned, numerous other instances are to be found. The bell-tower of St Mary Zibenica at Venice leans; also towers at Ravenna, and between Ferrara and Venice.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of Caerphilly Castle, Glamorgan-shire. Being but between seventy and eighty feet high, it is eleven feet out of the perpendicular. The castle of which the tower forms a part was built about 1221, and the canting of the tower is said to have been caused by an explosion of hot liquid metal used by the occupants of the castle to pour on the heads of their enemies, at a siege which took place in 1336. There are also leaning towers at Bridgenorth Castle in Shropshire and at Corfe Castle in Dorsetshire, both caused by the use of gunpowder during the Civil War between King Charles and his parliament.

Of churches with crooked spires, the most noteworthy is the famous one at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. It leans six feet towards the south, and four feet four inches towards the west, and its height is two hundred and thirty feet. So peculiar is the distorted appearance of this steeple, that it is said to appear falling towards the spectator from whatever point he approaches it. There are several traditions extant respecting this singular architectural deformity. One is that the builder, a native of Chesterfield, having agreed to erect a church, did so, finishing the tower without adding a spire. The authorities of the town, not being satisfied with the structure, appealed to the Attorney-general; who gave his opinion that the spire was as much a part of the church as the tower, and that consequently the builder must finish his contract by its addition. The subject was, however, fully discussed at a meeting of the Institute of British Architects in January 1855, and it was ascertained that the oak planks on which the framework of the spire rests are much decayed on one side; which is sufficient to cause the divergence from the perpendicular. The timbers also have the appearance of having been used in a green and unseasoned condition. The action of the sun upon the spire would therefore cause it to become crooked, and this may account for the distortion, without attributing it to design.

There used to be another example of a crooked spire at the church of St Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, which served as a landmark from the sea. There is an excellent view of the town of Yarmouth, shewing St Nicholas with its crooked steeple in Buck's *Perspective Views*, vol. iii. plate 82 (London, 1774). It, like Chesterfield spire, from whatever way viewed, appeared awry. It was however, taken down and rebuilt perpendicular about the commencement of the present century. Salisbury Cathedral spire is said to lean considerably from an upright position. There was a

common tradition in Chichester some sixty or seventy years ago that the architect who built the cathedral having quarrelled with his foreman, the latter went to Salisbury and built the spire of the cathedral at that place, which he carried up more than four hundred feet, in order to outdo the work of his former master, which was only three hundred feet in height. There is however, no truth in the tradition, as Chichester Cathedral was completed early in the twelfth century, and Salisbury not until the thirteenth. Lowestoft steeple is crooked, which is attributed to the warping of the lead-covered timber of which it is constructed. In the Lincolnshire fens, Spalding Church spire used to lean so much that it was in great danger of tumbling down. Four miles from Spalding is Surfleet Church, whose steeple, on account of the marshy ground on which it is built, inclines in a frightful manner towards the west. So alarming is the appearance of this singular building, that travellers have frequently dismounted from their horses, afraid lest the steeple should fall on them. Another example is Weston Church, also in this neighbourhood. It too has for many years leaned very perceptibly to the west. On Sunday evening February 8, 1835, Linthwaite Church, near Huddersfield, was struck by lightning; and without any of the stones being shattered, the spire was bent out of the perpendicular so as to incline towards the church. The tower of the Temple Church, Bristol, leans nearly four feet from the upright, and has by sinking separated from the church. Its appearance is unpleasant and somewhat alarming; but it has been examined from time to time to test its security. The steeple of Glasgow Cathedral has an inclination towards the south-west, commencing at the highest battlement, perhaps thirty or forty feet from its top. It was struck by lightning in 1756.

As a last instance, we will give the case of Wybunbury Church, Cheshire, the tower of which used to lean about five feet towards the north-east. The inclination of this tower having exhibited a slight increase from year to year, it was resolved in 1834, so dangerous had it then become, to take it down and have it rebuilt. Fortunately, however, before this was commenced, a Mr Trubshaw having made an examination of the building, undertook to set it right again without pulling it down. By a simple and ingenious process, he accomplished his object; and the tower was restored to its perpendicular so safely that not a single stone of the fabric was injured; and it has ever since been perfectly secure and perfectly upright.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

How or whence a proverb has originated is in most cases a matter of doubt. Some few perhaps are choice morsels culled from the writings of noted authors; others are adaptations from the literature of ancient nations, and notably from that of the Hebrews; but in most cases they can be safely included under the heading 'old sayings.' This is the case with English proverbs; but it is more especially so with the twenty or twenty-five thousand which form the principal adornments of Chinese conversation. Mr Scarborough has devoted considerable time and trouble to making a methodical collection of the wise or witty say-

ings of the Celestials, and has produced a book (*Chinese Proverbs*, Traubner & Co, London), which will repay perusal, firstly, on account of the amusement which may be extracted from its pages; and secondly, because it serves to illustrate the morals, customs, and habits of those peculiar people.

Chinese proverbs are not without wit, although they do not always incline to brevity. In fact some of them may be fairly entitled 'short moral stories' in which the Chinese excel; although, as the author of the work above referred to remarks, their conduct is not by any means in accordance with their preaching. Illustrative of their eagerness for obtaining a bargain, we quote the following generally accepted maxims: 'Calculate what you can sell before you buy.'

Who does not ready money clutch,
Of business talent has not much—

a distich worthy of the directors of a co-operative store. 'If you'd not be cheated, ask the price at three shops.' And again: 'When one cheats up to heaven in the price he asks, you come down to earth in the price you offer.' A slow trade is described by the phrase: 'To sell a couple of cucumbers in three days.' Whilst the good old maxim: 'There is no friendship in business,' is rendered by the Celestials in somewhat unsmooth phraseology: 'Relations or no relations, my turnips are three hundred cash per picul.' The excellent results following from the united action of partners in business, are shown by the couplet—

When two partners have one mind,
Clay is into gold refined.

Whilst very much disposed to sharp practice, the Chinaman is fully alive to the fact that if he would attain either eminence or competence, he must work hard. Invitations to perseverance and to thoroughness of purpose are frequent. 'If you don't scale the mountain, you cannot view the plain;' and, 'You had better go home and make a net than go down the river and wish for the fishes,' are illustrations of the Chinese method of expressing this sentiment.

The caution of the Chinese character is fairly represented by: 'If the wind be strong, yield to the wind; if the rain be heavy, get away from it;' and their dislike of procrastination after resolution, by the proverb: 'Wait till the Yellow River becomes clear, and how old will you be?' The fact being that the Yellow River is naturally and permanently 'of the muddiest muddy.'

Many of the Chinese proverbs have their counterparts in English; the difference of expression, however, being in many cases characteristic. Thus: 'Throw a sprat to catch a whale,' is rendered: 'Throw a brick to allure a gem.' 'Not to cry stinking fish,' is rendered in Chinese: 'The nation-seller declares his melons sweet.' 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves,' becomes: 'Count cash as though they were gold'—cash being a coin of the smallest denomination. Again: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' is translated: 'The swallow plastering its nest is labour lost'—this being a very happy allusion to the migratory habits of that bird. 'Preparing is preventing,' an old English expression, has its counterpart in: 'Get

the coffin ready, and the man won't die'; whilst 'Too many cooks will spoil the broth,' is rendered by the curious expression: 'Seven hands and eight feet.' 'There is a black sheep in every flock,' becomes: 'Crows are black all the world over.' And the oft-quoted saying of 'Robbing Peter to pay Paul,' assumes the form: 'To pull down the western wall to repair the eastern.'

A great number of proverbs amongst the Chinese are noticeable chiefly for their peculiar forms of expression, or the singularity of the figurative language used. To lend to a spendthrift is: 'To palm a dog with meat dumplings.' An impracticable task is described as: 'K'ua Fu's race after the sun's shadow'; or in derision of its inability, as: 'A blind man going up a mountain to view the scenery.'

Many allusions are made in Chinese proverbs to the decrees of Fate, and the bulk of the people are firm believers that 'Nothing follows man's calculations, but that his whole life is arranged by Fate.' The opposite belief, however, finds expression in the following curious sentence, which in sentiment is much more healthy: 'The more I study, the more I miss the mark—what have I to do with Fate? The more I miss the mark, the more I study—what has Fate to do with me?'—A peculiar arrangement of an antithetical sentence, and containing much food for thought. A man without the necessary information is 'A blind man on a blind horse coming at midnight to a deep ditch,' whilst the following is a little gem in the way of curious expression. Speaking of the scarcity of good men, the Chinese say: 'There are "two" good men; one of them is dead, the other unborn.' A man with an extreme absence of mind is said 'to seek the ass he is riding on,' or still more frequently, his bundle, his umbrella, and himself are represented as three individualities; and he is made to say: 'Here's my bundle—here's my umbrella—but where am I?' Umbrellas, by-the-by, are important possessions among the Chinese, and the allusion to the same in the following curious verse will be readily appreciated; moreover, the moral conveyed is extremely good:

He hears to-day; he hears to-morrow; does
nothing else but hoard;
At length he has enough a new umbrella to afford;
When all at once he is assailed—a wind arises
quick,
And both his hands grasp nothing but a new
umbrella stick.

Servants seem almost as much trouble among the Celestials as among the English. A very independent domestic tells his master bluntly: 'There are temples elsewhere than on Mount Ni,' whilst on the other hand the employer gives vent to his spleen in the following curious, if not complimentary saying: 'One man will carry two buckets of water for his own use; two will carry one for their joint use; but three will carry none for anybody's use.' 'A lean dog chases his master,' is the reproof offered to a mean employer by his servant.

So far our attention has been given to those proverbs which illustrate the ordinary manners and habits of the great people that inhabit the eastern portion of Asia, and that without praising or condemning the sentiments expressed. No person can, however, fail to appreciate the beauty

of many of the moral sayings in use among the Chinese, and which they are in the habit of displaying in their places of amusement upon high-days and holidays, after the manner of the conductors of our Sunday-schools. They illustrate forcibly the high tone of morality taught by the old philosophers, as well as the insatiable desire for learning which exists even to the present day. We have not attempted any particular arrangement of subject, but conclude with the following:

'A wise man can fill a thousand mouths; a fool cannot protect himself. One good word can warm three winter months; one bad one stir up anger. If you converse by the way, remember there may be men in the grass. Let those who would not drink, look at a drunken man. The lion opens his mouth; the elephant [the emblem of wisdom] shuts his: shut yours. They are only horses and cows in clothes who neglect the study of the past and present. Every character must be chewed to get its juice. Foam on the waves is the fame of earth. The bright moon is not round for long: the brilliant cloud is easily scattered. The ancients saw not the modern moon; yet the modern moon shone on the ancients. The great wall of a myriad miles remains; but Chin Shih Huang [its builder] is gone. Heaven, earth, and the spirits love the humble, not the proud; to the humble they give happiness; to the proud, calamity. Man cannot become perfect in a hundred years; he can become corrupt in less than a day. Men who never violate their consciences are not startled by a knock at the door at midnight. Each half of a riven bamboo smokes. [This is said against quarrelling.] Better be upright and want, than wicked and have superabundance. To save one life is better than to build a seven-storied pagoda.' And lastly: 'Do not consider any virtue trivial, and so neglect it; or any vice trivial, and so practise it.'

MARGINAL CREDITS.

In the discussions that have lately taken place as regards banking, a phrase has sometimes been employed about which little or nothing is generally known. The phrase is 'Marginal Credits.' There is no reason why there should be any obscurity or mystification on the subject. The following is the meaning of the phrase.

By Marginal Credits are meant certain operations in which bankers lend the credit of their names, as it were, to their customers, and thus enable them to carry out important commercial transactions which otherwise could not be gone into, or only at excessive cost. A merchant in this country, for instance, desires to import tea or silk, but his name is not so well known on the Chinese Exchanges, that bills drawn upon him by a merchant in China can be sold there at a reasonable rate of exchange. The tea or silk cannot be bought without the money being on the spot to buy it with, and if he sends out specie for that purpose he involves himself in heavy charges for freight and insurance, and loses the interest of his money while on the voyage. Before it arrives, the prices of tea and silk may have been so altered in the market that he would not be inclined to buy, and his money would thus be placed where it is not wanted. But while drafts by the merchant in China on the merchant in

this country would not sell, or only at a heavy sacrifice, the drafts by the merchant in China on a banker in this country will sell at the best price. The merchant in this country therefore deposits with his banker, cash or securities equal to the amount to which he desires to use the banker's name, and receives from him *Marginal Credits* for the amount. These are bill-forms drawn upon the banker, but neither dated nor signed, with a margin containing an obligation by him to accept the bills when presented. The bills are dated, drawn, and endorsed by the merchant in China before being sold, so that the obligation runs from the date on which the money was actually paid, and the tea or silk is most likely in the merchant's warehouse before the bill is payable. For the transaction, the banker charges the merchant a commission, to remunerate himself for the risk involved.

Many other transactions between merchants abroad and in this country can only be carried through by the acceptances of a London banker being tendered in payment, but the transactions are intrinsically the same as when Marginal Credits are used. The banker in the country can arrange with his customer to obtain the London banker's credit for him. Bankers—usually in London—also accept bills to a great amount for the exchange operations of foreign banks. A banker in, say Canton, buys from his customers bills drawn upon merchants in this country for a given amount, and sends them to his correspondent in London, who holds them for him and grants a credit in his favour on the security of them. The Canton banker operates upon this credit by drawing upon the London banker, and sells his drafts at the most favourable exchange. With the money received he purchases other bills, and remits them also, to be again drawn against. When these operations are made with caution and sound judgment, they are beneficial to all concerned; but when engaged in without sufficient knowledge or recklessly, they involve most disastrous consequences.

ON THE LAWN.

The heliotropes within the garden-beds
Azure-gemmed clusters shewed; and scarlet blooms
Of rare geraniums mingled with the bells
Of white petunias; calceolarias,
Their yellow purses fringed with rich maroon,
Swayed lightly in the breeze: the perfume sweet
Of mignonette, of fragrant cabbage-rose,
Spice-breathed clove-pinks, and odorous jessamine
Filled all the August air.

She comes, she comes!

Amid the green and shining laurel leaves—
The laurel clump that skirts the Rectory lawn—
I saw the gleaming of a snowy dress—
White muslin sprayed with blue. A soft fair face,
Of wondrous beauty, set in golden hair,
Looked out upon me, with a sweet shy blush,
The while the tender, dowy violet eyes
To mine were raised, as on the lawn She stepped,
That white-robed vision, whispering: 'I am here!'
The flowers bloomed fairer, joyous sang the birds,
For Love's sweet glamour gilded everything;
'Twas Eden there, at least to two fond souls,
And I—unworthy Adam—found my Eve! A. H. D.

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THE CHILDREN'S TEETH.

BY A FATHER OF A FAMILY.

A VERY important subject—so important, that I will venture to ask all parents who have growing children not to pass hastily by this paper. Few persons fully realise the value of teeth till these are injured or lost. In the nature of things it cannot be expected that children should understand the value of their own teeth; and our knowledge, or painful experience, ought to be employed to guard them from the consequences of their natural ignorance. The well-being of the teeth in childhood concerns all their future life. Bad teeth mean bad digestion, and what *that* means some of my readers understand perhaps too well. Very good abilities may fail in good results for want of health and strength; and the decline of these is at times distinctly connected with imperfect mastication.

It must be admitted at the outset that the children's teeth often stand a very poor chance, or to be accurate, no chance at all. What things they do with their teeth! Crack nuts, untie knots, crunch hard sugar-plums almost like stones; in fact children do almost anything with their teeth, except clean them. Now, if the hair or nails are left uncared for, one quickly hears the remark, 'How Mrs Blank neglects her children;' but the poor little mouth may be a perfect magazine of future misery, and the neglect pass quite unnoticed. A man who gives his daughter an elegant set of jewels on her coming of age, is counted an indulgent father; but a man who has by his care secured for his girl a perfect set of teeth, has done a far better thing for her.

The first mischief I will notice is *crowding*. Very few jaws have room enough for all the thirty-two teeth which will in time demand their places. Nothing is more common than to find the teeth so crowded that one or more are pushed out of line, and project beyond the others, or lean inwards towards the tongue, instead of standing perfectly upright. And even where there is no such dis-

placement, there is sometimes an intense pressure; the teeth are jammed against one another with a tightness which is almost incredible to those who have not given any attention to the subject. Sometimes, indeed, a tooth will turn sideways under this severe pressure. Now, in such cases it is simply impossible that the enamel can be properly deposited. This hard outer surface is the life of the tooth, and when it is thin and weak, that life must be a short one. As soon as the enamel is gone, the inner bone quickly decays, until in time the nerve is reached, and then comes the acute pain known as 'toothache.' What is wanted in most young mouths is the sacrifice of one or two of the weakest teeth, in order to give the others room to get all the enamel the system can supply, and thus grow strong. Happy the growing lad or girl who has between the teeth sufficient space to admit a half-worn shilling! It will be his or her own fault if there is not a good set of teeth in that month in after-years. Yet I have heard an ignorant nurse express her dislike of a girl's mouth which had in it this promise of exemption from *caries* and dentistry, with all their tortures. But where there is not room enough, it must be made, and as that cannot be done by stretching the jaw, the only alternative is to thin out the crowded teeth, or they will in time destroy one another. But papa is often so busy, and mamma so tender, that the painful duty is put off, perhaps too long. And sometimes both parents are ignorant of the cruelty which they are unconsciously inflicting on their youthful charge—none the less real because unintended. I am not a dentist, and do not wish to be suspected of writing in the interests of that profession; but my own experience has made me very inflexible on this point, and when my pets' mouths show symptoms of being crowded, they have an early interview with my good friend Mr Forceps. In too many cases, if the irregularity of the teeth is not very striking in *appearance*—that duty of feeble and narrow minds—the irregularity is suffered to continue, in miserable disregard of the fact that the presence of a few superfluous teeth

may insure the ruin of the rest, and cause untold suffering in after-years. Crowding, then, is the first point for parents to watch against.

Next of course comes want of *cleaning*. It is an unsavoury subject, I grant; but it cannot be passed over if the question is to be fairly dealt with. At the bottom of the teeth, touching the gums, may constantly be found a rim of some pasty substance, white or yellowish in colour. I speak of the mouths of children of course; grown-up sensible people know better than to allow any such unpleasant accumulation in their own. Now this substance is the deadly enemy of the teeth. It is often of a very acid nature, and eats away the enamel most certainly, and not very slowly. Let this deposit alone, and the teeth are doomed; for the 'neck' of a tooth—the point at which it touches the gum—is its weakest part. It is there, above all, that decay is likely to begin; and it is just at that point that 'stopping' is most difficult. Moreover, that deposit is promoted by the free use of animal food; small pieces of the fibre and of the fat cling around the teeth and get between them, keeping the mischief at work. To neutralise this, it is well to rinse the mouth with an alkaline wash, not too strong; ordinary soda-water being excellent for the purpose. Especially should this be done at night before retiring to rest, as the acids of the mouth gather strength in the night, and if habitually allowed to work undisturbed for eight or nine hours, can do considerable harm. Indeed if the teeth can only be cleaned once in the twenty-four hours, I unhesitatingly give the preference to the evening. Let the *débris* of the day's work be cleared away, and not left to undergo the chemical changes which are certain to ensue if they are left undisturbed for hours, with warmth and moisture to promote decomposition. The bad taste which is often found in a neglected mouth in the morning may prove to its owner that these cautions are warranted by facts. The unpleasant odour issuing from a neglected mouth is only too convincing to others. The habit of occasionally rinsing the mouth during the day is, when practicable, of great service. Those who cannot afford expensive toilet preparations will find that a very little plain yellow soap—a mere touch on the brush—is an admirable substitute for costly dentifrices and washes. Indeed I doubt if, as has before been indicated in this *Journal*, yellow soap is not in every way the best substance for cleaning the teeth.

And now a word or two about improper ways of cleaning the teeth. This is eminently a matter in which 'overdoing is undoing.' A lad is told of the evils of neglect, and resolves to attend to his teeth in future. He buys, or has given him, a brush as hard as wire; and with this—and perhaps a scouring tooth-powder—he rubs away with youthful zeal, might and main, at his luckless teeth. It is like the monks finishing what the Goths began. The movement is nearly all horizontal; the angle of the hard brush presses on the necks of the teeth; the water and the powder help its action, and the youngster might almost as well *file* away at the necks of his teeth. He can cut them by the combined action named above, as certainly, though not so quickly, as by filing. The brush should be soft, and the rubbing should be up and down, as well as along the

line of the teeth. Care should be taken not to place undue pressure on the bottom of the teeth, and especially not to apply the *angle* of the bristles to their necks. A quill toothpick may be used with advantage before beginning to clean the teeth, to remove anything that has lodged firmly; indeed, its frequent use is desirable, except at the dinner-table. Acid medicines are extremely injurious to the teeth, and should always be taken through a glass tube or a straw. The old muriatic preparations of iron and steel have ruined many a set of teeth. Happily, there are now solutions of iron which are not acid, but which had better be promptly washed off the teeth by rinsing, all the same.

To some readers these remarks may be familiar truths; many others will be but too well aware of their necessity. The results of ignorance and neglect in this matter are truly calamitous, and very extensive. I do not wish to see a generation rising up around me of young people who delight in 'showing their teeth' on every occasion; but I should be glad to save some of the young from the inevitable results of carelessness; and I see—too often—young people for whom, I am sure, there is much future trouble in store. The family doctor might often render most valuable service to his youthful patients by taking more notice of their teeth. And he should not content himself with a mere hint; but if he finds the matter neglected, should explain its importance, and insist that what is needful be done. I hope this is not beneath the dignity of the profession. It ought not to be. All the resources of surgical science are employed to remedy a hare-lip; an important and most delicate operation is undertaken to cure a squint. (Appearances again!) Why then should a decaying tooth be left to infect its healthy neighbour? Why should superfluous teeth be allowed to injure the whole set? No one knows so well as a doctor what are the consequences of defective mastication and imperfect assimilation of food. Let him picture to himself the child's future sufferings from toothache and neuralgia, often culminating in dyspepsia and hypochondria, and he will scarcely hesitate to order the aid of a good dentist while it can be of real service. Of course there are cases of constitutional feebleness in which the teeth would probably decay whatever was done for them; but there is also, beyond question, much preventable mischief and needless suffering.

If this paper has the result of directing more attention on the part of doctors and parents to the children's teeth, it will not have been written in vain. Nothing which helps to lessen the sum of human suffering is unimportant; and on the stamina of the rising race depends the well-being of future generations.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

'VERY well, Mr Linklater,' said the capitalist to the confidential clerk, who, coming down by the earliest train that started in the gray dawning, alighted at Hollow Oak with the deed-box, lacquered, patent-locked, and with hinges of extra strength, in his careful custody; 'I am obliged by your punctuality. You had better stay, though. We are going, this gentleman and myself'

—pointing out Hugh—'before a magistrate, and you might as well be present as an extra witness.'

Mr Linklater, one of those tall, gaunt Aberdonians whom the City of Granite sends out to do hard work and win hard cash by willing labour, was at his chief's disposal, of course. But he looked with no trifling perplexity from his employer to the young station-master, and back again, as if marvelling what connection there could be between scrap, shares, and discount, which formed the current grip to the mill at Guildhall Chambers, and country magistrates, Hollow Oak Station, and Hugh the master of that station.

But Mr Linklater, whose previous civic experiences had been eminently unromantic, and who knew more of tare and tret, of agios, caravan, commission, bulk-breaking, and other miscellaneous items of commerce, than he did of the real flesh-and-blood world outside the doors of a counting-house, had soon further cause for wonder. For into the station glided, ghost-like, the wasted form and wild face of Gipsy Nan, draped, it is true, in squalid garments, quite unlike the picturesque attire of her kindred in Spain or the East, but wearing them with a savage dignity such as would have besemed a prophetess of some barbarian race. She walked direct towards Hugh Ashton.

'Follow me,' said the gipsy boldly, 'son of the Red Hand, for I am come to wash the stain of blood away! I saw the shot fired. I saw the man stagger, and put his hand to his side, and turn his face fronting his enemy, as a wounded stag turns on the dogs, and then fall. He tried to speak; but the blood ebbed fast, and the life with it, and he did not utter a word. But he is living yet who fired the gun. Ha! it will be a brave show when they bring James Grewler back, in chains, to Alfringham—a brave, when he hangs within the jail walls of Dorchester. Now I am ready, if you will, to go before your judge!'

At another time, Mr Dicker would have proved no patient listener to Gipsy Nan's tirade. But now he welcomed the woman's wild words, as lending valuable confirmation to the story which he and Hugh had to tell. The capitalist could not doubt that in Ghost Nan he saw the surviving sister of the gipsy emigrant who had died in Australia. Half-crazed she certainly seemed to be, and there were doubts as to how far her testimony would be respected at the Central Criminal Court. But, if she were not held a credible witness in the prosecution of Marnaduke Beville's real murderer, at anyrate her evidence was worth having on behalf of George, his dead brother.

'Get her into the fly; it is waiting at the *Beville Arms* by this time,' whispered the capitalist to Hugh; 'and hold her there, by force if necessary, till we get to Marsden Hall. What should I have said, a week ago, if I had been told that I should alight at the door of a country gentleman, and one of our shareholders, in company with a half-mad gipsy beggar-woman like this!'

Sir Henry Marsden, Chairman, as Mr Mould the Director had truly said, of some Sessions, Petty or Quarter, within the shire of Dorset, was an active magistrate, and perhaps as favourable a specimen of Her Majesty's justices of the peace as it was possible to light upon. It might truly be said of him that he was an estates gentleman

and a baronet if you please, but a magistrate before all things. His estate bordered on that of Lord Penrith, and would have seemed more considerable had he not had a lord for his immediate neighbour. He had been invited to contest the county in parliament. But he thought little of the extent of his acres, and less of the chance of recording a silent vote at divisions, in comparison with his reputation for being able and upright on the Bench. There were baristers now and then in the modest court over which he presided who were irreverent enough to express the wish that all our legal bigwigs had the sense and patience of Sir Henry Marsden.

It was perhaps lucky that Sir Henry was the magistrate referred to. An ordinary squary might have been dull and helpless. A clerical justice, or some retired admiral pitchforked into the commission of the peace, would have boggled over every detail. But the baronet gave the whole case his best and most courteous attention, and such questions as he asked were thoroughly to the purpose. By good fortune the clerk to the magistrate was in the house, having come over to Marsden Hall on county business, and Gipsy Nan was persuaded to make her affidavit with tolerable coherence. There could be no reasonable doubt that the Nan, Nann, or Anne Cooper mentioned in the gipsy emigrant's death-bed deposition in Australia was the same person as the vagrant then present. As little doubt could there exist that the employer of Salem Jackson, in his treacherous theft of the Company's cash-box at Hollow Oak, was the false steward who had plundered Lord Penrith, and the real assassin of Marnaduke Beville.

'We will get this sailor-fellow—this Jackson,' said Sir Henry confidentially to Mr Dicker, whom he well knew by reputation, 'immediately transferred from the care of the borough to the county police, and I will make a point of seeing him before I sleep. From what you tell me, I feel sure that he will save himself by revealing all he knows; and I feel equally sure of the identity of this Swart the Miller of Pen Mawth, in Cornwall, with the James Grewler who was steward when I was a lad at Alfringham, and who made off with a great sum of my lord's money. Yes, yes; there had been two generations of the Grewlers, stewards, before him; and this young James had been sent to the university at Lord Penrith's expense, for he was a good scholar; but he came away in disgrace, and his father was glad to get him made steward in his stead, here. The very year after the murder, old Thomas Grewler died, and this precious son of his levanted with a large sum. I thought he was dead. But I hope to see him committed yet for trial at the assizes.'

'Shall we hang him—the Miller, I mean?' asked Mr Dicker in a low tone, of the magistrate.

'I'm very much afraid not,' answered Sir Henry with a smile. 'I am speaking now, of course, as a private person; but in my opinion the scoundrel will save that ugly neck of his. Juries, you see, are squeamish. The thing happened long ago. This queer woman'—dropping his voice still lower—'is not to be relied upon. Any clever counsel for the defence could play the bear with her evidence. She has sworn to her brother's handwriting, and sworn to her own deposition; but I doubt whether twelve men in

a box would believe her in a matter of life and death. And she may never appear at the assizes. Why she came now, as a volunteer, it is hard to say; but perhaps she scented out, through some secret channel of information, what was on foot, and chose to have a finger in the pie. But if the Miller of to-day, and faithless steward of a quarter of a century back, escapes penal servitude for the rest of his rascally life, call me a false prophet!

Towards Hugh, the magistrate was not only courteous but kind. 'Allow me, Mr Hugh Beville,' he said, taking his hand, 'to be the first of your neighbours to welcome you, and to greet you by your own name. There is an old friendship between our families; and I knew your father, and your uncle too, poor fellow, in my young days.'

One duty, which could not well be deputed to a more appropriate person, Sir Henry undertook to discharge. He offered to go in person to Alfringham, without delay, taking with him the proofs of Hugh's descent, and of George Beville's innocence, and there, through Mrs Stanhope's intermediation, to break the news to the old lord.

'You should pity him—your grandfather, I mean—Mr Beville,' said Sir Henry Marsden, as he ordered round his carriage, having first, but vainly, pressed his hospitality on the unexpected visitors. 'We, who live near, have seen the canker of that mistaken belief poison his whole life.'

'I do pity him,' answered Hugh, in softened tones, 'from my very heart.'

Then Sir Henry, with all the papers in his possession, drove off to Alfringham, promising that on the morrow warrants should be issued, which, duly indorsed by the authorities of the county of Cornwall, would authorise the arrest of the Black Miller. Nan stalked off, ghost-like, towards the Forest, disregarding alike Hugh's thanks and Mr Dicker's offers of money; and so soon as the fly from the *Beville Arms* had jolted back to Hollow Oak, Mr Dicker took a kind farewell of Hugh, and went back, by the next up-train, to London, accompanied by his clerk. How strange it was to Hugh to find himself back at his little station, and to continue to perform his duties of routine, while his brain was in a whirl of excitement; and when he remembered that into the last few hours had been crowded more of stirring news than most of us hear in a lifetime. But his work, he felt, was not yet done until the murderer of his uncle had been dragged into the light of day.

CHAPTER XLIX.—LORD PENRITH DIES.

Left alone once more at Hollow Oak Station, Hugh began almost to doubt whether the events of the last two days were not merely the idle fancies of a dreamer's brain. So rapidly had one surprise succeeded to another, that a sense of unreality attached even to the recent vindication of his father's name. Hugh felt what we all feel when some goal to attain to which we have striven long is reached at last—a startling contrast between the marvellous ease with which success is grasped, and the painful efforts and anguish of hope deferred that preceded the final triumph. Not that in Hugh's case the success was even yet certain. His grandfather's prejudiced resentment against the son he had cast off might be impregnable to

proof or reason, and Sir Henry's kindly mission prove a failure. It would be hard if justice should not be rendered at the last to George Beville's memory, by the father whose good opinion he had desired so ardently to regain, and if Lord Penrith should choose to go out of the world without a gentle thought or fond word for the son who had passed his life in unmerited want and disgrace.

Hours passed, and no tidings came. Hugh went about his duties as usual; but for once he performed them with a cold mechanical precision, as a sleep-walker might have done. The porters collected in little knots, whispering to one another, and throwing sidelong glances at their official superior. Rumour is many-tongued, even at such places as Hollow Oak, and it was partly guessed, and partly known, that a great change was imminent in Hugh's fortunes. It was the dejection of his attitude and the anxious look which he could not conceal, that perplexed the men who watched him, wondering that sudden prosperity should bring with it so little joy. It was dusk already, and would soon be night, when through the gloom of the winter evening flashed the bright lamps of a carriage. It was an Alfringham carriage, and out of it sprang Dr Bland.

'Mr Ashton—Mr Beville rather,' said the doctor eagerly, 'I have come, at Lord Penrith's urgent wish, to ask you, to implore you to come to him at once. I have a note too—here it is—from Mrs Stanhope, begging you to lose no time. Delay may be dangerous. I will not disguise from you that my noble patient is sinking fast. He cannot, humanly speaking, live through the night. And he cannot die in peace—these are his own words—till he has been reconciled to George Beville's son.'

'I will go,' answered Hugh with emotion. 'Yesterday, I must have refused. To-day, I can cross the threshold of my grandfather's house with no feeling of anger or of shame.'

A minute more, and the carriage had rolled swiftly off towards Alfringham, with Hugh and the doctor. 'Is recovery or any improvement in his condition impossible?' asked the former, as they sped onwards.

'Quite impossible,' answered Dr Bland, more decisively than physicians can usually be brought to speak. 'For days it has been evident that his lordship's life hung by a thread; and the emotion caused by the news Sir Henry brought, gently as it was communicated to him by his sister, caused a syncope that lasted long, and which I feared would be fatal. His mind is clear now, and he has rallied somewhat; but I am convinced that it is but the last flicker of expiring vitality. My lord holds on to life for but one object, now.' The remainder of the short drive was passed in silence.

Alfringham at last! and the sound of the wished-for wheels had clearly been anxiously awaited, so promptly were the wide doors flung open, to reveal the lighted entrance-hall within. Hugh, guided by Dr Bland, entered, still feeling as though all around him stretched a dream-world, shadowy and unreal. He scarcely saw the marble columns, the polished floor, the gleam of statues, or the array of liveried servants to left and right, bowing their powdered heads in deference to him who, in an hour's time, perhaps, might be the lord of Alfringham.

All seemed real enough, however, though the reality was a strange and sad one, when, after traversing a portion of the great house, Hugh found himself inducted into the stately chamber in which the aged master of so much that the world covets, of rank, fortune, splendour, and power, had laid him down to die. Mrs Stanhope was there, and so was Maud, and both greeted Hugh as he came in, but silently and, as it were, timidly. All appeared to feel the involuntary awe that impresses itself on even the most frivolous when Azrael, the Angel of Death, spreads his sable wings above the house of the living. There was a solemn hush in the old lord's room. Even the feeble ticking of the French clock on the massy chimney-piece, even the feeble tinkle of the charred embers as they dropped, ruby-red, from the half-consumed logs blazing on the hearth, could be heard with a painful distinctness. Many waxlights were burning, and the curtains of the great bed, carved and gilded, were drawn back, so that the face of the old lord, almost as white as were the pillows on which it rested, could be plainly seen.

The first to break the oppressive silence was the dying man.

'Stand nearer—nearer to me, yet—Hugh Beville!' he said, in a thin, weak voice, but with an ineffectual attempt to raise himself. 'I am glad that you have come, boy—come to forgive the old man, before he goes—did you—father—cruel injustice, and—Have his voice failed him, and he fainted; and they feared that he was dead, and crowded closer to the bed, while Dr Bland made haste to apply remedies. With some difficulty the old lord was enabled to swallow a few drops of the cordial that the physician had poured out, and as his eyes slowly unclosed themselves they lit on Hugh's face.

'I was not mistaken, then, as to the likeness,' muttered Lord Penrith feebly. 'I thought, at the station, that it was a spirit come to haunt me—the spirit of my poor wronged boy—but I know better now. You are very like your father, Hugh. He would have forgiven me, I know. Can you do it?' 'Indeed, my lord, I can,' answered Hugh, in a softened voice, as he knelt down beside the bed, and took the wan weak hand of the aged lord in his. 'But in truth there is nothing to forgive, only a sad mistake, and a sad estrangement, though my father never spoke of you to me otherwise than with affection and respect.'

'Poor George! poor George!' muttered the old peer, as he looked long and fixedly, regretfully, as it seemed, at Hugh's handsome sun-bronzed face and manly bearing. His conscience, lulled to rest through many years by the dogged conviction that he was right in his harsh judgment of the despised and discarded younger son, was painfully awake now, and perhaps he saw George Beville's gentle goodness of character in a clearer light than ever he had done before the family tragedy had been played out to the bitter end. There was something touching in the very earnestness with which the noble owner of Alfringham pleaded for pardon—for pardon from the grandson who had grown up as a stranger, amidst toil and adventure, in climes far remote. Lord Penrith had so wrapped and draped himself, through a long lifetime, in the mantle of his pride, that to see him cast it from him at the last might have melted a sterner heart than that of Hugh Beville.

'My poor banished boy—I wish I could have seen him once again, on this side of the grave,' said the old man, after a pause. 'But you err, Hugh, when you say there is nothing to forgive. May Heaven do so. I was wrong. I was unjust. My wrath blinded me. I would listen to no argument—no plea. And all the time I was a dupe! The knave who ate my bread, and rewarded my trust by treachery, he it was who spilled the dear blood of my murdered Marmaduke. Sir Henry Marsden tells me that Grewier is to be hunted down at once.'

'The man will be made to answer for his crimes, no doubt,' replied Hugh gently.

'Do not spare him!' exclaimed Lord Penrith, with a spark of the fierce energy he had shewn in his youth; but then his restless gaze, as it wandered about the room, fell on Maud's beautiful face, and his mood seemed to change. 'I had forgotten,' he said, almost humbly.—'You too, Maud, my dear, have something for which to blame your old uncle. You will be no heiress, now, dear. Alfringham cannot be yours, as I intended.'

'That will not make me unhappy, dear uncle, believe me,' answered Maud, bending over the dying man as he lay; 'I should have prized it only as your gift.'

'And,' said Hugh, looking up, as he knelt beside the bed, 'if my cousin—I may call her so, to-day—will accept of my heart and my love, that have been hers since first we met beside the Welsh lake, and Alfringham along with them, I shall be prouder and happier than ever, in my brightest day-dreams, I dared to picture myself.'

Maud did not speak. All she did was to turn her blushing face shyly towards Hugh, and a glorious smile broke forth, for one instant, through her tears. For an instant only, for then she hid her face in her hands, and wept afresh, while her mother, with fond words of endearment, folded her in her arms.

'You love her, you say! You would marry her?' asked this old lord eagerly. 'Do you know, boy, that in taking her as your wife, you wed no heiress, but a girl, well born, but almost penniless; that not the Penrith coronet only, but Alfringham and all its lands, are your very own; and that you will be, as soon as I am dead, undisputed master here? Do you still wish, knowing this, to marry my niece?'

'I have only one answer to make,' said Hugh simply; 'I love Maud—Miss Stanhope I have always loved, but it was from afar off, as a man might love a star in the heaven above him.' And then he approached the weeping girl, and took her unresisting hand. 'Can you care for me, dearest,' he asked of her, 'rough and plain of speech as I am?'

Then Maud, allowing her hand to rest in Hugh's hand, made answer in her turn falteringly, but distinctly enough for her low accents to reach the ear of the dying man: 'Yes, my love, my love! I can care for you; have cared for you from the first, from the first!' And then she hid her head, sobbing, on her mother's shoulder; and Mrs Stanhope, weeping from mingled sympathy with her daughter and grief for her brother's loss, held out her hand to Hugh.

All had forgotten Dr Bland, who now glided quietly up to the bed, and administered to his

noble patient a few more drops of the cordial. The old lord's failing strength revived a little as he lay helplessly back among his soft pillows.

'That is well,' murmured Lord Penrith, looking alternately at the two fair young faces before him. 'You, my grandson, could not have a sweeter, truer wife than dear Maud Stanhope, and I have lived to learn that my poor George's son is a worthier lord of Alfringham than—— Never mind that. Hugh looks every inch of a Beville. I don't care a straw for the rest.—But, don't you think, Julia?—this was addressed to his sister, and the speaker's mind seemed to have wandered away, as the minds of the dying often do, far from the dread threshold that must so soon be crossed, far from the vague terror that guards the frontiers of the unseen world, to trivial matters which have to do with this one.—'don't you think, Julia,' continued the old lord, in his thin reedy voice, 'that Hugh is the image of old Sir Beville Beville, whose picture hangs on the right-hand side of the gallery, between Queen Mary and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham? I never thought that George looked like that, and yet the two are so much alike. But I am glad the boy came—home.'

Home! It was with unaccustomed tears in his eyes, with an unaccustomed tightening of the muscles of his throat, such as grief brings to a strong man used to play his part manfully in a world of hard knocks and scant favour, that Hugh listened to the old lord's words. There had been a pathos in the last sentence which had dropped from those dying lips that had rarely spoken but to threaten or command, that told how different old Marmaduke, Baron Penrith, might have been, had his surroundings been different, had his second son but possessed, with his own gentle purity of soul, the steady fearlessness of Hugh's more self-reliant nature. But it was too late for that now.

'Kiss me, Julia!' said the old lord feebly; and his weeping sister bent to touch his pallid cheek with her lips. 'My will provides yet for you, my dear,' he added, trying to pat her cheek, with that contemptuous kindness which may through life co-exist with a sincere affection; 'and you'll have a better fellow for a son-in-law than that coxcomb Lucius.—Where's Maud? Let her kiss me too! I meant Alfringham to go to Maud; but it's all for the best—the best! Dr Bland, I have been, like some old king, an unconscionable time in dying, but I must ask you to excuse—— And Hugh? Not gone! Take me by the hand, boy. I feel as if, while I hold to that strong hand of yours, I hold to life. I wish poor George were here!'

It really did seem as though old Lord Penrith did hold on to life through the grasp which his feeble fingers kept of Hugh's strong right hand; and to the last the old lord strained his failing eyes to distinguish the bold, handsome features of the gallant young man who was to be his heir, and whom he acknowledged to be a fitting representative of the ancient stock of which he came. Then suddenly, Hugh felt the pressure of the weak fingers that clung to his, relax. With a smile upon his face—happier, it well may be, than he had been for five-and-twenty weary years—Lord Penrith had sunk back, and, without a struggle, died. Then Maud and her mother, weeping, were

led away; and Hugh too, slowly and sadly went, leaving the room to the solemn hush of death.

PICTURES OF RURAL LIFE.

THE business and bustle of modern life, with the drain they make on the nervous energy of the worker, render an occasional change of scene welcome and necessary. Numberless, however, as the pursuits of holiday-seekers may be, it is still self-evident that but few gather by mountain-side or sea-shore the full harvest of enjoyment provided in country life to the observant eye and cultured mind.

We have much pleasure in drawing attention to a volume entitled *Wild Life in a Southern County*, by the author of the *Gamekeeper at Home* (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.), descriptive of rural life, by one upon whom the mantle of Gilbert White of Selborne seems to have fallen. The pictures of rural life which abound in the book are drawn with unusual felicity; the dweller in town is transported by its help at once to the by-ways of the country; the habits and appearance of every bird in the hedgerows become familiar to him; the animal life of the forest is passed in review before him; in short the reader may live through the whole cycle of country life, so completely has our author sketched its leading aspects. In company with our author we are brought face to face with Nature in both her rough and her pleasant moods, in a southern county of England; and we feel sure that a country-walk with our friend would do more for our growing appreciation of Nature, than months of close study.

Some of the most charming descriptions here given, are those of bird-life. Reclining with our friend on the downs, with a noble view of hill and plain before us, we note the rise, the poise, and the descent of that sweetest of aerial songsters the lark. In early spring, above the green corn, love-making is in full progress; and far as the eye can see, the air seems alive with them. Around the many-gabled and thatched farm-house of Wick (the southern country farm described by the author), tribes of birds have loved to congregate, building in the ivy and in the eaves, the starlings taking up their abodes in the holes around the chimney. In the early summer, the latter are continually busy feeding their young; perching too, upon an ash about fifty yards from the farm, and chattering to one another in the most voluble manner possible, and only singing when a companion is within sight.

The chirp of the sparrow around the farm-yard is ceaseless. In the nesting season they are particular to secure the most fluffy feathers dropped by the fowls. Amongst the ripening corn they will flutter until they grasp an ear with their claws, and bending it down, revel in it at their leisure. Where the corn has been levelled by rain, they will attack it in hundreds at a time. Every spring the swallows return to the precincts of the farm, repairing their old nests, or building new ones, flying around and near the horses and cattle for the insects found there. In spite of the pity and commiseration drawn forth on behalf of poor cock-robin throughout so many generations of children, we have our belief confirmed that he

is a most pugacious fellow, never missing an opportunity for a stand-up fight, and choosing the early morn for his battles. When the thrush has made up his mind to attack the ripe gooseberries in the garden, he works himself up in an indirect way towards them; the blackbird, on the contrary, makes a desperate rush forward, and retires about twenty or thirty yards with his booty. In the morning he may be seen in the stream taking his bath and splashing the water over himself with immense energy. Then he retires to a rail, where he prunes his feathers. Our author is never tired in listening to the rich liquid notes of the blackbird. 'There is,' he remarks, 'no note so sweet and deep and melodious as that of the blackbird to be heard in our fields; it is even richer than the nightingale's, though not so varied.'

The nightingale sings best on a fresh spring morning, on the upper and clearer branches of the hawthorn. It may be approached until within a few yards, when the swell of its throat may be seen as it pours forth a flood of melody. The elm is the favourite tree chosen by the rooks for nest-building, and they shew a marvellous instinct in selecting the proper boughs and in placing the twigs. The young birds quickly gain the use of their wings, and a few days of difference may ruin the prospects of the rook-shooters. The young birds are easily distinguished when the shooting is in progress; the old birds meanwhile rising in the air out of reach. A few London jellies will pick them off; and he who handles them is mercifully warned regarding the vermin which covers them. As late as July the young crows—as big and black as their parents—may be seen in the fields, receiving lessons from them how and where to feed. Rooks have their special haunts and feeding-grounds, and observe certain rules which are handed down from generation to generation. Thousands of them will act in concert, and as if in obedience to a certain word of command.

We feel, in reading the descriptions of rabbits at play near the warren; of foraging; how to secure a corn-crake in the mowing-grass; the description of a spaniel and hedgehog; of the snakes in the field, and the water-fowl by the lake, that the writer's sympathy with animate and inanimate nature is as close and sympathetic as that evinced by Gilbert White or the Banff Naturalist. The gambols of the rabbit afford him real pleasure to watch. He will tell you, if you wish to look for wild-flowers, that a much better place than the open field is the narrow uncultivated strip beside the hedge. There in season you may find the white convolvulus, the scarlet poppy with the black centre, and the pink pimpernel.

A walk across the downs, upon a green track which must have been a military road, carries our author, in imagination, to the time when the fierce Dane carried fire and slaughter inland, or to the time when the eagles and chariots of old Rome passed along it. With a crook to pull down the branches gradually without injuring them, we go a-nutting, and are told how to enjoy the full flavour of the fruit on the spot. Our friend has something to say about the bees in the garden, the haunts of the butterfly and the wasp, the toad and the fox. The snake loves the

dry sandy bank, crawling forth when bright weather comes; the female frequently deposits her eggs in a manure-heap near the farm-yard. When discovered by the mowers in the field they are killed without mercy; and they will go the length of telling you that if a man sleep in the fields with his mouth open, a snake will sometimes crawl down his throat! Snakes also get the credit of breaking and sucking eggs. Our author introduces us to all the varieties found in his neighbourhood, and assures us that a forked stick is best to catch them with, as it pins the head to the ground without injury.

Full as is our gossip companion of lore, connected with field and stream and copse, he gives us much pleasant insight to matters pertaining to indoor farm and village life in his southern county. Life there, we are told, moves on with but little variety from day to day, from year to year. Many home industries are nearly extinct in the village; still a few old women gather the stray flakes of wool after the sheep-washing in the brook, caught in a net spread for the purpose, and manufacture stout mops, which are readily enough bought by the farmers' wives. The wool is worked up by means of the ancient spinning-wheel. From the willow-trees of the brook, which are cut and split into flexible strips, ladies' work-baskets and endless nick-nacks are made. The making of hurdles for stopping gaps in fields, is another industry; but we are told that the master-carpenters in the large towns have undersold their village competitors. The wheelwright and the blacksmith are always busy. Besides the tinker, the cobbler has a good time of it too, the rough damp roads requiring a home-sewed boot to keep the feet dry. Gleaning in the fields in autumn, though it has declined much, is still practised. The cottagers, next to their gardens, love plenty of out-housing, and sheds where they may store wood, lumber, vegetables, &c., a fact which is sometimes forgotten when the modern labourer's cottage is built.

The descriptions given by the author of the older shepherds, remind us of the realism of Thomas Hardy in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. While more observant than the older labourer, the shepherd knows every field in the parish, the soil, and what weather suits it best. His books are the open fields and the hill-side. His knowledge and fidelity are chiefly put to the test in lambing-time. The modern greatcoat is now taking the place of the 'smock-frock' with him; while the aged men stump along the country road with their great umbrellas slung over their shoulders with a piece of tar cord, and their staff projecting six or eight inches above the hand. The Lady-day fair and the Michaelmas fair are the standard holidays of the farm maid-servants, affording a capital opportunity for the men and women of the neighbourhood to exchange the news and see the sights. Previous to Christmas, mumming, the singing of carols, and instrumental music, are often engaged in and practised.

Nathaniel Hawthorne would have found himself at home in the homestead of Wick Farm, which has been occupied by six or seven generations of the same family. Memories of the past have accumulated around it; covered with brown cluth it stands hidden and retired amongst trees with cherry and pear against its wall of subdued

brick. The solid furniture within is stiff and angular; with quiet nooks and corners, and over all a suggestion of flowery peace and silence. The oaken cupboards contain a few pieces of old china. The lumber-room contains ancient carved oaken bedsteads; linen presses of black oak with carved panels; a rusty rapier, a flintlock pistol, and a yeomanry sabre which was used by the farmer in riding forth in the turbulent days. The parlour mantel-piece is always decorated with flowers in their season—in spring with bouquets of horse-chestnuts, lilac, blue-bells, or wild hyacinths; in summer with nodding grasses, roses, and sweet-brier; while in autumn, two rosy apples may be seen gracing the shelf, and the corners of the looking-glass decorated with ripe wheat. In glass cases are preserved the various animals which may have been shot on the farm—two stuffed kingfishers, a polecat, a white blackbird; over the doorway there is a fox's head, and a badger's skin lies across the back of the arm-chair. The walls are adorned with two old hunting pictures, crudely and hardly executed.

The mistress of the house still observes the good old habit of baking; she can make all kinds of preserves, besides cowslip, elder-berry, and ginger wines. When the anxieties of harvest are over, the people of the farm can spare a day or two for the occasional picnics which take place while the sun is still warm and the sward dry. Although the farmer is independent of a landlord, he yet gives, by way of compliment, the first of the shooting to a neighbouring land-owner, and loses nothing by his liberality. From November until the end of January the farmer usually carries his double-barrelled gun, for a chance shot at ground-game or wild-fowl. About Christmas-time the traditional four-and-twenty blackbirds are shot, and baked in a pie; an apology for a social gathering, with cards and music. Some of the better-class farmers who keep hunters, ride constantly to the hounds; whilst the local steple-chase, whither flock crowds of labouring people, is the most popular gathering of the year. And when the auctioneer is called in, as he is very frequently nowadays for the sale of lambs, young short-horns, or standing crops, a great dinner is prepared, at which sherry takes the place of ale.

The summer day begins very early at Wick Farm-house; at half-past two in the morning, the swallows begin to twitter faintly below the eaves; by three o'clock the cuckoo is calling from the meadows, and the mower is whetting his scythe while the day is cool and the dew on the grass. Between three and four the thrushes have begun to sing in the copse at the corner of the field; shortly afterwards may be heard the shoes of the milkers clattering in the court-yard; then their voices may be heard crying to the cows in the meadow, 'Coom up! Ya-hoop!' as they troop to the milking-place. The household breakfasts begin about half-past six; between eleven and twelve is luncheon-time; and dinner comes on about four o'clock. By six o'clock, work is over, the women having been allowed to leave the fields half an hour earlier, to prepare their husbands' supper.

The associations connected with a wagon are pleasantly described by our author; the child rides in it, as a treat, to the hayfield with his father; then the lad walks beside the leader, visiting the market-town for the first time; when

manhood arrives he takes command of the wagon; when he is married, it brings home his own furniture; and perhaps his own children in turn ride in it. When old and weak-kneed, it carries him in pity to the neighbouring town, and eventually may carry him to the churchyard on the hill.

The book, of which we have given but an imperfect sketch, is a most refreshing one to read. The author seems to combine the observant eye of Frank Buckland with the natural raciness of Gilbert White. Like his former work, the *Game-keeper at Home*, the present one is penned in a simple natural way, which carries the reader away into rural by-paths never before trodden by him.

THE DAY YOU'LL DO WITHOUT ME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE day was full of the sweetness and light, the glory and warmth, that only summer can shed over and extract from the land. Down to the left of the verdure-covered old vicarage-house—where the chief action of the story I am relating took place—broad meadow-lands lay bathed in a purple haze—purple haze that spoke of intense heat in the open, and that made even the self-absorbed young pair under the trees on the lawn, grateful for the shelter afforded them. Any one who had seen them there would have seen the naturalness of such self-absorption, and at the same time have felt sorry for it. For though the dawning liking between them was 'natural,' it was not fit. The girl was the third daughter of a poor country parson, who ekeal out a slender professional income by taking pupils. The boy was the highly prized son of a noble house. And still they were allowed to be together!

The young fellow of seventeen, though he had not come to his full heritage of manly beauty yet, was a very worthy idol, so far as appearances went, for a young girl to set up and worship. He had the slender, clearly defined, delicate form and features that belong to the handsomest race in the world—the English aristocracy. There was a look of 'breed' about him that was unmistakable—that look that is never seen unless blood and culture have aided in producing it. What wonder, then, that May Baron contrasted him with the well-to-do young farmers in her father's parish; and having done that, erected an altar in her heart, whereon she worshipped Lionel Hastings unceasingly! She was supremely happy this morning, for her mother had given her a half-holiday to dispose of as she pleased. That excellent mother, on household cares intent, quite believed that she would go off for a stroll in the woods with some girl-friend, as it had been her wont to do from her childhood. But Lionel magnificently ordered her to 'stay and read poetry to him under the weeping-willow;' and she was only too pleased to obey him.

The sunbeams fell down like scattered gold through the leaves, fell down flickeringly on the two young heads; the boy's covered with crisp curls of dark-brown; the girl's crowned with such golden tresses as only fall to the lot of one woman in a thousand. The masculine head reposed comfortably on the boy's own folded arms. The feminine one was bent down over a volume—a collection of miscellaneous poetry—from which she was reading lines and verses at random.

'This is very jolly!' Lionel said languidly, for

the heat was subduing him. His only reason for speaking at all was that May had kept her violet eyes cast down on her book for a long time, and he liked to look at them often.

He had his 'taste's desire' at once. Without a moment's tantalising delay, she lifted her silken fringes obediently, and bent her honestly adoring gaze upon him, as she said sympathetically: 'Yes; isn't it? No lessons, and such sunshine!'

'And you so jolly pretty!' he cut in with a vast increase of energy. Then he withdrew one arm from under his head, and flung it round her slender waist; slender certainly, for though May was sixteen, she was symmetrically and perfectly formed. 'Now, you may go on reading,' the young sultan said, as May acknowledged his caress by saying: 'Oh, dear Lionel! A rosy colour flushed the girl's face. The thought that perhaps she ought not to let Lionel Hastings treat her as he might his sisters, crossed her mind, and clouded her happiness for an instant. Then in her purity and innocence, she blamed herself for even that thought, condemning it to herself as 'dreadful.' Then in her confusion she began reading at random, selecting by chance the very poem she ought not to have selected. It was an American poem, written by an anonymous author, and deserves to be more widely known than it is. One verse ran thus:

You call me true and tender names,
And gently twine my tresses;
And all the while my happy heart
Beats time to your caresses.
You love me in your tender way!
I answer as you let me;
But oh! there comes another day—
The day that you'll forget me!

Her voice had faltered more than once in the reading, and he had watched her confusion, and enjoyed it with half-laughing malice. Boy as he was, he knew so well what was in this young girl's heart. He thoroughly understood her sudden shame, and perfectly realised how keenly the dread that he might go away and forget her, cut May Baron.

'Look at me, pet!' he said with sudden authority.

'I—I am looking for something else to read,' she stammered.

'Look at me, and confess! Aren't you sorry you read those lines, because they describe your own situation and feelings to a certain degree?'

'Lionel, don't be so rude and cruel!'

He had taken her chin in his hand, and turned her face towards him. And she knew that her face was telling the truth, that she loved him much! 'My own pet!' he said, more softly and seriously, 'I shall never go away and forget you—trust me for that.' Then he reared himself up, and kissed the little face that was rich with happy blushes now; and May was well content to believe him. 'I shall have you painted by Millais,' he said presently, lying back and regarding her critically.

'Shall you?' She was alight with pleasure at the way in which he was assuming the right to direct her and manage for her in the future.

'Who is Millais? Is he any one I ought to know about?'

'He's one of the greatest painters alive,' he said

with reproving gravity. 'I don't know that I shouldn't put him at the top of the list of English painters, if it weren't for Leighton's conflicting claims. Of course you ought to know about him, pet; only, how should you know about any one while you're kept cooped up here!' Then he went on to tell her that Millais had painted his two sisters, both of whom were great beauties and celebrated belles, and both of whom were married to peers of the realm. 'They were the youngest brides of their respective seasons,' he added. 'Ida was only sixteen.'

'Sixteen! my ago!' she exclaimed in astonishment.

'Yes, by Jove! you *are* sixteen. But my sister Ida looked much more of a woman. She had no end of offers; but my mother knew that St John would come on at the end of the season, so she kept Ida free.'

'It was lucky your sister Ida didn't care for any of the others,' she suggested timidly.

'She did though. She was an awful goose about a fellow called Bartie Friel; but he hadn't the needful. The best of it is that he's St John's cousin, and introduced St John to Ida. He thought'—the boy paused, and laughed lightly at the absurdity of it—that Ida would win old St John's liking, and get him to give Bartie something good; but Ida won something more than old St John's liking—she won the title and coronet.'

'And his heart?'

'His heart! I don't know about that; he's popularly supposed to have lost his heart thirty years ago to my mother.'

'Then he must be quite old?' May questioned in angry surprise. 'Tell me, Lionel, is he quite old and gray?'

'Of course he is. He's fifty, and Ida's eighteen.' 'Poor thing!' May ejaculated with honest pity. 'Very few people speak of Lady St John as "poor thing," I can tell you,' he said, laughing. 'She's the leader of about the best *coterie* in London.'

'Poor Mr Friel then,' she then said softly.

The boy's face clouded. 'Bartie Friel is'—He stopped himself abruptly.

And she asked with interest: 'Is what?'

'Never mind; I can't tell you, pet. Something you ought not to hear till you're a fashionable lady,' he added half sneeringly; then he ended by saying: 'He's not half such a good fellow as old St John after all.'

They were summoned to luncheon soon after this; and May went in dreamily, her head being full of faint outlines of the romances in real life of which Lionel's sister Ida was the heroine.

The dining-room of the picturesque vicarage was as dreary an apartment as drab furniture and dingy papered walls could make it. Nature had done a great deal for the room, by throwing garlands of blush-roses and French honeysuckle across the lattice-windows; and through these floral shades the sunbeams fell in the dancing, graceful way in which sunbeams do play through leaves. But alas! all beauty and grace came to an end here. The coarse, crude, time-worn, children's-room furniture could not be beautified even by the sunbeams. We are so apt to accuse the mistress of a house of 'want of taste,' if her surroundings are ugly and stiff and soiled. But how can a woman with an empty purse and full hands drape

windows artistically, and polish up her household gods perpetually? Poor Mrs Baron most certainly had not solved the difficult problem of how this was to be done. She had seen things fade and grow more and more dilapidated year by year, and she had made strenuous efforts to repair them. But repairing is not replacing, and things had been meagre even at the beginning; so now it was but a small wonder that an air of dull though decent poverty should reign over everything inside the house.

It may be asked: 'But with daughters who were grown up, should the taste of beautifying, or of attempting to beautify, have been left to the already over-worked mother and manager?' The answer is simple enough. The two elder girls were wearing their way through the world as governesses. And May's education was incomplete, she being only sixteen. Truth to tell, May had never troubled her handsome little head about any of these shortcomings of her home, before this awakening day. But now when she sat down to luncheon, something about the arrangement of the table, something about the dinginess of the room, struck her as being sordid and utterly inharmonious; utterly out of keeping with the refinement that surrounded Lionel Hastings like an atmosphere.

Her meditations on this subject were put to flight abruptly. Her father spoke in agitated tones—tones which the poor wife knew so well portended fresh anxieties, fresh struggles, fresh combats with poverty. 'Lionel, I have had a letter from Lady Hastings this morning; she thinks that the sooner you go to Oxford the better.' Mr Baron's voice trembled very obviously. Lionel's 'going to Oxford' meant the direct loss of three hundred a year to the poor over-wrought vicar of Balton.

It is needless to recapitulate here all that was thought and felt and said, after the key-note of separation had been struck. In the midst of the boy's natural delight at the proposed change, there was a pang of regret at the idea of parting with May. Pleasure and sorrow were delicately blended in his heart, and they filled the situation with emotional interest. But in May's heart it was all pure sorrow, unmixed with any pleasurable sensation at all. He was leaving her, going to Oxford; going to be 'a man,' going to 'begin life;' and in these facts he found compensation for leaving her. But she only felt that she was losing him! For her, there was no compensation either in the present or the future. Lionel was going away! With the bashfulness of a girl's first love, she never once thought of censuring him ever so slightly for not feeling this approaching separation painfully, as she felt it. It was natural, she told herself, that boys should long for and revel in the commencement of their emancipation from the trammels of their boyhood. Especially was it natural that Lionel should do so. Light as her father's rule over the lad was, still it was *rule*, and Lionel was born to be 'free,' if ever human being was so. Thus she reasoned and argued against her regret at his going, and went on regretting it just the same. The positive difference which would be necessitated in the household arrangements by the loss of that sum, which Lionel represented to her mother, never occurred to her. She was too young and loving and

thoughtless to cumber herself with domestic cares or take thought for the morrow of domestic life.

It did not occur to Lionel that he ought to say something more definite than he had said to the girl, whose whole horizon was darkened by the thoughts of his departure. He had meant loyally and lovingly; and so, when he kissed her on the lips, and put a little gold ring on her finger, he thought he had done all that was useful. When the time came for him to marry—fellows of his 'order' married early—he should marry May, of course. Meantime it was useless to talk about it. And May relied unconsciously upon the fidelity he did not plead; but still thought far more impatiently about that 'meanwhile' than he did.

At last the day came for them to say good-bye, and the boy went out into the world; with a thousand fresh interests sprung up like flowers in his path, making it beautiful. And May went about the old vicarage-house and grounds as of old, and found the days very long and eventless, now that there was no Lionel to brighten them.

Lady Hastings wrote a courteous letter to Mr Baron, thanking him for the care and attention he had bestowed upon her son. And Lionel himself wrote a nice note to May during his first term—a note which May prized next to her twisted gold ring; though there was little in it save an account of his feats on the river, and of the prowess of a certain well-pedigreed bull-dog pup. She answered it with all the frank confidence of a child—all the hearty, loving sympathy of a woman. And then it ended.

Gradually the old vicarage-house and all the occupants of it faded from his mind. Life was full of bright promise for him, and he had no time to look back. He finished his college career with more than credit. He was a touch more than clever, and his impetuosity stood him in stead of perseverance, and carried him well on the road he had chosen. By the time he was five-and-twenty he had done such good service to government by the subtlety, skill, and energy with which he had carried through a delicate negotiation abroad, that government recognised his claims munificently, and gave him an important and highly salaried home appointment. In fact Lionel Hastings had made his mark, and the mothers of daughters regarded him kindly.

The years had flown with him, the eight years that had passed since he had said good-bye to May Baron, and promised never to forget her. But they had not flown with her.

THE INNS OF COURT.

THE four Inns of Court—that is to say, Lincoln's Inn, the Middle Temple, the Inner Temple, and Gray's Inn—combine to form what is in fact the legal university of England—if by the word university we may imply an examining body which has framed specific regulations for the admission of students, the 'keeping of terms,' the conduct of examinations, and the granting of degrees. Of the history of the Inns it is not our purpose to write; and on that subject indeed, very little could be said within the limits of a magazine article; but we may perhaps effect a useful end if we confine ourselves to roughly sketching the process by which a layman becomes a barrister.

Firstly, then, it has been decided that every person, not otherwise disqualified, who has passed a public examination at any university within the British dominions, is entitled to be admitted as a student of any of the four Inns of Court without passing a preliminary examination; but no attorney-at-law, solicitor, writer to the signet, or writer of the Scotch courts, proctor, notary-public, clerk in Chancery, and certain other professional men, shall be admitted as a student at any Inn of Court until such person shall have entirely and *bona fide* ceased to act or practise in any of the capacities above named or described; and if on the rolls of any court, shall have taken his name on the rolls thereof. The Society of Lincoln's Inn also requires that the candidate shall not be a person who is in trade; and a declaration to the effect must be signed before further progress can be made. The aspirant then signs and delivers to the steward or treasurer of the Inn a formal statement of his wish to be admitted as a student; paying for the form on which he makes such statement the sum of one guinea; and the declaration of fitness must be vouched for by two barristers, and approved of by the Treasurer or by two Benchers of the Inn. Supposing the candidate never to have passed a public examination at any British university, he must forthwith present himself before the Board of Examiners appointed by the four Inns, and demonstrate to their satisfaction, both by writing and *word vocis* if necessary, that he possesses a competent knowledge of the English and Latin languages and of English history.

Having passed his examination, the candidate is admitted, and pays five guineas for the right of attending during his studentship the lectures of four professors appointed by the Council. He also pays other sums, which vary at each Inn. If he become a member of Lincoln's Inn, these include a 'fine' of eight pounds eleven and sixpence on admission, twenty-five pounds two and sixpence for stamps on admission, and one hundred pounds as a deposit, to be returned on call to the Bar or on leaving the Inn, on payment of all arrears of commons, &c. The last payment may be avoided by the execution by third parties of a bond for the amount; but as the fees on call come to nearly as much, there is but little to choose between the two methods, for sooner or later, a hundred pounds must be paid. These are necessary disbursements; but they do not by any means represent the total expense to which the student renders himself liable; for, except for the mere gains of legal instruction he may obtain at the public lectures of the four professors of Jurisprudence, Common Law, Equity, and the Law of Real and Personal Property, he has not yet contracted for his technical education. Still, it should be noted that no one need go either to lectures or to chambers unless he thinks fit; and that so long as the student is able to pass his examinations previous to call, he may obtain his knowledge from whatever source is most convenient to him. He must, however, in all cases pay the lecture-fee of five guineas.

So much for the process by which a man may educationally qualify himself for the final examination and call to the Bar! Even more important is the process of formal qualification. Who has not heard of the ordeal of 'eating dinners'? To him who would be a barrister, food for the

body is as necessary as food for the mind; but while the Council of Legal Education cares not whence the mental pabulum is derived, it most strictly exacts that at least a certain amount of the physical dietary must be partaken of within the Hall of the Inn to which the student is attached. The inexorable regulations prescribe that, with insignificant exceptions, 'every student shall have kept twelve terms before being called to the Bar.' The rule might have been made by Epicurus, for it means in plain language that no student shall be called to the Bar until he has eaten a certain number of dinners at his Inn. In the case of members of an English, Scotch, or Irish university, this necessary number is three per term; and in that of other students, six; so that the miserable man who, not being affiliated to a university, would aspire to be a barrister, must first eat no fewer than seventy-two dinners, as served for him by an unsympathetic cook.

Of these dinners a volume might be written, nay, two—one of complaints and one of praises. At Lincoln's Inn, the huge Hall is traversed at the north end by a table, at which dine the Benchers in august state, separated from the vulgar crowd of barristers and students by an array of sideboards. Then, also running from east to west, are two tables dedicated to the *apprentices*, or barristers aforesaid; and lastly, running from north to south, are several tables for students. Dinner is at half-past five on week-days, and at five on Sundays; and about ten minutes before dinner-time the Hall begins to fill. As the student or barrister enters by the south door, he is received in the lobby by a servant, who relieves him of his stick and coat, and by another who robs him in a gown, the property of the Inn. In the Hall he probably finds a friend or two, with whom he arranges to 'make a mess'; that is to say, to dine, or as others phrase it, 'to make a table'; and with them he stands talking with his hat on, until, as the clock strikes, the head-butler solemnly marches to the west end of the long sideboard, and by means of three blows of a hammer, exerts to compansative silence. 'Making a table' consists in four men agreeing to dine together and taking possession of two places on each side of one of the long 'boards'; the four sets of knives and forks thus forming a square. At the students' tables, he who sits at the north-west corner is captain of the mess, and in him is the right of deciding what wine shall be drunk by himself and his friends, unless some one chooses to ask, for, in which case port must be brought. Otherwise, on ordinary occasions the choice lies between two bottles of *vin ordinaire* and very *ordinaire* it is—or one bottle of good claret, or one bottle of sherry between the four, beer *ad libitum* being forthcoming as well.

Dinner is seldom quite punctual; but in due course the head-butler goes along to the side-board, and with great *empressement* announces: 'Benchers, gentlemen!' whereupon every one in Hall respectfully rises. The dons enter, in Indian file unless guests are present, by the north door, bowing as they come; and the all remain standing for a minute until the head-butler once more raises his voice and cries: 'Silence, gentlemen, if you please.' This is the signal for the chaplain to ask a blessing. Forthwith every knife and fork begins operations, unless, of course, there be soup,

in which case the man sitting on the left of the captain of the mess helps himself first, and then passes the ladle to the right. The same plan is pursued with fish. But for the captain himself is reserved the privilege of first cutting the joint which follows, and of then passing it on, always to the right. A butler has meanwhile placed the wine on the table; and he who sits on the captain's right is the first to taste it, as also he is the first to partake of the dish—generally a fruit-tart—which succeeds the joint.

The method in which the wine should be passed is somewhat complex, and there are, we imagine, but few students who clearly understand how it should be done. One rule, however, it is advisable to remember. As a man hands the decanter to his neighbour for the first time, 'he begs to be allowed the honour of taking wine with him : ' and the omission of this custom is the infallible sign of a freshman. But all the Inns—and Lincoln's Inn especially—are nests of venerable customs, the propriety and the antiquity of which may not be disputed; and though fines for non-observance of them are no longer the fashion, they still exist, and will doubtless continue to flourish.

One night in each term is called Grand Night; and on that occasion a somewhat better dinner than usual is provided, and guests—usually legal and political celebrities invited irrespective of party—dine with the Benchers, who, if there be any truth in rumour, not only 'fare sumptuously every day,' but absolutely 'aldermanise' on these festivals. For their banquet they pay nothing; barristers paying half-a-crown; and students a guinea for the first six in each term, and two shillings per dinner afterwards; and in all cases wine is included.

Dinner over, the head-butler again implores silence, and the chaplain says grace, releasing the students, who immediately depart, but causing no emotion in the Benchers and barristers, who still sit at their leisure. The interval between the blessing and the grace is usually an hour; but after the great body of students has departed, two or three usually remain 'to be introduced to the Bar-table,' in accordance with the special regulation of the society, which exacts that 'no student can be called to the Bar who has not been three times introduced to the Bar-table after dinner, once in each of three different terms; and one of such introductions is to be in the last year before his call to the Bar.' The ordeal is not very trying; for it principally consists in the student walking rapidly between the two Bar-tables, whereat sit some fifty inattentive or preoccupied legal luminaries; but before undergoing it, he has to renew his declaration that he does not fill any disqualifying office, and to certify that he is not in trade.

The necessary expenses previous to call are at Lincoln's Inn something like one hundred and fifty pounds. At the other Inns the total is, we believe, generally less, amounting to about one hundred and twenty pounds. Further expenditure on books, &c. may very easily raise the cost of being called to the Bar to three hundred pounds; a sum exclusive of the cost of living during the twelve terms which have to be kept. Yet the Inns are crowded with students, and never, probably, were so many men called to the Bar

in one year as during 1878. Legal business is always increasing, and it is an undoubted fact that, as the practice is simplified, so the number of cases, both litigious and otherwise, grows proportionately greater. We have no longer many of those old family Chancery suits which bled our grandfathers to death; but by way of compensation, we find that nowadays nearly every man who will 'have the law' on his neighbour, has dealings with a solicitor, and through him with a barrister. For every one, save for barristers and their providers, the question is so serious a one, that our advice to all who are litigiously disposed is—think twice before 'going to law.'

INDIAN SNAKE-STORIES.

I was a passenger on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Medina*; one among several young fellows who had started in various capacities on our 'trial trip' to India. We had encountered some rather rough weather after quitting the Red Sea, but that was all over; we had had favouring gales for several days, and were now within twenty-four hours or so of Bombay. Our promised land was almost in view; we were full of its many and varied attractions; all the dark colours had vanished from our picture, and our imaginations were kindled by the recollection of all we had read and heard; and we longed to realise for ourselves the new and strange experiences which we hoped were in store for us. India and Indian matters were now the staple topics of conversation; those going out for the first time were eagerly seeking information on many points from the 'old stagers' among their fellow-passengers; and some of these worthies were a little inclined to improve the opportunity, and treat the 'griffins'—as the new-comers are usually called—to not a few travellers' tales. For my own part, I had made several good friends among the old Anglo-Indians on board, had learned much from them of practical importance to myself, and had listened to many a capital anecdote on matters relating to social life, and to hunting and travelling experiences.

It was our last evening but one in the *Medina*, and a group of us were sitting on deck after dinner, enjoying the pleasant light breeze that was blowing, chatting over the various incidents of the voyage, and discussing the probabilities and possibilities that awaited some among us in our new home. Elephant-hunting and tiger-shooting were passed in review; and some anecdotes of rather a thrilling nature were related.

'The big game are getting very much shot down,' remarked an old Judge, who had been many years out. 'Tigers are quite scarce now, compared with what they used to be. In fact it is becoming rather difficult to find them.'

'All the better too,' replied a fat good-natured little man, Dr Beamish. 'The existence of tigers is only desirable to a parcel of idle sportsmen, and it is to be hoped they will gradually be exterminated or nearly so. The rewards offered

by government have done much to effect this; and I hope the time is not far off when one may take an evening stroll without the risk of being carried off to form the supper of a family of hungry cubs!

'I don't think tigers are the chief objection to an evening stroll,' said Mr Barry, a civilian of some standing in the Bombay Presidency. 'I can't say I ever encountered one myself, unless I went specially to look for it. Except those horrid brutes the man-eaters, who stick at nothing, a tiger will generally keep out of your way if you keep out of his. The snakes are the real obstacle to a comfortable walk. There is something peculiarly disagreeable in the idea of kicking what looks like a bit of wood out of your way, and getting in return a small prick from a cobra, which leaves you a dead man an hour or two afterwards.'

'Ay, a good deal sooner than that, sometimes,' observed Dr Beamish, nodding his head. 'A few years ago our regiment was going from one station to another, and one morning we were marching before daylight, when a native servant, who was very near me, uttered an exclamation of pain, and put his hand down to his foot. I asked him what was amiss, and he replied that a thorn had gone into his foot, and was hurting him badly, and making him feel sick. He staggered as he spoke; and bidding him sit down, I called for a light, and bent down to examine the place, and try to extract the thorn. Not many minutes had elapsed, but the man was now very faint and unable to support himself, so I strongly suspected it was something more than he fancied. A moment's inspection shewed me two tiny punctures like stings; a small livid ring was already forming round the place, and I became seriously alarmed for the poor fellow, for what he had imagined to be the prick of a thorn, was the bite of a deadly snake. Excision of the part, and brandy and other restoratives were immediately administered; but all to no purpose; the poor man was a corpse in less than an hour from the time he had been bitten.'

'How horrible!' was the general exclamation.

'It must be a most deadly poison to act so rapidly,' said a gentleman who stood near the doctor. 'Has no antidote ever been discovered to counteract it?'

'None that can be relied on,' replied Dr Beamish. 'The bite of the cobra *de capello* is certain death to the unfortunate victim; and that within a very short space of time. I have known many instances of individuals having been bitten, and heard of many more; but I never encountered a case in which the sufferer recovered from the effects of the poison, though I have heard of such a thing having occurred among the natives.'

'You mean by the application of the snake-stones?' suggested the Judge.

'Yes; I have certainly heard of some apparently well-authenticated cases of cures having been effected by them; but never having witnessed one, I cannot say what amount of reliance may be placed on such statements.'

'Snake-stones—what are they? Where are they found?' inquired one or two of the listeners around.

'They are manufactured in various places,' said

the doctor; 'and I have seen them, though I never happened to see them employed. Their native name is Pamboo-kaloo; and they are small dark substances, very light and porous in texture, their power of absorption being very remarkable. In calling them stones we merely use the customary expression, for they are not really stones, but are in reality small pieces of charred bone.'

'Do the natives carry them about as charms, or how do they apply them?' asked a young assistant-surgeon, who had been listening very attentively.

'They do not seem to have any power of *averting* snake-bites, so are not considered as charms in the ordinary sense,' replied Dr Beamish. 'When a native has been bitten, and a snake-stone is at hand, the limb is bandaged very tightly above the place, and the stone is applied to the wound, to which it at first adheres closely, and then drops off of its own accord. It has then apparently drawn out all the poison, and the patient is supposed to be cured. This at least is what I have been told; but the efficacy of the so-called cure is quite another matter.'

'It is what I have often been told too,' observed the Judge; 'and I remember seeing a man in my district who was said to have been bitten by a cobra, and had been cured by the application of one of these so-called stones. But I am inclined to think there is a good deal of chance in the matter. Perfect faith in the virtue of the stone may go a long way in assisting the cure; and of course we only hear of the successful cases, never of the failures.'

'That is true,' replied the doctor; 'and there is besides no special quality in the 'stone' itself that can be ascertained, for they have been frequently subjected to very careful analysis, and as I said, have turned out to be nothing more mysterious than a piece of charred bone, afterwards shaped and polished. At least that is all we can tell about them; and they certainly hold no place among the remedies employed by medical men.'

'In fact, doctor, there is no remedy for the bite of a snake so good as keeping out of its way; prevention better than cure, eh?' remarked a cheery old merchant, on his way back to the North-west Provinces.

'No doubt of that, Mr Roberts; but unluckily we can't always manage to keep out of the way of snakes; I only wish we could. Why, I could tell you a dozen instances of their being found in the most unlikely places, and of several most providential escapes from being bitten. A brother-officer of mine, who was with his regiment on the line of march, slept every night on a low *charpoy* or camp-bed in a corner of his tent, which was curtained round, but of course rather loose in its construction. His servant's entrance one morning disturbed a snake, which rapidly slipped from the bed, and made off through an aperture in the tent. Another servant on the outside perceived it, and killed it instantly by a blow from a switch which he chanced to have in his hand. It proved to be a cobra, three and a half feet long; and my friend's thankfulness for his escape may be imagined when he discovered on an examination of his bed that the deadly reptile had been lying coiled up within a few inches of his head, the round indentation on the pillow being plainly visible; while he recollected

having felt a slight sensation of movement once or twice, which luckily for himself he had been too drowsy to notice further.

'Come now, doctor! is that a fact?' said old Mr Roberts, shaking his head doubtfully. 'They say misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but a cobra would stagger most people.'

'It's a fact all the same,' rejoined the doctor, oracularly. 'Bless you! if that surprises you, I'll tell you one or two more; and then I'll call on the Judge, who I know has one at least of a nature to make your hair curl, for I've heard him tell it. Well then, I was assisting once at a *burra-khana* or big dinner-party, and we had all been extremely vivacious. At last the ladies rose to depart; when just past the muslin skirts of a very pretty girl who had been my right-hand neighbour, there glided a cobra, which forthwith made for the open window behind us; but was attacked and killed before it could escape. The young lady, not unnaturally, got rather hysterical; but she soon came round, and then told us what, considering all the circumstances there was not the slightest reason to disbelieve, that during the progress of the dinner her foot had on several different occasions touched a soft object, which once or twice moved slightly, but which she concluded to be a pet dog belonging to the master of the house, which she knew to be perfectly quiet and good-tempered. The dog, however, had not been in the room at all; and the object she had touched had undoubtedly been the coiled-up snake, whose bite would have been speedily fatal to the poor girl, who little guessed the awful risk she had so narrowly escaped.'

Various ejaculations followed this anecdote. 'Now really, doctor!' from Mr Roberts.

'Solemn fact, my dear sir,' replied Dr. Beamish. 'I saw the thing happen with my own eyes, and by no means omitted to reflect that the young lady sat next to me, and the calf of my leg was not far off, and might have come handy, as an Irishman would say.'

'Now for one other anecdote, and then perhaps the Judge will kindly follow suit. One of our sergeants' wives had a little boy of about a year old. The child was asleep one day in a wicker cradle, over which his mother had spread a light chintz quilt, to protect the infant from the flies. She was engaged in some household matters in the next room, quite assured of the boy's safety, as she was close at hand, and could hear his slightest movement. Some cause or other took her into the apartment where the child lay; and glancing at the cradle, she beheld a terrible sight. The infant lay in a deep and tranquil slumber; but at the foot of the cradle, coiled up on the quilt, was a snake, which the least motion of the child might at any moment disturb and irritate, when the most frightful result would probably follow. Knowing herself to be powerless for good, the poor mother cast an agonised look on her sleeping babe, and with trembling limbs slipped from the room and rushed to the place where she knew she should find her husband. In a moment he had decided what to do; and seizing some implement with a forked extremity, he followed his wife back to the house. Stepping softly up to the cradle, with one swift movement he dexterously twitched the deadly reptile from the spot where it lay; and with a well-aimed blow killed it on the ground

where it fell. Nothing like presence of mind on such occasions; no time for deliberation with cobras. Now I think I have pretty well done my share of the talking, and harrowed your feelings up to the proper pitch for the Judge's story.'

The worthy Judge thus appealed to, cleared his throat, and looking round the group, which had by this time become considerably larger than at first, he observed with a smile: 'Upon my word, we look for all the world like a circle of natives listening to one of their story-tellers. I don't know that I feel up to the subject; the doctor has taken me quite at a disadvantage. Men with his powers of narration should have mercy on their less highly gifted neighbours. I am sure you can tell the story far better yourself, doctor.'

'Time about is fair-play, Judge,' replied the doctor jocosely. 'You were an eye-witness; I was not.'

'Well, well,' said the Judge; 'I suppose I must try. Once upon a time then—to begin like the old fairy tales—I was a smart young fellow, like a good many of you here; and I was lucky enough to obtain a Civil appointment, which was a very good thing in those days, and isn't a bad thing now, let me tell you. My father had an old friend, a civilian, who lived in Bombay; and when I landed, I found a very cordial invitation awaiting me to go to this gentleman's house, and stay as long as suited my convenience. A most worthy, kind, and hospitable old gentleman he was; nobody could have been a more sincere friend; he would have gone miles to do any one he liked a service. He had one special fault however, or weakness we may rather call it—he was very fond of practical joking.'

'A most detestable vice, if you'll excuse bad language,' interpolated the doctor.

'It is indeed,' resumed the Judge; 'and I trust none of our young friends here will ever be guilty of it, for it is neither clever nor gentlemanly. My friend Mr Gordon was a gentleman however; but in those days more latitude in manners was permitted; such things would not be tolerated now. In addition to various foolish little tricks which Mr Gordon was fond of playing off upon his guests, especially upon the "grills," he had one favourite joke, which had become a constant habit with him, so that he rarely encountered a new-comer without perpetrating it, if the opportunity offered. This was to pick up a stick, bit of matting, or rope, or anything that came handy, and throw it against the person he wished to startle, at the same time exclaiming: "A snake!" Some of them merely smiled and took no further notice; others perhaps started and looked uneasy for a moment, and this delighted the old gentleman; while a few were found who were visibly annoyed, and did not see the joke at all. It was certainly a very weak one. However, he seemed to find it entertaining, for he constantly perpetrated it, till he one day received a lesson, which undoubtedly cured him of that trick, and I think of a good many others.'

'He was walking in his compound or garden one afternoon with two or three friends. I was there too, and with me was one of the young men who had come out at the same time as myself, and who had called that day to see me, and had been hospitably invited to remain to

tiffin. He and I were strolling about by ourselves, when the course of our walk brought us close to the spot where Mr Gordon and his friends were chatting. In a moment the old gentleman stooped down to a little tuft of herbage beside him, seized what looked like a small stick or bit of branch, and flung it against my friend Mr Ashley, saying quickly: "There's a snake!" I had heard this so often now that I did not even smile, but just glanced at Ashley with a look meant to say: "Never mind; it's only his little joke!" My eye fell on his bent arm, where the object thrown by Mr Gordon had alighted; it had not fallen off, but had remained there. That moment it began to move; and with a sensation of horror, which to my dying day I can never forget, I saw the reared head and small bright eyes of a krait, one of the most poisonous snakes in India! Its bite was all but certain death, and that in a very short time. "Stand still!" I cried in an agony. "Do not stir, Ashley, as you value your life!" One glance, and the brave young fellow comprehended the situation. The snake was now slowly curling itself about his shoulder. If he shuddered, I never saw it; indeed my eyes were riveted upon the horrid spectacle, and I prayed as I had never done before, that this most terrible fate might be averted from my poor friend. Just one glance I ventured at Mr Gordon, who with his friends had turned round on hearing my exclamations, and stood silently by, still as the grave, hardly daring to breathe. The poor old gentleman was piteous to see. His face was pale as death, his eyes almost starting from his head, great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. "Mercy! O God, mercy!" I heard him once faintly murmur.

'You must remember that all this occurred in less than a minute, in far less time than I have taken to tell it. But what an age it seemed! And if it felt so to me, what must it have been to the poor fellow who knew that his only chance was to remain perfectly still! He did so. He stood as if he were made of stone, never moving even a muscle. The snake crawled round his neck and shoulders, reared itself for a moment against his head, and again I saw its horrid glittering eyes. Once more it curled itself round his arm, and then, after a moment's pause, it glided down his leg to the ground, and rapidly made off in the direction of a hedge not far off, where we did not attempt to pursue it, being only too relieved by its disappearance. "Thank God! you're safe. Oh, thank God for it!" said Mr Gordon, rushing up to young Ashley, and seizing him warmly by the hand. "My dear young fellow, can you ever forgive me? for I never, never can forgive myself! One thing, however, I am cured. Never from this day forward shall I do such a senseless idiotic thing again—never, never!" "Perhaps it will be as well sir,"

replied Ashley with a faint attempt at a smile; but the next instant he fainted. The strain had been tremendous; and it was a good while before he came round. He was not ultimately the worse for his fright however, and the incident proved greatly to his advantage; for he found a staunch friend in Mr Gordon, who never forgot the peril to which he had exposed the young man, and did all in his power to assist him in his profession, of which he afterwards became a very successful and

leading member. And so ends my contribution to the evening's entertainment.' Whereupon the worthy Judge leaned back in his deck-chair with an expression of considerable relief, and waved his hand in a deprecating manner, in reply to the thanks he received from the circle who had been listening to him.

'Story-telling is like eating; it only wants a beginning,' observed Dr Beamish cheerfully. 'I knew the Judge would come nobly out of the difficulty; and I see Mr Barry there has an anecdote at the tip of his tongue. Let us have it, my dear sir, by all means.'

'Curiously enough,' said Mr Barry, 'that story of the Judge's reminded me of a case that happened many years ago in my district. I did not see the occurrence myself; but a man who did told me about it, and in fact the thing was perfectly well known. It took place at a dinner-party or social gathering of some kind. A lady sat down to the piano, and had just begun to play, when some one chanced to look at the leg of the music-stool on which she was seated, and perceived something moving there. A closer inspection showed that the moving object was a snake, one of a most venomous species. It had been closely coiled round the spiral leg of the stool; and when the poor lady unconsciously seated herself in its vicinity, it had been disturbed, and immediately began to move. She was quickly warned of her great danger, and urged to sit perfectly still, which she very heroically did, not stirring hand or foot, or uttering a cry. It must have been a fearfully trying ordeal for the poor thing, as there was no telling what course of action the snake might pursue. However, in this case it never touched her at all; but after curling round and round the music-stool for half a minute or so, it dropped on the floor, and was killed before it could effect its escape.'

'How excessively unpleasant!' said a young fellow; one of those, like myself, new to Indian life and experiences. 'Why, the horrid reptiles seem to meet you at every turn! Is no place safe from them?'

'Don't be alarmed, my dear sir,' replied the doctor easily; 'the snakes are not so frequently encountered after all, the poisonous ones at least. And though it is unhappily the case that thousands of people, chiefly natives, lose their lives by snakes, there are at the same time numberless instances in which those who have been bitten by the less dangerous species have recovered, and in fact suffered little or no uneasiness. There are plenty of harmless snakes, but you are not sure which are which, for a time. The stories you have been hearing are what we may call "special cases".'

Among the group that had formed on the deck was an Indian chaplain, who had been listening to all that had gone on, but had not hitherto taken any active part in it.

'If you will allow me,' he now observed, 'I will tell you a very curious and melancholy incident that happened on one occasion in a church where I was conducting the service. The windows and doors were of course all wide open, and through one of those open doors a cobra glided into the church. I did not notice it myself, but several of the congregation did, and were not unreasonably much alarmed. The headle, a native, was fortunately

on the alert; and he managed to procure a twlar, with which he cut off the creature's head before it had time to do any mischief. Tranquillity was restored, and the service proceeded to its close, when many of the congregation went to look at the dead snake as it lay headless on the ground. Among them was a man who, in his curiosity to examine the reptile, put his foot on the head and rolled it towards him; when he instantly uttered a loud exclamation and drew his foot away. By some means or other, he had contrived to set in action the muscular apparatus attached to the poison-fangs, which had darted violently forward and struck him on the foot. All remedies were useless: in half an hour the poor fellow was a corpse; proving, with a vengeance, the awful virulence of the poison of the cobra da capello!

This was our last anecdote. It was getting late, darkness was setting in, and it was about the time when the Judge, the doctor, and some of the others were in the habit of turning in for a nightly rubber of whist. An adjournment was made therefore by most of the party to the cabin, Dr Beamish bringing up the rear with the chaplain.

'Very curious incident that you have just related, Mr Lane,' I heard him say, as he descended the stairs; 'I must really make a note of it.'

'Yes,' calmly replied the chaplain, 'but nevertheless terribly true.'

[Our readers will be startled to learn that according to a return published in January 1878, no fewer than twenty-two thousand human beings lost their lives in India during the previous year, by snake-bites! This lamentable sacrifice of life is occasioned not only by the cobra and krait, but by other deadly species, and notably by a snake, barely a foot long, the *Echis carinatus*, known also by the name of Kupper or Foorsu.

The effects produced by snake-bite vary according to the species. Thus, the bite of the cobra produces coma and speedy death, whereas the poison of others, such as Russell's viper, produces excessive pain, convulsions, and usually death. The bite of *Echis carinatus* causes blood to ooze from the pores of the victim, who, after lingering for a week or more, succumbs to the fatal poison.

The number of harmless snakes is enormously in excess of the venomous species, else the mortality would unquestionably be greater even than it is; and it is to be deplored that more strenuous measures are not taken to eradicate, as far as possible, a tribe of animals so deadly to man.—Ed.]

THE TWO SEXES.

THE following pointed observations, which appear in the *American Socialist*, may be quoted in confirmation of the views we have propounded in the article *Fashionable Vagaries*, in a recent number of the *Journal*.

'As to the question of the sexes, I think that woman's love of dress is the stamp of her inferiority. It ends the discussion with me. I can't respect my sex as I do the other while we are such creatures of dress. Here a man and his wife are projecting a journey. The man is equipped in an hour, and his attention is free for the higher considerations of the occasion; but the woman must have a week for her preparations,

and starts off fagged out with shopping, and dress-making, and packing. Go to Wilhelm's concert. The gentlemen performers are not distinguished at all by their dress, unless it is by its simplicity. Wilhelm's black coat is buttoned across his breast up to his collar, and his wristbands are quite inconspicuous. But the lady singer comes in dragging a peacock's tail unspread, and tattooed from head to foot with colours, and frills, and embroidery. What is a wedding to a woman? It is a bride's satins, and laces, and jewels. The sentiment of the circumstance is all smothered in dress. She can neither feel solemn nor gay—she is a spectacle of clothes. You bring me Scripture for her relief: "Can a maid forget her ornament, or a bride her attire?" I don't say she can any more than a leopard can change his spots; I only say it is something which stamps her inferiority.

'If you quote revelation, I will quote nature. According to nature, man should be apparelled in brighter colours and with more fanciful decoration than woman, and should think more of his appearance. See the peacock, and gobbler, and rooster, and the male birds generally. The lion cultivates a flowing mane, but the lioness wears her hair as meek as a Methodist. The human female seems to have lost her natural prestige, and is fain to make herself attractive in meretricious ways.

'Imagine a man compressing his ribs with stays, or trammelling his legs with skirts; let alone swathing them after the mummy fashion of to-day. Imagine him spending an hour every morning in fixing his hair for a day-long torment. He will have his dress subservient to health and comfort, and freedom of breath and motion. You say he is in bondage to the changes of fashion as much as the women are. But he contrives to keep these conditions intact. His new styles are not allowed to trench on his comfort and health, and the higher interests of life. If he changes the cut of his hair, he still keeps the sweetness and unconsciousness of short locks; he does not let them grow inconveniently long, or cauter his head with a frowzy chignon. If he changes the fashion of his coat, it is almost unnoticeable, and you may be sure it is at no sacrifice of ease. His pantaloons may be cut a little more baggy or a little more statuesque, but never with trails or any impediment to his natural gait. His hat is always the same serviceable sun-shade, and his cap the same protection from the weather, no matter what the details of style.

'Well, you say that the women dress to please the men, and if women are foolish, men make them so. My answer to that is, that men are as fond of pleasing women as women are of pleasing men, and more so; but they have wit enough to accomplish their object without the monstrous sacrifices women make. Whether any amount of education and opportunity will give women this wit, or diminish the advantage man has gained, remains to be seen.'

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THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

BY AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Two feasts in the sportsman's year are already past. The richer part of the sporting community have had nearly three weeks' recreation among the grouse. Knee-deep in purple heather, or surrounded by lichen-grown boulders and babbling mountain streams, they have revelled in the pure fresh air of hill-side and plain.

After the 12th August, the next red-letter day which concerns the sportsman is the date which stands at the head of this paper, on which day, in England at all events, partridge-shooting commences. 'What about the birds?' is the question that has been anxiously asked by one sportsman of another all through this exceptionally wet summer. The rain we had during the time when the all-important operation of hatching out was taking place must have caused considerable anxiety to those who rely upon the plump gray bird for their season's sport. However strong and numerous the youngsters may be when hatched, continued wet weather is sure to be fatal to many of them. In a rainy time, insects are scarce, and many a weary round does the fond bird-mother go with her brood trailing after her, gradually getting draggled and wet and cold as they toil through the drenched corn or over the sodden soil. One by one they drop behind and die; while the old bird—whose instinct, although it supplies her with many a stratagem to draw off an intruder from her as yet helpless progeny, does not teach her the art of counting—continues her watchful care over the survivors, happily unconscious of any falling off in the number of her brood. Many a promising season is spoiled by the rain; and yet of course showers are very necessary, as without rain the root-crop is a failure; and in many places sportsmen are dependent on a good crop of mangold or swedes or turnips as covert for the birds when the time for shooting them arrives. Some *savants* say that the rain that is necessary to secure a good root-crop will

be pretty sure to play havoc with the birds. Be this as it may—plenty of birds without plenty of covert is almost if not quite as bad as the other alternative. One way of making a bag when there is no covert is by 'driving' the birds and shooting them as they pass; but it is a well-known fact that driving spoils the future shooting on any but very extensive beats. I have heard of good bags being made when covert is scarce, by means of an artificial kite shaped to represent a hawk; but somehow, I cannot reconcile this with idens of true sport.

The First of September is the day for English sportsmen; and what a host of recollections it calls up to the mind of a veteran gunner of some fifty years' standing! How pleasant it is to stroll round the fields with such a one on the evening before the First, and hear him sing the praises of what he is sure to term 'the good old times!' How enjoyable are his tales anent the shooting capabilities of the veritable flint-locked 'Joe Manton,' that hangs on the rack in solitary grandeur in the study at home! How refreshing are his stories relating to a celebrated strain of pointers that have been for generations in the family! How 'Don' one day jumping over a stile winded some birds, and halted as if paralysed as he alighted on the ground, afraid to move for fear of disturbing them. How 'Major' the old water-spaniel flushed a couple of ducks in the beck yonder, which fell to the Manton mentioned above, but were both of them only winged; and the old man's eye lights up as he tells how 'Major,' who had never been known to hurt a bird before, and who never did afterwards, when he had tried in vain to carry both at once, came to the conclusion that it could not be done. How 'Major,' after due deliberation, carefully killed one bird and put it down upon the bank, while he swam over the beck with the live one, and after delivering it safe and sound to his master, went back, without being told, for the other one he had left behind. And the old man chuckles with delight when he adds: 'Ah, my boy! you don't get dogs like old "Major" nowadays.'

Pointers are almost done away with for partridge-shooting, and retrievers substituted; these, however, have to be led by keepers, to prevent their spoiling sport. Indeed, it is quite a question whether shooting as it is often now practised *can* be called sport. The introduction of breech-loaders has changed everything. On large manors, guns enough to fill a field come together; a line is formed, and quick march! is the order of the day. If a bird is winged, a retriever is slipped for a few moments, and if he finds it immediately, well and good; but if not, the whole line, with the exception perhaps of the man who winged the bird, is impatient to be off again; and 'Rover,' as soon as he can be caught—which is often a matter of time and difficulty—is taken in hand by his keeper, and the bird is left, badly wounded it may be, to die by inches.

I for one, should like to have a day in the style of 'fifty years ago,' when two guns—flint locks of course—were considered ample; with pointers which retrieved, and in fact did everything but speak, and which, moreover, were broken as well as bred by the sportsman himself. A leisurely comfortable walk, with no keeper to bother you, but a cheery companion of the Izaak Walton sort, who could interweave timely and genial conversation with the shooting, and who above all things knew when to hold his tongue. How pleasant to be received with a cheery welcome by old-fashioned farmers, their equally old-fashioned wives, and their comely, healthy-looking daughters; to leave them a brace, and to taste their sparkling cider, meeting with nothing but smiles of welcome and hearty good-wishes for your sport everywhere!

Too often nowadays the farmers, if they get any game at all from the people who shoot over their land, must be satisfied if an officious keeper—to lighten his own load perhaps, or to get something to drink—suggests that Mr So-and-so would like a hare; though I am bound to confess there are many notable exceptions to this unworthy plan. It really does seem hard that a farmer, on whose corn the birds have fed all their lives, and who has in a measure preserved them all through the year, and so in reality supplied the game—it does seem hard, I say, that the farmer not only may not shoot a brace for himself, but too often does not even get any given him by the shooter who tramps over his land, scars his stock, breaks his fences, and invariably finds fault at the close of the day if the bag is not big enough to satisfy his inordinate rapacity. September is now here. Once again the fields will ring again, and the woods around will echo and re-echo with shots fired in stubble and root, in hedgerow and clover. The annual slaughter of the genus *perdix* will have begun, and the momentous—to sportsmen at all events—question, 'How about the birds?' will in many instances have been answered practically.

I would recommend intending shooters in the early part of the season not to shirk their work, but to look their land very thoroughly. More birds are passed over by cutting off corners, taking wide sweeps, and leaving the stubbles unsearched, than many people are aware of. A small quantity of ground thoroughly beaten is sure to afford more sport than a large number of acres merely scrambled over—provided of course the birds are there. Many a sportsman leaves off after a long

day's shooting dissatisfied with himself, his dogs, his keepers, his sport, and his bag, solely because he imagined that the way to have plenty of sport was to walk hastily through the best pieces of covert, entirely disregarding little bits of rough meadows, grassy banks overgrown with thistles and rough herbage; and above all, the shady corners of fields during the heat of the day. Straight powder, an even temper, jolly companions, and a healthy mind in a healthy body, are all necessary for thorough and successful enjoyment of either the best or the worst sport that one's shooting can afford.

The evening of the First is by no means the least enjoyable part of the day. Many a sportsman whose eye is getting dim, and whose silvery locks display traces of Time's wanton fingers, can look back, perhaps, to some September evening long, long ago in the dim vista of the past, and call to mind the close of a certain never-to-be-forgotten day's shooting, when, as he was sauntering about the lawn, watching the full harvest-moon rise so softly and so gently above the trees in all its splendour, he was emboldened by the still loveliness of the evening and the charming natural repose of things around him, to say a few words that rendered him happy for life.

And now his son, perchance being in the same fond predicament, hangs on his father's lips—to use a classical expression—as the old man relates his past September memories; and steals sheepish glances at a sister's friend who happens to be staying at the Hall. And then on the same lawn, and near the identical spot perhaps,

In her ear he whispers gaily:

'If my heart by signs can tell,

Maiden, I have watched thee daily,

And I think thou lov'st me well;

While his fair companion also sore smitten—

Replies in accents fainter:

'There is none I love like thee!'

Man is an imitative animal; and the advice I give to young sportsmen who wish to render this September the happiest in their lives, is to follow the example mentioned above. Teunyson is a first-rate poet to grow sentimental over, and when assisted by Nature in the shape of a lovely September evening, he is perfectly irresistible. *Experto crede.*

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER I.—THE MILL OF DEATH.

RAIN, rain, and always rain, ever and always. It rained in Cornwall as if it had never rained before, fiercely, incessantly, as if of storm and evil weather there should be no end. It is, no doubt, quite a mistaken impression on the popular mind which attributes eternal rain, as one of its abiding features, to the ancient realm of King Mark the Luckless. There are bright sunny days on that rock-cradled promontory, when the coy scent of the golden gorse-flower mingles with the perfume of the shy myrtle, and when Cornwall seems dry enough. But when it rains, the Cornish rain is very real, pitiless, and persistent, and so it was just then; while in Dorsetshire and Hamp-

shire the light hoar-frost of winter was silvering the grass blades.

But if the rain that beat against the window-panes of old Captain Job Trawl, sick now, and bedridden, in the low-lying outskirts of Treport, was heavy and continual, fiercer still was its beating upon the slated roof of the Mawth Mill, and on the lofty table-land of which the Mawth Mill occupied the highest angle. High above, at the head of the glen, loomed aloft, over the ruined castle of the Montmorts, and over the Mill that had been an engine of their tyranny, the shapeless ungainly mass of the one mountain in the district grim and gaunt Pen Mawth, where the rocks cropped barely out from the thin soil.

The Mill could work no more. The great wheel, with the weighty flat-boards, was chained up now, and protected, so far as was possible, against the fury of the downward current, by boardings of stout timber hurriedly put up; while every sluice and flood-gate had been opened to the fullest pitch, to let the rushing torrent go free into the lower stream that brawled on towards Tregunnow. The men in the employment of the Black Miller came up still from their hamlet in the dell, timidly to take the orders of their brute master, as once their forefathers had crept to the Norman baron's gate to learn the pleasure of the feudal lord who had his hired horsemen in leash, ready to let stir, like bloodhounds, against those who angered him.

Ralph Swart, in these latter days, appeared more self-willed and more morose than ever he had been before. He drank deeply, in solitude, as it was his nature to drink; and on the few occasions on which he appeared in public, his dusky face was emurpured by the effects of strong liquor, and his speech thicker than usual, if equally decided and imperious.

"Word and blow, Master Swart's worse than custom is!" said the much-enduring peasants who had to deal with the terror of the countryside, and whose habitual turn of mind was quite unlike that of the bolder and bluffer population of the coast. Jan Pennant, the fisherman, would not have covered before even Ralph Swart as he did before his terrible creditor, the Jowder, frail, physically, but armed cap-a-pie in the strong armour of money.

Yes, it roared, the rushing stream that had its birth on the crest of heath-land, shapeless Pen Mawth, and gurgled through the deep ravine, burst out, brattling over the stones in the rolling upland beyond, and then swirled on past the rocky platform on which stood Tregunnow Church-town. The low-lying meadows, between that ugly water-shed and the coast, had been swamped for weeks past. Boats, had there been any boats, would have supplied the best means of communication between some of the inland villages. Cattle had been drowned, bridges washed from their piers, sheep had perished helplessly, and ricks had been floated off, and still the rain fell. It was a wetter winter than any Yule-tide of all the years since Ralph Swart had been the tenant of the Mawth Mill. Little recked the Black Miller of the rain. If he remembered it, it was with anathemas against the stoppage of his mill, and the cost which the repairs entailed on him. No reasonable precaution did he neglect; but the men who worked for him—hired from Tregunnow and other

places near—plied saw and adze, and hammer and spike-nail, and spade and pick, as they would never have plied them for my lord or Sir John, with all the liberal flow of ale from the Hall's buttery-hatch to stimulate their efforts. And they would turn to and fro in their horny palms the money Ralph Swart paid them, and breathe on it for luck, and feel uncomfortable as they thrust it in their pockets at last.

What cared the Black Miller for rain or lowering skies! The storms that lashed his house, and raged about his glen, and stripped the thin coating of peat from the slippery slopes of the hill above, were to him sources of trifling annoyance. What really seemed to preoccupy Ralph Swart was the non-arrival of some letter which surely ought to have reached him ere this, and in quest of which he visited Tregunnow so often and so scowlingly, that the timid post-mistress, as she looked up from her sorting, to say, "Nothing to-day, Mr Swart," felt it as a relief when the retiring tramp of heavy boots told that the man had withdrawn his big presence from the narrow office. He was much in Tregunnow, just then, was Ralph Swart, always in public-houses, drinking deep, but convivial never; and either a stealthy listener to other men's talk, or engaged in the perusal of the beer-stained and dog-eared country newspapers that littered the tables of bar and taproom.

It roared, the stream, as it came down, flinging high the sudden jets of wild fountains into the air, as the rushing water spouted forth from among the boulders that blocked its course, climbing farther and farther up the rocky gorge, sending heaps of white froth across the black depths of the mill-dam, and encroaching hourly on crofts and pasture, as the sea, in some counties, wins roods and acres from the land. Higher up than the mill, far up the hump-backed height of dark and shapeless Pen Mawth, the few hinds who earned their bread by toiling there whispered one to another, as they trudged back from their work, or at the doors of the red-brick Shiloh or Ebenezer that they attended for the sake of stinging sermons, hymn-singing, and spiritual excitement, how very bad things looked. Nathan's field of oats was a part of the swamp now, and had moved off, bodily, with the moving peat and turbid water. Farmer Bless had lost two stacks, sucked down by the quagmire that had swallowed half a score of strayed sheep on Monday last. There was more mud than Swedish turnips on Mr Deau's ten-acre patch. The black tarn at the top of the hill was seething as if a mighty fire burned below, and the foam and foul bubbles overflowed even to the naked stones and furze beyond.

In the hamlet that sheltered the handful of adult labouring men, descendants of those whom the Montmorts had conquered and enslaved so long ago, who yet clung to the old place, and yet earned a frugal livelihood from the barren soil, there was much doubt as to whether Ralph Swart the Miller 'ought to be told' of the danger he ran in obstinately holding on to perhaps the most exposed position for miles around. The women were for leaving the 'foreigner,' who had been a quarter of a century resident there to shift for himself. Ralph Swart's manners were not calculated to endear him to the gentler sex. But the men had less easy consciences, and after much growling over the tobacco-pipes, a sort of gruff remonstrance was

made with the Black Miller on the score of his persistent solitary residence in the flooded glen in such weather.

Ralph Swart was not drunk—he was never that—but inflamed and quarrelsome with drink when the deputation reached him, towards sundown. It was long remembered how the Black Miller had stood on his door-step with the orange gleam of the setting sun falling in unwholesome lustre on his swarthy face and harsh lineaments, as he railed at the officious cowardice of those who came to utter a reluctant word of well-meant warning.

‘Pack of meddlers!’ he had said savagely, ‘pack of croaking crows! Be off, fools! and may your black tarn smother your own thick skulls and lazy bodies—ye whey-faced curs! Take that for your pains, neighbours!’ And with that he slammed the door, and drew bolt, and set bar, regardless of wailing wind and beating rain, as he was of the well-intended advice of those who dwelt near him.

That night every inhabitant of Mawth hamlet was awakened by a roar and a crash, as though the great sea itself, bursting its barriers, had made its restless way inland. There was rattling of loose rocks, and the crash and fall of masonry, and the snapping of tree-trunks too weak to bear the pressure laid on them. And amidst the fiendish uproar and tumult, amidst shrieking wind and lashing rain, and the roar of the triumphant water, arose a frightened voice that cried aloud how the black tarn on Pen Mawth, swollen long, had burst for the second time in eight hundred years, and filled the glen, and how Mill and Miller, and all that drew the breath of life within that desolate ravine, had perished in the darkness, amidst the inundation that had swept down, pitiless, from the mountain-side!

CHAPTER LI.—RALPH SWART'S MISSION.

Day had dawned, and the red streaks in the sky had changed, slowly, into the reluctant light of a stormy winter morning, as a party of wayfarers, coming up from Tregunnow, approached the ravine in which the Mawth Mill was built. Some of them wore police helmets and police uniforms, others were in the garb of ordinary life. That stalwart form in front can belong to no other than Hugh—so long called Ashton in these pages—while beside him is Mr Dicker, whom even his London engagements and world-wide business have not prevented from being present on this occasion; and at the capitalist's elbow walks a stout-built, pleasant-visaged man, the first sight of whose well-fed face suggests visions of oil-cake, root-crops, and gold medals vigorously competed for at the Agricultural Hall in Islington, but who probably knows nothing of beef until it reaches the butcher's shop-front and the kitchen; being no other than Sergeant Brow of the Detectives, a ministering sprite from Scotland Yard, whose services Mr Dicker has had reason to appreciate before to-day.

It was windy and gusty yet. The rain that still fell was but puny rain, like the dropping fire of skirmishers that sometimes succeeds the thunder-crash of a general action, and the furious torrent that had wrought such mischief in the night had had time to shrink to more moderate dimensions.

But, even at Tregunnow, cellars and basements had been filled, and gardens choked with pent and mud washed down from the mountain-side; while rumour, which deals ever in the superlative, had represented the exposed Mill of Pen Mawth as having not one stone left standing upon another.

‘I fear he has escaped us,’ said Hugh, more in sorrow than in anger, as he and his companions passed on, catching at intervals a glimpse of the turbid flood rushing so hurriedly down in its tumultuous passage towards the sea. That one so wily and alert as Ralph Swart had actually perished by drowning had not seemed probable, either to the Cornish county police, to the experienced detective from London, or to Hugh and his friend Mr Dicker. To them, the storm of the previous night presented itself rather in the light of an untoward accident, likely to have given the alarm to the formidable occupant of the Mill of Death, and to have caused him to be elsewhere than at home when the domiciliary visit of the police should be paid. Warrants, as promised by Sir Henry Marsden, had been duly issued, authorising the arrest of James Grewier, otherwise Ralph Swart, and as formally indorsed by justices of the peace for the county of Cornwall. And there was Sampson Brow, sergeant in the Detective branch of the Force, of which Scotland Yard forms the headquarters, ready to lend the aid of his valuable advice, should the local officers be at fault. But for all that, there were few hopes of a successful result.

‘I’m afraid you’re right, my lord! We shall find the bird flown,’ said the sergeant, touching his hat.

Presently, turning an angle of the rocky road, the party of seekers from Tregunnow became aware that they were not the only ones whom curiosity or interest had caused to be early abroad. Numbers of the country-people had collected in the lower part of the ravine, still encumbered by torn-up trees, and bushes uprooted, and turf, and rocks, rolled down the hill-side by the resistless force of the now subsiding torrent. One group had gathered around the half-submerged carcass of a dead horse that lay across a tongue of land projecting itself into the stream. The poor brute had evidently struggled hard to gain the bank.

‘It is the Black Miller’s horse,’ said one of the labourers.

‘Are you sure of that?’ asked the Inspector of the county police.

‘Quite sure, master,’ was the answer. ‘See! there be some of the woodwork of the shed that was used for a stable, and there’s the broken halter still!’

A little farther on, and the Mawth Mill itself was in sight. Popular rumour, in reporting its destruction, had erred, as usual, on the side of exaggeration. There had been much damage done. The out-buildings had been washed away. The mill-dam had been demolished. The shattered fragments of the great wheel might be seen mingled with brushwood and rubbish at the edge of the stream. But the strong masonry had stood sturdily against the rush of the black flood, and the walls remained unbreached. There was a deep pool of foam-flecked water around the dwelling-house, and it was necessary to wade, before the door, still fast closed, could be reached. Near the house itself the gazers had gathered thickest,

and among them was a spare-elderly gentleman in clerical attire, who seemed to be giving orders to the rest.

'Our vicar, gentlemen, from Tregunnow—Mr Mulgrave,' whispered the local Inspector of police; and then he approached the clergyman and said something in a low voice. The vicar started, turned round, and courteously raised his hat.

'You are here, gentlemen, as I understand, on business,' said the clergyman; 'so am I, for mine is a large parish, and Mawth Hamlet and Mawth Mill are included in it. But I am afraid we shall find no one living here. Swart the Miller is either absent, or he has perished. We have knocked repeatedly, without any answer being returned. And I was just telling the men that they had better force the door.'

'We have authority to make an entry in any case,' replied Mr Dicker. 'This man Swart is charged with wilful murder; and our errand here is to bring him to justice for a crime committed five-and-twenty years ago.'

There was a stir and a murmur among the crowd; but if there was some excitement, there was no astonishment. All seemed prepared to hear the worst of the Black Miller that could be heard. Meanwhile preparations were being made for bursting open the door. A beam had been brought, and slung as a rude sort of battering-ram, from the shoulders of several men. The first shock awakened the sullen echoes of the dark uninviting house; but the door resisted. A second and more vigorous thrust, and it gave way; while forth through the aperture poured a fresh torrent of turbid water, and it was not until some minutes had elapsed that the house could be entered.

'There he be—there be Master Swart!' exclaimed a dozen voices at once. Yes; he was there, the men they sought, the secret assassin who had cheated justice so long. He lay there, fully dressed, his dead face upturned, his right arm and hand extended, as if in the attempt to undo the fastenings of the door, and escape, surprised as he had been by the flood of angry water that had broken in at the back of the house, and which had filled the lower rooms almost to the beams of the ceiling. There he lay, grim and threatening of aspect to the last, not unpunished, though no clerk of assize was to record, for Doom, the sentence pronounced on James Grewler. And Hugh looked down on his bitter enemy, unseen before, with a sort of awe, as men do when earthly revenge is baffled by the interposition of a higher power than theirs.

'Vengeance is the Lord's!' said the clergyman, breaking the silence that ensued.

Up-stairs were found ample proofs of Swart's or Grewler's guilt, proofs sufficient, had they been produced in court, to have given his neck over to the hangman, even without the additional evidence at the command of the Crown. There were letters proving the motive which had led to the commission of the murder so long ago. Marmaduke Beville had detected, or fancied he had detected, something wrong in the steward's accounts, and, without mentioning to his father the suspicions he had formed as to Grewler's dishonesty, had repeatedly threatened the dishonest steward with dismissal and disgrace.

'Threatened men live long,' was Grewler's cynical comment, in the form of a marginal note

on Marmaduke Beville's letter. To murder the eldest son of his deceived employer, and artfully to throw the blame of the murder on the second, had been James Grewler's counterplot. To this end he had purloined the pistol; while the gun, a present from Lord Penrith, with which the deed was done, was found in the murderer's bedroom at the Mill.

A careful search, in executing which there was no lack of volunteers, led to the discovery, in a secret cupboard, of an iron safe containing a great sum of money in notes and gold, in silver, and even in copper coin. The Black Miller's hoard amounted to almost fourteen thousand pounds; the larger portion of which no doubt consisted of the funds embezzled while Grewler was steward at Alfringham, and to which, as Mr Dicker whispered, Hugh had a legal claim.

'I shall make no claim,' answered Hugh.

At that moment there rose up from below a babble and ontry of shrill female voices, as, in the midst of a knot of gesticulating women, there drew near the house the thin and bending form of a young girl, travel-stained, weary, and haggard, yet decently attired, and with a modest, shrinking air, which matched well with the sickly aspect of the pinched face and wistful eyes.

'It's herself, it's poor Jane Swart—the Miller's daughter—her he drove away, the Lord forgive him! come back now, on such a day as this!' cried the excited women.

Yes; it was Jane Swart, the young daughter whom, five years ago, the Black Miller in his drunken fury had driven out into the world, bidding her starve or steal, for he would bear with her whimpering voice and whey-faced looks no more. The poor thing had earned what was called her living—lying by inches would have been a truer term—by plying her needle sixteen hours a day for bare bread and decent lodging beneath the roof of a seamstress at Falmouth, who found it all too hard to maintain herself and her children to be over-tender with the young women who worked under her orders. And now that consumption had set its seal on her, and that her weary eyes could see the thread no more, she had perforce wandered back, saying, simply: 'Let my father kill me if he will—as I have seen him kill many a dumb thing—but he is my father, and I have nowhere else to go.'

All pitied her. Most of those who saw her remembered her. The vicar told her to be of good cheer. Her father was dead, it was true, but she was among friends, and would be poor no longer. He would himself provide her with a comfortable lodging among kind people at Tregunnow. A few formalities complied with, and she would be rich. She was heiress to fourteen thousand pounds.

'I shall not live long enough to enjoy them,' said the girl, with a wan smile, and her hacking cough and lustreless eyes told that she had spoken truly. The evil that the Black Miller had done lived after him.

CHAPTER THE LAST.—YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

With all the state and splendour and ceremony that became his rank, the aged Lord Penrith was borne to the tomb. And then indeed Alfringham knew a new master. Hugh offered his house, for a while, to Mrs Stanhope, who was reluctant to

quit her home of many years' date; but Maud prevailed, and she and her mother went to reside, quietly enough, in the Isle of Wight, until the day should come when Maud—Maud Stanhope no more, should recross the threshold of Alfringham as the beloved bride of its young lord. The day came, six months later; but the wedding, which took place in the little church of Alfringham village, was not a very gay or sumptuous one, on account of respect due to the old grandsire, whose word, but a little while before, had been law at Alfringham and for many a mile around.

The first and only visit which young Lord and Lady Penrith—Hugh and Maud—paid after their return to England from the bridal tour that custom renders necessary, was to Llosthuel Court. And while guests of the hospitable Dowager, it scarcely needs to be said how the Lord and Lady of Alfringham went to visit Rose—Rose Trawl no more—but Will Farleigh's happy, pretty wife; for this young couple had been wedded, by particular desire, on the same day as that which witnessed the union of Hugh and Maud Stanhope. Rose and her brisk young husband had not, thanks to Hugh's gratitude for kind services so opportunely rendered, to plunge into matrimony with no surer prospects than those which were based on the uncertain gains of a bird-hunter. An income, handsome in the eyes of the two young people, had been secured to them from their wedding-day; but it was not until the green leaves of another autumn had turned to red and brown, that old Captain Job Trawl died, and that Maud's husband, at Maud's wish, willingly plac'd Will Farleigh in a snug farm, within a mile or two of Alfringham, and persuaded the Cornish couple to transfer their household deities to Dorsetshire, where they have thriven. Nezer, the dwarf, with some regrets, was induced to expatriate himself also from the sight and smell of the sea; and Neptune's honest bark is yet heard on the farm, where Rose Farleigh's children tell their tiny playfellows from the Hall what good service the brave dog did, at 'my lord's' side, in a Cornish shipwreck years ago.

Mr Dicker always remained Hugh's truest and most valued friend, and in the maelström of his ever increasing business, finds time annually to pass some happy days at Alfringham. The money which he owed to Hugh's dead father has been expended, at Lord Penrith's wish, in establishing fresh lifeboats at Treport and St Mary's Bay. Another benefaction, of a less useful character, it may be, shortly after the catastrophe of the Mawth Mill, accrued to the poor of that poverty stricken part of Cornwall in which Pen Mawth stands. Poor consumptive Jane Swart—whose name should have been Crewler—sleeps at her mother's side beneath a headstone in Tregunnow churchyard; and by her last will and testament she left her fourteen thousand pounds, the hoard of the Black Miller her father, to found certain almshouses for the benefit of the needy in Tregunnow and the parts adjacent. Ralph Swart's name and age, with a Scripture verse beneath, may be seen on a plain flat flagstone hard by the resting-places of his wife and daughter. It was not a case for eulogistic epitaphs; nor has the dismal Mill of Pen Mawth ever again been under repair.

Mrs Stanhope, who inherited money under her brother's will, lives with Lady Larpent at Llosthuel Court, and her presence is a solace to the

Dowager, who is neither so hale nor so cheerful as she used to be. Her two younger boys—Edgar, who is called Sir Edgar, and on whom the baronetcy has presumably devolved, and Willie—are good, bright boys enough, dutiful and affectionate; but they are much away, one with his regiment, and the other at the university; and Lady Larpent has never quite recovered the shock caused by the mysterious disappearance of Sir Lucius, her eldest son. Money was spent, and exertions made, we may be sure, to trace out the missing ne'er-do-well; but in vain. The people at the inn where the horse and dogcart from Llosthuel had been left knew nothing, save that the gentleman who so left them had started by the train; but it so chanced that no one in Tregunnow or Mawth had seen Sir Lucius on the fatal day of his visit to the Black Miller, and that his bones may lie undisturbed at the bottom of the abandoned mine until the Judgment-day.

One or two of the minor characters in this history have yet to be accounted for. Ghost Nan, the gipsy, yet walks the world, and it is not probable that she should have wholly relinquished her favourite camping-grounds in the vicinity of the New Forest; but from the day when she was prompted to make depositions before a magistrate of the hated Busné, the old spirit of lawlessness seems to have been revived in her wild nature; and Hugh, though he occasionally heard of her, was never again able to have sight of, or speech with, the half-crazed wanderer. Salem Jackson, who in consideration of his readiness to turn Queen's evidence, was let off with more lenity than he deserved, recrossed the Atlantic, and was last heard of as a boarder, with a twenty years' sentence to endure, in the Tombs, New York, whence, if what we hear of the severities of American prison discipline be true, he runs little chance of emerging to prey upon the honest portion of the community.

And Hugh? and Maud? Loving and beloved, they may, from the setting in of that new-born period of well-deserved prosperity which succeeded to Hugh Ashton's early struggles, be compared to those happy nations of whom no story can be told. Brighter days, indeed, than those of a stormy youth spent in adventurous exile, or in poverty at home, have dawned upon Young Lord Penrith.

THE END.

ODD PEOPLE.

'WHATEVER you do, my dear, don't be odd!' Such was the advice of a very wise old lady-friend, whose kindly face made glad many of my childish years. At the time I speak of—namely when the above advice was given—I had no very clear idea in my own mind what the word 'odd' signified. As years passed over my head, however, I discovered that this small, short, and easily split word meant 'particular, strange, out of the way;' and so I dreaded above all things to be thought 'odd.' The idea of becoming so, weighed incessantly on my mind, and often made me very unhappy. If in early youth a bright idea struck me and I clothed it in words, some of my companions, to whom the same idea had not presented

itself, would exclaim: 'What an odd girl!' and this was quite enough to shut my mouth, and plunge me in dismay for some time.

It may be said that every individual, unless unusually commonplace, is in some points considered 'odd' or 'queer' by his fellows. We have all hobbies, which make us, in the eyes of others, singular enough, now and then. But the people I am going to treat of were regularly oddities, and had not one, but many peculiarities. Two old Scottish maiden ladies stand forth prominently in my memory as decidedly the greatest human curiosities that could possibly be met with. Their names I shall give as Miss Kitty and Miss Wilhemina. They lived in a small cottage in one of the many small towns on the Firth of Forth. Miss Kitty was the elder. At no period of her life could she have possessed beauty, and certainly a more funny little woman never existed. Dressed in a gown whose tightness was in those days something to wonder at, her fat little body resembled nothing so much as a thick and well-filled bolster. Her features were plain even to ugliness. A large wart adorned the side of her immense nose; and a white cap of some substantial fabric, with a very high crown, covered her head, on which the hair grew luxuriantly, though in colour it was pure white. Strange to say, however, this uncouth little woman had a certain fascination of manner which made most people like her, and children were always devotedly fond of her. She had a pair of merry black eyes, which twinkled with fun when she spoke; and her anecdotes were many concerning the days of her youth, when her father, 'a gallant soldier, served King George.' A sword belonging to her deceased parent hung in the little hall of the cottage, and this she used often to take down and flourish as valiantly as her pudgy arms would allow, exclaiming in a martial tone: 'Ah, my dear, if only we had a French invasion, I would prove myself a true soldier's daughter.'

Notwithstanding this exhibition of military ardour, Miss Kitty was firmly possessed with the idea that in her own person she carried every disease incidental to humanity; therefore, those who knew her well were not at all surprised to see her frequently, while talking, leap from her seat with great agility, place her hand with fantastic manner and gesture upon her chest, and declare in pathetic tones: 'It's that right lung, my love, quite gone, you know!' Or, if sitting quietly at work, she would spring up excitedly, pace the small sitting-room, and with a sort of whine declare that 'she knew her heart was becoming gradually ossified.' In talking of her possible decease, she informed her friends that she had made arrangements with her lawyer as to the disposal of her body—or shell, as she called it. The instant she died, her remains were to be handed over to the Faculty for scientific purposes, and thereafter, with no attendant ceremony, thrown over the side of Leith! The advantages of this step, as she triumphantly pointed out to Miss Wilhemina, were twofold—firstly, no burial expenses would be incurred; secondly, the medical gentlemen of Edinburgh would be materially benefited.

Miss Wilhemina was a much less pronounced character than her sister, but was also equally whimsical and curious after a fashion of her own. She had, poor lady, once on a time been engaged

to a gay young soldier, who was doubtless attracted by her golden curls and blue eyes. The marriage-day was fixed, the *trousseau* prepared; and all would have gone on well doubtless, had the bridegroom only appeared. But as he chose to be a hundred miles away on the day appointed for the marriage, the guests had to be dispersed, the dresses 'laid in lavender,' and poor Miss Wilhemina borne away fainting on the sympathising bosoms of her bridesmaids. After a long period of brain-fever and sickness, the poor creature rose once more, a very shadow of her former pretty self. The golden curls had been shorn, the blue eyes were dim with illness and weeping. And in short, as Miss Kitty said: 'Poor Mina's a more ruinant!' She never quite recovered the sad blow—a blow more to her vanity than her affections, for she had no great depth of nature; and her heart, such as it was, had been more set upon her lover's gay uniform than on any supposed good qualities in him. When, after a month or two, Miss Mina read in a paper the marriage of her 'soldier lad,' she abandoned herself to fits of angry crying, varied now and then with sullen fits of silence, which Miss Kitty endured with exemplary patience. The *trousseau* was still kept in a certain chest of drawers, which were solemnly opened twice a year, and the garments taken forth, aired, and refolded, with many a bitter sob from the hapless lady.

Miss Kitty died first. She had a certain melancholy satisfaction in the assurance that her complaints, varied and curious, had now reached a climax, and during her somewhat protracted illness vehemently combated poor Miss Mina's entreaties that she would see a clergyman, loudly protesting to the last that 'no one should pray over her,' and with almost her last breath murmuring happy prophecies concerning the substantial good to be derived from a minute study of her highly diseased 'shell.' Poor Miss Mina was perfectly inconsolable, but of course buried her sister, minus the post-mortem, and respectfully, in the little country churchyard belonging to their birthplace. After Miss Kitty's death, Miss Mina was invited to a friend's house. Her spirits at all times variable, were somewhat calmer than formerly; perhaps the real grief she felt for her sister's death had cleared away the remnants of her long-nursed and sentimental sorrow. One evening, however, she rushed from the room where her host and hostess were seated, and not appearing for some hours, they went to look for her. She was found in her bedroom, weeping bitterly. When asked what was the matter, she said: 'Oh, I did feel hurt at Mr M——'s conduct; but there has never been a real true gentleman since George IV. died!' Upon investigation, it was found that her kind-hearted host had inadvertently 'turned his back' on Miss Mina, and so had most unintentionally offended her! Nothing after this, Miss Mina was found dead in her bed; and the little cottage became inhabited by strangers, neither of the ladies having had any relation.

A friend of ours was notorious for much oddity of manner; and this proceeded, we discovered, from absence of mind. He was intelligent, refined in appearance, and not ignorant of the usages of society. Yet great were his blunders both at home and abroad, simply because his thoughts

seemed always distant from the scene immediately surrounding him. Servants called him 'the odd gentleman'; and ladies used to titter as they saw him enter a drawing-room with his hat firmly planted on his head. When any one pointed out this absurdity to him, he would look like a person newly roused from sleep, and would make a hundred apologies. He was a great smoker, and once or twice lighted his pipe with bank-notes. He frequently forgot to go to bed, and used to be found by his old servant and housekeeper sitting in his parlour, with his arm-chair drawn close to the grate, in which the fire had gone out hours before. He hated children, dogs, and flowers; but shewed great benevolence to almost every other person, animal, or thing. He was passionately fond of leeks cooked in every possible way, and his garden was filled with these vegetables in all stages of growth.

A gentleman in a good position had an extraordinary fancy for cats. He had no less than sixty; these he kept in a large room which he had built for them. He would not admit any cat into this institution unless it was young, handsome, and full-grown; and as a result, some really fine specimens were to be seen in this feline chamber. It was a sight to see all the varieties at feeding-time—such a mewling, snarling, and purring went on, and such a quantity of food disappeared. After the gentleman's death, the poor cats were dispersed here and there, and the 'institution' fairly broken up. Some went wandering hopelessly about the outside of their old home, mewling in a broken-hearted way; a lot ran off into the neighbouring woods, and became fierce as tigers; while some of the very handsomest were carried off by friends of the deceased. It may be mentioned that though the aforesaid gentleman loved cats, he could not endure either children or dogs; but in other respects he was much like other mortals.

A lady in a respectable position would insist upon always wearing stockings of different colours on each leg, and gloves which were not neighbours on her hands. She boasted that she had never in her life worn a pair of stockings or gloves, and when asked why she did this, she gave for answer that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise. She rejoiced in a curious assortment of opposite colours in her dress, and delighted especially in a certain green bonnet with blue and yellow flowers in it. Her character was as odd as her tastes; she conceived bitter and unreasonableness aversions to certain people, and disliked flowers, which she disposed of under the general name of 'rub-bish.'

A lady's-maid who had been many years in high families, made a point of never laying aside as useless any gown, piece of ribbon or lace, or any other article of dress which might fall into her possession. Her hoards of old things were wonderful; many pieces of raiment grew mouldy with keeping, and her repositories after her death were a sight to behold. Bundles of every hue, pattern, and size, filled her drawers to bursting; ribbons, discoloured and dirty, scraps of print in endless variety, and in short every sort of imaginable article, collected during her thirty years' service, filled one room almost to overflowing. The dates of the various fashions might have been known by the patterns of the pieces of brocade, chintz, and other fabrics which lay around in

wildest confusion. The *embarras des richesses* was so great, that after keeping out a few better things, the rest were committed to the flames, a huge bonfire being the result.

THE DAY YOU'LL DO WITHOUT ME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE first three years that passed after their parting had gone by peacefully enough, though they were burdened by dullness and poverty. Still they were spent in her old home, among her loved own. But the last five had seen her knocked about from one family of strangers to another; now as companion, now as governess; for her father and mother were dead, and all May inherited from them was a patient brave heart. There had been no lack of lovers during these long years—lovers who were ready not only to woo, but to 'marry and a' if she could only have awakened from that early dream, and left off wearing that little twisted gold ring. But she could not bring herself to do either. She clung as tenaciously to her old memories as she did to that frail little pledge of the affection Lionel Hastings had forgotten. So she preferred working her way on wearily enough, to forfeiting her claims to cherish hope and her ring.

'She was far too beautiful to be a governess,' all the men said; for time had matured and enriched the beauty that had been very bright and bewitching at sixteen. Poor May! She longed sometimes to shew Lionel the beauty that others prized so highly. Surely if he could see her, he would remember Balton and their old 'young love!'

Her present occupation was a congenial one to her in many ways. She was acting as secretary and amanuensis to a lady, who insisted on being 'literary,' and who, luckily for May, was really fond of reading good works. This lady was sufficiently bright and clever to be able to collect about her a brighter and cleverer circle; and the ability to do this proves no inconsiderable talent. It was while mingling with this circle that May heard the name of her old love again for the first time for eight years.

'Lionel will be here in an hour, my dear Mrs Gaspard,' May heard one evening, and looking round, she saw a stately matron with Lionel Hastings's eyes. 'His mother!' she thought with a thrill, as she obeyed an irresistible impulse, and got herself nearer to Lady Hastings, longing to speak to her, to touch her, to do her some service however slight, for love of the unforgotten Lionel! Suddenly the fact that he would be before her in an hour recurred to her; and the thought of how he would look, and feel, and act, upset her self-possession, and made her falter in the advances she had been about to make to Lady Hastings. But that lady being very keen about beauty, had already marked her.

'Who is the girl with the crown of gold?' she asked of the hostess; and Mrs Gaspard, who was proud of her well-selected library and handsome companion, answered: 'My secretary, Miss Baron. Quite a jewel. I wouldn't have her in the house for the world, if I had a son.'

Lady Hastings laughed easily. 'Those fears are

quite out of date; men are so much wiser than they were. 'What does she do?'

'Everything.'

'And how does she do it?'

'Magnificently. I hope no one will discover her value and rob me of her. She saves me all trouble, and sings like a prima donna, for thirty pounds a year.'

'Pray, make her sing presently,' Lady Hastings said. And at the same moment Lionel entered the room.

May felt as if the words 'Lionel, don't you know me?' must be painted on her face, as after speaking to Mrs Gaspard and his mother, he turned, and carelessly scanned the form and features of the girl who wore his twisted gold ring upon her finger.

'A golden beauty!' was his thought as he let his gaze travel away from her. 'Never seen her before; quite new, evidently.'

It was a relief to her that at this moment Mrs Gaspard came to her and issued her polite command in the words: 'My dear, will you sing?'

The acute agony she experienced at his non-recognition could not have been borne in silence. She must either have cried out or laughed. Heaven help the women who laugh in their anguish; they suffer more than those who weep. She must do something, she felt, and so it would be as well to sing; and as she got herself to the piano and took off her gloves, she stole another glance at him, and he was looking at her adoringly. His lips had left a kiss on hers which had never been brushed off. And he had forgotten her! Oh, the pain and shame of it! She plunged into something and sang it well, though every fibre trembled. When she had finished it, he was standing by her ready to offer her a compliment. Again she turned her great pleading violet eyes upon him; but he did not know her. The little ring shone in the lamplight, for May never killed it by wearing another. Doubtless he admired her fingers, but he never noticed the ring.

He spoke to her of her masters, of those who had trained her voice, discussing them and it intelligently. Her voice 'reminded him of a queen of song whom he had heard in Vienna,' he said; and he added that he never forgot a voice. 'Would she sing again? He would like to remember hers.'

How dear he was to her in spite of all his cruel unconsciousness! How desperately dear! How she hated Lady Hastings at that moment, for coming up to him, and putting her hand on his arm, and telling him that she must 'take him away!' How she envied the mother! How she loved the son!

'I am to hear one more song, and then I am at your service.—You will sing again, will you not?' he said; and Lady Hastings backed his request by saying: 'It is really asking too much of you; but do.'

She could not resist the impulse. Before her—though she strove to be blind to it—rose the scene and the actors in it—the day that was full of all summer glory, sweetness, warmth, and light—the velvet lawn and weeping-willow and rose-covered vicarage, and the splendid boy-hero, to whom a lovely shy little girl was reading poetry. She could not resist the impulse. Come what would, he should be reminded of that scene too. And

so when her pearly notes in all their purity smote his ear, they fell on the words:

You love me in your tender way!

I answer as you let me;

But oh! there comes another day—

The day that you'll forget me!

And after one eager gasping glance, he exclaimed: 'Why, it's May—May Baron!' and her song came to an end.

It would be pleasant to him, his love for her returned without delay. But mine is a true tale, and therefore I cannot wrest facts to my own pleasure in any such way. As he recognised her, he admired her immensely, and remembered that even in her girlhood she had not been gawky after the manner of other girls. But he entirely forgot that he had ever loved her, or ever acted in such a way as to teach her to love him. There was not the slightest approach to that high misdemeanour in fashionable life—a scene. His self-possession was so easy, so perfect, that May at once recovered her own. True she ceased singing the instant he exclaimed: 'Why, it's May—May Baron!' But even his mother could find no fault with the slow sweet smile and gentle inclination of the head with which the beautiful and clever companion greeted her father's former pupil.

'Let me introduce you to my mother,' he said at once; and May found herself made known to his mother, who complimented her 'on the possession of a charming voice.'

He did not notice the ring. As soon as she recognised that he was absolutely without any recollection of what she had supposed them to be to one another, May took care that he should not see it. She slipped on her glove, and when that was done she felt safer. But she need have had no fear. He had forgotten the episode of the ring as utterly as he had forgotten the words he had spoken when she read the poem under the willow-tree—the same poem she had sung this night.

Presently he asked after her father, and May had to ice herself in order to avoid breaking down as she replied that he was dead. He admired her very much. It was quite a treat to meet with that genuine radiantly gold hair, in conjunction with such intensely violet eyes. She was altogether 'good form' too, and he lazily wondered if she were married. She had not corrected him when he had introduced her to his mother as 'Miss Baron'; but that might be due solely to the fact of her having lived long enough to have discovered that it is not worth while to correct any one for anything.

She was dressed well too. Lionel liked women who were well dressed. He recalled a vision of her in the old days climbing up a tree to get apples for him, in a torn dress and a ragged garden-bank.

'Are you living in town?' he asked.

'I am living here with Mrs Gaspard, and I must go and attend to some of my duties,' she said, rising and smiling at him as composedly as if her heart had not been nigh unto breaking with revived hope and bitter disappointment. She had pictured meeting him a thousand ways, but not one of the pictures had been like this!

He turned to his mother as May crossed the

room away from them. 'She must have made a sensation when she came out,' he remarked.

'My dear Lionel, she is very handsome and nice; but she has never "made a sensation" or "come out," as you seem to think. She is and has been a governess all her life, I suppose. But she is really a beautiful woman.'

'Magnificent! I was in hopes she was married, that I might have seen more of her. She used to be a clever girl, I remember.'

Then there was a fresh arrival. Lovely Lady St John, the leader of the wildest, gayest, most daring set in town, entered, and in another minute a 'friendly' smile flashed round the circle as Bartie Friel lounged in.

Of all spectacles on the face of the earth, Lady St John's reckless disregard of appearances was the most obnoxious to Lady St John's brother. He was fond of her, proud of her, well inclined to believe that there was—as she used to assure him—'no harm in her intimacy with poor Bartie.' But he could not endure the looks that were cast upon the affair. And in exact proportion as he loved his sister, he detested Bartie Friel.

So now, with a sterner face than Lady St John's friends and aspersers cared to smile into, he proceeded to take leave of his hostess and bow himself out of the room. As he was doing this, he heard the man who was carelessly compromising Ida—the man he most disliked in the world, ask: 'Who is that with the jet in her hair? She's the loveliest woman out!' As these words fell on Lionel's ears he remembered that he had not said good-bye to the 'loveliest woman out,' who was no other than his old friend and playfellow May Baron.

He made his way back to her; and some little delay being caused by the increasing crowd, by the time he reached her, Bartie Friel had gained the introduction and was engaging her in conversation.

A sharp angry spasm of annoyance—he could not define the cause of it—seized Lionel Hastings, and he turned away and left the house without giving another word to May.

Well, it was over! And it was over without her having derogated from her feminine dignity at all. There was a certain amount of satisfaction in this; but the dubious satisfaction was not balanced altogether by the keen anguish she felt at that utter forgetfulness of his. 'After this, I can never wear his ring again,' she thought, and she tried to take it off. That ring had been given to her as a pledge, and he had forgotten that he had given it!

That night the ring and his one letter were packed up and carefully put aside. She could not make up her mind to destroy them, though something told her that it would be wiser to do so. But 'just for a little longer,' she pleaded with this instinct of hers. And so 'just for a little longer' she kept them.

Mrs Gaspard prided herself upon 'living in a whirl.' She went everywhere, and received every one, and as May, her beautiful companion, was very much before the eyes of that portion of the world who constituted Mrs Gaspard's 'set' at this juncture. Farther, Mrs Gaspard had 'no prejudices,' she was fond of averring, and so Bartie Friel, who was rather a black-sheep by this time, received a warm welcome whenever he came to

the house. But though a black-sheep, he was a marvellously attractive one; and so people talked about him and about what he was doing and what he might be expected to do. His admiration for Miss Baron did not remain a secret very long. Every one heard of it; among others, Lady St John and Lionel Hastings.

It is greatly to be feared that every one is afflicted with that baleful thing, a too communicative friend. At anyrate, Lady St John was so afflicted, and thus it happened one day, when Lionel was quietly having a cup of afternoon tea with his sister, that they learned from the lips of this friend that Mr Bartie Friel was positively going to marry that Miss Baron who lived with Mrs Gaspard!

Lady St John received the tidings with the utmost *sans-froid*. 'Is he?' she asked indifferently.

And the friend replied in a friendly manner: 'Yes. I wonder he has not told you?'

What could Lady St John do but acquiesce in that wonder faintly.

'Bartie Friel marry that girl!' Lionel exclaimed the moment he was alone with Ida. 'She shall know what he is before she is a day older. Why, she's a good girl. The fellow would shock her out of her life or her reason.'

'O Lionel, don't be harsh; don't malign him,' she muttered.

Lionel scowled.

'Then spare me,' she pleaded in a lower voice. 'I know how you blame him; but spare me. Let him marry her if he loves her;' and then she began to weep bitterly.

He would make no promise; but he went away from her feeling sorely distressed. Was she not his own sister? 'Poor girl!' he thought bitterly; and then he remembered the other one. At least he would—for old friendship's sake—go and hear from May Baron if there were any truth in this vile report. He could not help calling it a 'vile report,' as he reflected on some portions of Bartie's career, and contrasted them with all he knew of May.

'Why, I was in love with her myself when I was a lad,' he thought, and he wondered if May ever thought about that. An hour later he was inquiring for Miss Baron at Mrs Gaspard's door, and hearing that she would receive him.

She was quite as composed as on the occasion of their meeting that first night—quite as composed, and quite as beautiful. He could not stand by patiently and see her become the prey of such a one as Bartie Friel.

'On the score of old friendship, I am going to presume greatly with you—greatly, Miss Baron,' he began.

She opened her eyes in astonishment. 'Haven't you forgotten the old friendship yet?' she said. 'What a wonderful memory you must have!'

'Indeed, I have not forgotten the old friendship,' he replied gently; 'it prompts me to say something that you may not like to hear.'

He paused, and her treacherous heart began to beat. But she was mistress of herself. His ring and his letter were nestling in her bosom all the while. And he could speak calmly of 'old friendship!' 'Men differ from women with a vengeance,' she thought. 'He who *loved* me, to ask if I have forgotten our old friendship!'

'They say you are going to marry a man of whom you know very little,' he began softly. And her face and heart grew like stone. 'Tell me, is this true?'

She made no answer; and he thought: 'She is resenting my interference; she has forgotten how fond I was of her when I was a boy, and she looks upon this as mere impertinence.'

Nerving himself by all he knew about Bartie Friel and all he thought about Bartie Friel, he resolved: 'He shall never have her! The splendid creature! She deserves a better fate than to be a worn-out *roué's* wife;' and he spoke, warming with his words: 'You're astonished at my presumption in interfering; I feel sure of that. But May, I can't forget the old days when we were children together. Can you?'

She bent her head down lower, and he could not see her eyes; but he went on: 'You have forgotten probably, May, and why should you have remembered indeed? But I will remind you, and then you will understand that it is more than mere friendly interest that prompts me to interfere.' Memory jogged him at this moment, and he went on glibly: 'You may have forgotten how I loved you, darling!'

'Have not you been the one to forget?'

'On my faith, no! Not now, when I see you again,' he protested ardently; and then, as he clasped her in his arms, she shewed him the ring and the letter, and sang him a verse from the song that had awakened his memories:

I do not fear the darkest way,
With those dear arms about me;
But oh! I dread another day—
The day you'll do without me!

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

THAT learned folks as well as others indulge in amusements of an eccentric nature, may be gleaned from the following examples, culled at random.

Cardinal Richelieu we are told, spent his hour of relaxation in leaping over the furniture, and on one occasion he was discovered jumping with his servant, to try which could reach the high side of a wall. De Grammont knowing the Cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump him for a wager—a proposal which shews the courage, as much as the event shewed the diplomacy, of the courtier. The offer was accepted; but De Grammont took care that his leaps should never quite reach those of His Eminence; and thus he lost a few louis, but gained speedy and high promotion, by the favour of his triumphant and gratified opponent.

Dr Johnson's play-hour was employed in taking a walk down Fleet Street; but then that walk was so cunningly saddled with self-imposed conditions, that it became a feat as difficult as it was amusing. The first condition was, that every post should be touched as it was passed; and so resolutely did the Doctor observe this rule, that if he happened to pass one without giving it the magic touch, he would return the moment he became aware of his neglect, and gravely perform the mystic ceremony. Another rule rigidly complied with by the great lexicographer was, to step always exactly in the centre of the flagstones as he 'rolled grandly along;' and a great adept he must have become in this style of

geometrical progression, for even that most microscopic of observers, Yrs, Boswell, does not record a single failure. But the *tour de force* of this extraordinary promenade was reserved for its conclusion; for the Doctor on reaching his house made it compulsory upon himself to cross the threshold with one particular foot. In order to do this gracefully, it was necessary to commence a series of measured steps at a certain distance from the imaginary hurdle. It is apparent that some very nice calculations were necessary so as to perform this feat, and we are not surprised to be told by Boswell that the good Doctor occasionally failed, and—as he would on no consideration enter with the wrong foot—turned back again for a new start. Which foot—whether the right or left—the Doctor required to enter by, we shall never know, since Boswell himself confesses that he does not recollect.

These tricks of Dr Johnson are considered inexplicable by all who have observed them or commented upon them; but it seems not at all unreasonable to ascribe them to that desire of amusement which made Richelieu jump over his furniture, and which we have ample proof burned as strongly within the Doctor as it did within his young friends Beauchamp and Langton—those 'dogs' with whom the learned man went to have a 'frisk' at three o'clock in the morning. So that while the lexicographer could not, on account of physical disabilities, engage in the sport of leaping over chairs, we are not in the least surprised that such a wise and frolicsome man should invent a game which combined the physical exercise of base-ball and the mental labour of chess, and having invented it should regularly practise it. A very different man was Shelley, who derived great amusement from sailing paper-boats upon the Serpentine and the lakes in Hyde Park. Long practice had made the poet an adept in the construction of these toys; and when they braved the winds and waves, Shelley would run round with eager delight to the opposite shore, and receive into harbour his brave little craft.

Jean Jacques Rousseau's was a nature in many respects resembling that of Shelley, and he had the same love of simple and natural amusements. Jean Jacques, when he was in the country, would carry huge stones—as big as he could carry—up to some high cliff, and there he would dispose them in a pile. Then laying himself assiduously upon the cliff, he cautiously advanced his face till he could see clearly the foaming waters below; and one after the other the stones were hurled over the declivity by the philosopher, who watched with delight the heavy mass as it rolled and bounded before it reached the bottom.

The poet Cowper's amusement was a thoroughly practical one, and is thus humorously referred to by him in a letter to his friend Unwin: 'Amico mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames designed to receive my pine plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen windows till by the help of that implement I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a busi-

ness in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese of ten times my fortune would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China?

While the cloud which had long obscured his faculties was slowly rising from the poet's mind, it will be remembered how he dreaded human intercourse, but delighted in the company of his two tame hares. When at length, one of the hares became sick, Cowper nursed it with the greatest care, and the animal upon its recovery thanked its protector in a most unmistakable and singular manner. 'No creature,' says the poet, 'could be more grateful than my patient, a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand; first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part unsaluted.' What is remarkable in this episode is the fact, that never before nor after did the creature behave in a similar fashion except once, when it was attacked a second time with sickness. The gentle poet nursed it as on the first occasion; and upon recovery the second time the identical ceremony of thanks was repeated by the grateful animal.

Having touched upon the attachment between Cowper and his hares, we may best conclude these remarks by a reference to Dante and his cat. This creature was not only a solace to the poet during his hours of relaxation, but was a humble servant to him while he was dining or reading; for having been taught to sit with a lighted candle between its paws, puss acted as a faithful torch-bearer on these occasions.

And yet, the following anecdote shews that the cat remained wonderfully cat-like still. Dante maintained, in an argument with Ceccio, that art was more potent than nature, and referred to the ability of his cat as a demonstration of the correctness of his views. An appointment was made in order that Ceccio might see for himself the conduct of grimaltin, and the disputant came, well prepared, however, with a test which should try the thoroughness of the change in the feline nature. For while the cat was sitting with the candle between its paws, Ceccio emptied the contents of a bag which he had filled with mice, upon the floor. Is it necessary to add that the candle was at once dropped, and that puss flew after her natural prey?

THE SURGEON AND THE MOGUL'S DAUGHTER.

It was the summer of the year 1651. Shah Jehan, grandson of the mighty Akbar, had been for four-and-twenty years on the throne of the Great Mogul. He was the most magnificent and luxurious of all the Moguls. Before the radiant and amazing splendours of his court all the pomp and glory of the greatest monarchs of the West paled into insignificance. He had been known to spend a million and a half sterling upon a birthday festival. His royal progresses through his dominions surpassed in grandeur and sumptuous display all that even the oriental imagination had conceived. Travellers told with awe of the acres of land covered with carpets of silk and gold; of the stately pavilions glittering with diamonds and

pearls; of the gorgeous tents of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, supported by massive poles forty feet high, and stretching over long miles of level country; of the seven resplendent thrones studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls; of the world-renowned Peacock Throne, Shah Jehan's own fanciful invention, so called from a peacock with its tail spread, the natural colours faithfully represented in sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, which formed the chief ornament and design of a mass of diamonds and other precious stones valued at six millions and a half sterling.

They told, too, of the elephants that looked like shining mountains of jewellery—elephants trained to kneel before the throne and do reverence to the Great Mogul with their trunks—whose keep cost five hundred rupees apiece per month; of the magnificent horses on whose bridles and saddles the gems stood thick as dew-drops on a lawn at sunrise; and of a thousand other lustrous and dazzling marvels, the mere mention of which made men stand agape with wonder and astonishment. Not Solomon in all his glory could compare in lavish splendour with Shah Jehan the Great Mogul.

And now, after nearly ten years of incessant war, there was peace in the Mogul Empire, and the Emperor had come to enjoy his well-earned repose, and revel in the luxury which he loved at his capital Delhi—that Delhi which he had restored to more than its ancient glory, whose marble halls and spacious courts and golden domes and stately mosques he could proudly boast were unequalled anywhere for grace and beauty and sublimity. For Shah Jehan had a passion for noble and beautiful buildings—the mausoleum which he erected to his wife at Agra, known as the Taj Mahal, standing to this day as one of the noblest monuments in the world.

But passionately as Shah Jehan loved luxury and magnificence, gorgeous pageants, and splendid buildings, there was something he loved more passionately still, and that was his eldest daughter. In all his vast empire there was no lovelier, more charming, or more accomplished lady than the Padshah Begum. Shah Jehan idolised this his favourite child. She was his constant companion. She enjoyed his confidence to an extent which men very rarely allow to women in the East. Her lively conversation, her skill in the use of musical instruments, her gift of melodious song, could always charm him into amiability. She was the light of his life, the only being that, since the death of his queen, he really loved. His sons he distrusted and suspected, and not without reason, for filial affection was a virtue which had always been conspicuous by its absence among the sons of the Moguls, and he was himself destined to die a prisoner in the hands of his own son Aurungzebe, who deposed him. It was on his daughter, therefore, that he lavished all the tenderness that was in his heart. The Padshah Begum was now in her twenty-second year, and in the full flower of her beauty and womanhood. Who could have dreamed that so fair a lily could be blighted in a single night?

It was an evening in July; Shah Jehan lay dozing; under the gentle fanning of the punkah, when he was roused by a piercing shriek, followed in quick succession by a series of shrieks, each

more heart-rending and blood-curdling than the last. He raised himself to listen. It was apparently from the women's apartments that these appalling cries proceeded. Whilst he listened, the shrieks grew fainter and fainter, and were succeeded by a wailing sound, as of many voices moaning. Suddenly the curtains were pushed aside, and a servant pale, trembling, and breathless, entered and prostrated himself before the Emperor. He was impatiently asked what his tidings were. Groaning and heaving his breast with his hands, he stammered out his news—news that made Shah Jehan leap to his feet—while his swarthy cheek grew livid with pallor, and he stood rooted to the ground with horror and amazement. For the news was that the Padshah Begum had been burned to death! It was but for a moment that Shah Jehan stood there petrified and horror-stricken. In another instant he had darted off in the direction of the Princess's apartments to learn for himself whether the dreadful tidings were true or not. He was like a maniac as he burst into the chamber where his daughter lay upon a couch, surrounded by her women wailing and wringing their hands. Already two of the court physicians were there, and were stripping the charred remnants of her robes from the scorched and blistered limbs. She was not indeed actually dead, as the messenger had reported, but she had fainted from the terrible agony of her wounds, and lay there quite unconscious. The ghastly sight almost deprived the Great Mogul of his senses; distracted and overwhelmed with grief, he flung himself beside his beloved daughter, and passionately called upon her to speak to him. Then he turned to his physicians and implored them to restore his daughter to life, promising them the most extravagant rewards if they succeeded. But the physicians, however skilled they may have been at curing internal diseases, were bunglers at healing wounds. They shook their heads gravely, and seemed, to think the case hopeless.

It was then that the Grand Vizier, Assud Khan, bethought him of the English traders at Surat. He remembered that the surgeons who came over in the East-Indiamen had wrought some wonderful cures, and had acquired a high reputation for surgical skill. He therefore suggested to his master that an Express should be sent immediately to Surat, with orders to travel day and night, and bring back with the utmost speed an English surgeon. It was a 'far cry' from Delhi to Surat; but the Express had extraordinary powers to take what horses or supplies he needed from whomsoever he pleased on his journey; and by dint of travelling day and night as fast as horses could carry him, it was just possible that the English surgeon might be brought to Delhi before it was too late.

The *Hopewell* East-Indiaman had just arrived at Surat from England, when the Imperial Express dashed into the settlement. The ship's chief surgeon, Gabriel Boughton, had gone ashore, and was at the residence of the Company's factor when the Mogul's messenger was announced. Without a moment's hesitation, Boughton offered to return at once with the Express. The factor privately warned him that should his skill fail, things might be made very unpleasant for him at the Mogul's court. But the young surgeon had plenty of

pluck and self-reliance; and besides, the thought of having such a patient as the favourite daughter of the Great Mogul excited his professional ambition. It would be sheer madness to throw away such a splendid chance of winning wealth and distinction simply because there was some risk attaching to it. And so, without further parley, Gabriel Boughton prepared to start for Delhi.

In less than two hours from the arrival of the messenger, the English surgeon was riding at headlong speed on the mission which was to make or mar his fortunes. Weary, anxious, and almost exhausted, Gabriel Boughton reached the Mogul's palace, and was rejoiced to learn that he was not too late. He was led at once to the apartments of the Padshah Begum, and there he found Shah Jehan, who had never left his daughter's side. Haggard and worn and wan from constant watching, sleepless anxiety, and poignant grief, the Great Mogul looked almost as fit a subject for the doctor's skill as his unhappy daughter. The moment he saw the face of the English surgeon, he rushed to him, clutched him by the arm, and in imploring accents besought him to cure his daughter, declaring on his sacred oath that whatever reward the surgeon might ask should be granted him, were he but successful. To have the richest and most magnificent monarch in the world thus a suppliant almost at his feet, might well have shaken the strongest nerves. But Gabriel Boughton was calm and collected, and set about the delicate and critical task before him in that cool business-like manner which was even then a marked characteristic of English surgeons, and which served more than anything else to inspire the natives of India with confidence in their skill.

By his unwearied attention, his patient care, and skilful treatment, Gabriel Boughton succeeded in effecting a complete cure. Not only was the Padshah Begum restored to health, but her beauty was little if at all impaired by the terrible injuries she had suffered. The gratitude and joy of Shah Jehan knew no bounds. The Grand Vizier, Assud Khan, to whom Gabriel Boughton owed his introduction to the imperial court, was commissioned to inform the fortunate surgeon that on a certain day the Great Mogul would grant him a special audience in state, that he might then claim his reward, and that whatever he might demand the Emperor pledged himself to grant. The Grand Vizier was obsequious in his manner, knowing how politic it was to secure the good graces of a rising favourite, and even ventured to hint at a future so brilliant and dazzling, that Gabriel's brain went dizzy at the prospect. Left to his own meditations, the surgeon pondered deeply over his position. He was young, he was good-looking, he was ambitious. Here was a father whose heart was full of the most extravagant and reverential thankfulness towards him; here was a daughter equally grateful, and even more favorably disposed towards him than her father. What was to prevent him from asking her hand, and becoming the most powerful and influential personage at the court of the Great Mogul? To Western ideas, such an aspiration might seem too audacious and romantic to be entertained for a moment; but in the East there were plenty of precedents for such a reward,

granted for services of great value—why should he not make this bold bid for position and fortune?

The day appointed for the state-audience with the Great Mogul arrived. Seated on his splendid throne, the high heron plumes, clasped with diamonds, adding majesty to his face, his dress one blaze of brilliants, by his side, unveiled, the beautiful Padshah Begum, around him his magnificent retinue of nobles, scarcely less gorgeously clad than himself, Shah Jehan prepared to receive the man who had done him a service which, as he gazed lovingly at the sweet face beside him, it seemed that the whole of his imperial treasury was hardly rich enough to repay. The Englishman bowed low as he came into the presence of the Emperor. Then Shah Jehan beckoned him to come nearer, took him by the hand, and looking significantly at the Padshah Begum, bade him name his reward. There was breathless silence as the young Englishman opened his lips. And what was the price he claimed for his services? He asked for no private emolument; he sought no selfish advancement; he simply solicited that his countrymen, the traders of the East India Company, might have liberty to trade free of all duties in Bengal, and establish factories in that province! What the Padshah Begum thought of this unromantic request, or whether she had ever dreamed of any such romantic termination to the episode, as the Grand Vizier had vaguely hinted at, history does not say. But Shah Jehan himself was profoundly impressed with the magnanimity and unselfishness of the English surgeon, and gave his solemn word that the most ample privileges and opportunities for trading should be granted to the English merchants.

Boughton had thought the matter out patiently and carefully, and had decided that the position of favourite and son-in-law of the Great Mogul, though dazzling, was precarious; that he should simply surround himself with unscrupulous enemies, who would sooner or later effect his murder or his disgrace; and that even those who were his friends at first would come to regard him as an upstart and an alien, usurping the riches and the power that should belong to one of themselves. It would be wiser to use his great influence over the Mogul to promote the interests of the Company, whose servant he was, and look to the Company for a reward, which though less splendid and romantic, would be safer and more enduring. So he dismissed the fanciful dreams which for a moment had filled his brain, and chose the humbler and more prudent course.

But Shah Jehan would not hear of Gabriel Boughton's going empty-handed away. He invited him to take up his abode at the palace as chief court physician; and this invitation Gabriel thought it advisable to accept, because his presence at the imperial court would give him excellent opportunities for pushing the interests of the Company, besides enabling him to lay the foundation of a private fortune. Several other successful cures following those upon that of the Padshah Begum established Gabriel Boughton's reputation, and spread his fame far and wide. His popularity was extraordinary, mainly perhaps, because, as he never meddled with political matters, foreign or domestic, no one was jealous of him. How long he remained at the court of Shah Jehan

is uncertain; but he at any rate did not leave until he had seen the Mogul's promises most amply fulfilled, and the Company reaping the fruits of these liberal concessions. The richest province of India was thrown open to the English traders, free of all duties and payments whatsoever; and from the granting of that extraordinary privilege the East India Company dated its first great stride towards the wealth and power which eventually made it the arbiter of the destinies of India. Historians are often apt to overlook the small causes from which great events spring. And most of the historians of India have wholly ignored the claim of Gabriel Boughton to be considered one of the true founders of the British Empire in India. A less public-spirited or far-sighted man would have used his immense influence over Shah Jehan for his own selfish aggrandisement. It is to the undying honour of Gabriel Boughton that he did otherwise, and thereby raised the East India Company from a struggling body of coast-traders into the richest corporation of merchants in the world. It is this fact, we feel, that renders worthy of more detailed narrative than we have ever yet seen allotted to it in any single history, the romantic episode of the Surgeon and the Mogul's Daughter.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE present year has been so exceptional in respect of weather that it will be interesting to place a few facts on record. The usual average of rainfall, as reckoned by meteorologists for the first six months of the year, is nearly twelve inches: this year the fall from January to June was eighteen and a half inches! The prodigiousness of the excess may be judged of by comparing it with the years 1858, 1864, and 1874, in each of which the total rainfall was less than nineteen inches. The superabundance of water during the present year may be regarded as calamitous. The effect is aggravated by deficiency of sunshine. Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, shew that in the first six months of 1878 there were six hundred and forty-three hours of sunshine; this year there were four hundred and seventy-one hours only. June 1878 was spoken of as a gloomy month; but it had one hundred and eighty-one hours of sunshine, whereas June 1879 had not quite one hundred and nineteen hours. So wet a June indeed as the last has not occurred for twenty-seven years, with the exception of June 1860, when the rainfall was more than seven inches; and it is clear that a long spell of dry weather will be required to restore the balance.

July was expected to make amends for the previous deficiency; but that usually sultry month proved less propitious than June. The landscapes were green everywhere; but luxuriant leafage and rank grass are not equivalent to sunshine, and the weather-prophets who predicted an intensely hot dry summer, found themselves at fault in the presence of persistent rain. The cold for the seven months prior to July was greater than it has been for one hundred and sixteen years. Readers who desire to understand the common-sense of the question of the weather

should read *Modern Meteorology*, a little book published under the auspices of the Meteorological Society.

Messrs Lawes and Gilbert, the well-known agriculturists, have communicated to the Royal Society an account of their experiments with different manures on the same land during a number of years. They mention that so great have been the difficulties encountered, that after their years of labour and examination of the subject, as well from the chemical as from the botanical point of view, Messrs Lawes and Gilbert say that they can 'hardly claim to have yet done much more than reach the threshold of a very comprehensive inquiry.' The experiments were made on seven acres in the park at Rothamstead, near St Albans. Of the plots into which the land was divided, two were left without manure from the commencement; two were treated with ordinary farm-yard manure, and the others with different kinds of artificial manure, applied for the most part year after year on the same spot. On the unmanured plot the yearly average crop of hay has been about twenty-three hundredweights per acre; but on the most heavily artificially manured plot about sixty-four hundredweights. With these great differences in the amounts of produce, as the experimenters remark, the botanical character of the herbage has varied most strikingly. Whatever promotes growth occasions a struggle; and while some plants are increased, others are diminished, until on some plots, and in some seasons, less than twenty species are discoverable. 'Even in the first years of the experiments, it was noticed that those manures which are the most effective with wheat, barley, or oats, grown on arable land—that is, with grainaceous species grown separately—were also the most effective in bringing forward the grasses proper in the mixed herbage; and again, those manures which were the most beneficial to beans or clover, most developed the leguminous species of the mixed herbage, and *vice versa*.'

By means of chemical tests, the amount of constituents developed in the several plants was ascertained: the dry matter, the nitrogen, the potash, and the phosphoric acid; and at the same time the soil of every plot, at different depths, was chemically examined. Important variations were discovered, according to the nature of the manure which had been employed.

Professor G. Ville of Paris has published a book on Artificial Manures and their application to agriculture, which has been translated into English by Mr Crookes, F.R.S. (Longman & Co.) It is a readable volume, clear and lively in style, discusses theory and practice, the composition, growth, nutrition, and cultivation of plants, the assimilation of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, the function of mineral matter in plant production, the comparative cost of farm-yard and chemical manure, the importance of the waste parts of crops as fertilisers, and other topics, which include tables for calculating the exhaustion of the soil and regulating the feeding of live-stock. In the chapter headed 'Agricultural Industry,' Professor Ville points out the way to cultivate beet-root and carry on a distillery at a profit. 'To consume beet-root,' he says, 'to export alcohol, and to provide pulp for live-stock, a distillery is equal to an increase of meadow-land, since it pro-

cures an increase of food for the animals. On the other hand, the industrial product that we export is alcohol, and this exportation will not in any way lessen the fertility of the soil. Rain-water and the carbonic acid contained in the air cover all the cost, and provide all the raw material; for alcohol contains nothing but carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Practical farming confirms the fact that distilleries contribute to the amelioration of the soil, and science explains why.'

Professor Ville is of opinion that English farmers should manufacture chemical manures for themselves, instead of paying unreasonably high prices, as at present. He gives an example: a certain manure, largely used, is sold at twelve shillings the hundredweight. It contains phosphoric acid soluble and insoluble, and nitrogen in the form of ammoniac sulphate, the cost of which amounts to six shillings and fourpence-halfpenny. And besides the saving in expense, there is the assurance that the article is genuine. 'Calcic superphosphate,' says Professor Ville, 'is rather more difficult to manufacture, on account of the necessity of procuring the sulphuric acid. But when a co-operative association has secured the services of a practical chemist, this difficulty vanishes, and the result is well worth the trouble. The farmer will for twopence three-farthings per pound obtain a soluble phosphoric acid, for which manufacturers have been charging him about sixpence.'

The Agricultural Show at Kilburn was so unfortunate in weather that many articles of permanent interest were but little noticed amid the damp disappointment. Among them was a corn screen or separator, exhibited by a Frenchman, which effects its object by means of a series of cells, instead of passing the different kinds of grain or seeds between wires or through perforations. The action is described as rather slow; but the machine perfectly separates long from round corn; wheat from barley or oats, from peas, vetches, and snout, and divides wheat into two qualities.

Another French invention is an ingenious agricultural wheelbarrow, which opens in front, and discharges the load over the wheel. Another is Mr Noël's pump-valve, described as 'simplest of the simple, being just an india-rubber ball resting upon a seat, and confined in a cage fixed over it.'

Ruston and Company exhibited a steam-engine with patent fire-box, in which the smoke and gases pass downward between the bars, instead of flying off by the usual upward draught; by which all the smoke and much of the gases are consumed, with considerable development of heat and saving of fuel. The fire-bars are tubes filled with water, and thus are prevented from burning away.

Want of coal and wood as fuel has hindered the introduction of steam-machinery for agricultural purposes into some parts of the south of Europe where, on the broad plains, wheat is grown abundantly. Messrs Ransomes and Company have overcome the hindrance by a steam-engine which will burn straw, reeds, cotton-stalks, cane-waste, and such-like products, greatly to the satisfaction of the foreign farmers.—Fowler and Company exhibited a portable railway of twenty inches gauge, of which a mile can be taken up and relaid in a different place in one hour. It is available for horse-power or steam-power.—And a self-acting

park gate that opens and shuts on the passing of a vehicle, being operated by two alternating water-vessels in an underground tank, exemplified the ingenuity of Mr Walton.

The use of wire-ropes for traction in ploughing by steam is open to the objection that there is much friction, and that the power is applied at a distance. Mr Darby, of Chelmsford, exhibited a Pedestrian Broadside Digger, which applies its power directly on the spot where it is wanted. It is a steam-machine of ten horse-power, with wheels on one side, and legs and digging-forks on the other. According to the description: 'The forks and legs work in pairs, digging the ground, and at the same time slowly propelling the machine broadside on, in any direction, as may be required. The width of work taken at once is nineteen feet and a half, and the pace is variable, according to the depth and coarseness or fineness of the tillage. When at the rate of half a mile an hour, the digging amounts to about ten acres a day, with the assistance of one man and a boy, in addition to the supply of coal and water.' This seems to be the cheapest means of tillage yet invented.

The offer of a prize for a railway van which would keep fresh meat or poultry in good condition during a long journey, brought forward two competitors, who were subjected to a severe trial. Meat, poultry, and rabbits were placed in the two vans on June 19, and sent to Holyhead and back, and kept undisturbed till the 28th, when on examination the contents, with some exceptions, were found in good condition. The prize was consequently awarded to the Swansea Wagon Company of Glamorgan, the makers of the successful van, which, in addition to other merits, maintained an interior temperature of thirty-nine degrees whether in motion or at rest. The importance of this achievement will be apparent to all who know how essential it is that meat should be brought to market in a perfectly wholesome condition. It supplements satisfactorily the successful transport of meat thousands of miles across the sea which has been some time in practice.

It would be a triumph of optics and chemistry if photographs could be made to represent the natural colours of objects. Attempts towards this result have hitherto ended for the most part in disappointment. But Captain Abney in a short paper 'On the Production of Coloured Spectra by Light,' read before the Royal Society, makes known that he has succeeded in producing approximately in the natural colours, pictures of the solar spectrum on silver plates, and also, but less brilliant, on compounds of silver held in place by collodion. 'I reserve for the present,' he writes, 'the exact details of the production of these pictures, but may say that they are produced by oxidation of silver compounds when placed in the spectrum; an exposure of two minutes being amply sufficient with a wide slit to impress the colours. The colouring-matter seems to be due to a mixture of two different sizes of molecules of the same chemical composition, one of which absorbs at the blue end, and the other at the red end of the spectrum, and the sizes of these molecules are unalterable while exposed to the same wave-lengths as those by which they were produced.' And he is of opinion 'that the colours may be preserved unchanged when exposed to ordinary daylight.' From this it will be under-

stood that Captain Abney has made a step in advance, of high importance.

In connection with this we mention improvements in colour-printing, by which Herr Albert, court-photographer at Munich, produces chromo-photographs of surprising excellence. The process commences by the taking of three photographs, each being exposed to the action of different and definite portions of the spectrum. This is effected by causing the light, before it reaches the sensitised plate, to pass through coloured glasses, or suitable coloured liquids, and moreover, by employing in each case special solutions for the development of each negative. A positive printing-plate (a glass plate gelatinised) is then produced for each negative; and if the absorbing media and the developing preparations have been correctly chosen, it is only necessary to colour one of these plates with red, another with yellow, and the third with blue, in order, by successive printings, to obtain a picture which exhibits more or less resemblance to the original. Success appears to depend on the skill and nicety with which the absorbing materials are employed, for mixtures of colours and of colouring materials are quite different things; and, to quote the technical description, 'for the negative belonging to the blue plate we must employ such absorbing media and preparations as will prevent green from producing any influence on it, and at the same time will render blue and violet quite inactive, inasmuch as these tints must appear only on the positive plate.'

Specimens of landscapes and of decorative panels printed by Herr Albert's process, were exhibited at scientific receptions in London during the past session, and were deservedly admired. The details were shown: a plain yellow picture; then on the yellow a blue, and on the blue a red; and with these three the effect of a well-finished water-colour drawing was produced.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GOTHARD

A FAVOURITE ST BERNARD DOG.

A CALM majestic dog, and fitly named,
Imposing, stately, as the mountain famed,
Was Gothard. One of pure St Bernard race.
A world of wisdom in his thoughtful face.
Grave consideration! had his powers been tried
On Alpine heights (his work to him denied
In English home), how he could best expend
His strength, in skill and gentleness, to lend
Assistance to those dying in the snow,
Unseen by man in frozen depths below,
But known by canine instinct to be there,
And saved from death by canine strength and care.
His strength was all unused in English home;
No snow, nor ice, no mountain heights to roam;
No crash of avalanche to wake his ear;
No practised eager watch for travellers near.
It seemed a waste of power—Sagacity
Had little scope, but yet Fidelity
Had room, and strong, deep love and jealous care
Of home, and her he owned as mistress there.
He had no higher work to do; but well
He filled his place. Ah me! 'tis sad to tell
How soon that work was done, how keen the smart
His death, unlooked for, caused to one true heart,
Which found him, though a dog, companion, friend,
And misses sore the charm his life did lend.

SINGA.

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LAND TRANSFERS.

It is now about two years since the Dimsdale frauds, which consisted in the manufacture of false titles to property and similar documents. It was a system of swindling on a comprehensive scale, arising out of the loose slip-slop legal procedure of England as regards the purchase and transfer of real estate. Being detected, tried, and convicted, Dimsdale is now suffering the penalty due to the enormity of his crimes. Till this day, however, the law which permitted tricks of this kind remains unchanged; for even when shewn they are wrong, the English are from various causes difficult to move. At length, the subject of land transfers has been under the consideration of a Parliamentary Committee, and may be legislated upon. Meanwhile, we should like, for general information, to run over the arrangements prevalent in Scotland.

According to the Scotch system, there is no huddling up of land rights. All transactions are above-board, and open to general observation—not that unconcerned persons give themselves any trouble about the rights of this or that one, but the law offers facilities, if people, by paying a small fee, like to inquire. Practically, none but a party interested ever institutes any inquiry. This publicity, to call it so, is secured by means of registers, dating from an early period. At one time, registration was optional; but that, as has been exemplified in England, was found to be illusory. The true date of the present system of registration was 1699, when, by the introduction of district registers, every species of conveyance of lands had to be recorded, under pain of nullity. The system was put on an improved and permanent footing in 1817, when a statute was passed which has since remained the leading one on the subject. It is thus observable the Scottish law of land rights is nearly three hundred years old.

The estimation in which Scotch lawyers held the system, as then established, may be judged of by the strain in which Sir George Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate of his day, refers to it after it had

been in operation more than sixty years. 'Some inventions,' he writes, 'flourish more in one country than another, nature allowing no universal excellency, and God designing to gratify every country he hath created; so Scotland hath, above all others, by a serious and long experience obviated all fraud by their public registers.' From 1617 till 1868, when all the district registers were directed to be kept at Edinburgh, one for each county, improvements have been made from time to time; so that if the enlogium just quoted was at all merited two centuries ago, we may assume that perfection has now been nearly attained. We need not enter into details of the several changes. It will be sufficient to indicate shortly the way in which the system now operates.

The principle of the system is that priority of registration secures priority of right. Thus, if two parties hold conveyances to the same property, the one whose conveyance is first recorded, though granted subsequent to the other, has a preferable title. The same result follows in mortgages or bonds over property—the lender whose bond is first recorded having a security preferable to all others, purchasers or lenders, whose deeds may be recorded subsequently, and this irrespective altogether of the dates they bear. It will thus be seen that conveyances of property, or bonds over it, do not act as completed transfers or securities till recorded, and may be rendered altogether nugatory by a deed being put upon the record before them. Unrecorded deeds are binding on the granters personally, but do not affect third parties ignorant of their contents.

The centre of the Scottish registration system is the General Register House, Edinburgh, a spacious modern building, carefully arranged for its assigned purpose, and forming the receptacle of numerous state papers and records of much public value. The chief officer of the establishment is the Lord Clerk-Register, who, besides having a Depute, presides over a large staff of officials, noted for their assiduity in carrying on the public service. In the department connected with the transfer of land rights, where there is

usually a pressure of business, clerks are ready to receive any deed affecting heritable property. When lodged, the first step is to enter in a register known as the Presentment Book such particulars as are necessary to identify it; and the order in which the several deeds appear in this register determines the priority of the rights of the parties in whose favour they are granted. Suppose a mortgage to have been lodged and entered in the Presentment Book at seven minutes past twelve o'clock noon, a second mortgage on the same property lodged and entered one minute later, would be postponed to the former, though it may have been granted previously.

This rigorous accuracy has given so much public confidence, that the impugning of land titles is scarcely known in Scotland. Deeds sent by post to the registrars are in like manner entered in the order in which they are received. The deed is afterwards engrossed verbatim in the Sasine Register; and, before being returned to the person by whom it was lodged, has a doquet indorsed upon it stating the date of presentation, and the volume in which it is engrossed. A short abstract of the deed is also prepared and inserted in a Minute Book, so as to supersede the necessity for referring to the book in which it is written at length, and so to facilitate subsequent searches for encumbrances affecting the property. The charge for recording is made on a graduated scale according to the value of the property. A deed conveying property worth five hundred pounds, or a mortgage for that amount, costs two shillings per two hundred words. The maximum rate is charged when the value exceeds five thousand pounds, the charge then being three shillings per two hundred words, with seven and sixpence additional per deed. An ordinary conveyance often contains about eight hundred words, and the expense of recording such a deed would accordingly range from eight shillings to nineteen shillings and sixpence, as the value might be less or greater.

All the records are accessible to the public; but to wade through the piles of volumes which would require to be searched with regard to any one property situated, for example, in the county of Edinburgh, would be a hopeless task. To assist the public so far in making searches, printed abridgments and indexes are now transmitted to the sheriff-clerks of the respective counties; but as it is not practicable to keep these up to the current date of recording, they cannot be trusted to as affording complete information. The practice therefore is to employ a professional searcher, who possesses a thorough familiarity with the registers, and by the aid of indexes, might on an hour or two's notice give particulars as to the state of the title and burdens. In practice, however, searchers are seldom called upon to supply the information with this urgency. The usual way in which a transaction is settled, when the agents for the parties possess the confidence of each other, is for the seller's agent to give an obligation to produce a 'clear search'—that is, to produce a searcher's certificate that there are no burdens existing over the property—within a month or so. The title of the purchaser is put on the record in the meantime;

and the search which is thereupon procured should shew that there are no bonds over the property remaining undischarged, that the chain of titles by which the seller came to possess the property has no missing link, and will close by shewing that the purchaser has now an absolute right to the property by the recording of his conveyance.

Burdens not appearing in the records for forty years, and not kept up by regular payment of interest or otherwise, are held to be extinguished by prescription, so that a search is rarely made for a longer period; and as a search is usually made on each change of ownership, or when a loan is effected, it is comparatively seldom that a search for the full period of forty years is necessary. A search made at one time serves on any subsequent occasion, merely requiring to be continued from the period it left off.

The expense of making a search varies in the different counties, as the number of deeds recorded are less or more. Thus the charge for a search over property in the county of Edinburgh is three shillings per annum; while in the county of Cromarty one shilling per annum only is charged; there being also in every case a fee payable for the use of books, varying from two shillings to ten shillings according to the length of the period over which the search extends. For properties under the value of five hundred pounds, only half-fees are charged.

Separate registers exist for deeds relating to lands within the ancient boundaries of royal burghs. These are kept by the respective town-clerks, who, except in the larger burghs, usually make such searches as are necessary.

Besides the property registers for counties and burghs, there is also kept at Edinburgh the Register of Inhibitions and Adjudications, a search in which discloses any bankruptcy and certain legal diligence affecting the property or the right of the owner to convey it. The charge for a search in this register is threepence per annum and upwards, according to the number of names searched against, besides a small fee for the use of books.

Of course, the processes of registration just described can be satisfactorily carried out only where a reasonable degree of confidence is reposed in the integrity of the different parties concerned. Where there are solicitors of the Dimsdale type, disposed to be fraudulent, and where due care is not exercised by registrars, it might be difficult to establish an unchallengeable system of public registration of land rights. We have seen it stated in letters in the London prints that compulsory registration would only increase the number of deceptions, and consequently lower the value of titles to property. We put no faith in such apprehensions. Ridiculously loose dealings in title-deeds have encouraged frauds which would probably disappear under peremptory regulations, along with a stern code of punishment.

In consequence of the universality of registration in Scotland, it is not necessary to write deeds in a costly and cumbersome manner upon vellum. Their durability being of little consequence, they are written plainly on paper, foolscap size, easily folded up in a bundle. In that condition they are as a matter of convenience ready for consultation. Should any of them be lost by fire or otherwise, the loss can at all times be made good by the proper registrar. In point of fact, a

man no more thinks of dragging his title-deeds about with him than he does of a certificate of his birth or marriage. Here, there will be observed to be a material difference between the usages of England and Scotland. Title-deeds in England are written in a formal and expensive style on sheep-skins, and are intolerably cumbersome. Their preservation is a matter of great importance, for they may be used as a ready and convenient pawn. Taken to a banker, they are accepted as a security for borrowed money. In this manner they may be employed on all occasions of emergency to raise a sum requisite to tide over a temporary depression of funds. Though in some respects convenient, this practice of handing about title-deeds as securities must be somewhat hazardous, and does not commend itself to ordinary business notions. Yet, if the practice be as common as it is alleged to be, we can imagine how much it stands in the way of any thorough introduction of the Scottish system of registration into England.

The cost of land conveyance in England has long been matter of complaint; and no doubt the process might be simplified and cheapened. Even in Scotland, there is room for some improvement. Any general reform on the subject involves a revision in the 'land laws,' not to be lightly entered upon. One thing is properly to be borne in mind. The cost of land conveyance is prodigiously augmented by stamp duties, for the sake of revenue. A case in point has just come within our experience in Scotland. The cost of conveying a property valued at nine thousand four hundred pounds, and where searches were dispensed with, amounted to one hundred pounds eight shillings and eightpence, in which was included the sum of forty-seven pounds and twopence for a stamp, or nearly a half of the whole. Those who agitate for a modification of the land laws would need to begin with the stamp duties, though involving the trouble of considering how the public service is to be carried on without an equivalent tax being spread over the general community.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the reforms that might be made as to land transfers in England, has lately issued its Report. Various measures are suggested. But we feel assured that partial modifications will prove unavailing, and only lead to fresh vexations. As the Committee seem to have been conscious of the superiority of the Scottish system, we are surprised that they did not recommend its adoption as a whole. There it was ready to be copied in its entirety, with the advantage of establishing a uniformity of usage over Great Britain. This, however, is the era of small measures and bit-by-bit legislation. A century may elapse before the English are prepared to embrace the usages which have flourished with general approbation for the last three hundred years in Scotland. We have alluded to the circumstance of title-deeds in England being deemed valuable as a pawn for borrowed money. There are other serious obstructions to compulsory registration. The nobility and landed gentry are understood to have an extreme reluctance to give the public an opportunity of knowing their financial encumbrances. The solicitors are said to be equally unwilling to shew deeds in which

flaws may be detected. If such be the case, the difficulties in the way of introducing the Scotch system of registration into England must be nearly insuperable.

W. C.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE SWISS PEASANT AND HIS SON.

The first beams of the morning sun were tipping with fire the jagged and icy peaks of the Wellhorn and Matterhorn, those gigantic monarchs of the Bernese Oberland, when a slender youth came out to the door of a small herdsman's cottage near Meyringen, and looked up at the sky to note the weather.

'We shall have a splendid day, father,' said he, after glancing all round for a few minutes. 'There isn't a cloud to be seen, and the fir-trees sparkle like silver in the morning air.'

'I am glad to hear it, Walter,' replied a powerful voice from inside the cottage, 'for I must cross the hill to Grindelwald to-day to see my cousin. It is a long journey, and much pleasanter in fine weather than in rain and fog. You can go and let out the goats, and look after the cow, for we must milk them before I go.'

'Oh, Liesli is not far off,' was the rejoinder; 'I see her coming along; she is passing Frieshardt's house now. She is a good cow, and always knows when it's milking-time.—But what is that?' he exclaimed after a short pause. 'Frieshardt is driving her into his yard!—Hi, neighbour! what are you doing? Don't you know whom that cow belongs to?'

'Yes; of course I do,' replied the farmer roughly. 'But I've taken a fancy to the cow, and mean to keep her. You can tell your father that, if you like, and say that if he wants her he can come and fetch her.'

'Father, father!' cried the boy, turning round, 'neighbour Frieshardt has taken our cow away. Come and get her back.'

Obeying his son's call, Toni Hirzel hastened out of the cottage just in time to see his neighbour looking the byre upon Liesli, the only cow he possessed. 'Oho, my friend!' he exclaimed, 'what is the meaning of this?'

'Don't you understand, Hirzel?' replied his neighbour in a mocking and sarcastic tone. 'Recollect what you promised me the other day. You have been owing me forty francs since last winter, and said you would pay me yesterday. But as you have forgotten it, I have taken your cow, and mean to keep her till I get the money back.'

Toni Hirzel frowned and bit his lips. 'You know very well,' said he, 'that I have not been able to pay my small debt. My poor wife's illness and funeral cost me a great deal of money; but you know quite well that I am an honest man, and that there is no need for you to behave in such an unkind and unfriendly way towards me. It is not neighbourly, Frieshardt.'

'Neighbourly nonsense!' replied the farmer. 'The cow belongs to me until you pay the money.'

With these words he turned on his heel and went into his house, the size and general appearance of which bespoke the comfort, if not the

luxury of its owner. With a sad and anxious expression, Toni Hirzel followed him with his eye.

'But father,' said the youth in surprise and anger, 'do you mean quietly to put up with that? I wouldn't suffer it, if I were you.'

'Hush, hush, my boy!' replied his father quietly, 'It is certainly not very kind of Frieshardt to treat a poor neighbour in such a harsh way; but he has the law on his side, for I can't deny that I owe him the money. I should have paid him long ago if it had been possible, but your poor mother's illness and death prevented me. We must have patience. I daresay my cousin will lend me the forty francs if I ask him, and then we shall get our cow back again. Don't be afraid, Watty. You shall see Liesli feeding in the meadow again to-morrow.'

'Yes, that she shall, father,' said the boy in a decided tone. 'She shall be brought back whether you get the money or not. Frieshardt shall give her up to-day, and be thoroughly ashamed into the bargain for his hard-heartedness! He has got forty cows on the hills, and yet robs a poor neighbour of the only one he has got. What harm have we done him, that he should treat us in such a way?'

'I will tell you, Watty, for you are now growing tall and sensible, so that one can talk to you,' replied his father. 'He has envied me the possession of Liesli for a long time, for she is the best cow in the whole neighbourhood; and he offered me two hundred francs for her last autumn. As I wouldn't sell her, he has seized her now, thinking that I can't pay him the money he has lent me. If I were to go to law with him, the cow would be valued, and he would only pay me what she is worth over and above the debt. That is his calculation. But I hope he will soon find that he has made a great mistake.'

'Yes; I hope he will, father,' said the boy. 'Go over to Grindelwald quietly; but don't be annoyed if you can't borrow the money. I tell you that I will get the cow back this very day; and you know, father, that when I say so I mean it.'

'I hope you haven't got any foolish plans in your head, Watty,' said his father. 'It is of no use trying force against our neighbour, for he is to a certain extent in the right.'

'I am not thinking of using force,' said the boy. 'Leave the matter to me, and go quietly on your journey. I know perfectly well what I am going to do, and you may be certain that it is nothing wrong.'

The tall and ruddy youth looked at his father with such a steady and open expression, that all his fears were silenced. 'Well, you are no longer a child, Walter,' said he. 'You were sixteen last May, and ought to have come to years of discretion. But I should very much like to know what plan you have got in your head. Won't you tell me, boy?'

'You shall hear to-night, after you come back, father,' replied Walter, smiling. 'But I assure you again that there is nothing wrong or wicked in it, and give you my hand upon it!'

'Well then, do whatever you have a mind to,' said his father. 'I must not lose any more time, or it will be too late before I get back. Farewell, my boy, and see that you don't play any roguish tricks!'

With these words the peasant took his alpenstock, as the long iron-pointed stick is named which is used for crossing the ice-fields, and set forth.

'Good-bye, my dear father,' said the boy, gazing after him until a turn in the road hid him from view. 'It is better that you should go away quietly and without anxiety. If I had told you what I am going to do, you would have been vexed and nervous, and have tried to turn me from it. But now I shall have nothing to hinder me, and I can set to work in earnest. I will milk the goats first though, that the poor animals may not suffer till I get back.'

Obedient to his loud call the goats came frisking along; and after having relieved them of their milk, Walter drank some, ate a little black bread to it, and then put the rest of the milk in a flat pan, which he set carefully in the cool cellar. When the goats had returned to the hills and were clambering from crag to crag in search of grass and herbage, Walter slung a light hunting-bag across his shoulder, stuck a small axe with a short handle into his belt, and a knife into his pocket; filled a bottle with goat's milk, and then cut off a large hunch of bread and placed it with the bottle in his bag. He then selected a stout alpenstock and tried it carefully, to see if the iron point were sharp and strong. When these preparations were made, he looked for a piece of thin strong cord, such as the chamois-hunters take with them on their dangerous Alpine journeys, put it into his bag beside the bread and milk, and quitted the cottage, the door of which he bolted on the outside.

The cottage was about half-an-hour's walk from the inn on the road from Meyringen to Grindelwald, and thither the stout-hearted youth turned his steps. The sun was still low in the east when he arrived, for it was early in the morning; but a number of horses and mules stood at the door of the inn waiting for their riders. Several guides were loitering about, ready to conduct travellers either to the steep heights lying above the village, down to the beautiful waterfalls of the Reichenbach, or to the village Meyringen.

'Well, Watty Hirzel,' said one of the guides in answer to the boy's salute, 'I suppose you want to earn' a couple of francs to-day, as you have come armed with alpenstock and game-bag? You couldn't have chosen a better day! Every room in the inn is full, and you will easily get somebody to take to the glaciers or anywhere else.'

'No, no, Mohrle,' replied the boy; 'I haven't come to take your trade away from you; I only want to speak to Mr Seymour, the gentleman from Scotland who has been staying here for about a month. He hasn't left yet, I hope?'

'No; there he is at the window,' said the guide. 'But you won't be able to earn anything from him; for he knows all the roads of the Oberland as well as any of us. What do you want to speak to him about?'

'You will find that out in the evening perhaps, when you come back,' replied Walter. 'It is a secret at present.'

'Aha, I understand! You have discovered the track of a chamois, and are going to take the gentleman to see if he can get a shot at it. He seems quite mad upon hunting, and I daresay you will get a five-franc piece if you help him.'

'Very likely, Mohrle,' replied the youth, with a laugh; and then bowed to the gentleman, who stood at a window of the inn surveying the lively scene below. Opening the window, he beckoned to the boy, who bowed again, and went into the house.

'He is a sharp boy,' said the guide to one of his companions. 'There are not many lads in the Oberland who are as bold and active in climbing as he is. And no one can beat him for deer-stalking. But it's no wonder, for Toni Hirzel, his father, is the best chamois-hunter in this part of the country.'

'Yes; he is a brave fellow,' was the reply. 'I know his father well. There isn't a cleverer sportsman in the mountains; but it's a dangerous life, and I shouldn't like to change places with him. It is much more comfortable to shew strangers the sights; there is less peril and a great deal more profit in it.'

'And yet I would wager anything that Toni wouldn't change places with us,' replied the first speaker. 'He told me only a week ago that it was impossible to give up the hunting life. "My father and grandfather both lost their lives by it," said he; "and I know I shan't fare any better; but whenever I see the track of a chamois, I must be off after it." That is the way with all your chamois-hunters.'

'Well, may God long preserve him from such an awful death,' said the other. 'But there comes our party. Look after your horse, Mohrle!'

The conversation was thus abruptly cut short. The ladies and gentlemen mounted the animals that were waiting for them, and in a few minutes the space in front of the inn was cleared of the busy throng.

'Now then,' said the young Scotchman, whose attention had been occupied with the company which had just left, and who now turned to Walter. 'Has your father discovered some new tracks, and sent you to tell me?'

'No sir. I have come to ask you if you were in earnest the other day, and if you really wish to have a vulture's brood?'

'A vulture's brood, boy?' inquired the Scotchman with eager and sparkling eyes. 'Have you discovered one?'

'Yes sir,' replied the youth. 'I have clambered up among the wild ravines of the Engelhorn for several days, and yesterday I descried a spot where I am pretty certain there is an eyrie. If so, the young birds must be well fledged already; so it won't do to lose much time in getting them.'

'Well go and fetch them then!' exclaimed the gentleman hastily. 'I have set my mind upon having a couple of young vultures.'

'And you shall have them, if Heaven preserves my feet from slipping and my hand from trembling,' said the boy. 'But I must first know what you are willing to give me for the birds.'

'I have already told you that you shall have thirty francs if you bring them here alive.'

Walter shook his head. 'That is not enough, sir,' he replied. 'I can't do it for that. I must have forty francs.'

A smile almost of contempt passed over the lips of Mr Seymour. 'So young, and already so greedy!' said he. 'Begone! I hate avarice, and will rather lose the birds than be cheated in such a way!'

Walter blushed deeply. His feelings were so wounded by these words that his heart swelled as if it would burst, and his eyes filled with tears. But with a vigorous effort he controlled himself and gave a quiet answer. 'It is not greed or avarice that makes me ask for more money. You condemn me unjustly sir.'

'What else then, can it be?' inquired Mr Seymour angrily.

In a few simple words Walter described the harsh conduct of the neighbour who had taken away his father's cow for a debt of forty francs, and said that he had hoped the stranger would readily give the trifling sum of ten francs more if he only knew how dangerous it was to attempt the vulture's eyrie. While he spoke, the angry look gradually disappeared from the traveller's face, and he smiled with friendliness and goodwill upon the boy.

'And you will expose yourself to this danger to serve your father?' he inquired.

'Yes, sir; I have made up my mind to do so.'

'But is it so very dangerous to get at the nest?'

'So dangerous, that I couldn't make up my mind to it yesterday,' replied Walter. 'It is built on one of the steepest crags of the Engelhorn, and can only be reached by a very narrow ridge of rock with dreadful precipices on both sides.'

'And you are going to risk your life to help your father to pay the money he owes?'

'Yes; and I am not afraid, if I can only be sure of the reward.'

'Well then, that alters my opinion. Bring me the young vultures, and the forty francs are yours.'

Walter warmly thanked the liberal stranger for his generosity, and was about to leave the room; but surprised at the boy's courage, and perhaps alarmed at the idea of exposing him to such frightful peril, Mr Seymour called him back.

'I have changed my mind,' said he; 'I really have no use for the birds, at least not at present; and I daresay you will be able to discover another nest that can be got at without so much danger; and to tell you the truth, I don't care about having such young ones. Go quietly home, my boy!—But why do you look so sorrowful and alarmed? Oh, I see; you are afraid of losing the money! No, no; I didn't mean that. Take these two gold coins—they are a present from me—that will just make up the sum that your father wants.'

Walter stood as if thunder-struck, unable to understand such generosity, and thought the stranger was joking with him in giving such a large sum for nothing.

'Take it, my boy—take it,' said Mr Seymour, smiling. 'Your father must and shall be assisted in his difficulty, for he must be a good man to have such a brave and affectionate son. But the life of a human being can't be risked for the sake of a couple of stupid birds.'

In surprise and confusion, Walter took the money, expressed his thankfulness in a few mumbled words and shuffled out of the room. When he reached the open air, he recovered his self-possession to some extent; and holding the gold coins fast in one hand, threw his cap up in

the air with the other, uttered a loud shout of joy, and bounded homewards again at the top of his speed. Having reached the cottage, he put the money in a corner of the cupboard in which his father kept his small stock of cash, locked the door, and put the key in a place of safety, and then left the cottage again.

'Now everything is in first-rate order,' said he to himself. 'Father will be sure to find the money when he comes back, and I shall have plenty of time to see how the vulture's nest is to be got at. Mr Seymour shall have the birds, no matter what trouble and danger it may cost me. He shall soon see that I am neither selfish nor unthankful to him for his generosity.'

GLIMPSES OF LONDON.

'He who is tired of London is tired of existence,' said Dr Johnson; and Charles Lamb, as ardent a lover of the town, declared to Wordsworth, in a letter written in 1801, that 'London itself, a pantomime and a masquerade,' fed him without the power of satiating him. 'The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fullness of joy at so much life.'

We have before us a work in two volumes, by Augustus J. C. Hare, entitled *Walks in London* (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.), giving yet another proof of the inexhaustible interest of the subject of the great metropolis, and how it teems with memories of great names and great historic deeds. While perusing these volumes we can follow our garrulous guide in his excursions; viewing the objects of interest and wandering through all the more interesting streets, listening to his anecdotes, and the literary and historical associations which they call up. In the first volume we are guided through the bustle of the City; in the second, we visit the West End and Westminster.

The very fogs of London, according to Mr Hare, when they are not too thick, may be of service to the artist. London, he affirms, is one of the most picturesque capitals in Europe; no town is better supplied with greenery; the parks are full of beauty. The best of the country-produce flows into town, the result being that the Cockney has the advantage over the countryman in being able to indulge in better strawberries, cherries, and vegetables, than may be had elsewhere. The population of London alone is greater than that of the whole of Denmark or Switzerland, and nearly as great as that of the whole of Scotland. The town has been travelling westward since the time of the Plantagenets; always moving into the country, and never halting there. To see London properly, we are told that we must see the excited crowds at the Stock Exchange, the banks, and the Guildhall; the Post-office with its intricate arrangements, and the crowds which stream along Cheapside, Cornhill, and Great Tower Street on a week-day. Or we must descend the Thames from Vauxhall Bridge, and gain an idea of the

river-traffic; and ascend the Monument. Those who find the parks monotonous, our author suggests, might refresh both mind and body by mornings spent amongst the tombs at Westminster, in visiting the famous picture-galleries, or in treading, as he has done, some of the ancient City by-ways.

Beginning with Charing Cross—a place of great attraction to all visitors—it is curious to remark that the finest statue in London, that of Charles I., the work of Hubert le Sueur, was sold by parliament to a brazier, with orders that it should be broken up. Instead of doing so, the ingenious tradesman hid the statue, and made a large sum of money by selling brass handles for knives ostensibly made from it. At the Restoration it was mounted on its present pedestal, Harry Vane the Younger lived at Charing Cross; Isaac Barrow died over a saddler's shop here in 1677; and in a lane close by lived the mother of Ben Jonson. John Evelyn lived several years in Villiers Street, by the side of Charing Cross Station. The Strand—so called because of its following the *strand*, the shore of the Thames—was at one time popular with the aristocracy on account of its being the highway from the royal palace at Westminster to the royal palace on the Fleet. Beyond the gardens of York House, on the same side of the river, once ranged the houses of the great nobles. In Adelphi Terrace died Garrick the actor, and the witty Topham Beauclerk.

In Exeter House near the Strand, lived and died Lord Burleigh. Elizabeth visiting him in a head-dress so high that she could not enter the door, was asked by the servant to stoop. 'I will stoop for your master,' was the reply, 'but not for the king of Spain.' Lord Burleigh apologising for his inability to stand up, owing to an infirmity of his legs, she replied: 'My lord, we do not make use of you for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head.' While the Savoy Palace, in the neighbourhood of the Strand, was the residence of John of Gaunt, the poet Chaucer was married there to Philippa de Ruet, a lady in the household of the Duchess of Lancaster. In the church of St Clement Danes sat Dr Johnson, when 'repeating the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy,' and there also in his seventy-fifth year he returned public thanks for recovery from illness. In Norfolk Street lodged Peter the Great, when in England; also William Penn, who had a peeping-hole in order to survey all who entered.

William Congreve the dramatist lived and died in Surrey Street. In Essex Street, Prince Charles Edward lived for five days in September 1750, at the house of Lady Primrose. Here also Flora Macdonald found an asylum after her release by the government. Temple Bar, so recently removed, was built in 1670, Christopher Wren being the architect. It was customary in those days to exhibit the heads of political offenders after their execution, the last exposed being those of certain noblemen and others who were concerned in the rebellion of 1745. The spikes supporting the heads were only removed within the century. In front of the bar, Titus Oates, standing in the pillory, was pelted with dead cats and rotten eggs; while Daniel Defoe, placed in the same position for a libel on the government, received an ovation from the people; his health

was drunk, and the pillory was hung with flowers. Close to the bustle of Fleet Street, yet removed from it, stand the Inns of Court. Thither the Knights' Templars removed in 1184, and many of the peculiar terms used by them have descended to these times. Chaucer was one of the students of the Middle Temple in the time of Edward III. The Temple Church is the only original relic of the residence of the Knights Templars. A white marble monument exists in the interior of the church to John Selden, styled by Milton 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' By the side of a paved walk leading along the north side of the church there is a simple monument to the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, bearing this plain inscription: 'Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.'

Crown Office Row, in the vicinity of the Temple, was the birthplace of Charles Lamb. In prospect of taking lodgings in King's Bench Walk, he wrote: 'I shall be airy, up four pair of steps, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of enchanting, more than Mahometan paradise, London, whose dirtiest, drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain.' The learned Blackstone, whilst writing the fourth volume of his *Commentaries* on the first floor of No. 2 Brick Court, was much disturbed by the roaring comic songs, games, and supper-parties indulged in by Oliver Goldsmith, who occupied the rooms above him. And here Goldsmith, dreadfully in debt, died on April 8, 1774.

Gray's Inn—which derives its name from the family of Gray de Wilton—is the fourth Inn of Court of importance; there Lord Bacon wrote his *Novum Organum*. Of the trees originally planted by Lord Bacon in the gardens, none is remaining. Thither came Pepys when the place was a fashionable promenade: 'When church was done, my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn, to observe the fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes.' The four Inns of Court have thus been characterised:

Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for law,
The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle
for a hall.

Child's Bank in Fleet Street dates from the time of Charles I., and is one of the oldest banking houses in England. Charles II., Nell Gwynne, Prince Rupert, Pepys, Dryden, and others dealt with this bank. Next door to the bank once stood the *Devil's Tavern*, which was patronised by Ben Jonson, and in turn by Swift, Addison, and Dr Johnson. It is said that Jack Sheppard found the *Bible Tavern* in Shire Lane very convenient for his orgies, as it possessed a trap-door by which he could escape when disturbed. The *Cock Tavern*, No. 201 Fleet Street—the meeting-place of the most celebrated wits and scholars of the last two centuries—remains internally unaltered since the time of James I. Dryden and Otway lived opposite each other in Fetter Lane, and used to quarrel in verse. On the left of this Lane stands the new Record Office; one of the greatest of the many valuable documents it contains being the Domesday Book, in two volumes in vellum, written in the time of William the Conqueror. Fleet Street has many associations with Dr John-

son; Boswell met him frequently in the *Mitre Tavern*; his wife died in Gough Square, where the greater part of his Dictionary was written, and where the *Rambler* and the *Ilder* were begun; and in No. 8 Bolt Court died the lexicographer, surrounded by many pensioners on his bounty. One of the many generous acts of Johnson's life was his visit to Goldsmith when the latter resided in Wine Office Court. Finding the author pressed for money, Johnson disposed of the manuscript of a novel his needy friend had written, to Newberry for sixty pounds. The manuscript lay neglected for two years, when it was given to the world as the *Vicar of Wakefield*. In Gunpowder Alley, an offshoot of Shoe Lane, Richard Lovelace the Cavalier poet died from starvation. In Salisbury Court, Samuel Richardson wrote and printed his *Pamela*; and there also Goldsmith acted as his press corrector. John Milton wrote his treatises *Of Reformation*, *Of Practical Episcopacy*, and others in the house of one Russell, a tailor in St Bride's Churchyard, where he lodged in 1643. Here he whipped and instructed his sister's two boys, and thither he brought his royalist wife, Mrs Mary Powell, who found life here so quiet and 'so irksome to her, that she went away to her parents at Forest Hill,' from which, however, she afterwards returned.

The Old cathedral of St Paul's was five times burnt—thrice by lightning. The new building, begun under Christopher Wren in 1673, cost, we are exactly informed, seven hundred and forty-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-four pounds two shillings and ninepence. The money was raised by a tax on every chaldron of coals brought into the port of London, and this fact alone it has been said, gives it a right to its smoke-blackened appearance. Relics of three different ages were found when its foundations were laid—Saxon coffins and tombs, British graves, and all the evidences of the existence of a Roman cemetery. Great historic tombs and monuments, including those of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, are amongst its chief objects of interest. St Paul's School was founded in 1614 by Dean Colet; there Milton was educated from his eleventh to his sixteenth year. In the Heralds' College, near St Paul's Churchyard, were deposited the sword, dagger, and turquoise ring of James IV. of Scotland, who was slain at Flodden. Before the Great Fire of London, St Paul's Churchyard was the great headquarters of the booksellers. Now Paternoster Row is sacred to the profession.

Christ's Hospital (the Blue-coat School), founded by Edward VI. on the site of the monastery of Gray Friars, for destitute and fatherless children, has been the *alma mater* of many eminent men, notably Coleridge and Charles Lamb in recent times. The library was founded by the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington. The new meat-market at Smithfield, in Mr Hare's words, 'is a perfect forest of slaughtered calves, pigs, and sheep, hanging from cast-iron balustrades—actually seventy-five acres of meat.' Cheapside is celebrated in history as having been the scene of many a conflict between the City 'prentices. Between Bread Street and Friday Street stood the *Mermaid Tavern*, founded by Ben Jonson in 1603, and which numbered Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Donne, Selden, &c. amongst its members.

Little Britain, Aldersgate—so called because of

the mansion of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond—was a great bookselling centre in the time of the Stuarts. Wandering amongst the bookstalls there, the Earl of Dorset is said to have discovered a copy of *Paradise Lost*, which he purchased. The bookseller asked him to recommend it if he approved of it, as he had other copies on hand which seemed unsaleable. Shewing it to Dryden, the poet remarked: 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.' After his removal from St Bride's Churchyard, Milton lived in a 'pretty garden-house' in Aldersgate Street, removing to Jewin Street in 1661, where he married his third wife. Here he gave lessons to Ellwood the Quaker, in the foreign pronunciation of Latin. In St Giles Church, Cripplegate, Milton was buried in 1674. His bones were exhumed in 1790, his teeth extracted, and carried off by the churchwardens; and for many years the mutilated skeleton was exhibited to the public at twopence and threepence a head! Fox the martyrologist is buried here. In the parish register is recorded the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier, August 20, 1620. In Bishopsgate Street is Crosby Hall, built by Sir John Crosby, alderman of the City of London in 1461. Mr Hare considers this place, even with its late lath-and-plaster front to the street, as one of the most beautiful specimens of domestic architecture left in London, and one of the best examples of fifteenth-century work in England.

The royal palace of Whitehall attained its greatest measure of splendour under Charles I. Court pleasures were organised regardless of expense; poetry, painting, music, and architecture were all liberally patronised. In the Banqueting House the hospitalities were on the most gigantic scale. The king's household consumed yearly, amongst other meats, fifteen hundred oxen, seven thousand sheep, twelve hundred calves, three hundred porkers, six thousand eight hundred lambs, three hundred fitches of bacon, and twenty-six boars. The list is so alarming that we give only these further items of consumption: one hundred and forty dozen of geese, fourteen hundred and seventy dozen of chickens; in the shape of bread, three hundred and sixty-four thousand bushels of wheat were used; in drink—six hundred tuns of wine, and seventeen hundred tuns of beer. On the morning of the execution of Charles I., the 30th January 1649, the king was in the Cabinet Chamber overlooking the Privy Garden, waiting until the scaffold was ready. Here he prayed and conversed with Bishop Juxon, and ate some bread and drank some claret; and while doing so, Cromwell, in a distant small room, was signing the warrant for his execution. Cromwell when installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, took up rooms in Whitehall, and employed Milton to act as his private secretary. Here too, Cromwell died while a great storm was raging in the Park, on September 3, 1658. Charles II. revived the reign of pleasure at Whitehall, and died there on February 6, 1685. But with the flight of James II. and the entrance of the Dutch troops into London, the glory of the place passed away.

Regarding the Tower, Westminster, Whitehall, Holland House, and all the well-known and less-known nooks and by-ways of London, the reader will find in Mr Hare's volumes a mine of interesting information. Where possible, he has

quoted largely the opinions of men of eminence, historical, biographical, and topographical, and has enriched his volumes by woodcut engravings of the more picturesque localities.

THE MYSTERY OF SASASSA VALLEY.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

Do I know why Tom Donahue is called 'Lucky Tom?' Yes; I do; and that is more than one in ten of those who call him so can say. I have knocked about a deal in my time, and seen some strange sights, but none stranger than the way in which Tom gained that sobriquet and his fortune with it. For I was with him at the time.—Tell it? Oh, certainly; but it is a longish story and a very strange one; so fill up your glass again, and light another cigar while I try to reel it off. Yes; a very strange one; beats some fairy stories I have heard; but it's true sir, every word of it. There are men alive at Cape Colony now who'll remember it and confirm what I say. Many a time has the tale been told round the fire in Boers' cabins from Orange State to Grigqualand; yes, and out in the Bush and at the Diamond Fields too.

I'm roughish now sir; but I was entered at the Middle Temple once, and studied for the Bar. Tom—worse luck!—was one of my fellow-students; and a wildish time we had of it, until at last our finances ran short, and we were compelled to give up our so-called studies, and look about for some part of the world where two young fellows with strong arms and sound constitutions might make their mark. In those days the tide of emigration had scarcely begun to set in towards Africa, and so we thought our best chance would be down at Cape Colony. Well—to make a long story short—we set sail, and were deposited in Cape Town with less than five pounds in our pockets; and there we parted. We each tried our hands at many things, and had ups and downs; but when, at the end of three years, chance led each of us up-country and we met again, we were, I regret to say, in almost as bad a plight as when we started.

Well, this was not much of a commencement; and very disheartened we were, so disheartened that Tom spoke of going back to England and getting a clerkship. For you see we didn't know that we had played out all our small cards, and that the trumps were going to turn up. No; we thought our 'hands' were bad all through. It was a very lonely part of the country that we were in, inhabited by a few scattered farmers, whose houses were stockaded and fenced in to defend them against the Kafirs. Tom Donahue and I had a little hut right out in the Bush; but we were known to possess nothing, and to be handy with our revolvers, so we had little to fear. There we waited, doing odd jobs, and hoping that something would turn up. Well, after we had been there about a month something did turn up upon a certain night, something which was the making of both of us; and it's about that night sir, that I'm going to tell you. I remember it well. The wind was howling past our cabin, and the rain threatened to burst in our rude window. We had a great wood-fire crackling and sputtering on the

hearth, by which I was sitting mending a whip, while Tom was lying in his bunk groaning disconsolately at the chance which had led him to such a place.

'Cheer up, Tom—cheer up,' said I. 'No man ever knows what may be awaiting him.'

'Ill-luck, ill-luck, Jack,' he answered. 'I always was an unlucky dog. Here have I been three years in this abominable country; and I see lads fresh from England jingling the money in their pockets, while I am as poor as when I landed. Ah, Jack, if you want to keep your head above water, old friend, you must try your fortune away from me.'

'Nonsense, Tom; you're down in your luck to-night. But hark! Here's some one coming outside. Dick Wharton, by the tread; he'll rouse you, if any man can.'

Even as I spoke the door was flung open, and honest Dick Wharton, with the water pouring from him, stepped in, his hearty red face looming through the haze like a harvest-moon. He shook himself, and after greeting us sat down by the fire to warm himself.

'Whereaway, Dick, on such a night as this?' said I. 'You'll find the rheumatism a worse foe than the Kaffirs, unless you keep more regular hours.'

Dick was looking unusually serious, almost frightened, one would say, if one did not know the man. 'Had to go,' he replied—'had to go. One of Madison's cattle was seen straying down Sasassa Valley, and of course none of our blacks would go down that Valley at night; and if we had waited till morning, the brute would have been in Kaffir-land.'

'Why wouldn't they go down Sasassa Valley at night?' asked Tom.

'Kaffirs, I suppose,' said I.

'Ghosts,' said Dick.

We both laughed.

'I suppose they didn't give such a matter-of-fact fellow as you a sight of their charms?' said Tom from the bunk.

'Yes,' said Dick seriously—'yes; I saw what the niggers talk about; and I promise you, lads, I don't want ever to see it again.'

Tom sat up in his bed. 'Nonsense, Dick; you're joking, man! Come, tell us all about it. The legend first, and your own experience afterwards.—Pass him over the bottle, Jack.'

'Well, as to the legend,' began Dick—'it seems that the niggers have had it handed down to them that that Sasassa Valley is haunted by a frightful fiend. Hunters and wanderers passing down the defile have seen its glowing eyes under the shadows of the cliff; and the story goes that whoever has chanced to encounter that baleful glare, has had his after-life blighted by the malignant power of this creature. Whether that be true or no,' continued Dick ruefully, 'I may have an opportunity of judging for myself.'

'Go on, Dick—go on,' cried Tom. 'Let's hear about what you saw.'

'Well, I was groping down the Valley, looking for that cow of Madison's, and I had, I suppose, got half-way down, where a black craggy cliff juts into the ravine on the right, when I halted to have a pull at my flask. I had my eye fixed at the time upon the projecting cliff I have mentioned, and noticed nothing unusual about it. I

then put up my flask and took a step or two forward, when in a moment there burst apparently from the base of the rock, about eight feet from the ground and a hundred yards from me, a strange lurid glare, flickering and oscillating, gradually dying away and then reappearing again.—No, no; I've seen many a glow-worm and firefly—nothing of that sort. There it was, hurrying away, and I suppose I gazed at it, trembling in every limb, for fully ten minutes. Then I took a step forwards, when instantly it vanished, vanished like a candle blown out. I stepped back again; but it was some time before I could find the exact spot and position from which it was visible. At last, there it was, the weird reddish light, flickering away as before. Then I screwed up my courage, and made for the rock; but the ground was so uneven that it was impossible to steer straight; and though I walked along the whole base of the cliff, I could see nothing. Then I made tracks for home; and I can tell you, boys, that until you remarked it, I never knew it was raining, the whole way along.—But hullo! what's the matter with Tom?'

'What indeed? Tom was now sitting with his legs over the side of the bunk, and his whole face betraying excitement so intense as to be almost painful. 'The fiend would have two eyes. How many lights did you see, Dick? Speak out!'

'Only one.'

'Hurrah!' cried Tom—'that's better!' Whereupon he kicked the blankets into the middle of the room, and began pacing up and down with long feverish strides. Suddenly he stopped opposite Dick, and laid his hand upon his shoulder: 'I say, Dick, could we get to Sasassa Valley before sunrise?'

'Scarcely,' said Dick.

'Well, look here; we are old friends, Dick Wharton, you and I. Now, don't you tell any other man what you have told us, for a week. You'll promise that; won't you?'

I could see by the look on Dick's face as he acquiesced that he considered poor Tom to be mad; and indeed I was myself completely mystified by his conduct. I had, however, seen so many proofs of my friend's good sense and quickness of apprehension, that I thought it quite possible that Wharton's story had had a meaning in his eyes which I was too obtuse to take in.

All night Tom Donahue was greatly excited, and when Wharton left he begged him to remember his promise, and also elicited from him a description of the exact spot at which he had seen the apparition, as well as the hour at which it appeared. After his departure, which must have been about four in the morning, I turned into my bunk and watched Tom sitting by the fire splicing two sticks together, until I fell asleep. I suppose I must have slept about two hours; but when I awoke, Tom was still sitting working away in almost the same position. He had fixed the one stick across the top of the other so as to form a rough T, and was now busy in fitting a smaller stick into the angle between them, by manipulating which, the cross one could be either cocked up or depressed to any extent. He had cut notches too in the perpendicular stick, so that by the aid of the small prop, the cross one could be kept in any position for an indefinite time.

'Look here, Jack!' he cried, whenever he saw

that I was awake. 'Come, and give me your opinion. Suppose I put this cross-stick pointing straight at a thing, and arranged this small one so as to keep it so, and left it, I could find that thing again if I wanted it—don't you think I could, Jack—don't you think so?' he continued nervously, clutching me by the arm.

'Well,' I answered, 'it would depend on how far off the thing was, and how accurately it was pointed. If it were any distance, I'd cut sights on your cross-stick; then a string tied to the end of it, and held in a plumb-line forwards, would lead you pretty near what you wanted. But surely, Tom, you don't intend to localise the ghost in that way?'

'You'll see to-night, old friend—you'll see to-night. I'll carry this to the Sasassa Valley. You get the loan of Madison's crowbar, and come with me; but mind you tell no man where you are going, or what you want it for.'

All day Tom was walking up and down the room, or working hard at the apparatus. His eyes were glistening, his cheek hectic, and he had all the symptoms of high fever. 'Heaven grant that Dick's diagnosis be not correct!' I thought, as I returned with the crowbar; and yet, as evening drew near, I found myself imperceptibly sharing the excitement.

About six o'clock Tom sprang to his feet and seized his sticks. 'I can stand it no longer, Jack,' he cried; 'up with your crowbar, and hey for Sasassa Valley! To-night's work, my lad, will either make us or mar us! Take your six-shooter, in case we meet the Kaffirs. I daren't take mine, Jack,' he continued, putting his hands upon my shoulders—'I daren't take mine; for if my ill-luck sticks to me to-night, I don't know what I might not do with it.'

Well, having filled our pockets with provisions, we set out, and as we took our wearisome way towards the Sasassa Valley, I frequently attempted to elicit from my companion some clue as to his intentions. But his only answer was: 'Let us hurry on, Jack. Who knows how many have heard of Wharton's adventure by this time! Let us hurry on, or we may not be first in the field!'

Well sir, we struggled on through the hills for a matter of ten miles; till at last, after descending a crag, we saw opening out in front of us a ravine so sombre and dark that it might have been the gate of Hades itself; cliffs many hundred feet high shut in on every side the gloomy boulder-studded passage which led through the haunted defile into Kaffirland. The moon rising above the crags, threw into strong relief the rough irregular pinnacles of rock by which they were topped, while all below was dark as Erebus.

'The Sasassa Valley?' said I.

'Yes,' said Tom.

I looked at him. He was calm now; the flush and feverishness had passed away; his actions were deliberate and slow. Yet there was a certain rigidity in his face and glitter in his eye which showed that a crisis had come.

We entered the pass, stumbling along amid the great boulders. Suddenly I heard a short quick exclamation from Tom. 'That's the crag!' he cried, pointing to a great mass looming before us in the darkness. 'Now Jack, for any favour use your eyes! We're about a hundred yards from that cliff, I take it; so you move slowly

towards one side, and I'll do the same towards the other. When you see anything, stop, and call out. Don't take more than twelve inches in a step, and keep your eye fixed on the cliff about eight feet from the ground. Are you ready?'

'Yes.' I was even more excited than Tom by this time. What his intention or object was, I could not conjecture, beyond that he wanted to examine by daylight the part of the cliff from which the light came. Yet the influence of the romantic situation and of my companion's suppressed excitement was so great, that I could feel the blood coursing through my veins and count the pulses throbbing at my temples.

'Start!' cried Tom; and we moved off, he to the right, I to the left, each with our eyes fixed intently on the base of the crag. I had moved perhaps twenty feet, when in a moment it burst upon me. Through the growing darkness there shone a small ruddy glowing point, the light from which waned and increased, flickered and oscillated, each change producing a more weird effect than the last. The old Kaffir superstition came into my mind, and I felt a cold shudder pass over me. In my excitement, I stepped a pace backwards, when instantly the light went out, leaving utter darkness in its place; but when I advanced again, there was the ruddy glare glowing from the base of the cliff. 'Tom, Tom!' I cried.

'Ay, ay!' I heard him exclaim, as he hurried over towards me.

'There it is—there, up against the cliff!'

Tom was at my elbow. 'I see nothing,' said he.

'Why, there, there, man, in front of you!' I stepped to the right as I spoke, when the light instantly vanished from my eyes.

But from Tom's ejaculations of delight it was clear that from my former position it was visible to him also. 'Jack,' he cried, as he turned and wrung my hand—'Jack, you and I can never complain of our luck again. Now heap up a few stones where we are standing.—That's right. Now we must fix my sign-post firmly in at the top. There! It would take a strong wind to blow that down; and we only need it to hold out till morning. O Jack, my boy, to think that only yesterday we were talking of becoming clerks, and you saying that no man knew what was awaiting him too! By Jove, Jack, it would make a good story!'

By this time we had firmly fixed the perpendicular stick in between two large stones; and Tom bent down and peered along the horizontal one. For fully a quarter of an hour he was alternately raising and depressing it, until at last, with a sigh of satisfaction, he fixed the prop into the angle, and stood up. 'Look along, Jack,' he said. 'You have as straight an eye to take a sight as any man I know of.'

I looked along. There, beyond the further sight was the ruddy scintillating speck, apparently at the end of the stick itself, so accurately had it been adjusted.

'And now, my boy,' said Tom, 'let's have some supper, and a sleep. There's nothing more to be done to-night; but we'll need all our wits and strength to-morrow. Get some sticks, and kindle a fire here, and then we'll be able to keep an eye on our signal-post, and see that nothing happens to it during the night.'

Well sir, we kindled a fire, and had supper with the Sasassa demon's eye rolling and glowing in front of us the whole night through. Not always in the same place though; for after supper, when I glanced along the eights to have another look at it, it was nowhere to be seen. The information did not, however, seem to disturb Tom in any way. He merely remarked: 'It's the moon, not the thing, that has shifted;' and coiling himself up, went to sleep.

By early dawn we were both up, and gazing along our pointer at the cliff; but we could make out nothing save the one dead monotonous slaty surface, rougher perhaps at the part we were examining than elsewhere, but otherwise presenting nothing remarkable.

'Now for your idea, Jack!' said Tom Donahue, unwinding a long thin cord from round his waist. 'You fasten it, and guide me while I take the other end.' So saying he walked off to the base of the cliff, holding one end of the cord, while I drew the other taut, and wound it round the middle of the horizontal stick, passing it through the sight at the end. By this means I could direct Tom to the right or left, until we had our string stretching from the point of attachment, through the sight, and on to the rock, which it struck about eight feet from the ground. Tom drew a chalk circle of about three feet diameter round the spot, and then called to me to come and join him. 'We've managed this business together, Jack,' he said, 'and we'll find what we are to find, together.' The circle he had drawn embraced a part of the rock smoother than the rest, save that about the centre there were a few rough protuberances or knobs. One of these Tom pointed to with a cry of delight. It was a roughish brownish mass about the size of a man's closed fist, and looking like a bit of dirty glass left into the wall of the cliff. 'That's it!' he cried—'that's it!'

'That's what?'

'Why, man, a diamond, and such a one as there isn't a monarch in Europe but would envy Tom Donahue the possession of. Up with your crowbar, and we'll soon exorcise the demon of Sasassa Valley!'

I was so astounded that for a moment I stood speechless with surprise, gazing at the treasure which had so unexpectedly fallen into our hands.

'Here, hand me the crowbar,' said Tom. 'Now, by using this little round knob which projects from the cliff here, as a fulcrum, we may be able to lever it off.—Yes; there it goes. I never thought it could have come so easily. Now, Jack, the sooner we get back to our hut and then down to Cape Town, the better.'

We wrapped up our treasure, and made our way across the hills, towards home. On the way, Tom told me how, while a law-student in the Middle Temple, he had come upon a dusty pamphlet in the library, by one *Jean van Hounyn*, which told of an experience very similar to ours, which had befallen that worthy Dutchman in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and which resulted in the discovery of a luminous diamond. This tale it was which had come into Tom's head as he listened to honest Dick Wharton's ghost-story; while the means which he had adopted to verify his supposition sprang from his own fertile Irish brain.

'We'll take it down to Cape Town,' continued

Tom, 'and if we can't dispose of it with advantage there, it will be worth our while to ship for London with it. Let us go along to Madison's first, though; he knows something of these things, and can perhaps give us some idea of what we may consider a fair price for our treasure.'

We turned off from the track accordingly, before reaching our hut, and kept along the narrow path leading to Madison's farm. He was at lunch when we entered; and in a minute we were seated at each side of him, enjoying South African hospitality.

'Well,' he said, after the servants were gone, 'what's in the wind now? I see you have something to say to me. What is it?'

Tom produced his packet, and solemnly untied the handkerchiefs which enveloped it. 'There!' he said, putting his crystal on the table; 'what would you say was a fair price for that?'

Madison took it up and examined it critically. 'Well,' he said, laying it down again, 'in its crude state about twelve shillings per ton.'

'Twelve shillings!' cried Tom, starting to his feet. 'Don't you see what it is?'

'Rock-salt!'

'Rock fiddo; a diamond!'

'Taste it!' said Madison.

Tom put it to his lips, dashed it down with a dreadful exclamation, and rushed out of the room.

I felt sad and disappointed enough myself; but presently remembering what Tom had said about the pistol, I, too, left the house, and made for the hut, leaving Madison open-mouthed with astonishment. When I got in, I found Tom lying in his bunk with his face to the wall, too dispirited apparently to answer my consolations. Anathematising Dick and Madison, the Sasassa demon, and everything else, I strolled out of the hut, and refreshed myself with a pipe after our wearisome adventure. I was about fifty yards away from the hut, when I heard issuing from it the sound which of all others I least expected to hear. Had it been a groan or an oath, I should have taken it as a matter of course; but the sound which caused me to stop and take the pipe out of my mouth, was a hearty roar of laughter! Next moment, Tom himself emerged from the door, his whole face radiant with delight. 'Game for another ten-mile walk, old fellow?'

'What! for another lump of rock-salt, at twelve shillings a ton?'

'No more of that, Hal, an you love me,' grinned Tom. 'Now look here, Jack. What blessed fools we are to be so floored by a trifle! Just sit on this stump for five minutes, and I'll make it as clear as daylight. You've seen many a lump of rock-salt stuck in a crag, and so have I, though we did make such a mull of this one. Now, Jack, did any of the pieces you have ever seen shine in the darkness brighter than any fire-fly?'

'Well, I can't say they ever did.'

'I'd venture to prophesy that if we waited until night, which we won't do, we would see that light still glimmering among the rocks. Therefore, Jack, when we took away this worthless salt, we took the wrong crystal. It is no very strange thing in these hills that a piece of rock-salt should be lying within a foot of a diamond. It caught our eyes, and we were excited, and so we made fools of ourselves, and left the real

stone behind. Depend upon it, Jack, the Sasassa gem is lying within that magic circle of chalk upon the face of yonder cliff. Come, old fellow, light your pipe and stow your revolver, and we'll be off before that fellow Madison has time to put two and two together.'

I don't know that I was very sanguine this time. I had begun in fact to look upon the diamond as a most unmitigated nuisance. However, rather than throw a damper on Tom's expectations, I announced myself eager to start. What a walk it was! Tom was always a good mountaineer, but his excitement seemed to lend him wings that day, while I scrambled along after him as best I could. When we got within half a mile he broke into the 'double,' and never pulled up until he reached the round white circle upon the cliff. Poor old Tom! when I came up, his mood had changed, and he was standing with his hands in his pockets, gazing vacantly before him with a rueful countenance.

'Look!' he said—'look!' and he pointed at the cliff. Not a sign of anything in the least resembling a diamond there. The circle included nothing but flat slate-coloured stone, with one large hole, where we had extracted the rock-salt, and one or two smaller depressions. No sign of the gem.

'I've been over every inch of it,' said poor Tom. 'It's not there. Some one has been here and noticed the chalk, and taken it. Come home, Jack; I feel sick and tired. Oh! had any man ever look like mine!'

I turned to go, but took one last look at the cliff first. Tom was already ten paces off.

'Hello!' I cried, 'don't you see any change in that circle since yesterday?'

'What d'ye mean?' said Tom.

'Don't you miss a thing that was there before?'

'The rock-salt?' said Tom.

'No; but the little round knob that we used for a fulcrum. I suppose we must have wrenched it off in using the lever. Let's have a look at what it's made of.'

Accordingly, at the foot of the cliff we searched about among the loose stones.

'Here you are, Jack! We've done it at last! We're made men!'

I turned round, and there was Tom radiant with delight, and with a little corner of black rock in his hand. At first sight it seemed to be merely a chip from the cliff; but near the base there was projecting from it an object which Tom was now exultingly pointing out. It looked at first something like a glass eye; but there was a depth and brilliancy about it such as glass never exhibited. There was no mistake this time; we had certainly got possession of a jewel of great value; and with light hearts we turned from the valley, bearing away with us the 'fiend' which had so long reigned there.

There sir; I've span my story out too long, and tired you perhaps. You see when I get talking of those rough old days, I kind of see the little cabin again, and the brook beside it, and the bush around, and seem to hear Tom's honest voice once more. There's little for me to say now. We prospered on the gem. Tom Donahue, as you know, has set up here, and is well known about town. I have done well, farming and ostrich-raising in Africa. We set old Dick Wharton up

in business, and he is one of our nearest neighbours. If you should ever be coming up our way sir, you'll not forget to ask for Jack Turnbull—Jack Turnbull of Sasassa Farm.

FLIRTS AND FLIRTATION.

BY A LADY.

FLIRTATION, strictly defined, is the effort to attract particular attention from the opposite sex by any means, lawful or unlawful; by flatteries, either subtle or gross—according to the tact or taste of the artist—by dress, attitudes, and airs. This, and seeking the society of men, on the part of girls, and adopting a completely different manner towards the two sexes. Accepting this, then, as the true definition of the term, we must be understood, throughout the following remarks, to speak only of what is *unmitigatedly evil* in the practice. What often passes under the name of *harmless* flirtation with those who use it, is not flirting at all, but is merely the pleasant, free, frank intercourse between young men and women with unoccupied hearts, without which society could not get on, as long as the sexes do not live apart in priories or convents. This we would be very far indeed from condemning. In true flirtation there is always the element of coquetry, which entirely separates it from any other kind of intercourse between the sexes.

Flirtation may be called a game between two people, carried on, as the Germans say, 'unter vier Augen' (under four eyes).

In some cases, but not often, the game develops affection on both sides, or only on one; and when the latter, it must very quickly come to an end, after perhaps much suffering, especially if the attachment be on the woman's side. Flirting seems to be indulged in by most young people as their way of life, sometimes for the mere pleasure of it, or for the gratification of vanity and love of conquest, but more often with the ulterior design on the part of women of securing a husband. Men as a rule are not so given to aimless flirtations as women. They are either passably indifferent to most of the girls they meet, or else fall violently in love with one or another, from time to time, so that they have at least the merit of being, or believing themselves to be sincere, while the fancy lasts. With men, moreover, flirtation lacks the obnoxious element of indelicacy, which is usually inseparable from the same practice in a woman. She should always be the wooer, never the wooed. If a pleasurable, flirting is also an exhausting excitement, and requires great pains on a woman's part, unless she be what is termed a finished coquette, an adept in the art, who exercises it from mere love of power; though she may not have the smallest special regard for the individual man at the time being, and would perhaps repulse any serious demonstration on his part.

This kind of flirting is not very often met with in real life. It seems chiefly confined to the heroines of sensational novels and verse. The more commonplace style is that of the girl who flirts merely because it seems 'the thing' to do, or because others do it, or that she may be admired, or have a beau, or get settled in life. How much of really enjoyable intercourse with men do girls deprive themselves of, by this almost invariable intro-

duction of flirting into all society-talk. There are some men—and they are the best sort—who do not care for ceaseless flirting or ‘chaffing,’ and there are many others who are afraid, in these days of practical young ladies, of being entrapped into a marriage or a breach of promise case, if they seem to like the society of any specially attractive girl, whom they may fancy to talk to, but towards whom they have no serious intentions. Such men would sometimes feel it a relief to meet a girl with whom they might feel safe, at least from matrimonial designs.

It would be well perhaps to say what flirting is *not*, lest we should be thought to advocate prudery. No intercourse between the sexes should be classed as flirting, after the element of real love has entered into it. ‘All is fair in love’—certainly in mutual and declared love, or even undeclared, when a woman is sure of her station in the man’s estimation. There is nothing more hateful and unwomanly than ultra-prudery. The cold, proper ‘Lady Byron’ type of woman has, one might almost venture to say, destroyed the happiness of as many men as the coquette. If a girl were to bestow as many of her little gracious smiles on her acknowledged lover, and to take as much pains to retain his admiration as to gain that of the indifferent, and if young wives did the same, even calling in the aid of such small attractions as dress, there would be a good many happier people in the world, both men and women. No one can live contentedly without appreciation and special attentions from those they love; and men are known to be even fonder of such little attentions than women.

Having now guarded against the accusation of intolerance, we may be permitted to say a few words regarding flirtation, pure and simple, as a practice, especially in the female sex. It is unworthy in its aims, always unsatisfying, and often disastrous in its results. It has degraded women in the eyes of all worthy men, making them regard almost all girls from the age of sixteen as men-seekers or husband-hunters, or at best as vain, frivolous, and empty-headed. Such women—as George Eliot makes one of her characters say—‘hinder men’s lives from having any nobleness in them.’ Can we think of Beatrice, Laura, Heloise, any of the women of fable or history, who have inspired the grandest passions in the breasts of the noblest men—as flirts? Or even the types of womanly excellence held up to our admiration in the pages of the best novels—Romola, Dinah, Dorothea, Emma, Fanny Price, Charles Kingsley’s Grace, and various others whose names will occur to all fiction-readers. Dure any author—even a third-rate sensation novelist—submit to the approbation as an ideal heroine, or even as an imperfect though worthy female character—a flirt? Yet such has come to be almost regarded as the normal type of young women in real life, all of whose errors are to be condoned, or at least palliated, as natural and excusable. If such women were merely to consider the matter of policy, they would acknowledge that the indiscriminate flirt enjoys but little of the real pride of conquest, as it is called; she never gains the deference, the almost worship awarded by men to the higher type of woman. The flirt often fails in her efforts; and where she succeeds, it has been after the expense of such

infinite pains that she can merely feel that she has got what has cost her desperate means to secure.

The flirt is known by unmistakable signs, to any one of the smallest perception. All are familiar with the numerous varieties of the species. We need only mention a few; and very few words will suffice to indicate the peculiarities of each. There is the noisy, boisterous ‘fast girl,’ whose flirting is but one of her characteristics, along with her extravagant dress, slang speeches, and general unconventionality of demeanour and disregard of appearances. There is the common vulgar flirt, who has neither intellect nor education sufficient to qualify her even for the exercise of the very low art which she professes. This style we are chiefly familiar with in the person of the maid-of-all-work in her intercourse with the milkman or the policeman. But girls of a better class often remind us of her, their flirting nearly consisting of pert saucy speeches and tosses of the head. Then there is the sly quiet flirt, less objectionable to society in general, though perhaps more dangerous and designing than the open hoyden. Among this class may be found the ‘Becky Sharpes’ and ‘Blanche Amories’ who, since the advent of Thackeray’s novels, have come to be regarded as the types of artful woman-kind. These are fond of hooks and corners; their batteries are little soft flattering speeches, demure glances, and an affectation of infinitesimal simplicity and innocence; and their victims are generally young unwary lads or easily gulled old gentlemen. There is the practical designing flirt, who sets herself deliberately and of *malice prepense* to entrap a husband, or at least an admirer, with the variety—chiefly found, happily, in sensation novels—of the girl who has an additional zest lent to her game if she can interfere with the claims of other women—either wives or sweethearts. Some would perhaps include the *unconscious* flirt, if such a thing can be; that is, the girl who is naturally gay, and has little winning coaxing ways, which if aided by a pretty person, make her specially attractive, if not dangerous.

Having said so much regarding the coquette, it would be unfair to conclude without passing condemnation upon the male flirt or ‘coquet.’ A most objectionable being; but one, to do men justice, seldom met with, at least in its worst form—that is, the lady-killer. We do not at all mean the ‘ladies’ man.’ There are very few girls, even of the sedate type, who do not like a man who tries to make himself agreeable to ladies, even to the extent of soft speeches and harmless gallantries. Indeed a man who is not fond of ladies’ society is generally fond of much worse things. And that which would be flirting in a woman, is not flirting in a man, or even meant for it; for some license must be allowed to the sex which ought to take the ‘initiative.’ But there is a degraded type of man who goes much further, and often has the breaking of hearts to atone for; one who does so with his eyes open, and knowing well the consequences of his procedure. There are men who set themselves to the task of winning hearts for the pleasure of the game, and who will go to great pains and artifices to do so. They generally exercise their art on young unsophisticated girls—where they can find such—as more fresh and interesting, and easier to

deceive than those who are *au fait* in the practices of coquetry themselves. These are the 'handsome men,' who, by means of a flattering tongue, can easily, in a few pointed speeches—just keeping clear of an actual declaration—make a simple girl think herself the chosen and beloved one. If he mean nothing serious, what can be more unmanly, more ungenerous, than such a course of conduct on a man's part? The male *jilt* can be called to account for his actions; but the mere flirt, the 'lady-killer,' plays his heartless game in secret, quite unsuspected—if he be very artful and wary—even by the girl's family; his delinquencies may be known only to the sufferer herself, who, of course, cannot 'make her mean,' even if she would do so, as he has given her no hold over him. He has had his little amusement, and when he tires, he leaves his victim to seek another.

It may be said 'a woman should not give her heart till very sure of what she is getting in exchange;' but women cannot always be on their guard if a man seems very devoted. The practised male flirt is perilously like the real lover, even to the more wary of the opposite sex; and the heart is sometimes gone irretrievably before the deceived girl knows that she has given everything and got nothing. Happily, the men we have portrayed are rare, and as they often come across girls who can hold their own, or perhaps turn the tables on them, they are not able to do so much mischief as they might otherwise do. Flirts of both sexes have much to answer for. Perhaps they too may have their own troubles, in disappointed hopes and frustrated endeavours. They may sometimes, perhaps, feel the sting of remorse after an especially bad case, in which a lifelong sorrow to another has been the consequence of what was to them merely the pastime of a few weeks or months.

STORY OF A PET MONKEY.

A REMARKABLE instance of intelligence and attachment in a pet monkey, may interest lovers of 'our poor relations' and of animals in general. My hero, a very large and extremely powerful specimen of his class, belonged to a late officer in the British army; and he, having been a member of my own immediate family, the veracity of the following anecdote can be vouched for. Peter was a universal favourite with—one individual only excepted—all the inmates and frequenters of the barracks, where his unusual sagacity and many varied accomplishments were a source of endless amusement; although it must be confessed that some of his tricks had a rather mischievous tendency. His gentleness of disposition and genuine love of fun, nevertheless, procured ready forgiveness.

Peter unfortunately possessed an enemy in the person of a diminutive and generally unpopular subaltern, to whom he appears in some mysterious way to have rendered himself particularly obnoxious. Or perhaps this regrettable state of affairs may have arisen from one of those curious cases of instinctive and mutual aversion at first-sight which, like other and more agreeable impressions of a totally opposite character, are difficult to account for, in man as well as in the lower animals.

During a temporary absence of his master on leave, Peter was intrusted to the care of a brother-officer and most intimate friend, who, on undertaking the responsibility, conscientiously kept him chained to a chest of drawers in his own barrack-room, being anxious that no harm should happen to the monkey while under his charge. This kindly and well-meant arrangement did not, however, at all coincide with Peter's elastic views on the subject. The loss of general society, and hitherto undisturbed liberty of action, the unwonted confinement and restriction, appear to have greatly depressed him. Thus left in a great measure to his own narrow resources, the interesting captive still rose equal to the occasion, though his field of action was certainly limited. To while the tedious hours away, upon a certain day during which he was left alone longer than usual—there being an inspection by the general commanding the district—he seems, in despair, to have hit upon the following occupation. Having, with an amount of patience and perseverance worthy of a better cause, forced open the locks of all the drawers—a feat requiring a very considerable degree of strength—he strewed the miscellaneous contents upon the floor, and seated himself in the centre, monarch of all he surveyed; and doubtless contemplated with tranquil satisfaction the chaos he had produced. Having presumably tired of this, comparatively speaking, harmless recreation, he had evidently begun to look about for further relaxation of mind, combined with healthful exercise of body. Unfortunately, he soon espied a very large inkstand, placed, it must be allowed in extenuation, within easy reach. Immediately availing himself of the contents, and as a little pleasing variety of excitement, he deliberately and with an unsparing hand bedaubed every article of his hospitable entertainer's property with ink. The *tableau vivant* on the entrance of the unsuspecting host may be possibly better imagined than described. Either Peter was a most consummate actor, or else he really honestly considered the effect of his striking performance to be highly artistic and ornamental; for he appeared to be totally unconscious that he had been guilty of the slightest wrong-doing in this somewhat sensational scene. He was mercifully spared from punishment, but summarily dismissed from his comfortable quarters, and left to wander about the barracks 'in monkey meditation, fancy free.'

Delighted to regain his liberty on any terms, all for a time went well. During his rumbles, like Richard III. encountering Richmond on Bosworth Field, Peter unluckily met, not the object of his affections, but of his intense dislike; and springing on to the shoulders of the irate and alarmed subaltern, in the presence of a large number of officers and men—whose sympathies were of course all with Peter—he very nearly succeeded, to the great amusement of the audience, in drawing the sword of his enraged victim, who, if report did not cruelly belie him, was not at all likely to draw it readily himself! The ludicrous position in which the latter was thus placed, and the loud laughter of those assembled, of course vastly increased the subaltern's former hatred of the popular and now victorious monkey. They parted with ominous signs, at anyrate on one side, of anticipated

revenge, to be carried out sooner or later to the bitter end.

Shortly after this assault-at-arms, poor Peter was found in a woful condition; it being discovered, amidst general indignation, that he had been fired at, and seriously injured by gun-shot wounds. Notwithstanding the impossibility of proving who was guilty of this unmanly and cowardly action, it was openly attributed to the only person who was capable of committing it—the now most cordially detested subaltern, who had, it was well known, never forgiven the indignity publicly inflicted on him; the annoyance of which was immensely aggravated by the story having become the standing joke of the entire garrison. Peter's numerous sympathising friends did their utmost to save his life, which was in imminent danger. He had the best medical advice; the slugs were all extracted; and with surgical skill and affectionate care, he was happily soon restored to health. His master returned at the time of Peter's convalescence, and the rapturous joy of the poor monkey at seeing him once more will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. He clung to him, and fondly embraced him over and over again; repeatedly kissing, or rather licking his face and hands, with every possible demonstration of the most devoted attachment.

When the first paroxysm of delight had subsided, Peter, sitting on the table, the better to gaze upon his newly recovered friend and able champion, looked earnestly at him, and clasping his arm, to bespeak special attention, pointed with his own forefinger to each of the wounds whence the slugs had been taken; trying at the same time, in the nearest approach to speech that he could accomplish, to tell the piteous story of his narrow escape from a violent death, at the hands of his ruthless assailant; who never, by the way, had the courage to further molest the subject of this brief memoir. It is questionable if the most intellectual of human beings, not gifted with the power of speech, could have acted more pathetically, or indicated more vividly what had occurred to them during the absence of their natural protector and dearest friend.

FRAUDULENT HAWKERS.

ONE day, in January last, a decently dressed person visited my house and inquired for me by name; afterwards introducing himself as the agent of a firm who were commissioned to sell at a tremendous sacrifice a vast quantity of unclaimed luggage which had been left at the depôts of the various railway Companies. Having heretofore always been under the impression that such luggage was disposed of by the Companies themselves at public auction, I was curious to know something of the firm which had engaged in the speculation of buying up these goods; but the agent shirked my questions, and produced samples of calicoes, flannels, muslins, and other draperies, which he offered to sell to me at prices so ridiculously low, that I was induced to give him a rather large order. Promising that the goods should be delivered in the course of a week or so, he booked the order, being very exact about

the name and address; and then begged leave to call up his assistant with some samples of wonderfully cheap cloth which they had to dispose of.

Leave being readily granted, he called up his assistant, who appeared bearing a very weighty bundle, which on being opened, turned out, not to contain samples but pieces of cloth, each of sufficient size to make a suit of clothes. These he began to exhibit and praise after the manner of people who have goods to sell, assuring me that they were all of the very best quality and make, and not to be purchased in any shop in the kingdom for double the price he was willing to take—namely thirty shillings the piece—choose where I would. The goods were dressed and faced to appear like sound woollen cloths and tweeds, being sufficiently well got up to deceive most ordinary people, especially as each piece was printed with the words 'Royal Patent' in gilt letters at one end; and the 'agent' did not scruple to guarantee them as 'all wool.' As it happened, however, I knew sufficient about woollen manufactures to enable me to detect that the goods were neither 'all wool' nor yet cloth properly so called, but unmistakable shoddy, and shoddy of a very inferior quality to boot; so declined taking advantage of the 'bargain' he offered me. Finding that I was proof against both cajolery and flattery, he bundled up his coloured goods, leaving out one piece which I had chanced to examine somewhat narrowly, flinging it over the back of a chair with apparent carelessness, but really in a manner which exhibited it at its best, and proceeded to open a smaller parcel from which he took a piece of glossy black material, with the remark: 'There sir! there's an article I'll defy you to match in all England, either at the price I'm going to ask you, or at any other! The fact is sir, we have such a demand for this very article, that we have orders not to sell more than one piece to any person; otherwise clergymen and other professional men would soon clear out all our stock and leave none for general customers.' Shoddy again, artfully got up to imitate West of England broadcloth, but still shoddy.

'Now sir,' he continued, 'when I tell you that five-and-thirty shillings is all we ask for a piece of cloth like that, you have too much discernment to let such an opportunity of making a bargain slip. You'll never have such another chance, as our firm has but very little of it left.'

I, however, obstinately declined to avail myself of the great opportunity which was never to occur again; and my would-be benefactor slowly gathered his goods together, trying me once more, however, with the piece of stuff he had thrown over the chair, offering it, as a last resource, at what he termed the giving-away price of five-and-twenty shillings.

After what had transpired, I very much doubted whether my order for draperies would ever be complied with. So it turned out. I have not since then seen or heard anything about either the man or his goods, nor have I been able to discover a firm in Liverpool bearing the name under which he trafficked. Therefore I have come to the conclusion that the cheap draperies

had no existence in fact, but were only assumed as an introduction to the really worthless cloth. That the cloth was worthless, a friend of mine discovered to his chagrin; for having been persuaded to purchase a piece of the so-called tweed, he had it made up; but it so rapidly became 'baggy' at the knees and elbows, as to be quite unserviceable.

On another occasion I was interviewed by a person who had some pictures to dispose of. Not being inclined to purchase, I at first refused to inspect the man's goods; but he pleaded so persistently to be permitted to exhibit them, that eventually I allowed him to do so—first warning him that I should not purchase any. They proved to be rather indifferent oleographs, mounted in showy German frames, but got up to imitate oil-paintings, being furnished with canvas backs, and having a name printed or painted in one corner. Though in speaking of them the man did not actually state that they were oil-paintings, he spoke of them in such ambiguous terms, that inexperienced persons would have inferred that they were. He was not so reticent about the frames. Those he declared were double-gilt, and of the very best quality and make, being well worth the money which he demanded for picture and frame together—namely five-and-twenty shillings each, payable either in one sum, or by weekly instalments of not less than half-a-crown for each picture. The offer was tempting enough doubtless; but I could not appreciate the advantage of paying twenty-five shillings, by instalments even, for an article which any respectable picture-dealer would gladly supply me with for half a guinea cash; and positively declined his offer.

Finding that I was firm in my refusal, he packed up his pictures as if to leave me, and had got to the door, when he turned round and begged as a favour, he being a stranger in the town, that I would permit him to leave his pictures until the morning. This favour I readily granted, on the verbal understanding that I would not be responsible for any damage done to them whilst in my care.

Neither the next day nor for several days did any one call for the pictures, which had meanwhile been relegated to the attic. About a fortnight afterwards however, an individual came and presented me with a lithographed form, by which it appeared that I had become the purchaser of four pictures, value five pounds, payable by weekly instalments of ten shillings. This first instalment he politely requested me to pay, and was apparently much astonished when I declined, and denied any intention of even contemplating the purchase of the said pictures. At first he refused to receive back the pictures, arguing that I had had them in my possession more than a fortnight, and that therefore I was bound to keep them. It was not until I had the pictures placed outside the door, and had ordered him to follow them, that I could get rid of him; but eventually he left me, threatening me with an action in the county court; which, however, he never entered.

Of course the whole affair was a scheme to force the pictures upon me whether I would or not. I afterwards discovered that several persons in the neighbourhood had been victimised by these gentry; having been trapped into signing an agreement and paying an instalment, they found that

they had no remedy but to pay the full amount demanded.

Although there are doubtless many honest travelling agents, for my part, after the above two experiences, I have determined in future to have no dealings whatever with predatory merchants of any sort, unless I know that they are really the agents of respectable firms.

'GOD KNOWS.'

[SOME years ago a child's body was found on the South Coast, having been thrown there by the waves. The parish clerk on being asked what should be put on its grave, answered in perplexity: 'God knows.' This proved a fitting epitaph.]

Where the tear-fet violet blooms;
Where the shade the sunbeam chases;
Where in mossy marble tombs
Sleep the dead beneath the daisies;
Where the mourner slowly wanders
When the bird hath sought its nest,
And amid the gloaming ponders
Over those who tranquil rest;

Clouds across the crimsoned sky,
Homeward gaily were careering;
But in that lone churchyard,
Heeded not that night was nearing.
Discords in my bosom swelling,
Broke the music of life's song,
For my soul was weary dwelling
'Mid the ever-earthly throng.

Far within the stilly shade
Of a quiet sequestered corner,
Where the wild-flowers bloom and fade,
Gently nurtured by no mourner,
Was a grave, an infant's only.
No one knew the name she bore.
Ask the waves which, dark and lonely,
Cast her lifeless on the shore!

O'er this grave a humble stone
Reared its lichened head so lowly,
Like a sentinel alone,
Watching 'mid the silence holy.
Hither came the croaking raven;
From this stone its weird notes rose;
On its surface rudely graven
Were the simple words, 'God knows.'

As a moonbeam on the sea
Charms the sad winds' shriek to singing,
So those tender words to me
Tuned my song, sweet solace bringing.
Though my thorn-strewn way was dreary,
Though my feet found no repose,
Yet my soul, life-worn and weary,
Rested in the thought, 'God knows.'

W. F. H. I.

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A TOUR IN MOROCCO.

THE foreign policy of England is always in extremes. Sometimes the rage is all for acquisition of new countries; sometimes for giving up distant possessions in a gust of generosity. A few years ago, Corfu was made a present of to Greece, after costing a good deal of money and being in various ways rectified. This was not the first time that a possession in the Mediterranean was gifted away on no rational grounds. The Portuguese ceded Tangier to the English, and after being kept for a length of time, it was given up to the Moors. The result, of course, was that it lapsed into barbarism, and became a head-centre of piracy and slavery. Situated on the coast of the Mediterranean opposite Gibraltar, Tangier might at this day have been a valuable foreign possession; while its occupation by the British would undoubtedly have been beneficial to the wretchedly misgoverned inhabitants.

The Moors while in Spain were far advanced in civilisation. In many things they were certainly in advance of the Spaniards. It is therefore pitiable to know that in their own region, Morocco, they have returned to a state of barbaric stagnation. As not much is known regarding the interior of the country, the appearance, though delayed, of a *Journal of a Tour in Morocco and the Great Atlas*, by Sir J. D. Hooker and his companion Mr John Ball (London: Macmillan and Co., 1879), is as acceptable as the *Journal* itself is interesting.

These gentlemen travelled in Morocco in 1871, their special object being to visit the Great Atlas, a mountain range of which little is known. Obligated to wait some few days at Tangier for the autograph letter from the Sultan, without which it would have been dangerous as well as impolitic to attempt to travel beyond the limits assigned to consular protection, the travellers spent the time not unprofitably in obtaining from Sir John Drummond Hay that information about the country which from his long residence he is so well qualified to give, and in making botanising

excursions to Cape Spartel, Tetuan, Beni Hosmar, and Ceuta; and on the 20th of April, having obtained the important document, were able to take their departure by French steamer for Mogador, touching at one or two small ports on their way thither.

Although there is much to interest the reader in Mr Ball's preliminary pages, we need not linger over them, since the real excitement of the journey may be said to commence from the moment when El Hadj Hamara, the governor of Mogador, reverently applies to his forehead and then breaks the seal of his master's letter, and learns that he is to forward the English *hakim* and his companions to the care of 'the slave' El Graoui, to whom orders have been sent as to what he is to do; and proceeds to carry out these very curtly conveyed instructions, which, however, were still further enforced by the arrival of a courier from the Sultan's eldest son, the viceroy of the southern provinces, with orders to take every care for the safety and comfort of the travellers during their journey to the capital. It may be as well to mention that 'the slave' El Graoui was no less a person than the governor of that portion of the Great Atlas subject to the Sultan's authority; a stout man of completely black complexion, whose broad countenance gave the impression of considerable energy, with an habitual expression of good-humoured ferocity—a person upon whose assistance must depend entirely the failure or success of the expedition. By cleverly taking advantage of the rivalry which subsisted between him and the governor of Morocco, Sir J. D. Hooker effectually managed to secure his friendly intervention so long as it was needed; and he gives us many amusing instances of the form in which official protection displays itself in this country. For instance, a representation having been made by Mr Carstensen, the British vice-consul at Mogador, to the effect that horses and mules for riding, together with numerous baggage animals, would be required, an order had gone forth a week before the arrival of the party that no horses or mules should be sold or hired until

such as were needed had been selected; and a complaint having been made that some brass-work ordered from a certain skilful craftsman had not been executed within the time specified, the artisan was at once thrown into prison, and a soldier placed over him to see that he did no other work than that promised to the English strangers.

Wherever the travellers turned, not only were houses placed at their disposition, but a considerable *mona* or food-offering was literally laid at their feet at each resting-place. This *mona* indeed must have been, owing to the shameful rapacity of the native escort, a terrible burden upon the people, especially the poor mountaineers, consisting as it did of large numbers of sheep and fowls, with bread, tea, loaves of sugar, French candles, eggs, butter, honey, corn for the horses and mules, and dishes of barley-porridge and *kes koussou*. But the order having gone forth from the Sultan that the travellers were to be put to no expense whatever, they were powerless to prevent the exaction, and could only recognise the justice of the request that they should not make a long stay in the higher valleys, where the population was not rich enough to be able to support them for any length of time, although the reputation of Hooker as a distinguished and successful *hakim* caused him to be everywhere received with favour, and followed by crowds of suffering people.

A curious difficulty presented itself at the outset; namely how to assign for the expedition an object which should be in any way intelligible to the Moorish mind. 'We were well aware,' says Mr Ball, 'that anything so simple as the statement that the object was to gratify our curiosity as to the vegetation of the Great Atlas, would at once be set aside as a false pretext, intended to cover some sinister design. That one man should be crazy enough to make a long journey for such a purpose might have been thought within the range of possibility; but to suppose that three should all at once be smitten with such a form of insanity, was plainly too ridiculous. To endeavour to explain that Hooker, as Director of a great national establishment, such as Kew Gardens, should be anxious to enrich it by the introduction of new, rare, or useful plants, was not likely to be more successful;' so they hit upon the idea of stating that the Sultana of England had wonderful gardens, in which were plants from all countries of the world excepting the Great Atlas, and that she had sent Hooker and his assistants to collect and send home whatever they could find there. But this suggestion was entirely objected to on the ground that a powerful sovereign must not occupy herself with anything so frivolous as a garden; her thoughts must be with her government and with her fleets and armies.

It was, however, conceded that the acquisition of medical plants might be a worthy object of desire; and Hooker having accordingly stated that his mission had especial reference to these, the received version of the affair came to be that the Sultana of England had heard that there was somewhere in Morocco a plant that would make her live for ever, and had sent her

own *hakim* to find it for her; so that when the botanists were observed to undergo rather hard labour, the commentary always was: 'The Sultana of England is a severe woman, and she has threatened to give them stick (*bastinado*) if they do not find the herb she wants.'

After much consideration as to the direction their journey was to take, which, owing to the difficulty of obtaining reliable information about the country, was by no means an easy matter to decide, it was resolved to push forward into the interior, and try to reach the head of the valley of the Tessout—the main western branch of the Oum-el-bia—lying probably about one hundred and twenty miles due east of the town of Morocco, as by this means it was thought that the easiest approach to the higher portion of the Great Atlas would most probably be found. Accordingly, having obtained from El Graoui letters to all the *Knids* of the valleys extending from Tassermout to the borders of Haha, as well as to the governor of Dometet, and taking with them three small tents, a considerable amount of baggage, and several attendants, besides an escort of nine privates and two officers, the party—now forming a procession of thirty-seven men and thirty-three horses and mules—slowly defiled through the filthy lanes of Morocco, and left the city by the south-east gate, on what must have indeed been an expedition of most exceptional and quite absorbing interest.

Looking at Mr Ball's new map of Southern Morocco—upon which, by the way, it is a pity that the travellers' route is not indicated with more distinctness—we see a grand chain of mountains, rising it is said to a mean height of twelve thousand two hundred feet for a distance of eighty miles, thus surpassing any other of equal length in Europe or in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Of this chain the travellers first gained the summit ridge—much to the disgust of their guides, who did all they could to hinder them from making the ascent—in the midst of a snow-storm of such violence that it was almost impossible to face it, and were of course unable on that occasion to do anything but return as quickly as possible to a less inclement region. The appearance of the party was, says the writer, most singular; faces of a livid purple were inclosed by masses of hair thickly matted with ice; and the beards, frozen in the direction of the wind, projected on one side, giving a strangely distorted expression to each countenance.

On another occasion, when they ascended the Djebel Tezah mountain, they were fortunate in a cloudless sky, and the white mantle of snow had also almost entirely disappeared. This time they were able to study the grand panorama, and to take careful note of every object presented to their view. Looking towards the south, at a distance of fifty or sixty miles rose the range of the Anti-Atlas, shewing a wavy outline with rounded summits, the highest portion being a few degrees west of south; and between these and the summit where they were, lay the Valley of Sous, represented as 'the proper home of everything strange and marvellous in the empire'; a region, however, which religious fanaticism now guards with especial rigour. In the sixteenth century, Taradant, its capital, was a large and flourishing city, resorted to by English and French merchants; while in the

present day the single English traveller Mr Jordan, who has succeeded in reaching it, was only saved from death by being immediately sent away by the governor, and ordered to put as wide a space as possible without loss of time between himself and the fanatical city.

To return to the summit of Djebel Tezah. Looking to the east-north-east and east-south-east, massive buttresses stretch away from the main chain of the Atlas, some probably surpassing the height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level; while more to the north was beheld a remarkable isolated mass, forming a bold promontory. On a platform of level ground a few feet below the summit were about a dozen rude stone buildings, probably intended as shelter for herdsmen who in summer drive their flocks to this lofty region. On some of the lower parts of the mountain, trees of the bellot oak (*Quercus ballota* of Desfontaines), of great age, and having thick trunks, are still to be found, the remains probably of forests which once clothed its flanks.

The impressions which the travellers derived of the outer region of the Great Atlas were very agreeable. They found the country populous and fertile; and though but little space existed for tillage, olives, walnuts, and the Indian fig grow luxuriantly, and afford a considerable amount of sustenance; while the destructive practice of setting fire to the brushwood in order to obtain scanty pasturage for sheep and goats, is the only cause which prevents the northern slopes from being clothed with valuable timber. The *Callitris*, which under the name of citrus-wood obtained such an extravagant price in the days of imperial Rome, might easily become a source of wealth, for the beauty of the wood would secure a ready market, were the trees, of which small specimens are abundant, allowed to attain a sufficient size. At present, the only use made of them is the production of gum-sandarac, a small quantity of which is exported to Europe. The *Juniperus Phœnicea* appears to possess some medicinal quality, since a kind of tar is made from it, which is found to heal the sores of men and animals. All attempts to discover the Morocco gum-ammuniac plant proved to be fruitless. The Moors called it Kileh, and stated that it is to be found at some distance north of Morocco city. The gum-arabic plant grows principally about Dementet, and is said to be the *Alk Thah*, the *Acacia gummifera* of Willdenow; but unfortunately at the time of the expedition neither the flower nor fruit of it was procurable.

Undoubtedly, the most remarkable vegetable production of Morocco is that singular tree *Argania sideroxyylon* or Argan, first introduced to us by Leo Africanus, and which is so much valued on account of its oil, as well as for its fine-grained timber of singular hardness; while the husks of the fruit provide such excellent food for camels, goats, sheep, and cows, that the countryman going into the woods to collect Argan nuts invariably takes his herd with him, that they may feed upon it while he is separating the nuts from their green envelope. To extract the oil, the shell is first broken and the nut afterwards roasted like coffee, ground in a hand-mill, and kneaded with a small quantity of hot water. The Argan tree, which in growth has a resemblance to the olive, is confined to a very circumscribed area of

Morocco. It presents at times a most curious appearance, as goats are so fond of the nuts that they will climb in search of them almost to its topmost branches. And Mr Ball gives us a sketch of one or two venerable specimens, loaded with these scansorial quadrupeds, who seem to be enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

In his chapter on the resources of the empire, the writer says that it is difficult on this subject to say too much. With an almost unequalled climate there is scarcely any one of the productions of the warmer temperate and subtropical zones that may not here be obtained. Already the country supplies large quantities of olive-oil, dates, oranges, and almonds, with a little cotton; and the esparto grass now so largely consumed by paper-makers is exported from the province of Haha. The supply of cotton of course might be largely increased; and there seems to be no reason why coffee, tea, sugar, indigo, and other valuable exotic produce should not be raised, if the deficient rainfall were supplemented by increased irrigation. There is, however, one difficulty less easy to surmount—namely the frequent inroads of the destroying locust, against which, up to the present time, no effectual means of defence has been discovered.

Necessarily in many respects superficial, from the very limited time the exploration lasted, the work yet throws considerable light on the condition of the country, shewing not merely its misgovernment, but the absolute stagnation of everything, even where, as in many cases, actual deterioration is not self-evident; and one cannot help agreeing with Mr Ball when he says that with an effete race, corrupted by luxury, who have lost the spirit, but preserved many of the traditions of a decayed civilisation, no improvement can be expected; and that the best chance for Morocco would be that it should pass under the control of a civilised state, strong enough to overcome speedily the inevitable resistance of the Moorish ruling class, and advanced enough to control the welfare of the people it undertakes to govern.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

CHAPTER II.—A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

It was still early in the day when Walter left the cottage a second time. His heart was cheerful, and his movements light and rapid. Instead, however, of taking the road leading to the inn, he struck off in a zigzag path through the valley towards the Engelhorn, whose jagged and lofty peaks rose far up into the blue sky. After a short time he reached the large and splendid glacier that lies between the Engelhorn and Wellhorn, cast a hasty glance at the beautiful masses of ice burnished to prismatic brilliancy by the morning sun, and then turned to the left towards a steep and narrow path leading to the summit. As the road grew more difficult at every step, his progress became much slower, and he purposely reserved his strength, knowing well that it would be severely taxed before he gained the object of his journey. After a toilsome ascent of half an hour he reached the lofty crag called by the moun-

taineers the Warder of the glacier, and sat down to recover his breath.

It was very necessary for him to take a little rest; for the way he had come, although long and tiring, was as child's-play compared with the difficulties he had yet to overcome. He had to climb the steep and dizzy heights that towered above his head; and instead of walking along a narrow footpath, he would have to clamber over rocks and loose stones, to pass close to the most dreadful precipices, and across foaming mountain-streams, till he reached the height at which the refreshing green disappeared, with nothing visible but huge masses of brown and gray rock; where no other sight met the eye but that of mountain tops covered with perpetual snow and ice—a world dead and deserted, where the familiar voices of nature were almost unknown; where no bird carolled its love-song from the waving branch; where no sound was to be heard save the muttered thunder of the avalanche, the roaring of the cataracts which poured forth from the melting glaciers and made courses for themselves through heaps of rough stones; and now and again the harsh and discordant scream of a solitary vulture that with outspread wings circled slowly aloft, piercing into the valleys with its keen eye in search of prey. Into these wild and lonely regions Walter had to climb in order to reach the lofty crag whereon the vulture—the far-famed Lammereiger of the Alps—had reared her eyrie.

But these difficulties had little terror for the cool-headed and brave-hearted mountain youth, who had from his earliest days been accustomed to roam on dizzy heights where the slightest false step would have been destruction. He was determined to finish what he had begun; and gratitude to the noble and generous stranger lent new courage to his soul, and strength and endurance to his frame.

After a short rest he jumped up again, and renewed the toilsome ascent, following slowly but steadily the dangerous track that led to the summit of the mountain. His feet often slipped on the bare and polished rock; sometimes he slid ten or twenty paces backwards over loose pebbles, and anon sank knee-deep in the snow which here and there filled the hollows; but nothing daunted him or caused him to waver from his purpose. At last he reached a broad sheet of ice with innumerable crevices and chasms, on the further side of which a narrow ridge like the edge of a knife stretched above a wild and lonely valley, the base of which yawned two or three thousand feet below. At the extreme end of this ridge the nest he was in search of was built on a small point of rock, the sides of which descended precipitously into the depths below.

With his eye fixed on the distant crag, Walter commenced the passage of the ice-field. The utmost caution being necessary at every step, he felt carefully with his long staff to ascertain whether the snow that covered the icy mass was fit to bear his weight, or only formed a treacherous bridge over the numerous ravines which yawned beneath. Pending his way round the large chasms, he leaped easily over the smaller ones with the aid of his staff; and after

avoiding all the more dangerous spots, he succeeded, by caution and presence of mind, in safely reaching the further side of the glacier, where the last but most perilous part of his journey was to begin.

As he stood there leaning on his alpenstock, out of breath with the exertion he had undergone, and surveyed the fearful path which scarcely any human foot had ever dared to tread; as he cast a glance at the dizzy precipices which yawned on each side of the ridge, which was itself in many places scarcely a foot in breadth; as he considered the inevitable destruction that would follow a single false step, he began to feel his courage fail, and lost for a moment the confidence and contempt of danger which had filled his soul an hour or two before, and sustained him during his perilous journey. 'What if I should never return, nor see my father again?' said he to himself, as he drew back from the road which seemed to threaten him with destruction. 'Is it not too great a risk to run?'

But these fears only lasted a few moments. 'He called to mind the generosity of the stranger, and pictured to himself the delight with which he would receive him if he returned laden with such valuable booty; and his determination was renewed on the spot.

'I should be ashamed ever to look him in the face again,' said he to himself; 'and what would father say if he were to see that I was afraid of climbing a few rocks? No, no! I must and will have the birds; so here goes!'

Laying his alpenstock on the ground, he took off the thick jacket and heavy shoes which would but hinder his progress, and with only his shirt and trousers on, an axe in his belt, and the game-bag hung over his shoulder, he started forwards with all his former courage and energy, to complete the dangerous undertaking.

His progress was not difficult at first. The ridge along which he had to go was broad enough to begin with, although very rough and wild here and there. But after he had gone a little way, it got so narrow that he found it difficult to secure a foothold. At this point the ridge became so attenuated that the youth saw at the first glance that it was impossible to proceed in an upright position; he therefore crept along on all-fours, or sat astride the ridge and urged himself on with his hands and feet.

Thus, with extreme difficulty he pursued his perilous way towards the end of the ridge on which he knew the eyrie was built. But presently he saw the nest and could hear the young birds piping, which gave him new strength and determination. At this juncture a loud scream overhead caused him to look up, and he was alarmed to see the female vulture wheeling round the nest with a young goat in her talons. With this new danger menacing him, the young craftsman lay flat down on the rock, and remained motionless, while he offered up an earnest prayer to heaven that the bird might not discover him. He knew the peril which threatened him, for he had often heard of the fury with which the vulture attacks any one who attempts to rob its nest. He had heard of many craftsmen who had lost their lives in that way, and his own position was by no means the most favourable to defend himself against attack. His short and earnest prayer was not in vain.

The young birds screeched louder and louder as they saw the prey in their mother's talons; and after the vulture had further tempted their appetite by one or two more majestic sweeps, she dropped the dainty morsel into the nest, where it was at once seized. After assisting her young ones to make a good beginning of their meal, the mother bird unfolded her powerful wings, and glided into the valley beneath with the speed of an arrow.

'Heaven be thanked, I am saved!' murmured Walter as he rose from his uncomfortable position and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. 'I must lose no time now, or perhaps one or both the old birds may return.'

He pressed on with redoubled energy till an event occurred, unimportant in itself, but which caused him some uneasiness, and reminded him of the need of caution. The rock in places was fragile and split up by the weather, and with a slight touch of his foot he loosened an immense fragment of stone, which went rolling down the side of the mountain till it reached a projecting ledge hundreds of feet below. A pang of terror shot through the boy's heart, and his face blanched, as he watched the stone thundering over the obstacles in its way until it disappeared in a cloud of dust. It seemed as if the whole mountain trembled beneath him; a mist bleared his eyes; and as the blood rushed to his head, a deadly giddiness threatened to overpower him. He felt an impulse to throw himself over, which he could scarcely resist; and it was only by falling on his face and shutting his eyes, that he recovered his presence of mind. After thus lying for several minutes with beating heart and quaking limbs, until by degrees he became more at ease, he ventured to look around him once more, and fixed his eyes on the nest, which was now only about fifty paces farther on.

After waiting a few minutes longer, to be sure that his courage had returned, he made a fresh start, determining not to allow anything to alarm him again; and soon reached the end of the ridge, and viewed the nest with the young vultures before him. But here still another difficulty presented itself. The rock, which up to this point had been quite level, rose at the extreme end about eight feet above the ridge, and formed a sort of projecting platform, which the parent birds, with their wonderful sagacity, had deemed the most suitable spot on which to take up their abode. As he measured the height with his eye, Walter began to fear that after all he would be obliged to return without accomplishing his object, for the rock was so smooth as scarcely to afford the least hold to either his hands or feet. Fortunately, however, he recollected his little axe, which might do him good service if the stone, as he hoped, proved soft. Raising himself cautiously, he drew the axe from his belt, and while supporting himself with the left hand, dealt the rock several vigorous blows with the right, and to his great delight succeeded in making notches, by which, if he only went carefully to work, he could accomplish his object.

With renewed courage he clambered up the almost perpendicular rock, and his curly hair and sun-burnt face soon appeared above the edge of the nest. The next moment he leaned over, seized the young birds in spite of their angry

cries, transferred them one after the other to his bag, and throwing it across his shoulder began to return on the dangerous road by which he had come. In common, however, with the experience of all who have ascended precipitous heights, he soon found that going down was much more difficult than had been the coming up; but ignoring the fact that he had beneath him a precipice two thousand feet deep, he devoted all his attention to the work immediately before him, and carefully descended the rocky wall step by step, till he reached the level ridge once more. He then turned slowly round, slung his bag in front of him, and leaning back against the wall, surveyed the giddy road which he must traverse to reach the glacier and the steep declivities of the Engelhorn, and thereafter his native valley.

It was a difficult and dangerous road; but the young mountaineer's heart was now full of joy and confidence, for he had surmounted the greatest difficulty, and the prize of his bold and daring venture was in his possession. He uttered an exclamation of triumph; then, thanking God for the help he had received, he implored the Divine protection on his homeward journey. The sharp ridge made it necessary for him, as before, to work his way forward astride on the rock for some time; but he soon got within sight of a part where it would be possible to go on his hands and knees, and was just about to exchange his striding position for the more comfortable one of crawling, when the constant shrieking of the young vultures in his bag was answered by a piercing cry from above, followed the next moment by the loud rushing of powerful wings close to his ear. The boy uttered an exclamation of horror, and clung with all his might to the rock to prevent himself from falling.

In an instant he perceived the fearful danger that threatened him. One, or perhaps both the old birds had been attracted by the cries of the young ones, and were about to avenge themselves on the robber of their nest. Walter guessed that a hard fight would probably take place, and his first impulse was to throw the bag with the young birds into the valley beneath, and then try to make his escape as well as he might. But he soon found that this plan was more readily formed than it could be executed; for before he could make a single movement, he felt the blast of the wings just above his head, while the screaming of the enraged bird so confused his senses, that he had great difficulty to avoid being hurled from his narrow resting-place into the ravine below. This sudden danger, although it alarmed him for the moment, awoke the next moment the courage and determination of the brave-hearted boy. It was a case of life or death, and it was vain to think of retiring from the contest. So, snatching his axe from his belt, he aimed a powerful blow at the old vulture as she swept down upon him for the third time. He succeeded beyond his expectation, for the blow, made almost at random, struck the wing of the bird, which, after vainly attempting to continue the struggle, fell helplessly into the abyss.

Relieved of his antagonist, Walter felt completely exhausted, and was obliged to lie down at full length for several minutes until he regained his breath and self-possession. He then made the best of his way along till he reached the steep

road leading to the glacier, and had got about half-way down, when just in the most dangerous part, he heard the ominous scream again, and saw with a shrinking horror that the male vulture, attracted, like its mate, by the continued cries of the young birds, had discovered him. In a fury of rage the angry bird darted downwards, and sweeping past with outstretched talons, tried to hurl him headlong from the crag.

In this dreadful crisis, Walter pressed as hard as he could against the rocky crag, having but one hand at liberty to defend himself against the furious attack of the bird. It was quite impossible for him to get at his axe; and the force with which he was menaced, caused him nearly to let go his hold. He tried to seize the vulture's throat and strangle it; but the bird was too active, and made all such attempts perfectly useless. He could scarcely hope to continue such a dangerous struggle much longer. He was becoming faint from terror, and his left hand was fast growing numb with grasping the rock. He had almost resigned himself to his fate, and expected the next moment to be dashed to pieces on the field of ice beneath. Suddenly, however, he recollected his pocket-knife, and a new ray of hope dawned. Giving up the attempt to clutch at the furious bird, he drew the knife out of his pocket, and opened it with his teeth, and aiming two or three blows at the creature's breast, he found at last that he had been successful in reaching some mortal part. The fluttering of the wings ceased, and the dying bird stained the virgin snow with its blood on the ice-field below. Walter was saved—there was no other enemy now to fear—his life was no longer in danger; but his energies were taxed to the utmost, and it was well for him that the terrible contest had lasted no longer.

Pale, trembling in every limb, and spattered with the vulture's blood as well as that which trickled from the many wounds he had received, the valiant young cragsman sank helplessly to the ground, where he lay for some minutes, stunned with the terrible exertion he had gone through. At length, however, he so far recovered himself as to be able to continue his fatiguing and dangerous journey, and soon succeeded in reaching the spot where he had left his jacket, shoes, and alpenstock. Having gained a place of safety, he poured forth his thanks to God for delivering him from such great danger, and began to bind up his wounds, which for the first time were now painless. When this was accomplished in a rough and ready sort of way, he had a peep at the trophies in his bag, whose capture had been attended with such adventurous danger; and with the aid of his alpenstock succeeded in getting the dead body of the old bird, which he found had been struck right to the heart. But his knife he could not recover, so concluded that he must have dropped it after the deadly encounter.

'That doesn't matter much,' said he to himself, as he looked at the size of the bird. 'It is a good exchange; and if I give the stranger the old bird with the young ones, I daresay he will give me another knife. What a splendid creature! Fully four feet long, and the wings at least three yards across. How father will open his eyes when he sees the dead Lammergeier—and the Scotch gentleman too!'

Tying the legs of the bird together with cord which he had fortunately brought, he slung it across his shoulder, to balance the weight of the bag; and then started on his journey across the glacier, the foot of which he soon reached, and was then within hailing distance of the hotel where the stranger was residing.

It was a good thing that he had not been kept longer away, for the sun was beginning to set by the time he reached the valley, and only the highest peaks were lit up by its departing glory. Tired and hungry, Walter was thankful to find himself once more at the door of the inn, where there was the same crowd of travellers, guides, horses and mules he had seen in the morning. His appearance had attracted general attention as he descended the last hill leading to the hotel.

'Why, I declare it's Watty Hirzel!' exclaimed one of the guides. 'He was here this morning, and I declare he's got a young eagle hanging across his shoulder.'

'Say an old vulture, Mohrle, and you'll be nearer the mark,' replied the lad in a cheerful tone and with sparkling eyes; for he felt so proud of the triumph he had achieved, that all fatigue seemed to be forgotten. 'An old vulture, Mohrle, and a splendid fellow into the bargain! I've got the young ones in my bag here.'

'You're a pretty fellow!' said another guide, with a sneer. 'I suppose you mean to tell us that you've killed the old bird and carried off the young ones?'

'Yes; that is just what I mean to tell you,' replied the boy, smiling, and paying no attention to the sneer of the other. 'I've done it all alone. I took the youngsters out of the nest, and had a regular fight with the old ones afterwards. I brought one of them home; but the other you will find somewhere in the Urzacht Valley, if you like to go and look for it.'

'I think the lad speaks the truth,' said Mohrle, gazing at Walter with astonishment and respect. —'You've had a long journey, my boy, and you're covered with blood. Did the old vulture hurt you?'

'Yes; the brute stuck his claws into me, and if I hadn't had a sharp knife in my pocket, it would have been all over with me. But let me through, for I want to take the young birds up-stairs to a gentleman here.'

Mohrle and the other guides who had surrounded the courageous boy would gladly have detained him longer to hear all the particulars of his daring adventure; but he pressed through the crowd, promising to tell them all about it afterwards, and made his way up to the room occupied by Mr Seymour, who received him with as much astonishment as the guides had done.

'There, sir,' exclaimed Walter, as he took the young vultures out of his bag and laid them on the floor—'there are the birds you wanted; and here is one of the old ones which I brought with me from the Engelhorn. But you must let them have something to eat—the live ones, I mean; for they've had nothing for nearly a whole day, and are squealing for hunger.'

Mr Seymour stood for a moment speechless. He was filled with delight at the sight of the young birds he had so long wished for, but was at the same time dumfounded at the courage and honour of the young mountaineer.

'Is it possible?' he exclaimed at last. 'Have you really ventured to risk your life, although I told you that I didn't want the birds?'

'Well sir, I know you said so; but I saw by your face that you would like to have them all the same; and so, as you had been so kind to me, I didn't mind running a little risk to please you, although it was hard work. So there they are; but you mustn't forget to feed them, or they will be starved to death before the morning.'

'Oh, we will take good care that they don't die of hunger,' replied Mr Seymour, ringing the bell. 'I think, as you take such a warm interest in the welfare of the birds, you must feel rather hungry yourself. So sit down and have something to eat, and then you can tell me all about your adventure.'

When the waiter came, some raw meat was ordered for the fledglings—which were presently safely housed in the stable-yard—and a good dinner for Walter, who, aided by Mr Seymour's encouraging remarks, did justice to a meal the like of which he had never before seen—a finale which was to him by far the most agreeable part of his day's work. Then the lad commenced, in simple language, to describe all that he had gone through, which, while it pleased his host thoroughly, caused him to feel still greater surprise and admiration at his young friend's unaffected bravery and presence of mind.

'You have performed a brave and daring action,' said he, when Walter had finished his story. 'I should call it a rash and fool-hardy adventure, had you not been actuated by a noble motive in carrying it out. A feeling of gratitude inspired you, and therefore God was with you, and preserved you. But tell me, boy, how is it that you had courage and resolution enough to expose yourself to such a frightful risk?'

'Well sir, I can't say,' replied Walter thoughtfully. 'All I know is that I was determined to do it, and that is enough to help one over a great many hard things. At the very last, when I was attacked by the second vulture, and might have been easily thrown down the rocks, the thought came into my mind that you must and ought to have the birds; and then I recollected the knife in my pocket, which settled the business. Yes; that was it sir. You had been so generous to me, that I made up my mind to fight it out; and there's the end of it. I couldn't think of being ungrateful after so much kindness.'

'Well, my lad, you have proved most clearly that you have a thankful heart and a cool and determined head,' said Mr Seymour, not without emotion. 'Maintain these characteristics, and use them always for good and noble purposes, and I am sure you will find the end of every adventure as satisfactory as this has been to-day. I owe you a new knife and a suit of clothes; for the old vulture that has used you so badly was not in our bargain this morning. But we will talk about that another time. You had better go home now; for I think your father will begin to feel anxious about you, as it is getting late. I will come and see you in the morning.'

Walter left the room in great glee. He stopped a few minutes in the court-yard to tell the impatient guides what he had gone through, and then hurried home as fast as he could, where he found his father waiting for him with some impatience.

'Everything is settled, father!' he exclaimed, as he clasped him round the neck. 'We shall get our cow back again now; for I've got the money, and neighbour Frieshardt can't keep her any longer. I've brought it with me from the Engelhorn!'

The peasant could scarce believe the hurried words of the excited boy, and was afraid his head was turned, until Walter opened the little cupboard where he had put the money, and laid the two bright gold pieces on the table. There was no longer any room for doubt; and the poor man's eyes sparkled with delight as he looked at the sum which was just sufficient to pay his debt and rescue the cow from the hands of his neighbour. 'But how did you come by all this money, Watty?' he inquired. 'I hope you have got it fairly and honestly?'

'Yes; quite honestly, father,' replied the boy with an open and exultant smile.

'Well, tell me—— But no; I must go and get Liesli out of prison without a moment's delay. Come along with me to neighbour Frieshardt's, Watty.'

Away went the happy pair to the neighbouring farm-house; and although Frieshardt looked sullen and displeased when Toni Hirzel laid the gold pieces on the table, it was no use for him to offer any resistance; so he went rather sulkily to the cow-house, and let out the captive animal, which was followed home by the peasant and his proud son, and got a capital supper in her old quarters. When this important business was accomplished, Walter repaired with his father to the little cottage again, and for the third and last time that day related all the adventures he had gone through.

'Thanks be to God that He has watched over you, and brought you safely home again!' exclaimed the father, who had listened with a beating heart to his son's story. 'It is a great blessing that we have got the money, for my cousin couldn't lend me any. But now promise me faithfully, youngster, that you will never go on such a dangerous errand again without speaking to me about it. It is a perfect miracle that you have come back alive! We have good reason to be thankful as long as we live that you didn't miss your footing or get killed by that savage vulture. But what I wonder most at is that you could muster up the pluck for such a risky business.'

'Well, father, I did it for you, and so that we could get poor Liesli back again,' replied the boy. 'We could never have got on without the cow; and as the Scotch gentleman had been so kind to me, I made up my mind to get the young birds for him, and thought nothing about the danger.'

'I am very glad you have been so successful,' said his father; 'but never forget that your success is owing altogether to God's help, and don't forget to thank Him with all your heart for His watchful care.'

'I'll be sure not to forget that, father,' was the boy's reply. 'I know that the greatest courage is of no use without God's blessing; and I prayed for help before I set out, and several times afterwards.'

'That was right, Watty. Never forget God, and He will always be with you, and protect

you all your life long. And now, good-night, dear boy.

'Good-night, father,' replied Walter heartily; and both retired to their humble beds, and were soon wrapped in deep and healthful slumber.

A CORNISH CAIRN.

IN various parts of Great Britain, but more especially in the south-western counties of England, are scattered certain mounds of varying size, which, to many will seem to be natural eminences. On investigation, however, these are found to be what are termed sepulchral mounds, or in other words, the burying-places of human beings who died ages ago. Up to comparatively recent times, little was known respecting these mounds or barrows, which, with superstitious veneration, were allowed to remain untouched by the spade or plough. Modern science, however, combined perhaps with a certain curiosity, has set people to work to ascertain the contents of these curious structures, resulting in 'finds,' which from their nature, are looked upon with the greatest interest both by antiquaries and the general public.

The articles found in these sepulchral mounds are for the most part stone coffins, or cists as they are termed, inside which are frequently deposited earthenware urns, containing the burned ashes of the dead. Beside these remnants of mortality are sometimes scattered beads, axe-heads (celts), bronze implements, and articles for adorning the person, collections of which are to be found in our museums. The opening of a barrow, it will thus be gathered, is looked upon by those more immediately interested as an operation not only curious in itself, but likely to be followed by the discovery of articles of pre-historic value. With this introduction we will proceed to say a few words concerning the opening of what our contributor terms a Cornish Cairn.

The pre-historic folks who built the recently opened cairn on Bollowall Cliff, St Just in Penwith, certainly had an eye to a grand prospect, for it would be hard to find a grander along the whole Cornish coast. Cape Cornwall and Cairn Gluze (the gray rock) to right and left; and southward, cape after cape, and then the long sweep of Whitsand Bay, flanked by Pen-maen-dhu (black stone head), beyond which projects the Land's End.

The cairn of which we speak is seventy feet across the outer, and more than thirty across the inner diameter. It must have resembled two huge domed or 'beshive' huts, one inside the other; both the outer and inner walls presenting a well-finished regular facing, and the space between the two being filled in with earth and rough surface stones. It was the abundance of these surface stones, so unlike the angular *débris* of mine-workings, which led an experienced miner to suspect there was something worth exploring in this heap, which struck him as distinct from the mine-rubbish with which the greater part of the cliff is covered. Fortunately, a namesake and descendant of the famous Cornish antiquary Dr Borlase looks on all local archaeological work as his by inheritance. He has had the barrow carefully and thoroughly opened; and moreover, has taken care that portions of the inner and outer walls, and

two at least of the cists, shall be preserved in the state in which they were found.

When this interesting barrow or cairn was opened, the inner space was found to contain several cists, in all of which were urns, or fragments of urns, of very rude badly baked pottery. These were full of ashes and bits of charred wood. Not a trace of metal was found, nor in fact anything except a few round stones, one large stone bead, and seven very curious glass beads. Besides the cists, there was a central burning-place covered with a layer of ashes. The space between the inner and outer walls contained a number of cists with urns just like those found in the inner ring. The place was apparently used for the successive interments of a tribe—possibly that tribe whose pah or fortified village was the neighbouring cliff-castle of Kenidzack. The entrance to the central burning-place may have been kept open till the whole available space was filled with cists; it was then, we may suppose, walled up, and the outer wall gradually raised as the inter-space also got filled with cists.

Despite the poverty of the 'finds,' the barrow is, from its size and mode of construction, one of the most remarkable ever opened in West Cornwall. The face of the outer and inner walls strongly resembles the very peculiar work seen in the fogos or underground chambers, of which there are several in the neighbourhood; in both, the corners are rounded off, and the dome-shape preserved in precisely the same manner. Its age is of course uncertain, for no one knows how late archaic customs may have lingered on in this corner of the land. Bronze was very rare in West Cornwall in the days when men burned their dead and placed the urns in cists covered with huge barrows or cairns. Moreover, Canon Greenwell, in his interesting book on British Barrows, shews it to have been as rare among the early dwellers on the Yorkshire wolds. Only here and there in England is much metallic wealth found in primeval burying-places.

It does not, however, need the excitement of rich 'finds' to interest most people in opening a barrow. Every chip of flint, every rolled pebble, sets workers and onlookers on the *qui vive*. Every half-inch of charcoal seems to tell its share of the story. And when, after heaps of rubble have been thrown out, a small flat stone is laid bare, and then another joining it, the two forming the broken capstone of a stone coffin, the excitement is intense. The handling of an unglazed half-baked urn is a delicate operation, for it sometimes happens that when it is all but disengaged from the earth around, the frail vessel falls to pieces at a touch. One very large urn now in the Penzance Museum, was successfully put together after being shattered into small bits, because its discoverer, fearing a catastrophe, chalked zigzag marks all over its surface before he allowed the workmen to lift it up; the marks served as guides to himself and his wife in the work—a labour of love, but a great labour nevertheless—of piecing it together again.

The glass beads of course have given rise to much discussion. Everybody in West Cornwall believes in the close alliance which in former times existed between the Cornishmen and the Phœnicians. The latest historian of Penzance tells us that their sailors used to wear 'the

flowing garments of the East? You encounter the Phœnicians while sharing Cornish hospitality; praise the Devonshire cream, and you will at once be stopped by the gentle but firm assertion that it is not Devonshire, but Phœnician. And though sceptics may sneer, the West Cornishman will still believe in his Phœnicians. Be that as it may, the intelligent tourist will do well not to leave the neighbourhood without seeing Bollowall barrow.

[Since this was written, the excavation has been completed. Many more cists have been found, containing more than a hundredweight of broken pottery. A gallery, roofed with huge slabs, has been opened on the south side of the outer circle. Such a gallery exists at the Burgh of Angus at Newtown on the Boyne. Under the centre space described above, has been found a grave, dug in the rock, containing much black unctuous earth and charred wood. To the sober archaeologist the barrow is far more interesting than it was some months ago, but alas, the glass beads on being tested proved to be of highly glazed clay, to the confusion of the Phœnician theory! The way in which the work has been done is most creditable. Too often such remains are recklessly destroyed—rifled of their contents, and then levelled or carelessly covered in. We have known several instances of so-called giants' graves broken up for farm-buildings! It is fortunate that Bollowall cairn has been rescued by the same hand which has just lately restored the St Just *plan-au-quare*, amphitheatre for miracle-plays, about which we may perhaps by-and-by say a few words.]

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE scene is a prettily furnished sitting-room in Bloomsbury Square, London, and the time nine A.M. on a bright spring morning. Two young people—husband and wife evidently—are seated at breakfast; but the meal is so far advanced that they have both turned to their newspapers, or rather to the one paper, which they have divided between them. She, strange to say, is immersed in the City article of the *Morning Clipper*. He is tuning to himself over a critique on the new comedy produced last night at the Variety Theatre. She is a handsome blonde of two-and-twenty. He is a tall, thin, rather melancholy looking young man, who has just seen his four-and-twentieth birthday.

'Veronics down again one-eighth!' mutters Mrs Rivers. 'They have been sinking every day for the last fortnight. They used to be a favourite stock with papa. I hope he has not dipped deep in them of late.'

'And they dignify this rubbish with the name of criticism!' cries Gerald in disgust, as he flings away his paper and turns to his cold coffee. 'A more unfair and one-sided attack was never penned. But if Baboonie were to write like an angel, the *Clipper* would stab him all the same; and if he were to write as badly as—as I do, the *Pharos* would be sure to trample him; so that one always knows what to expect.'

Presently the postman's knock was heard, and a minute later a slatternly maid-of-all-work brought up a letter for Mrs Rivers and a sealed packet for Gerald.

'A letter from papa! I should know his queer cramped hand anywhere,' cried Alice. 'Good news or bad, eh, Gerald?'

'My story back from the *Piccadilly*!' groaned poor Gerald, with a visible lengthening of his already long face. 'Was ever such luck as mine! I shall begin to think soon that I am only fit to break stones by the roadside.'

But his wife did not hear him. She was lost in her letter. Her face paled a little as she read, and presently the tears sprang to her eyes. 'Just like papa!' she cried. 'I might have known what his answer would be. I felt sure at the time that my letters would be of no avail, but I could not rest till I had written. Even though he refuse to see me himself, he might at least let Carry and Grace see me once now and then!' She got up suddenly, and pushing the letter across the table to her husband, she hurried out through the folding-doors that opened into the bedroom. Gerald Rivers took up his wife's letter and read as under:

MY DEAR ALICE—I found your two letters awaiting me on my return from Mentone. As they both refer to the same subject, one answer will do for the two. In both of them you ask me (*implore* is the word used by you) to forgive you. To this I reply that I have nothing to forgive. You are of age, consequently you are the mistress of your own actions, and I have no control over you in any way. But when you ask me to see you, or if I will not do that, to allow you to visit your sisters, you put the case on an altogether different footing. To both your requests my answer is an emphatic No. In the most important step of your life you have chosen to act in direct opposition to my frequently expressed wishes, and as a matter of course you must put up with the consequences of your folly. One of those consequences is the severance of all ties that bound you to me as a cherished member of my family. You discarded your family of your own free-will, and your family now discard you. Such being the state of affairs between us, I need hardly tell you that any letters you may send in time to come (except in a case of urgent illness, and accompanied by a medical certificate to that effect) will remain unanswered.—Your father,

EDWARD CREWDSON.

P.S.—Since writing the above, a fresh thought has struck me. You know that it was my intention to have given you six thousand pounds as a wedding portion had you married in accordance with my wishes. Now, I promise you that I will overlook the past, and give you the six thousand pounds into the bargain, on the day that you or your husband can come forward and produce another six thousand to put to it. That chance, I give you. A bargain's a bargain. E. C.

'The old boy might as well ask me to jump over the moon as to find six thousand pounds, or six thousand pence either,' said Gerald with a sigh as he laid the letter on the table. 'Alice always said that he was full of eccentric whims and notions, and this proposition of his proves that she was right.'

Presently Mrs Rivers came back into the room, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulders, stooped over and kissed him. She had been crying, and her eyes were still red; but there was a smile on her lips. 'Just like papa, dear,' she

said. 'So inflexible, so self-willed. Nothing can move him when once he has made up his mind.'

'There is one consolation,' said Gerald. 'We are no worse off than we were before.'

'Not a bit.'

'You see what you have brought yourself to through marrying a pauper.'

'Through marrying the dearest and best fellow in the world.' This with another kiss.

'Our future can hardly be said to be *couléur de roses*.'

'Suppose we form ourselves into a committee of ways and means?'

'Agreed.—I vote that you take the chair.' So Alice went and sat down in the big easy-chair opposite her husband.

'Three months ago to-day we were married,' said Alice. 'On that day our joint capital consisted of three hundred pounds. Yesterday I looked at our bank-book and found that we had just one hundred and ninety-nine pounds six and sixpence standing to our credit.'

'So that we have spent a hundred pounds in thirteen weeks?'

'Precisely so. But you must remember that out of that hundred pounds were paid the expenses of our wedding trip.'

'If we go on living at the same rate for six months longer, we shall be bankrupt.'

'Something not far from it.'

'Then the sooner I look out for a situation of some kind, the better for both of us.'

'But long before the six months are at an end, your novel may be brought out, or your comedy accepted, or—'

'My dear Alice,' interrupted Gerald, 'where is the use of our deceiving ourselves any longer? Three months ago we became man and wife. You brought as your dowry three hundred pounds in hard cash—the little fortune left you by your grandmother. I brought— What? A bundle of wretched manuscripts, that were fit only for the buttermilk.'

'O Gerald, don't say that!'

'A bundle of wretched manuscripts,' reiterated Gerald bitterly, 'comprising, among other useless matter, a novel and a comedy. I was going to do grand things: to set up in life as a man of letters; to make a name for myself; to earn an easy and lucrative living with my pen. Icarus has come down with a crash. No publisher will offer me a penny for my novel; no manager will read a line of my comedy. I have the consolation of knowing that I have mistaken my vocation; that I am not nearly such a clever fellow as in my folly I fancied myself to be; and that I have been living all this time on my wife's money, for lack of any of my own.'

'O Gerald!'

'In three months I have earned twelve guineas—twelve miserable guineas. During the next three months I may earn as much more, or perhaps nothing at all.'

'You must not lose heart in this way, dear. What are three months? A very little time indeed. Remember how *Jane Eyre* was hawked about from one publisher to another before any one could be found to accept it.'

Gerald shook his head. 'My dear Alice, your husband is not a man of genius, and no one knows that better than yourself. I made the mistake,

common enough, I daresay, among young men who have an itch for scribbling, of believing that the world would appraise my literary wares at the same value that I set on them myself. Three months in London, three months among publishers and managers, have sufficed to undeceive me once and for ever. The lesson has been a sharp one; but I hope I am man enough to own that I think it has done me good.'

'How bitterly you speak, dear! What can I say to comfort you?'

Gerald rose from his chair and crossing to where his wife was seated, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. 'You are my comfort now and ever,' he said. Then, with his shoulders resting against the chimney-piece, he went back to what he had been talking about. 'Another fact my lesson has taught me,' he said, 'and that is, that there is no present prospect—and whether there is one in the future seems highly problematical—of my being able to keep you and myself by the proceeds of my pen, in anything more than the most abject pauperism. Such being the state of affairs, you cannot fail to agree with me as to the absolute necessity that exists for my at once setting about some other mode of earning a living. The only question is: What is that mode to be? In other words, what am I fit for?'

'What are you fit for, indeed! Why, anything and everything. With your abilities—'

'My abilities, forsooth! Where are they? In what do they consist? Would the exercise of them in any direction bring me in a hundred a year? Really, Mr Chairman, really you are most unpractical this morning, and wanting in your usual sagacity.'

'You don't know what you can do till you try, dear. Your abilities have never been properly put to the test.'

'There's the mischief of it. If my uncle, instead of bringing me up to a life of idleness, and luring me on with the hope of one day being his heir, had insisted on my being taught some decent trade or profession, I should not be in the predicament in which I find myself now. Seriously, *caveat munda*, what am I fit for? I know nothing; have been taught nothing; and have no special aptitude—unless it be for a little foolish scribbling—by means of which, as already proved, I might perhaps earn enough to find you in gloves and myself in cigars. But where is the bread-and-cheese to come from?'

'We have several months before us yet, dear, during which we can look out and consider what it will be best for us to do.'

'And in the meantime your money—yours, Alice—which ought to have been put away untouched, is melting day by day. And there's a sting in knowing that.'

'You foolish Gerald! As if both my money and I were not your own to do as you like with!—How would it be if we went into less expensive lodgings? These rooms are very dear.'

'What are these rooms in comparison with the home you gave up for my sake?' He put his arms suddenly round his wife's neck and kissed her. 'Something must be done and at once; but what that something must be, I know no more than the man in the moon. You with your clear head must try to think for me. I will leave you now. I am going to the Museum to get up my

references for an article I intend writing for *Mayfair*?

Left alone, Mrs Rivers had another little cry all to herself. Then she bathed her face, and after that she took up her father's letter and read it through slowly and carefully. 'Six thousand pounds!' she murmured to herself. 'If I could but take him that, he would forgive me, and put another six thousand to it. How he must have laughed to himself as he wrote those words, knowing how utterly unlikely it was that such a miracle should ever happen!'

Ordinarily one of the most active of young housewives—if a lady who merely occupies furnished apartments can be called a housewife—Mrs Rivers, this morning never stirred out of her easy-chair till Gerald came home to luncheon. She put away her father's letter as her husband opened the door. 'Gerald, dear, do you know anything about the electric telegraph?' was her first question.

'Theoretically I know something of it from books; practically, I know nothing.'

'Then you could not send a message by it, say from one station to another?'

'Certainly not; not if my life depended on it.'

'But you could learn?'

'I suppose so, should the necessity for my doing so ever arise.'

'I wish you would learn.'

'With all my heart, if you particularly wish me to do so. Though I certainly fail to see in what way such knowledge could ever be of use to me.'

'It may be of use to you—of very great use; and I want you to begin to take lessons to-morrow. I see from the newspapers that there are one or two places where telegraphy is taught as a regular branch of knowledge, so that it need not take you long to learn.'

'Good. But may I ask?—'

'Nothing at present. Like a good little boy, you must shut your eyes and open your mouth, and see what your wife will give you.'

One afternoon, some two months later, Gerald Rivers put into the hands of his wife a certificate of proficiency from the school of telegraphy, at which he had been taking lessons for several weeks past. Alice's eyes sparkled as she read it. 'To-morrow morning, dear,' she said, 'I shall go and see my god-father, Sir Charles Stopford.'

CHAPTER II.

'Why now! What, what! Just say that over again, will you?'

The speaker was Sir Charles Stopford, and the person spoken to was his god-daughter, Mrs Rivers. Sir Charles was a City magnate who had been knighted during his mayoralty some years previously. He had been very fond of Alice, in a god-fatherly sort of way, and had been greatly shocked by the news of her mésalliance. This was the first time they had met since that deplorable event.

'Just say that over again, will you?' repeated Sir Charles.

'You are chairman of the Easterham Junction Railway, and in that capacity you can doubtless do what you like on the line.'

'Quite a mistake, my dear—quite a mistake. There are three or four members of the Board—I won't mention names—who are no better than stupid asses.'

'But the favour I want you to do for me is a very trifling one, and such as there can be no difficulty about. It is simply to ask of you that my husband may be appointed station-master at Leaswood Station.'

'What, what! Station-master at Leaswood—your husband? Why now, that's the station for Brookfield, your father's place.'

'Precisely so. That is the very reason—its proximity to Brookfield—why I want you to give my husband the appointment.'

'Ay, ay! I see now; I see. Letters having proved of no avail, you think that if you and your husband are down at Leaswood, you will have an opportunity of waylaying papa as he steps out of the train, and of going down on your knees and begging his forgiveness there and then. A pretty picture, and one that I should like to see!'

'How absurdly you talk, god-papa! I shall not appear in the matter at all. Everybody knows me at Leaswood, and that would never do. The last thing in the world that I should want papa to know would be that Gerald was station-master there.'

'But the name, *ma petite*, the name. Why now, your father would be sure to suspect something from that.'

'Gerald has three names. His full name is Gerald Hunstone Rivers. He would go down to Leaswood simply as Mr Hunstone.'

'There's a scheming little brain for you! I always said it was a pity you were not born a boy; so bright and sharp and all that. You're planning something now—a surprise or something. Well, well.—Mr Hunstone, eh? But there are other difficulties in the way of which I have not yet spoken.'

'What difficulties, god-papa?'

'Why, in the first place, the man whom we have now got at Leaswood is a very good fellow, and we are quite satisfied with him; and under such circumstances we don't care to remove a man.'

'Promote him. Give him more money, and send him elsewhere.'

'Well now. That's your idea. Not so bad. No, no! But even granting that we found or made a vacancy for your husband, he knows nothing of railway-work, and we dare not appoint a man who is ignorant of his duties, to the important post of station-master. In case of an accident, how could we justify ourselves?'

'My husband has an excellent knowledge of telegraphy, so that one great difficulty is at once obviated. And as for the mechanical routine of railway-work, why not put him for a month under the tuition of the man who is at present at Leaswood; and if at the end of that time, Gerald hasn't acquired a competent knowledge of his duties, I'll never call him husband of mine again.'

'Why now. Listen to her. Just like her father. No difficulties allowed to stand in her way. But really now, I don't know what to say.'

'There's no occasion, god-papa, for you to say

another word. I look upon the matter as finally settled. I shall bring Gerald to see you to-morrow morning, and you will send him down to get initiated into his new duties as soon as possible.' She went over and kissed him, and then sat down on his knee, as she had done many a time when a girl.

'On my word, there's no putting you off,' he said. 'But what a sad foolish thing that marriage of yours was. I was never more astounded in my life than when I heard of it.'

'A sad foolish thing was it, god-papa?' asked Alice quietly. 'That depends altogether on the point of view from which you look at it. To me, now, it seemed the wisest and most sensible thing that I could do: to marry the one person in the world whom I felt I could love, and who, I was convinced, loved me in return. How much more sad and foolish it would have been had I not made sure of my happiness when it lay there ready to my hand!'

'Ah, well, well. You view everything through Love's rose-coloured spectacles. But it's a colour that soon fades—won't stand the wear and tear of everyday life.—So papa won't forgive you, eh? I cannot wonder at it.'

'He will forgive me when I go to him with six thousand pounds in one hand, and my husband in the other.'

'So, so. He's fixed his price, has he? Just like him. But there's not much chance of your husband saving six thousand pounds while he's station-master at Leaswood, eh, now?'

'No; I suppose not,' said Alice as she rose to go. 'But I don't forget a certain favourite proverb of yours: "There are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him." And I don't despair.'

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH DOCTOR.

Do not fear, kind reader, that I am about to inflict upon you any 'interesting cases' with their symptoms and treatment, or any dry or technical details, such as find their proper place in the *British Medical Journal* and kindred publications. No indeed. I mean to keep as clear as I can of strictly professional matters. My purpose is merely to mention some of the difficulties which a doctor is likely to meet with—at least in my part of the world—and for which his college training and practice in the hospitals hardly prepare him; difficulties arising from the habits and prejudices of the persons he has to deal with, and the nature of which will, I believe, be made sufficiently clear by the few illustrations I shall give.

I am the dispensary doctor of Kilmany, a place in one of the northern counties of Ireland. The district under my charge is a rather extensive one, mountainous, and with a large number of poor persons in it. To these it is my duty, on receiving the proper ticket, to give the necessary advice and medicines; and it is of my difficulties amongst them principally that I intend to speak. There are two kinds of tickets or 'lines' issued by members of the dispensary committee—the 'black line' and the 'red line.' The black line entitles the patient presenting it at the proper time at the dispensary, to have his case considered and the proper medicine supplied to him. The red line requires the doctor to attend at the

patient's home. Now the first thing is of course to find out what is the matter with the applicant for medical aid. Take the case of a black line. If the patient attends in person, as he ought, well then, there is a chance—not by any means a certainty—of finding this out. But suppose a messenger is sent with the line, then you have to trust to description, and now difficulties begin. 'What is the matter?' you ask. Well, suppose the answer is: 'It's a water-brash, doctor,' or 'It's the hives,' then you have something to go on, always supposing that you can trust your informant. But the case is not so clear when you are told that it is a 'wind-brash' or the black hives; and the matter becomes more obscure if possible, when in the latter case it is added that they have 'struck in about the heart,' a most dangerous symptom as it is thought; or it may be 'a nervous wind,' the patient complains of, the worst 'nervous winds' being those which 'work about the head.'

There is no medical work in existence treating of these diseases. But now, suppose you are so fortunate as to know, for example, what black hives are, and that you are able to accept the statement that they have struck in about the heart, even still the course is not clear. You have to deal with some very vague notions of anatomy. If it is a leg or an arm, a foot or a finger that is mentioned, you can trust so far, but not much further. Take that word 'heart,' for example. I remember Paddy Doyle telling me one morning—Paddy was a handy fellow who used to do odd jobs for me about the house and garden—that his father had bought a calf in Ballyboob Fair, but that he feared it would do little good with him, as it had got straws, he thought, in its heart.

'Straws in its heart!' I exclaimed. 'What nonsense! How could straws get there? And if they did, the calf would not live five minutes.'

'O yes,' he replied; 'plenty of them has straws in the heart; but it's rare that they do any good.'

I was not going to argue such a matter with Paddy, and said no more. But two days after he informed me that the calf had died, and that on cutting it open they had found, as they suspected, straws in its heart; adding that 'it's ill done to buy a calf you are not acquainted with, for it's few knows what's in the inside of a strange baste.' After a few questions, I found that it was the stomach Paddy meant, and that the word 'heart' was used in a general kind of way for the inside, the centre—as we speak of the heart of a tree.

But suppose it is a red line, or that the patient himself has brought the black one, your difficulties though lessened have not disappeared.

'What is wrong with you?' I asked of Jack Scrimgeour, to whose house I had gone to see him.

'Aren't you the doctor?' he replied in a surly tone.

'Yes; of course I am,' I answered.

'Well, of course I won't tell you,' he rejoined; 'that's just what I sent for you to tell me.'

A case such as this, where the patient refuses to give you any information, is, I confess, a rare one. Generally the sufferer is communicative enough, the difficulty being to make out the meaning of the strange expressions and illustrations used. Sometimes one meets with quite 'a wealth of description.'

'What's the matter with you, Mrs M'Crea?' I asked a wiry and active old woman whom I was visiting.

'Augh! Is it what's the matter with me, doctor dear, that I'm to tell you? A dale easier I'd find it to tell you what's not the matter with me—I'm just all wrong thegither.'

'Well, but is there a pain anywhere? Come, tell me how you feel,' I said.

'Is it how do I feel, doctor?' she answered. 'I can hardly spake to tell you; but I just feel a-rugging an' a-tugging, an' a-withering an' a-squeezing, an' a-roasting an' a-swamping, an' gif I were a-carding.'

I am happy to say that Mrs M'Crea recovered from a sickness of which these were the alarming symptoms.

But now suppose you have discovered exactly what it is that is wrong with your patient, that you have prescribed the proper remedies, that you have given your instructions clearly, and have taken care to see that they were understood. Your course is clear now, you think. No mistake could be greater. I do not speak of the ordinary errors, neglect or carelessness, which hinder the means used from taking proper effect. But there are disturbing elements, which probably you have omitted altogether from your calculations. You have given such and such medicines. Well, how do you know who will take those medicines, or whether any one will? Shortly after coming to Kilmany, my eyes were rather opened on this subject. It was the day for attending at the dispensary. I had for some hours been giving out the proper medicines to those present. The hour for closing had come, and I had left the place, and was walking through the village towards my house. Suddenly a heavy shower came on. I had no umbrella, and turned for shelter into an archway, at the further end of which there was a chest, on which I seated myself. I had not been a couple of minutes there when two of my patients, who had just come from the dispensary, entered the archway for the same purpose. As the end where I sat was dark, they did not see me, and turning their backs towards me, they began to talk.

'Well, Jinny, what do you think of the new doctor?'

'Sorra a much I think of him at all, Peggy! He would not stand to hear the half of my complaint, and he gave me the wrong medicine entirely. What was it he gave you, Peggy?'

'It's a bottle, Jinny. I'm to take it three times a day, he says. There it is; and it's a poor kind of smell it has about it. I tould him it was pills I wanted, and that bottles never done me any good!'

'Well, it's pills he's give me,' said the other, 'and I can't take them at all. But I can take a bottle rightly. I'm thinking we'll swop. Fien a bit wiser the doctor'll be; and they exchanged their medicine then and there. The shower was over; Peggy and Jinny were leaving the archway without having discovered me, the former saying as she went out: 'I suppose I'd best take the pills three times a day, the way the bottle was to be took.' They were rather startled by hearing me remark that it would be as well to follow the doctor's advice on the point.

Administering the wrong medicine is of course

a more dangerous proceeding than merely failing to administer the right one; though this is bad enough, and very trying to the temper of any doctor who is anxious about and interested in his cases. I may mention an instance of this which occurred also shortly after I came to Kilmany. Old Mulloy, whose house was about four miles distant from the village, held a small farm, valuable enough, however, to raise him above the class of persons entitled to receive medical aid gratuitously. One of his daughters—Marianne, a girl of about eighteen or twenty years of age—was seriously ill. I had prescribed for her, and I called a few days after to see how she was getting on. As I entered the house I saw several members of the family sitting round the fire in the kitchen. They looked up, but did not move from their seats, or shew any of that politeness which one meets with usually even in the houses of the poorest. I thought their conduct strange; however I inquired how the girl was. No answer. So I asked again: 'How's Marianne to-day?'

'Uumph!' said the father in a gruff voice without looking up. 'Not much better.'

'What!' I said; 'is there no improvement?'

'Sorra a bit!' was the reply in the same sulky tone.

'How's that?' I asked. 'Did she take the medicine?'

Again no answer. I repeated the question.

'Troth and she did not, doctor,' the father replied with emphasis.

'And why was that?' I inquired.

Then Mulloy rose up, and with an expression of indignation on his face he said: 'Biddy, fetch out that cat.'

Biddy did as she was told—at least she opened the door of a cupboard that was in the wall, and there bounced out of it something like a half-roasted hare; an animal without a bit of fur on its body, and of a dull patchy slate-colour. As it fled with something between a yell and a mew across the floor and out of the house, old Mulloy pointed sternly towards it and said: 'No! by the blessing of Providence we wried your powders upon the cat, or that's the way our Marianne would have been this day, if she had taken what you sent her!'

Sometimes the error is in the opposite direction.

If the medicine is approved of, it will often be given to any other member of the family who happens to be unwell; such trifling considerations as age, sex, or even the nature of the sickness being set aside. I remember the case of an old woman who was suffering from a chronic affection of the throat. I had given her a large bottle full of, fortunately, a very innocent preparation, a teaspoonful of which was to be taken when the cough was troublesome. There was enough of the medicine in the bottle to have lasted for a month. I was therefore somewhat astonished when, two days after, her daughter appeared at the dispensary, and setting down the empty bottle, requested that it might be refilled.

'It has not begun to operate yet, doctor,' she observed; 'which mother thinks is strange, for she has give it every fair play; she has took it morning, noon, and night since you sent it. Sorra a bite she ates but she drinks the mixture with it. She supped it with her broghen and took it in her tay!'

This is an instance of a practice common enough

of using the medicine received, in a way never intended by the doctor. I shall give another example of a somewhat different kind.

One morning I remarked that there was an unusually large number of persons in the waiting-room of the dispensary, many of them fine blooming girls, who looked as unlike persons requiring the physician as possible.

'What do you want, Maggie?' I asked of the first of these who presented herself.

'Mother sent me,' she said, dropping a courtesy, 'for a couple of doses of oil;' and she handed me a small bottle, which I filled.

To my surprise they all wanted the same. 'A little oil, doctor, if you please.' Well, castor-oil is an innocent medicine, and not likely, I thought, to be used as an article of diet. So I filled each of the bottles with the oil, wondering much what sort of epidemic this was that seemed to have at once attacked so many families. Next Sunday, on coming into the village church the mystery was solved. There was an unmistakable odour in the air, and the unusually sleek hair of many of the boys and girls bore witness to the use the oil had been put to. The next dispensary day there was quite a crowd in the waiting-room, evidently wanting oil. I was prepared for this, and announced that no persons should receive castor-oil who did not require it for their own use, and that as this was a medicine for internal and not external use, the applicant must *swallow it in my presence*. One half of my visitors left the waiting-room that day without coming into the dispensary to see me; and as they passed the window, I could perceive that in spite of their disappointment they enjoyed the joke.

There is one idea that any physician taking charge of the dispensary district of Kilmany would do well to get rid of—I mean the notion that he will be thought to understand his own business better than his unprofessional neighbours. Quite the contrary. The doctor's bottles will probably be submitted to the clergyman for approval, the parson's doctrines indeed being in return laid before the doctor to decide whether they are orthodox, if he will take upon himself such an office. But questions both of divinity and medical science will have eventually to be decided by old Mrs Featherstone. 'I would like to hear what Mrs Featherstone has to say on that point,' is the remark when the Sunday sermon is thought to have contained any dubious statement of doctrine. 'Doctors is well enough, Mrs Walker,' I happened to hear a woman remark to her neighbour, who was coming to the dispensary for the medicine her husband required—'doctors is well enough when there's nothing serious; but I wad recommend you when he's that bad, to do nothing till Mrs Featherstone has seen him.' On another occasion to the question: 'Has the doctor seen poor Biddy?' the answer was: 'Troth no, then; nor he won't. My daughter's too delicate for the doctor.'

The following letter, addressed to the clergyman of the parish by a patient of mine, whose strong constitution had brought her safely through an attack of typhus fever, will shew that this feeling of distrust is not confined always to the poorest class. Mrs Smart was well-to-do in the world, possessing and managing successfully one of the largest farms in the district. Hearing that

the clergyman was unwell, she wrote to him as follows:

'REVEREND SIR—Being informed that you are ill, I take the liberty of writing, lest it should be as subscriber fears a case of fever, in the hopes that the experience of a typhus-fever patient may be acceptable. In the year 1865, Ann Smart suffered under typhus fever for eight weeks; the malady raged unabated; patient hot as fire within extremities cold as ice; Dr M—— in constant attendance; took none of his medicine, but paid his bill. A basin of oatmeal flummary stood by; likewise a bowl of butter-milk qualified with two parts of water. Alternate spoonfuls supported the patient and cooled the fever. Treatment was successful, which, that it may so prove in your case, and that long you may be spared to fulfil the duties of your sacred office, is the prayer of subscriber,
ANN SMART.'

In what tendency of our nature this distrust of what is professional has its origin, I shall not inquire. Evidence of such a feeling is common enough, at least among a large class of persons in Kilmany dispensary district.

I give another instance. A patient of mine—poor old Tom Jackson—was ill of dropsy. His friends did not think well of my method of dealing with the case. In a neighbouring town there was one Peter Blain, who kept a small shop, in which tea, tobacco, some drugs, paints, garden-seeds, and rat-poison were sold. Dr Blain he was called, though he had no claim to such a designation except what was derived from selling quack medicines and rat-poison. To this person poor Jackson's friends went and explained the symptoms of the disease, the worst being, as they said, want of sleep. To remedy this, 'Dr' Blain gave them a box of opium pills, a number of which they administered on returning home. In the middle of the night I was called up to see Jackson, who they told me was dying. I perceived at once that the man had been poisoned, and on asking what he had taken, the remaining pills were shewn to me. I did all I could to save his life; getting rid of as much as possible of the poison by means of a stomach-pump; but the patient had been in a very weak and prostrate condition, and he never rallied. There was an inquest, the coroner's jury being composed of small farmers in the neighbourhood, who happened to hold some rather curious religious opinions. In the verdict they agreed upon, it was stated that no blame attached to Dr Blain, but that I, Dr M——, was guilty of manslaughter, for using a horrible engine nowhere sanctioned in Scripture!

I have mentioned the 'red line.' Most of my professional brethren in this country, however little given to speaking on other subjects, could, I fancy, be eloquent on this; for the red line interrupts all a doctor's plans and occupations; it is sure to come upon him at the most unexpected times and in the most annoying manner. The dispensary doctor lives with the red line like the sword of Damocles ever hanging over him, with this difference, that while the sword did not come down, the red line is perpetually doing so. You come in late in the evening, wearied with your day's work, and hungry. You have been looking forward to a comfortable dinner, the arm-

chair by the fire, and a pleasant book; but instead there is a red line upon the hall-table; or you have gone to bed and have fallen into your first sound sleep, when a thundering knock comes to the door, and before you are well awake you understand that the red line has arrived. Of course these red lines are necessary, but sometimes they come under circumstances that would try the best regulated temper. I remember one dreary winter's evening reaching home tired and wet; it had been a bleak cold day, with showers of hail and rain mixed, and a cutting northerly wind. On coming into the hall, I saw the inevitable red line, with 'Urgent' written on it. The place I was summoned to was five or six miles off, and the road to it bad and hilly. There was, however, nothing for it but for man and horse, tired as they were, to start at once. It was quite dark when I reached the house, a wretched hovel with but two rooms. I had had to leave my car some distance off and make my way to it on foot. The father and mother and some grown-up children were sitting round the fire as I entered.

'How's Molly?' I asked at once, for I was in a hurry to get home again.

'Augh! doctor dear, is that you?' they said. 'But you've got the sore night to come out; you'll be starved wild the cold!'

'Well, but how's Molly?' I asked again. 'I'd like to see her at once.'

'Augh! is it Molly? Troth, she's bad enough, and glad she'll be to see you, doctor. But take a sate at the fire, an' just warm yourself,' said the mother, offering me the solitary chair the house possessed.

'O no; thank you; I can't wait. I will just see what ails Molly,' I replied, going towards the door of the bedroom.

'Oh, she's not there, doctor,' they said; 'you'll see her after a bit.'

'Where in the world is she?' I exclaimed. 'She's not out such a night as this?'

'Troth then, she just is, doctor,' was the reply.

'Sure, we never thought you'd come out this evening. But she'll be back in half an hour; she just went up a while ago to the mountain for a back-load of turf.'

Some weeks I think elapsed before this affair began to appear to me in a comical light.

These few anecdotes, as they are strictly true, may serve, so far as they go, as indications of characters and mental peculiarities not unfrequently to be met with amongst dispensary patients in the north of Ireland. When I came to take charge of the Kilmany district, my predecessor was still in the place. I remember the evening before he left we walked up to the little church upon the hill, from which there was a good view of the country round. There have been many changes here, he remarked, 'since first I knew the place. And it's not so very long ago either. Would you believe it now?' he asked. 'There was hardly a grave in that churchyard when I came here, and see how full it is now!'

'True for you, doctor,' the sexton, who was standing near, remarked; 'and you attended a'most every one of them! You have not been idle since you came to us, doctor, that's certain!' There was a twinkle in the old sexton's eye as he spoke, and though he kept quite grave, we both laughed heartily. But perhaps the difficulties in

the way of successful practice which I have illustrated rather than described, may excuse the dispensary doctor from at least a portion of the blame.

MAGIC MIRRORS.

AMONG the most curious examples of ancient Chinese metal-work must be reckoned 'magic mirrors,' whose mysterious properties have puzzled even the learned and scientific for ages past. Both the Chinese and Japanese have long been famous for their mirrors, some specimens of which are to be seen in the Museum of the School of Mines in Jernyn Street, London; but it is only a small percentage which possess, as the catalogue informs us, 'the very remarkable property of reflecting from their polished surface the figure which is wrought upon the back.'

Whether Chinese or Japanese, and whether indued with this magic power or not, the bronze mirror is usually circular in shape, and from three to twelve inches in diameter, the face being highly polished; while the back is ornamented with various designs, embossed, inlaid, or engraved in the metal. So far there is nothing remarkable about it; and though very light and convenient for use at the toilet-table, it would not attract much attention; but if the mirror be a 'magic' one, and held in the sunlight, with its face towards a white wall or screen, it will reflect the various designs graven on the back, which will appear either as shadows upon a light ground or as lights upon a dark ground, although no scrutiny of the polished surface, however close, will enable one to detect the smallest trace of them there. The effect is extremely startling even to an educated person, and it is hardly wonderful that the uneducated should be disposed to regard it as decidedly 'uncanny.' One of the few magic mirrors now in Europe belongs to Herr Senter, and is thus described by the German writer Herr Carus Sterne.

'The mirror is of yellowish bronze, the face slightly convex, and covered with a thin coating of silvery-looking metal, which is very highly polished, and reflects with the utmost distinctness every object presented to it. The handle, also of metal, is covered with bamboo; and the whole thing is so extremely light and comfortable to use, that as a hand-glass it is simply perfection. The back of the mirror is covered with designs of the usual description in low relief on a roughly granulated ground, which consist of a figure in the shape of a tiger, of the famous Chinese dragon Lung, resting beneath the shade of a brier in full blossom, with a few bamboo-canoe growing near. Above the head of the tiger are engraved certain characters, which stand out in much bolder relief than any other part of the design, and constitute the well-known sign and symbol of the sacred dragon. To the left is a column of Chinese writing, probably a charm or the expression of some good wish; for a bronze mirror is a very usual present, and is supposed to insure health, beauty, and happiness to the recipient. One belonging to Baron Le Grange, and described by M. Stanislaus Julien, bore the words *cheou*, long life, and *jou*, happiness.'

Herr Senter's mirror, when held in the sunshine as we have described, reflects from its

polished surface the tiger and the rest of the design with great distinctness; the figures, which it must be remembered are engraved on the back, appearing as bright lights on a shaded background.

The Chinese call these toys *Théou-Kouang-Kien*, 'mirrors which let the light through;' and as the rare specimens which exhibit this phenomenon in perfection are worth from ten to twenty per cent. more than the others, the workmen are not at all anxious to enlighten either foreigners or even their own countrymen as to the way in which it is produced. Accordingly, there is little trustworthy information to be obtained from Chinese writers on the subject, though various theories have from time to time been advanced in explanation.

It is only quite recently that the mystery respecting them has been solved, and this perhaps because people have experimented upon the various ways in which the mirrors might be manufactured. It has been found that there are several methods by which it is possible to cause differences in the reflection from a metal surface, which shall be visible only in the reflection and not as directly detected by the eye. It is found that designs etched, engraved, or stamped on a plate of metal, and then rubbed down and polished till they have entirely disappeared from sight, will still come out in the reflection; and a similar result has been obtained by tracing a design with transparent varnish on the back of a plate of glass. Old coins exhibit analogous appearances; and most collectors know that old worn specimens, if placed on a metal plate in the dark, and brought to a red-heat, will exhibit the design and inscription which had previously become obliterated. A brass-worker who had heard Professor Pepper lecture on this subject at the Polytechnic, brought him some time afterwards an imitation of a magic mirror made by himself. He had taken a plate of common brass, and stamped it with an engraved die three times, in exactly the same spot, polishing it down again each time; and after the third operation, the design, though not to be detected by any method of direct examination, yet came out plainly in the reflection. Both Sir David Brewster and Sir Charles Wheatstone were of opinion that the phenomenon of the magic mirror was produced in some such way as this, and that the figures on the back were merely used for the purpose of making the observer deceive himself, and had absolutely no connection with the reflection. This theory, however, is now upset by the discovery of a remarkable fact first observed by Professor Atkinson of Japan—namely, that a mark made with a blunt nail on the back of one of these mirrors, though producing no visible effect upon the polished face, was yet reflected as a bright line on the screen, when the mirror was held up in the sunshine!

Japan is, even more than China, the land of mirrors; and as mirror-worship forms part of the popular religion, and plays so important a part in the national life, it might be thought there would be little difficulty in investigating their 'magic' properties. But this is not the case; for the Japanese seem to know less about magic mirrors than any one else, and are apparently ignorant as to how the effect is produced. Professor Ayrton has, however, successfully solved the mystery, and

has proved by a series of experiments, too long to detail here, that the reflections are caused by certain imperceptible inequalities in the curvature of the polished surface. No thick mirror reflects the design on the back; not one of the many beautiful mirrors exhibited at the National Exhibition of Japan in 1877 did so in the slightest degree; yet the patterns were not less well executed than on inferior specimens; but the mirrors were far thicker, and their surfaces much less convex. On further investigation he found that in order to give the desired amount of convexity to their mirrors, the Japanese place them on a board, face uppermost, and indent the surface with a blunt iron called a 'distorting rod.' Several series of scratches are made in different directions, the mirror being during the operation visibly concave, though eventually becoming convex. The metal receives what is technically called a 'buckle,' and springs back again so as to become convex directly the pressure of the rod is removed. Naturally, the thicker parts of the metal would be less impressionable than the thinner, and might even not spring back at all, but remain concave. After being polished with whetstones and charcoal, to remove all trace of the scratches, the face is finally rubbed over with a mercury amalgam.

We must confess that, even with the proof before us, it does seem marvellous that inequalities so small that the eye entirely fails to detect them, should be able to cast upon the screen such sharp and clear reflections as are witnessed in a good specimen of the magic mirror; but so it undoubtedly is; and the phenomenon receives further confirmation from Professor Ayrton, who thus concludes his lecture: 'It appears then, contrary to what is commonly believed, that the magic of the Eastern mirror results from no subtle trick on the part of the maker, from no inlaying of other metals or hardening of portions by stamping, but merely arises from the natural property possessed by certain thin bronze of buckling under a bending stress, so as to remain strained in the opposite directions after the stress is removed. And this stress is applied partly by the distorting rod, and partly by the subsequent polishing, which in an exactly similar way tends to make the thinner parts more convex than the thicker.' So then, as often as not, the 'magic' properties which have caused so much perplexity may be, at least in Japan, the result of pure unconscious accident.

LOVE'S CALL.

Shy tender stars sedate and sweet
Round weary Earth's pale pillow press;
Night cloaks her at the golden feet,
And they are shod with silentness.

Tranced in a weird colossal dream,
The mountains shadowy arms outfling;
Around, the silent forests gleam,
And every leaf is listening.

What distant call? What sudden-stirred
Behoing thrill from breast to brow?
Was it the thingale I heard?
Or was it, best beloved, thou?

EMANUEL DRUTSOIL.

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TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

THERE are two proverbs which seem to be a distinct contradiction of each other—'Delays are dangerous,' 'There's luck in leisure.' Both proverbs, however, are true, according to the circumstances in which they may respectively be applied. Sometimes, and more particularly when a sudden and unpleasant emergency arises, it may be safe and desirable to act with promptitude, or at all events not to procrastinate. On the other hand, there are occasions when people should take matters leisurely, and avoid plunging into a course of conduct that only by some rare chance will prove successful. It is not easy to offer any advice on the subject. The exercise of a sound judgment in relation to ordinary experiences will determine whether it is best to delay or to act on the spur of the moment.

PERSONALLY, we have always had an objection to put off time in following what appeared to be the line of duty, and on the whole feel that in the aggregate more mischief is done by taking things leisurely than by promptitude of action. Obviously, procrastination is something more than the proverbial 'thief of time.' Wasted energies, neglected opportunities, mental idleness, and general disorder of affairs, resulting in a dropping behind in the race of life, constantly rise up in accusation of the evil habit of putting off till to-morrow what could be and should be done to-day. Every one has duties to fulfil, and the most fortunate of mortals has need of sustained energies; but energies are frittered away by small frequently occurring emergencies far more than by employing them vigorously in some really important matter. Figuratively speaking, when a wise man has a trouble which can be removed by promptitude, he loses no time in 'taking the bull by the horns.'

HOW often do people drift into a sea of troubles just because clear decision and vigorous action have not been forthcoming at some critical moment! Even the typical wise man makes mistakes

sometimes, and has brought the figurative 'enraged bull' down upon himself; only he, instead of crouching before it or attempting to fly, turns and 'takes it by the horns.' He is not ashamed of owning his error. If he finds himself deceived in the purport of an engagement into which he has been entrapped—be it the hiring of a house, the partnership of a business, or any of the multitudinous arrangements which complicate modern life—if he finds he has entered on a disastrous course which admits of no remedy while it is pursued, he will at the sacrifice of anything except honour, extricate himself from it without delay. The unhealthy house, the inconvenient house, or the house too large and expensive will always prove a depressing influence, and will have to be given up sooner or later. If there are smoky chimneys and damp rooms, remedy them if you can; if you cannot, don't drift into a condition of chronic discomfort for want of prompt action and temporary sacrifice. To know when to make a sacrifice, and to be prompt in acting upon that knowledge, is a great secret of success in life.

AND now we would say a word on a very important theme. Young people often rush into matrimonial engagements with far too little understanding of each other's disposition and tastes. If longer acquaintance and more intimate knowledge, instead of cementing the tie of affection, opens the eyes of either of the pair to the incompatibility of their characters, surely it is the truest honour to speak the frank word before the irrevocable vows are taken. Though it is the duty of married people to bear and forbear, there are limits to human endurance which cannot be passed without serious injury of many sorts; and where incompatibility is detected before marriage, there is a great chance of its developing, not decreasing afterwards. To break a matrimonial engagement is a terrible evil to encounter; but still it is better to make the effort, than with eyes open to incur lifelong misery.

WE remember long years ago reading a quaint rhyme, which we have never met with since. We think it ran thus:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there is one, try and find it;
If there isn't—never mind it.

Though to indulge in vain regrets for the inevitable may be weak, and even sinful, it may on the other hand be a proof of moral strength, and the very exercise demanded of us—to resist evil by the means within our reach. It is true that social life in the present day is exceedingly complicated, so that it is perhaps more difficult to get out of a wrong groove than it was a generation back; but that is no reason why the attempt should not be made. Letting things 'drift'—a favourite axiom with many people—often leads to the wreck of fortune. Of course there are times when the most energetic must exercise patience, and wait for the turn of that 'tide' which they wish to 'take at the flood.' But the really energetic are vigilant even when inactive, and generally speaking, they do not have to wait very long for their opportunities.

We heard a story lately which interested us greatly, as a striking instance of 'taking the bull by the horns.' As the consequence of an unfortunate speculation, a family was suddenly reduced from affluence to penury. The blow was a terrible one, and for a brief period the whole family seemed paralysed; but it was the noble-hearted wife who first roused herself, and bravely prepared to act with decision. The only pittance which remained was less than a hundred a year, and this for people who had been accustomed to horses and carriages, and to fare sumptuously every day, and with seven children to feed and to clothe! Of course the father looked out for employment which should in some measure re-establish his position; but fortunes are not re-made in a day or a year; and his wife, delicately reared and accustomed to a large establishment, resolved as a first step to discharge every one of their servants. 'We have health and we have hands,' she said; or at any rate used words to that effect in speaking to her children. 'We must work; and what we do not know how to do, we must learn.'

Of course the first thing was to remove to a small house, one only just roomy enough to contain its several inmates. But not even a 'general servant' accompanied them. A frugal system of diet was adopted, in which we believe oatmeal played a considerable part, and every purchase was made in the cheapest market. This rare lady had a horror of debt and a horror of pauperism, though she had not the ungrateful pride which would have made her decline all help offered to her children. They were helped to help themselves in more ways than one; and when the darkest days were over, and the 'silver lining' of the cloud began to shew, there is good reason to believe that she felt more of the good that had been hidden in the trouble. After all, the time was not so sad as it seemed. We may be pretty sure that it sifted friends in a wonderful manner, and that it was found that the true and the loyal were to be met with in all classes. Some acquaintances of course dropped off; but it is doubtful if adversity tests friendship more than does prosperity. The rich and happy are much envied, and sometimes slandered; but the best feelings of the best people are generally

drawn forth towards those in trouble. We fancy too that the brave lady of whom we are writing did not allow herself to be ashamed of her poverty. If people whom she had visited in other days on equal terms, drove up to her door, we imagine she received them in her little parlour without any *lachrymose* manner; though perhaps, if very busy starching or ironing, she kept them waiting a few minutes, making due and truthful apology for doing so. Under such circumstances, it is very likely that her hand, though rough and hard from household work, was pressed with more than usual warmth by delicately gloved fingers.

Now, if that wife had been content to sit bemoaning her helplessness and misfortune, while appealing right and left for aid, what an inferior position would she now be in! not only in reference to worldly affairs, but in regard to the estimation of her character. Besides, energy is very contagious, and hers must not only have cheered her husband in his trouble, but must have been communicated to her children. The constant occupation too was the very best thing for them all; it left no time for mere fretting, and probably natural fatigue from physical exertion prevented anxious thoughts from keeping them awake at night. No doubt our heroine was very glad when brighter days dawned again, and she could return to more congenial occupations than sweeping rooms and lighting fires; but we believe she would do just the same as before, should the same terrible occasion recur.

Perhaps it is only when we are somewhat advanced in life that we see with any clearness of mental vision the 'uses of adversity.' It is when we can look back on the sundry beginnings and endings of things—on the completed careers of the successful—and on the ultimate triumph of good over evil in the multitude of cases within our knowledge, that we begin to perceive how necessary trials to be encountered and difficulties to be overcome are to the strengthening of character and the development of the human being.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

CHAPTER III.—THE CHAMOIS-HUNTERS.

EARLY the next morning the door of the little mountain cottage grated on its hinges, and Mr Seymour entered the small apartment, eagerly welcomed by Walter, who ran forward to meet him.

'What! you are up already, my boy, and as fresh and lively as if nothing had happened!' said he. 'I fully expected to find you knocked up and ill after all the exertion and fatigue of yesterday; but I am glad to see that you are so much stronger than I gave you credit for. How is your back though, Walter? Don't the wounds made by the vulture's claws pain you very much?'

'They were very sore last night sir,' replied the boy; 'but father bound them up nicely for me, and says they will be quite better in a week.'

'Delighted to hear it. But where is your father? I don't see him.'

'He is outside sir, with Liesli the cow, that we

recovered through your kindness,' replied Walter with a grateful look. 'She is the best cow in the valley.'

'Ah, here comes your father,' said Mr Seymour with a smile, stepping forward to grasp the hand which Toni Hirzel held out towards him, while thanking him in hearty but simple words for the kindness he had shewn to his boy.

'Don't mention it, my friend. What I gave to the boy was given very willingly; and he has richly earned not only that but a few francs more, which I am still owing him. But we will square accounts now.—Here Walter; there is forty francs for the old vulture which you captured so bravely; and here is another sixty francs for the torn trousers and the knife you lost.'

With these words Mr Seymour counted out five bright gold pieces on the table, to the wonderment of Toni Hirzel and his son, neither of whom could utter a word.

'But sir,' exclaimed Walter, finding his voice at last, 'the vulture, the trousers, and the knife all put together are not worth twenty francs!'

'They are worth more to me,' replied the gentleman; 'and you must allow me to pay for them according to my opinion of their value.'—So make no more words about it, my boy, but put the money in your pocket. I hope it may prove useful to you.'

Tears started into Walter's eyes. 'O father!' he exclaimed, 'only look at all this money! We shall be able to buy another cow and make twice as much cheese as we do now. We shan't have to borrow anything from neighbour Frieshardt any more, and if everything goes on well, we shall soon be able to build a house as good as his. It will be a blessing for you to have a comfortable home in your old age.'

But Toni Hirzel shook his head. 'Don't talk so fast, my boy,' said he quietly. 'That is a great deal more money than we can think of taking.—Pray, take it back, Mr Seymour. Watty is quite right. Twenty francs will amply suffice; especially when you were so liberal towards him yesterday.'

'Very well, friend, so be it,' was the reply. 'If you won't let me pay you the money as a debt, I hope you will allow me to give it to Walter as a present. I'm sure you won't object to that. He can save it till he's a few years older, if he doesn't require to spend it now; so let the matter drop, unless you really wish to annoy me.'

Seeing that Mr Seymour was in earnest, Toni Hirzel made no further objections, and lifted the money from the table.

'Well then, Walter, I will take care of this handsome gift for you until you are old enough to make a good use of it,' said his father, as he placed the money in a leather pocket-book, which he deposited in a secret drawer of the cupboard. 'Rest there quietly; said he in a whisper; 'when I am dead and gone, it will be a nest-egg for Watty to fall back upon.'

Mr Seymour then rose to take his departure; and before saying farewell, Walter asked and obtained leave to visit the friendly traveller soon; but when he went to Rosenlanibad three or four days afterwards, he found that Mr Seymour had received a letter from home, which had compelled him to take his immediate departure.

The summer passed away; autumn came, and stripped the leaves from the trees; the first flakes of snow fluttered in the air; the days were growing shorter, and the quiet and solitary valley took its turn in the changes of fortune which so frequently occur in the outer world. Although Toni Hirzel was sober and industrious, he could not escape the common lot of humanity. He sustained a heavy loss at the beginning of winter in the death of his favourite cow. Soon afterwards, the severity of the weather drove from the mountains the wolves, which broke into the stable during the night and killed two of his five goats.

These losses were serious to the poor man. The only property he possessed in addition to his cottage consisted of the cow and the goats, which supplied him with the barest necessities of life; and now he was deprived of them almost at one stroke. It was hard to bear; but by-and-by the recollection of the money which Mr Seymour had given him came as a ray of sunshine to Walter, who begged his father to take it and buy another cow.

'No, Walter,' was his reply. 'The money is yours. Mr Seymour made you a present of it, and it shall remain untouched until you are old enough to spend it for some good purpose. You are too young and inexperienced yet; so don't say any more about it. Now that we have lost Liesli and the goats, we must bestir ourselves to do something else for a living, until the spring, when we may perhaps be fortunate with the chamois. There are plenty of chamois on the hills, and my gun on the wall there has brought down many a fine buck! When spring comes, we'll go out together, and you will see that your father has still a firm hand and a sure foot.'

The winter wore away by degrees. The warm south wind crept slowly through the valleys, melting the snow from the mountain-sides, and calling into life hundreds of sparkling streams. Waterfalls foamed and thundered; enormous masses of snow came crashing down from the mountain peaks; while amid the noise and thunder of avalanches, the sun exercised its silent but mighty influence, renewing the mountain greenery, converting the barren ground into a verdant carpet. The birds returned from their winter home, and again burst into joyous song; and again the budding trees proclaimed that winter was over and gone.

During the dreary winter-time the simple wants of the two mountaineers had been supplied by much toil and much privation, so that the return of the vernal season was hailed with joyful acclamation.

'It is time for us to be off now,' said the hunter one morning to his boy; and day after day, whenever the weather was favourable, they might have been seen climbing the lofty mountain ranges in search of game, sometimes not returning to their little cottage for several days. At other times, however, after unspeakable trouble and danger, they would return home in great glee, the father bearing a large chamois slung across his shoulders, to be sold for a good price to the landlord of the inn.

Toni was looked upon by all the country round as the best hunter in the district, and he was determined to maintain his reputation. By the end of August, when the summer was approaching

its end, he had shot thirty chamois, and the best of the season was still before him.

'Now Watty,' said he, 'we must look out for the winter. We have got on famously through the fine weather, and have made a little money; but there's not enough yet for what we require, and we must work away for some time still, before we get as much as will replenish our empty byre.'

'I will do all I can to help you, father,' replied the boy. 'I saw a track on the Wellhorn yesterday that promises a finer buck than we have taken yet.'

'On the Wellhorn! On which side?'

'On the glacier side, father. It is not so very difficult to get up there; but I noticed that whenever he was disturbed, the chamois went across the glacier towards the Engelhorn, and I'm afraid it would be rather dangerous to follow him. There are cracks in the ice hundreds of feet deep, and how well we know that whoever falls into one of them would never see the light of day again!'

'That is very true,' said his father thoughtfully. 'But we must have the buck at any risk. Do you know the spot on the glacier where he makes for the Engelhorn?'

'Yes; it is quite at the top, where the ice is spread out like a sea.'

'Well then,' said the experienced mountaineer, 'we must try and avoid following the chamois over the ice, and rather wait for him on the Engelhorn, and get a shot at him as he passes. You must go to the Wellhorn, my boy, and drive him towards me.'

'Yes; that will be the best, father,' replied Walter. 'I thought of that myself.'

'Well then, let it be so. We must be off before daybreak to-morrow morning.'

Tom made the necessary preparations the same evening; and long before the first beams of Sol were visible on the following morning, he left the cottage with his son. After a toilsome ascent of half an hour, they separated. The father turned to the left towards the steep and craggy Engelhorn, after he had described the exact point towards which Walter was to drive the animal; while the boy scrambled up the dangerous ridges of the Wellhorn, to find the chamois, and drive it to the place where his father was to lie in wait.

'Be very careful, Watty,' said his father to him ere they parted; 'don't be reckless or fool-hardy.'

The boy promised to be watchful, and they separated, each to his own share of the toilsome and perilous undertaking. Taking advantage of the rocks and stones which marked the path of a former glacier, Walter reached the summit of the Wellhorn without much difficulty, after an hour and a half's climb. Taking a small telescope from his pocket, he peered anxiously across the field of ice which separated him from the Engelhorn, and descried his father working his way cautiously along the edge of the glacier till he gained a part of the rocks that seemed to afford a possibility of climbing. He then had the satisfaction of seeing him sit down to rest.

'He has got just to the right spot,' said he to himself. 'He must have seen the track. It is just fifty feet from there that the chamois springs across a crack in the ice to get to the pasture higher up; and when he once gets sight of him, father won't let him escape. But first and foremost, I must find the game, and start it across.'

No sooner said than done. Clambering from rock to rock, always observant and watchful, the resolute youth pursued his way. Suddenly, however, he stood still, and threw himself flat on the ground.

'I thought so—there he is!' said he to himself. 'I must work my way carefully round to the right, and then frighten him off with a shout.'

Taking stealthy advantage of every rock that could screen him from observation, Walter raised his head now and then to make sure that the chamois had not taken fright and moved from the spot. When he had thus reached the right position, he started to his feet and uttered a loud hullo!

The animal was only about two hundred paces distant. It heard the shout, and saw the figure of the boy suddenly appear, and with a bound sprang down to the field of ice, which it crossed with light and rapid strides.

'The game is ours!' exclaimed Walter with delight. But his joy was premature. Whether the chamois scented the danger that lay in wait for it on the further side, or whether the creature saw that there was nothing to fear from a boy who was without a gun, it suddenly stopped, turned round and stamped impatiently two or three times on the ice, gazing at Walter the while. Descending the rocks carefully, Walter crossed the ice, and was allowed by the animal to approach within a hundred steps, when with a short shrill whistle it turned round, sprang two or three hundred yards farther on, and stood still as before, and again gazed back at its pursuer.

The courageous boy did not stop in his pursuit. 'I shall go on as far as it will be safe,' thought he, 'and at the worst I can easily turn back.'

The pursuit was accordingly renewed, and lasted in this way nearly an hour. If the lad could only keep the animal from turning off to the right or left, it would be sure to come at last within gunshot of his father.

The chamois, followed by its pursuer, was approaching nearer and nearer the small patch of grass which it was accustomed to visit, and was already within fifty yards of it, when the animal suddenly stopped, gave a tremendous spring to the right, fled across the glacier with the speed of an arrow, and was out of sight in an instant.

'He must have seen father, or else scented him,' said Walter to himself. 'Our trouble is all in vain for to-day, so I must go acquaint father with the result.'

A few minutes brought the lad to where his father was awaiting the appearance of the buck; but Walter saw at once that the older sportsman was aware of what had happened. His father beckoned to him to be silent, and pointed to a small green spot above the steep sides of the Engelhorn. Turning his eyes in that direction, Walter recognised the chamois standing on the scrap of meadow.

'Now we've got him,' whispered his father. 'I saw you driving him along this way, and started him up there on purpose. I have watched the spot carefully, and as the buck has been in the habit of feeding there, I felt sure he would make for it as soon as he saw me. But we've got him now. He can't take the steep sides of the mountain, and we've cut off his retreat; so come along, my boy, as fast as you can.'

Following his father hurriedly over the ice, they soon reached a point from which they could get a good view of the chamois. Unfortunately, however, a large chasm in the ice lay right before them, and stopped their progress. The chamois had cleared it; but it was quite beyond human strength and agility.

'We can't get across here, father,' said Walter in a whisper; 'let us try and find some other way.'

'We can't find a better spot than this,' replied his father, examining his gun.

'But what's the use of shooting him? What's the good of a dead chamois if we can't get him?'

'When he's once dead, boy, we'll soon find some means of getting at him,' was the answer. 'A board laid over the crevasse will be an easy way of recovering the venison.'

'But we haven't got a board, father.'

'That we'll see about. Just stand on one side, Waty!'

The hunter cocked his gun, took aim for a moment, and was going to fire, when he turned suddenly pale and dropped his arm.

'What's the matter, father? Do you feel ill?' inquired Walter with anxiety.

'No,' replied the huntsman; 'but it seemed as if the ice was giving way just as I was going to fire. But it can't be,' he continued, stamping his foot; 'the ice is solid and firm enough.'

'Let us go home, father,' implored Walter. 'I feel a presentiment that something will happen. Come home now, and we can try for the buck to-morrow.'

But the old mountaineer had in the meantime become self-possessed again, and again raised his gun to fire. Just as he pulled the trigger, however, his foot slipped; and with an exclamation of horror, Walter saw him carried rapidly towards the rift in the ice and suddenly disappear. With the recoil of the gun the hunter had lost his balance on the slippery ice, and at the same moment that his shot struck the chamois, he was hurled into the 'rift.'

'Father! father! father!' screamed Walter, throwing himself on the ice, horror-stricken, and peering wildly down the crevasse. 'Father, speak!'

All was silent. Only a slight trickling, as if from some subterranean stream, reached his ear.

For several minutes the youth lay at the edge of the chasm paralysed with terror. When he recovered his consciousness, a feeling of alarm and distress overwhelmed him. He wept and wrung his hands bitterly.

'Father! he cried again into the abyss that yawned beneath him—'Father, speak to me, for God's sake!'

A sudden thrill passed through his frame as a low murmur came up from the icy grave. He strained his ears to listen to the broken words. 'I am alive, Waty,' was the reply of the unfortunate man; 'but my ankle is out of joint, and one of my arms broken. I shall never see the light of day again.'

A cry of mingled joy and agony burst from Walter's lips.

'Don't be afraid, father,' he exclaimed. 'You shall be rescued, with God's help! Have you got your bag with you?'

'Yes; but my bottle is broken.'

'Well, then, take mine. I'll lower it down with a cord.—Have you got it?'

'Yes' was feebly answered. 'I can hold out now for a while, unless the cold strike me.'

'Courage, father, till I run down to the village, and get the neighbours and shepherds to come with ropes and poles. Try to hold out for a couple of hours, and with the help of God, you shall be saved.'

'Ay, ay, dear boy,' was the faint reply: 'I will try to be patient till you come back'; and with a God-speed, Walter hurried off to rouse the neighbours to the rescue.

It was a dangerous journey that the brave boy undertook for his father's rescue; but courage, and the agility which is acquired by those who are accustomed to the mountains from childhood, enabled him to reach the valley in a wonderfully short time. Pale as death, with hands bleeding, and clothes torn to shreds, he rushed to the inn, which was the nearest spot where help could be found. His appearance naturally created consternation; and in answer to the numerous questions addressed to him, he related in a few breathless words the dreadful accident which had befallen his father. A score of stalwart hands were instantly ready to rescue the unfortunate man from his dreadful position; the landlord of the inn ordered ropes, poles, and ladders to be got in readiness, and meanwhile pressed refreshment on the wall-nigh exhausted youth. Moments were precious; but ere long the party reached the scene of the disaster, when Walter, leaning over the edge of the cleft, cried to his father, and was answered.

'Yes, I'm still alive!' replied the mountaineer, in weakly tones; 'but I am almost frozen to death, and in dreadful pain. Make haste and help me, if you can, for I'm losing my senses.'

'Down with the rope!' shouted the landlord, who had himself come with the party.—'Look out, Hirzel! Place the loop over your shoulders and under your arms, and try to draw it tight. There are plenty of strong arms here that will soon get you up.'

The rope having been made fast to an iron stanchion driven into the ice, the looped end was lowered away into the chasm; but no sign was made by Hirzel that he had obeyed the directions, and fastened it round his body.

'Father, why don't you make haste?' exclaimed Walter in agony.

But there was no answer.

'He must have fainted at the last moment,' said the landlord; 'and if so, then may God have mercy upon him, for not a living creature could venture such a depth!'

'I will venture it!' exclaimed Walter, seizing the rope. But twenty hands held him back. 'Let me go!' he cried. 'I must save my father!' and breaking loose with a sudden effort from the men who surrounded him, the courageous youth seized the rope and disappeared in sight of his horror-stricken companions.

A few terrible moments passed, when a shout from below was suddenly heard, and the cry 'All right, pull away, friends!' sent a thrill of joy through every heart.

'Pull steadily, my men,' cried the good landlord; 'but pull as if your own lives depended on it.—I can see them now!' exclaimed he, gazing

into the gloomy abyss. 'Hirzel seems to have fainted, just as I thought, but Watty has fastened the rope round him securely. Pull away; they will be at the top in a few seconds!'

Encouraged by success, the men redoubled their efforts, and had soon the satisfaction of landing father and son safely on the ice.

A rough kind of stretcher having been hastily made of poles and ropes, the wounded hunter was laid upon it and carried home; and as there was no lack of stout hearts and sure feet, the journey was accomplished without accident. After setting his broken limbs and binding up his wounds, the doctor, who had been speedily called in, expressed the hope that Hirzel's life would be saved, but he doubted very much if he would ever be able to climb the mountains for chamois again. Walter was thankful to find that his father's life was in no danger; and had himself so far recovered his equanimity as to be able to relate how he had rescued him from his icy grave, and how he found that the rope, instead of having reached the wounded man, had actually rested on a ledge ten feet above the place where he lay. Walter, who felt devoutly thankful that his efforts had been so successful, was overwhelmed with praises for his heroism.

Nor was the chamois forgotten. The generous landlord had it brought down to the inn from the spot where it had fallen, and sent an ample equivalent to Hirzel's cottage.

RUBBISH.

MOST of the substance we call the rubbish of our houses finds its way sooner or later into the dust-bin, and thence into the dustman's cart, which conveys it to the dust-contractor's yard; and there we are for the most part contented to lose sight of it. It is worthless to us, and we are thankful to be rid of it, and think no more of it. But no sooner does it reach its destination in the yard, than our rubbish becomes a valuable commodity. The largest cinders are bought by landresses and braziers, the smaller by brick-makers. The broken crockery is matched and mended by the poor women who sort the heaps, that which is quite past repair being sold with the oyster-shells to make roads; and the very cats are skinned, before their dead bodies are sent away with other animal and vegetable refuse to be used as manure for fertilising our fields. Nothing is useless or worthless in the contractor's eyes; for rubbish, like dirt, is simply 'matter out of place.'

The term is an entirely correlative one; what is rubbish to one person under certain circumstances, being under altered conditions extremely valuable to another. Gold itself is rubbish in the eyes of a man who is starving on a desert island; and the pearls which adorn a royal diadem and have made the fortune of the lucky finder, were probably felt to be worse than useless by the poor oyster, tormented by the presence of some particle of matter which he felt to be decidedly 'out of place' within his shell. Many a cook no doubt had washed the little fresh-water

bleak, a fish about four inches long, and had thoughtlessly poured away the water after the operation, before it occurred to the French bead-maker that the lustrous silvery sediment deposited at the bottom of the vessel might be turned to account in the manufacture of artificial pearls, or pearl-beads.

It is indeed strange to consider how many of our most highly prized adornments and our most useful and important manufactures are derived from our own and Nature's refuse. The jet which brings in some twenty thousand pounds a year to the town of Whitby alone, is merely a compact, highly lustrous, and deep black variety of lignite, a species of coal less ancient in origin than that of the Carboniferous era which we usually burn. And coal itself, as we know, is merely the refuse of ancient forests and jungles, peat-mosses and cypress swamps, which has been mineralised in the course of ages and stored for our use in the bowels of the earth. Amber too, which is also used for ornaments, especially in the East, is but the fossil gum or resin of the *Pinites succinifer*, large forests of which seem to have existed in the north-east portion of what is now the bed of the Baltic. To the pine-tree this gum was certainly nothing but refuse, a something to be got rid of; but Nature, who rejects nothing however vile and contemptible, received it into her lumber-room, her universal storehouse, and after keeping it patiently much more than the traditional seven years, sends it out again, transformed and yet the same, to adorn the Eastern beauty, and to give employment to many a skillful pair of hands. Bogwood, which like jet, is used for bracelets, brooches, &c. is merely oak or other hard wood which has lain for years in peat-bogs or marshes, and has acquired its dark colouring from the action of oxidised metal upon the tannin it contained.

Turning, however, from Nature's processes to those of man, we find that he is doing his best, however clumsily, to follow the thrifty example she sets him. For many and many a year no doubt the pine-tree shed its pointed, needle-like leaves in the Silesian forests, and there they were left to decay and turn into mould at their leisure, until M. Pannewitz started a manufactory for converting them into forest-wool, which, besides being efficacious in cases of rheumatism when applied in its woolly state, can also be curled, felted, or woven. Mixed with cotton, it has even been used for blankets and wearing apparel. The ethereal oil evolved during the preparation of the wool is a useful medical agent, besides being serviceable as lamp-oil and also as a solvent of caoutchouc; and even the refuse left when the leaves have yielded up their oil and wood, is not looked upon as rubbish, but is compressed into blocks and used for firewood; while the resinous matter it contains produces gas enough for the illumination of the factories.

Truly, as one man's meat is another man's poison, so one man's rubbish is another man's treasure. While the Russians export or simply waste all their bones, other more thrifty people boil them, to extract their grease and gelatine; convert them into charcoal, to be used in refining

sugar; pass them on to the turner, to be made into knife-handles and a thousand other useful articles; or grind them up to supply phosphate of lime for the farmer's crops. The commonest and roughest kinds of old glass are now bought up by a certain manufacturer, who melts them up, colours the liquid by a secret process of his own invention, to any tint he desires, and finally pours it out to cool in flat cakes. These are broken by the hammer into fragments of various size and shape, which are used to produce most effective decorations, such as might be introduced with advantage in many a now plain unattractive-looking building. The cost of this variety of mosaic is less than that of any other, and no doubt it will be extensively used as it becomes better known.

Even such insignificant things as cobwebs are turned to account, not merely for healing out fingers—Bottom's sole idea as to their use—but for supplying the astronomer with cross-lines for his telescopes. Spider's threads have even been woven, though one cannot imagine where or how, except in fairyland, by fairy fingers, and for fairy garments; and among the curiosities which travellers bring home from the Tyrol are pictures painted upon cobwebs, the drawing of which is perfectly clear and distinct, with the spider's handiwork at the same time plainly apparent. High prices are charged for these strange works of art, and no wonder, for the cobweb paper—which resembles a fluffy semi-transparent gauze—looks as if it must be extremely unpleasant to draw upon; and no doubt the eccentric artist fails many times before he succeeds in producing a saleable article. But we may descend even lower than cobwebs in the scale of refuse, and still find that we have not reached the dead-level at which things become utterly worthless and good for nothing. Nay, much that is sweetest and associated in our minds with luxury and refinement, may now be produced from that which is in itself most repulsive. For, while artificial vanilla can be made from the sap of the pine-tree, essence of almonds from benzine, and the delicate perfumes of woodruff and melilot from coal-tar, other scents as fragrant can be obtained from the unsavoury refuse of the stable.

Perhaps there is nothing more interesting and instructive, as showing how the meaning of the word 'rubbish' varies, than the history of gas-making. To begin with: the coal which yields most gas is what is termed 'canal' coal, and is now worth from twenty-five to thirty shillings a ton or more; whereas fifty years ago, before the introduction of gas, it was looked upon as almost worthless. In distilling coal for gas, a liquor is produced which for a long time was so great an inconvenience to the gas companies that they actually paid for permission to drain it into the common sewers, as the simplest way of getting rid of it. This gas-liquor contains salts of ammonia, together with naphtha and tar; and the tar is now made by repeated distillation to yield pitch, benzole, creosote, carbolic acid, the substance known as paraffine, and aniline. It seems strange now that these valuable products should ever have been thrown away as useless; still stranger is it to learn that we derive from one of these waste substances the whole series of beautiful colours called aniline dyes. Naphthaline

is another residuary product, by a novel application of which it is said that the light-giving properties of gas may be enhanced fourfold, at a very trifling cost. But the uses to which the waste liquor of the gas-works may be put are not yet exhausted; for not only is it turned to account itself, but combined with the slaty shales found among the coal, which were also at one time a source of perpetual annoyance, it yields alum—used in the manufacture of paper and preparation of leather; coppers or green vitriol (sulphate of iron), used in dyeing, tanning, and the manufacture of ink and Prussian blue; and sulphuric acid.

Rags are now recognised as such a valuable commodity that in some countries their export is forbidden by government; nevertheless, from one source or another the paper-makers of England alone import annually some eighteen or twenty thousand tons of linen and cotton rags, and collect large quantities at home. These rags are of very varying degrees of cleanliness, as may be imagined; some of the English ones require no bleaching at all, while those of Italy bear away the palm for dirt. Old sails are made into the paper used for bank-notes, so it is said, and old ropes reappear as brown paper; but many other things besides flax, hemp, and cotton are now used in the manufacture, and paper is made and remade over and over again. Not a scrap of paper need be wasted, for there are plenty of persons ready to buy it; and if not good enough for remanufacture as paper, it can always be converted into papier-mâché, no matter what its colour or quality. Cuttings of paper severed by bookbinders, pasteboard-makers, envelope-cutters, pocket-book-makers, and paper-hangers are readily brought up; and so too are tons-weights of old ledgers and account-books by the papier-mâché manufacturer, together with old letters and any other paper-rubbish, giving a pledge that all shall be promptly consigned to destruction in his large vat; and out of this heterogeneous assemblage he produces a substance so hard and firm and durable that it has been suggested as suitable for making soldiers' huts and even ships. It is already put to a variety of uses, and is employed for ceiling ornaments, cornice frames, mill-board, bulk-heads, cabin-partitions, piano-cases, chairs, tables, &c. One complete suite of papier-mâché furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl was made a few years ago for the Queen of Spain. Woolen rags are always saleable for the purpose of being ground to powder, coloured, and used for flock-papers and artificial flowers; while they may be re-manufactured, no matter how old they may be, and with a certain admixture of new wool, converted into a coarse kind of cloth largely exported to South America.

We might go on in this way almost *ad infinitum*, showing how one waste substance after another has been taken up and made into an important factor in the social economy; but enough has been said to prove that it is not so easy as it might seem at first sight to say with any certainty what is rubbish. Of this we may be sure—the wiser men grow and the more they learn of Nature's secrets, the less they will throw away as useless. After all, Nature is the great alchemist; and though necessity is sharpening our wits and making us very clever at turning to account many a thing which our forefathers contentedly threw

away, still our best efforts look clumsy by the side of hers, and our dust-yards and lumber-rooms are but repulsive, untidy receptacles compared with her wonderful laboratory.

ANECDOTES OF AUTHORS.

THERE is always an additional interest attaching to a book when we know something of its author or of the circumstances under which it was written. The knowledge that Milton was blind when he conceived the splendid imagery of *Paradise Lost*, adds one more wonder to that marvellous production; and have we not from childhood pictured to ourselves John Bunyan in his prison-cell writing about the 'Slough of Despond' and the 'Shining Ones' in the *Pilgrim's Progress*? A number of incidents connected with the writing of well-known books, and other facts and amusing stories about authors, have been brought together by the same pen which wrote *Anecdotes of Artists*. A few of these we append.

Those who have laughed over the exploits of John Gilpin—and who has not?—will read with interest the following account of its origin. 'It happened one afternoon, in those years when Cowper's accomplished friend Lady Austen made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increased dejection. It was her custom on these occasions to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin—which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood—to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning that ebullitions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad.' To Lady Austen's suggestion also we are indebted for Cowper's poem of *The Task*.

'Johnson, the publisher in St Paul's Church-yard, obtained the copyright of Cowper's poems—which proved a great source of profit to him—in the following manner. One evening a relation of Cowper's called upon Johnson with a portion of the manuscript poems, which he offered for publication, provided Johnson would publish them at his own risk, and allow the author to have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson read the poems, approved of them, and accordingly published them. Soon after they had appeared, there was scarcely a reviewer who did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter-shops; and the public taste being thus foolishly misled, these charming effusions stood in the corner of the publisher's shop for a long time as an unsaleable pile. At length Cowper's relation called upon Johnson with another bundle of the poet's manuscript, which was offered and accepted upon the same terms as before. In this fresh collection was the poem of *The Task*. Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, but thoroughly assured of the great merit of the poems, they were published. The tone of the reviewers became changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of the age. The success of this second publication set the first in motion. Johnson soon reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment, and Cowper's poems enriched the publisher when

the poet was in languishing circumstances. In October 1812, the copyright of Cowper's poems was put up for sale among the London booksellers in thirty-two shares. Twenty of the shares were sold at two hundred and twelve pounds each. The work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to net eight hundred and thirty-four pounds per annum. It had only two years of copyright; yet this same copyright produced the sum of six thousand seven hundred and sixty-four pounds.'

Coleridge, among his many speculations, started a periodical in prose and verse entitled *The Watchman*, with the motto, 'That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.' He watched in vain! Coleridge's incurable want of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out and disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the ninth number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he relates an amusing illustration. Happening one morning to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant-girl putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and he mildly checked her for her wastefulness. 'La! sir,' replied Nanny, 'why, it's only *Watchmen*!'

'Stammering,' says Coleridge, 'is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland in restraining the Duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way; "but you know he is the Duke of Cu-cum-ber-land,"

Cottle in his *Life of Coleridge* relates the following amusing incident: 'I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but after many strenuous efforts, I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but after several unsuccessful attempts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr Coleridge now tried his hand, but shewed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy?) since the collar was put on; for, he said, "it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar." Just at this instant a servant-girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation: "La! master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way; you should do like this;" when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.'

We are told of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, that when the work was completed, the author being at the time hard pressed for money, took it to a second-rate publisher, with the view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with the bookseller, and called upon

him next day for his decision. The publisher hesitated, and requested another day for consideration; and at parting, Fielding offered him the manuscript for twenty-five pounds. On his way home, Fielding met Thomson the poet, whom he told of the negotiation for the sale of the manuscript; when Thomson, knowing the high merit of the work, conjured him to be off the bargain, and offered to find a better purchaser. Next morning, Fielding hastened to his appointment with as much apprehension, lest the bookseller should keep to his bargain, as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To the author's great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature declined, and returned the manuscript to Fielding. He next set off with a light heart to his friend Thomson; and the novelist and the poet then went to Andrew Millar, the great publisher of the day. Millar, as was his practice with works of light reading, handed the manuscript to his wife, who having read it, advised him by no means to let it slip through his fingers. Millar now invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, after dinner, the bookseller, with great caution, offered Fielding two hundred pounds for the manuscript. The novelist was amazed at the largeness of the offer. "Then, my good sir," said he, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of good fortune, "give me your hand—the book is yours.—And waiter," continued he, "bring a couple of bottles of your best port." Before Millar died, he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by *Tom Jones*, out of which he generously made Fielding various presents, to the amount of two thousand pounds; and when he died, he bequeathed a handsome legacy to each of Fielding's sons.

There are some amusing stories told of the two Sheridans, father and son. Sheridan—probably with a view to improving the financial condition of the family—was very desirous that his son Tom should marry a young lady of large fortune; but he knew that a Miss Callander had already won his heart. The father expatiating on the folly of his son, at length broke out: "Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you off with a shilling!"

Tom looking maliciously at his father, said: "Then sir, you must borrow it!"

In a large party one evening, the conversation turned upon young men's allowances at college. Tom deplored the ill-judging parsimony of many parents in that respect.

"I am sure Tom," said his father, "you have no reason to complain; I always allowed you eight hundred pounds a year."

"Yes, father, I confess you allowed it; but then, it was never paid!"

Hannah More and her sister visited London in 1773 or 1774, and were the guests of Garrick. They were received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke. Hannah More's sister has thus described their first interview with Johnson: "We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds; she had sent to engage Dr Percy—*Percy's Collection*, now you know him—quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr Johnson's very own house. Yes, *Abyssinian Johnson!* Dictionary

Johnson! *Ramblers, Idlers, and Irene Johnson!* Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his just going to the press, the *Tour to the Hebrides*, and his old friend Richardson. Mrs Williams, the blind poetess, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the Doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said she was "a silly thing." When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach; and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*."

"Dr Johnson's wigs were in general very shabby, and their fore-parts were burned away by the near approach to the candle which his shortsightedness rendered necessary in reading. At Streatham, Mr Thrale's butler always had a wig ready; and as Johnson passed from the drawing-room, when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig, and replace it with the newer one; and this ludicrous ceremony was performed every day."

Everybody has heard of the ready wit of Douglas Jerrold: the following are a few specimens. "At a club of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite, and a friend as fierce of the Orange cause, were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary: "I tell you what it is sir—I spit upon your King William!"

"The friend of the Prince of Orange rose, and roared back to the Jacobite: "And I sir, spit upon your James II.!"

"Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rang the bell, and shouted: "Waiter, spittoons for two!"

"At an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers, when seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend near: "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the milestone!"

"Jerrold and some friends were dining once at a tavern, and had a private room; but after dinner, the landlord, on the plea that the house was partly under repair, requested permission that a stranger might take a chop in the apartment at a separate table. The company gave the required permission; and the stranger, a man of commonplace aspect, was brought in, ate his chop in silence, and then fell asleep, snoring so loudly and discordantly that the conversation could with difficulty be carried on. A gentleman of the party made a noise; and the stranger, starting out of his nap, called out to Jerrold: "I know you, Mr Jerrold—I know you; but you shall not make a butt of me!"

"Then don't bring your hog's head in here," was the instant answer of the wit."

The following is a story of Sir Walter Scott's: "The chemical philosophers Dr Black and Dr Hutton were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. Dr Black spoke with the English pronunciation, and with punctilious accuracy of expression. The geologist Dr Hutton was the very reverse of this; his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a

strong Scotch accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said. It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails? They are known to be nutritious and wholesome, and even sanative in some cases. The epicures of old praised them among the richest delicacies, and the Italians still esteem them. In short it was determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, fattened for a time, and then stewed for the benefit of the two philosophers only, who had either invited no guests to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the *pièce de résistance*. A huge dish of snails was placed before them. Philosophers are but men after all; and the stomachs of both doctors began to revolt against the experiment. Nevertheless, though they looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe of each other, so that each conceiving the sensations of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began, with infinite exertion, to swallow in very small quantities the mess which he internally loathed. Dr Black at length shewed the white-leather, but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his mess-mate. "Doctor," he said in his precise and quiet manner—"doctor, do you not think that they taste a little—a very little green?" "Green!" vociferated Dr Hutton with a prefix we prefer to omit, "Green indeed! Tak' them awa, tak' them awa!" And starting up from the table, the doctor gave full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. So ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern cuisine, and thus was shewn the fact that philosophy can no more cure nausea than honour can set a broken limb.

The following characteristic story of two 'intellectual gladiators' is related in *A New Spirit of the Age*: 'Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were once present amongst a small party of equally well-known men. It chanced that the conversation rested with these two, both first-rate talkers, and the others sat well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt had said something about the Islands of the Blest, or El Dorado, or the Millennium, and was flowing on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped some heavy tree-trunk across Hunt's pleasant stream, and banked it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval of the speaker's joyous progress. But the irrepressible Hunt never ceased his overflowing anticipations, nor the estuaria Carlyle his infinite demurs to those finite flourishes. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and pitted them against each other, as the philosopher of Hopefulness and of the Unhopeful. The contest continued with all that ready wit, that mixture of pleasantry and profundity, that extensive knowledge of books and character, with their ready application in argument or illustration, and that perfect ease and good-nature which distinguish each of these men. The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear the contest would never come to an end by victory on either side. But the night was far advanced, and the party broke up. They all sallied forth; and leaving the close room, the candles, and the arguments, behind them, suddenly found themselves in presence of

a most brilliant starlight night. They all looked up. "Now," thought Hunt, "Carlyle is done for; he can have no answer to that.—There!" he shouted. "Look up there! Look at that glorious harmony, which sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man."

Carlyle looked up. The whole party remained silent, to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last—he was but mortal. But out of that silence came a few low-toned words in a broad Scotch accent. And who on earth could have anticipated what the voice said? "Eh! it's a sad sight."

Hunt sat down on a door-step. They all laughed, then looked very thoughtful, then laughed again. Finally they bade each other "good-night," and betook themselves homeward with slow and serious pace. There might be some reason for sadness too. That brilliant firmament probably—we would rather say possibly—contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings—for beings who had to die—for life in the stars may imply that those bright worlds may also be full of graves; all that life, like ours—our philosophers appear to have ignored Revelation in these thoughts—knowing not whence it came nor whither it goeth, and the brilliant universe in its great movement having perhaps no more certain knowledge of itself nor of its ultimate destination than hath one of the suffering specks that compose this small spot we inherit.

We must confess to a preference for Leigh Hunt's spirit; and with a few words of his on 'Literary Localities,' we conclude. He pleasantly says: 'I can no more pass through Westminster without thinking of Milton; or the Borough without thinking of Chaucer and Shakespeare; or Gray's Inn without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square without Steele and Akenside, than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendour of the recollection. I once had duties to perform which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighbourhood in which Dryden had lived; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought.'

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN little more than a month after his wife's interview with Sir Charles Stopford, Gerald Rivers was duly installed as station-master at Leaswood. Alice arrived a couple of days later by the evening train, bringing with her as general servant a girl of eighteen, whom she had hired in London, and who knew nothing whatever of the antecedents either of her or her husband. In days gone by, Alice had been well known by sight at Leaswood Station, and to nearly every person in the neighbourhood for miles around, so that she was obliged to be very careful now in order to avoid recognition. When she went out in the daytime, which was not very often, she wore a veil so thick that even her own sisters would have passed her unknowing who was behind it;

while on those occasions when she took an after-dusk ramble with her husband, a veil of a thinner texture effectually shielded her from observation.

Gerald had been about a fortnight at his new duties when Mr Crewdson, his wife's father, one day alighted from the train. He was a stout white-haired gentleman, who claimed the help of a thick cane when he walked, and whom his last attack of gout had left slightly lame. By the porters at the station, the flymen and others, he was known as 'Old Pepper-corn' or 'Old Fire-away.' Some of the heat of his temper would seem to have imparted itself to his complexion, which was not unlike a boiled lobster in tint.

'So you are the new station-master, eh?' he said, with a sort of disdainful grunt, as he surveyed Gerald from head to foot.

'I am that person, at your service sir.'

'Humph! I was quite satisfied with the man who was here before, and it was a tom-fool's trick to send him away. I don't suppose I shall be half as well satisfied with you.'

'You have not given me a trial yet sir.'

'Oh, we shall soon put you to the proof. I hope you are a good hand at telegraphing.'

'Had I not been so, I should hardly have been here.'

'That's no answer. But let me tell you, young man, that your time here will be a very short one unless you attend properly to my telegrams.'

'I shall give them every attention.'

'You had better do so. Some of them are in cipher, and with those you cannot be too particular. An error of even a single letter might be of serious consequence to me. At whatever hour a message for me may arrive, you will lose no time in sending it up to my house by special messenger. If you attend to me properly, there will be a turkey for you at Christmas; but if you don't, why then, the sooner you look out for another job the better.'

'It's only papa's grumpy way,' said Alice to Gerald, when told of the interview. 'He's very obstinate, and will have his own way; but at heart he's as good as gold, as you will one day discover for yourself.'

Next morning Alice went up to London by the early train, and drove at once to Sir Charles Stopford's. It was just eleven o'clock, and he was still lounging over his breakfast. He welcomed his god-daughter warmly, and ordered up some fresh chocolate.

'God-pa,' said Alice at last, when she had told him all the news, 'is your broker—your man who buys and sells for you in the City—the same man that is employed by papa?'

'No. Boucher is my man. Your father's man is Simmonds—a fellow that I don't like at all.'

'Then perhaps you won't mind giving me a note to your Mr Boucher?'

'Why now! A note indeed! What kind of a note?'

'A simple note of introduction, stating that the bearer is Mr Crewdson's daughter, and that any commission I may ask him to do for me must have the same attention as if it were for yourself.'

Sir Charles gave a long low whistle. 'Why now, you don't mean to say that you are going to speculate on the Stock Exchange?'

'Why should I not do a little in that line as

well as you or papa?' asked Alice with a smile. 'When I used to act as papa's secretary, I learned to take quite an interest in the different kinds of stocks and in the rise and fall of the money market.'

'Ay, ay; that's all very well. But that's very different from buying and selling on your own account. You would be sure to burn your fingers before very long.'

'I should hardly do that, I think, god-papa. In any case, I have not much to lose, so shall not venture into very deep water.'

'Why now, it's just the sort of thing one might expect from your father's daughter. My friend Crewdson made every penny of his fortune on the Stock Exchange, and I suppose there's a sort of mania in it that runs in the family. But if you could only have the benefit of your father's advice, now?'

'That is quite out of the question. Had it not been so, there would have been no occasion for my errand here this morning.'

'Quite true, my pretty logician. Then I suppose I must give you what you ask for.'

'Of course you must. The idea of your refusing your god-daughter such a trifle!'

When Alice had got what she wanted from Sir Charles, she drove at once to Plummer's Court, Cornhill. She was fortunate enough to find Mr Boucher in his office. When he had read the note, he said: 'I need hardly tell you, Miss Crewdson, that my best services will always be at your disposal. I have had many transactions with your father at one time or another.'

'I am married,' said Alice, 'and my name is Mrs Gerald. Any communications I may have to make to you will reach you in the form of telegrams from Leaswood station; but whenever a telegram from me reaches you, it must be acted upon with the utmost promptitude; not an hour must be thrown away.'

'I will give special instructions that any message from you shall be brought to me, wherever I may be, immediately on its arrival, and you may depend upon its having my most prompt attention.'

Day passed after day till several weeks had come and gone, during which time a considerable number of telegrams reached Leaswood Station for Mr Crewdson, each one of which was shewn to Alice by her husband before being sent on by a special messenger to Brookfield. More than one of these telegrams was in cipher, but that fact did not seem to cause Mrs Rivers much difficulty. Before her marriage and during her father's frequent attacks of gout, she had often acted as his secretary, and the keys to the two different kinds of cryptography made use of by certain of his telegraphic correspondents were thoroughly understood by her.

At length one day there came a message addressed to her father, which, when translated by Alice, caused her cheeks to flame and her eyes to light up with sudden fire, and set her whole frame aglow with intense excitement. Gerald, who had been out to attend to one of his trains while his wife interpreted the message, looked and wondered but said nothing, waiting quietly for the explanation which he knew a few minutes must bring. The message was headed: 'From Edgar Crewdson, New York, to Edward B. Crewdson, Brookfield, near Leaswood Station, Midlandshire, England.' It had been sent by submarine cable to London

in the first instance, and thence forward to Leaswood. 'It is from my uncle Edgar in America,' said Alice; a fact which Gerald had guessed already. Then she rose suddenly from her seat and flung her arms round her husband's neck and burst into tears. 'At last, my love, at last!' she murmured. 'Surely the sunshine is coming at last.'

'May I read it?' asked Gerald. The answer, with her head still on his shoulder, was a pressure of her arms; so Gerald took up the paper, on which his wife's writing was still wet, and read as follows: 'Buy up all the Deep Lips you can lay hands on. Struck oil once more. This may be relied on. Private information. Wall Street in the dark yet.' Gerald was puzzled, and his face betrayed it.

'You darling old ignoramus!' said his wife between laughing and crying.

'I confess that I can make neither head nor tail of it,' he said.

'And yet it is very, very simple.'

'To clever little wives like you perhaps, but not to stupid husbands like me. Pray, what may be the meaning of Deep Lips?'

'Deep Lips is the name of a silver mine in Colorado, the shares in which can be bought or sold on the London Stock Exchange like any other scrip. These shares have been quoted at a very low figure for the last two years, as it was believed that the mine was all but worked out. The phrase "Struck oil once more" can have but one meaning: that the miners have unexpectedly come across a fresh lode or vein of silver—doubtless a very rich one, judging from my uncle's emphatic request to papa to buy up all the shares he can lay hands on. The words "Wall Street in the dark yet" mean that the news embodied in the telegram is not yet known to the buyers and sellers in New York. The moment it is known to them, a score of telegrams will flash across the Atlantic to the same purport as this one. In a case like this an hour will often make all the difference in the world; and if we are only fortunate enough to be first in the field, why then, I think— But never mind just now what I think. Every moment is precious, and I must telegraph Boucher "slick away."'

Seizing pen, ink, and paper, Alice dashed off the following message: 'From Mrs Gerald, Leaswood, to Mr Boucher, No. 11 Plummer's Court, Cornhill. Buy up in my name all the Deep Lip stock now in the market. Not a moment must be lost. I will be with you at ten to-morrow morning.'

'Not another word till you have despatched my message,' said Alice as she gave the paper into her husband's hands. Like the sensible man he was, Gerald simply nodded and left the room. Five minutes later he was back again.

'Sent it?' asked Alice anxiously.

'Every word. And now perhaps, you will explain still further?'

'Willingly.'

'But first I had better send the message to your father at Brookfield.'

Alice looked at her watch. 'It is now one-thirty,' she said. 'It will take the man an hour to get to Brookfield, and another hour to return, by which time it will be three-thirty. Allowing another half-hour for a telegram from papa to reach Mr Simmonds his broker, that will bring the time to four o'clock—too late in the day for business on the Stock Exchange. Yes, you may send

the message; Boucher will have had a fair start. If he does his duty, there will not be a Deep Lip share to be had for love or money by to-morrow morning.'

'Which means,' said Gerald, 'that you are taking advantage of your knowledge of the information conveyed in your uncle's telegram, to forestall your father's action in the matter, and make the information worthless so far as he is concerned.'

'That is precisely what I am doing,' said Alice with emphasis. 'I was not my father's secretary for so long a time without learning something. He has refused to forgive me or to condone my marriage unless I can go to him with six thousand pounds. He does not ask me whether I am happy. He has no curiosity as to the kind of man I have made my husband. He simply says: "Bring me six thousand pounds, and all shall be forgiven." To meet his mercenary views, I must become mercenary myself. All is fair in love, war, and on the Stock Exchange. The moment the information conveyed in this message reaches my father, he will take advantage of it by telegraphing to his broker to buy up every Deep Lip share in the market. I happen to see the message first, and I take the first advantage of it; that is all.'

'I am afraid that you are making me a confederate in a very nefarious scheme,' said Gerald, looking as if he hardly knew whether to laugh or be serious.

'In this case the end must justify the means. It is just the sort of ruse that papa himself would delight in—just the sort of advantage that he would be the first to take.'

'Then you are buying for what is called a "rise"?' said Gerald.

'Precisely so. If the information conveyed by my uncle's telegram be correct—and he is too old a soldier in the field of speculation not to know what he is about—then will Deep Lips go up, up, up, as soon as the intelligence becomes generally known, and your wife will have made a very lucky hit. Of course my object will be to sell out and realise as soon as the shares have reached what, in Boucher's opinion, seems something like their maximum value.'

'But suppose the information conveyed in your uncle's telegram prove to be incorrect, and the shares don't go up at all—what then?'

'Why, even in that case, they cannot sink much lower than they are at present, and as a consequence, my loss will be proportionately trifling. But I won't even think that loss is possible.'

'Can it be possible that it is my wife who is doing all this?'

'Your wife? Why not, dear? The whole affair is as simple as A B C.'

'But to think of your originating such a scheme!'

'Now you know the reason why I interceded with Sir Charles to have you appointed as station-master at Leaswood.'

'Then the scheme that you are carrying out today has been hatching in your brain from the first?'

'Certainly. It came to me like a flash of inspiration on the very day that we received papa's letter.'

'You are a strange girl, and I sometimes think that it will take me my lifetime to read you thoroughly.'

Then Gerald left the room, taking the telegram with him, which he sent off at once by one of his porters to Brookfield. After the departure of the next train he came in for an early cup of tea.

'With regard to this telegram,' said Gerald as he sat down at table, 'it is written in a cipher different from any that I have seen before: it is nothing but a mass of figures.'

'The cipher is a private one, agreed upon between my father and my uncle, and used by them alone. It is of a kind that defies the scrutiny of an outsider, and yet can be read by a child who possesses the key. The key to this kind of cryptogram is a book—a book previously agreed upon by the parties communicating with each other. The book agreed upon in this case, as I happen to know through having been papa's secretary, is a certain edition of Walker's Dictionary, of which I took care to provide myself with a copy before coming to Leaswood. When once the book is known, the rest is as simple as may be. Let us take the first sentence of the telegram, for instance, which, when interpreted, runs as follows: "Buy up all the Deep Lips you can lay hands on." As originally telegraphed it ran thus: "Seven ought dot eleven stroke five nine nine dot one three stroke one seven dot two seven"—and so on, which when put down in actual figures would look thus: 70.11 | 599.13 | 17.27 | 552.7 | 140.14 | &c. I now take my dictionary, and turning to page seventy, count till I come to the eleventh word from the top, which I find to be the word *Buy*. Then turning to page five hundred and ninety-nine, I count down to the thirteenth word from the top, and find it to be the word *up*. Proceeding by the same method, I work gradually through the telegram, with what result you know. Of course everything depended on my knowledge of the book used between my father and uncle. Had I not known that, the telegram would have remained a dead-letter to me for ever.'

CHAPTER IV.

At five minutes past ten next morning, Mrs Gerald, as she called herself, walked into the office of Mr Boucher. 'Did you receive my telegram yesterday afternoon?' were her first anxious words.

'I did, and acted on it immediately.' Then as he handed her a chair: 'I hope you will pardon me for remarking that your choice of an investment is hardly one that would recommend itself to my experience.'

'I suppose not,' said Alice quietly. 'But I had my reasons.'

'Oh, of course,' rejoined Boucher. 'Your father is known as one of our boldest and most successful speculators; and you, as his daughter, would hardly be likely to make any very serious mistake. But still?—'

'But still had you been going to lay out money of your own, you would not have done as I have done.'

'Certainly not, unless I had more spare capital than I knew what to do with; and hardly then.'

'There's one comfort—they cannot sink much lower than they are now.'

'But you, I presume, are buying for a rise?'

'Precisely so.'

A significant shrug was the broker's only reply.

'To what extent have you bought for me?'

Boucher named the figure—a large one.

'I should not have thought there was so much in the market.'

'People look on them as a bad lot, and are only too glad to find a customer.'

'So much the better for those who have the courage to buy,' said Alice as she rose to go. 'I will call in again between three and four. Meanwhile, if there are any more to be had, buy them.'

At three forty-five Mrs Rivers was again at Mr Boucher's office.

'A few more were offered to-day and I bought them,' were the broker's first words. 'Singular to say, Simmonds, your father's broker, has been inquiring after Deep Lips all day. Hearing that I had bought heavily yesterday, he sent on one of his people to know whether I had any to dispose of, even going to the extent of offering three and an eighth more than this morning's quotation; but in the absence of any instructions from you, I declined all overtures.'

'You did quite right, Mr Boucher. Don't part with a single share till you have my instructions to do so. Meanwhile, as it is nearly mid-day before the newspapers reach us down at Leaswood, I shall be glad if you will telegraph the closing price to me each afternoon.'

'Sharp girl that, very—regular clip of the old block,' was Boucher's comment to himself as he ran through the telegraphic news in next morning's *Times*, where the following paragraph at once caught his attention: 'Reliable advices from San Francisco state that the Deep Lip Silver Mining Company have just struck a vein of unusual thickness. Shares going up rapidly.'

A few days later, as Gerald was seated behind the open pigeon-hole of his little office waiting to book any passengers who might be going by the next train, his attention was attracted by the loud tones of two people in the waiting-room outside.

'I tell you, Stopford, I was never more annoyed in my life,' said one, and Gerald knew at once who was the speaker. 'My brother, who, as he thought, had got the information before it was known to any one else in New York, was actually at the trouble to send me a message by cable telling me to buy up all the Deep Lips I could lay hands on. Of course, I acted on the message without an hour's unnecessary delay; but, would you believe it, when Simmonds went on 'Change next morning there was not a single Deep Lip to be had! Some vagabond had been there before me and had bought up every mother's son of 'em, and now they're going up like wild-fire. Thousands out of my pocket. Never was so sold in my life before.'

'Why now, Crewdson, that only goes to prove that there are, other speculators in the world as clever as you.'

'They were bought through Boucher too. But he's as close as wax. No getting a word out of him. Some confounded Yank's at the bottom of it all, never fear.'

Mr Crewdson had stated no more than the truth when he said that the Deep Lip shares were going up like wild-fire. Alice had a telegram from Mr Boucher every afternoon. It was an anxious time for her. For three weeks the shares went up day by day. At the end of that time they re-

mained stationary for two days. The following morning they dropped one-eighth. Alice at once took alarm, and telegraphed Boucher to sell everything. Three days later a post-letter reached her. 'Read the news, dear, and resign your railway situation at once,' she said to her husband as she handed him the letter.

'Seven thousand five hundred and fifty pounds!' read Gerald in amazement.

'Yes; and all out of one lucky speculation in Deep Lip shares. Now, I am ready to go to papa.'

And to her father she went; but not till after Gerald had sought and found relief from his duties at Leaswood. Mr Crewdson made *Old Furnival's Hotel* his home when in London, and there it was that Alice sought and found him. As fortune would have it, Sir Charles Stopford happened to be lunching with his friend that morning. Mrs Rivers hardly gave the waiter time to announce her before she followed him into the room. Mr Crewdson started up from his chair.

'Why—Alice! You here! Why have you come? What is the meaning of this intrusion? But before he could say another word his daughter's arms were round his neck, and her warm kisses were being rained over his face. 'Did I not forbid you?' he said. 'Did I not say that I would not see you?'

'You did, papa; and very hard I thought it of you. You did forbid me to come near you unless I could fulfil the one condition named in your letter.'

'Condition, indeed! I remember nothing about any condition. What on earth do you mean?'

'Did you not say in the only letter you have written me since my marriage that on the day I could bring you six thousand pounds—being an equivalent to the dowry you at one time intended to give me—you would forgive and forget everything, and take your little Alice back again to your heart? Surely, surely you cannot have forgotten!'

'And did I really say all that?'

'Certainly you did. I have your letter in my pocket. You shall read your own words if you like.'

'No need, girl—no need. My memory is treacherous at times; but I've not quite forgotten that letter. So you've come to tell me that my condition was too hard a one, that you and your poverty-stricken husband—'

'One moment, papa. I come to tell you that your condition is fulfilled—is more than fulfilled. Here is my bank-book. Look inside it, and there you will find standing in the name of Gerald Rivers—my husband's name—a deposit of seven thousand five hundred pounds.'

'Why now, really this is most extraordinary!' exclaimed Sir Charles.

Mr Crewdson said nothing; but his hands trembled so much as he took the bank-book that he could hardly hold it. He turned redder than ever, and then he cleared his voice loudly and put on his most portentous frown. Then he opened the book and looked vacantly at the writing for a moment or two, and then with a muttered exclamation he shut the book and threw it across the table to Sir Charles. 'Those bank fellows write such a villainous scrawl that there's no making head or tail of their pot-hooks,' he said.

'Here it is, sure enough,' said Sir Charles, peering at the figures through his double eye-glasses. 'An amount of seven thousand five hundred pounds deposited three days ago in the Westminster Bank to the credit of Gerald Rivers.'

But Alice was on her father's knee by this time, and had her arms round his neck, and was kissing him with tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips.

'You'll have to give way, old friend, there's not a doubt of it,' continued Sir Charles, 'if you made such a promise as my god-daughter says you made.'

'You were not only to forgive me, papa, but you were to give me another six thousand pounds to put to my husband's.'

'But—but—I don't understand,' stammered Mr Crewdson. 'I thought you had married a man who was not worth a penny?'

'My husband on our wedding-day was worth just twenty pounds in hard cash.'

'Then this is a legacy, I suppose?'

'No; not a legacy. We have been taking a leaf out of your book, papa, and speculating on 'Change.'

'Speculating! And is this the result?'

'That is the result!'

'Her father's daughter; I always said she was,' soliloquised Sir Charles. 'What a pity she wasn't born a boy!'

'Then you must have been deucedly lucky—far more lucky than I've been for a very long time. May I ask the name of the particular stock which you favoured with your confidence?'

'Gerald and I made all our money by speculating in Deep Lip mining shares.'

Mr Crewdson sat aghast, and well he might.

'Where is this husband of yours?' he gasped out at length.

'Gerald is waiting outside.'

'Bring him in, and let us have a look at him.'

But it was not till more than a year afterwards, when Gerald had grown to be like a son of his own to the old man, that Alice told her father by what means she had become possessed of the information which enabled her to achieve such a happy result by her bold speculation in Deep Lip shares. It is needless to add that she was forgiven.

ODD ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, either in the newspapers or posted up for the perusal of all comers, are sometimes so dull that we have selected one or two for the amusement of our readers.

Mr Candell of Kausus, who thought it necessary to advertise that he had brought his wooing to a successful issue, issued the following notice: 'From this time forth, hereafter and for ever, until Miss Anne Gould becomes a widow, all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions.' In less happy plight was the ousted lover who thus addressed his supplanter in the columns of the *General Advertiser*: 'Whereas, on Sunday April 12th 1750, there was seen in Cheapside, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, a young gentleman, dressed in a light-coloured coat, with a blue waistcoat trimmed with

silver lace, along with a young lady in mourning, going towards St Martin's, near Aldersgate. This is therefore to acquaint the said gentleman (as a friend) to be as expeditious as possible in the affair, lest otherwise he should unhappily meet with the same disappointment at last, by another stepping in, in the meantime; as a young gentleman has been lately served by the aforesaid young lady, who, after a courtship of these four months last past, and that with her approbation, and in the most public manner possible, and with the utmost honour as could possibly become a gentleman. Take this sir, as a friendly hint!

Another victim of feminine fickleness, disinclined to accept his dismissal, lately issued the following 'Card' in the *Humboldt Times*: 'Warning to him it me concert—Missis Christine Rossow, wido of Gotfried Rossow desised, had prommiset me to go in the bounds of matrimony with me. From unkowning grounds now she decline to fulfill her prommisses. In regard to that I heard from good autorita that zum underhandet game bin plait behint my bac, from zum anprinciple fellos, knoingly, given my prommiset bride boggy rides and promenadings; probably der is were the rabbit lais in the pepper. Bout to there bennefit I publicly notefy them herewith, keep hands of, or prosscution in lawfollie way will follow. I intende to let them not impose and tramp on me.—FREDERICK HELLER.'

The jilted one might have couched his defiant complaint in better English, still he attains greater intelligibility than the cocooer of a notice once, if not now, to be seen at a Welsh railway station: 'List of Booking. You passengers must careful. For have their level money for tickets, and to apply at once for asking tickets when will booking window open; no tickets to have after departure of the train.' Somebody blundered too, when the South-eastern Railway carriages were placarded: 'Compartments are reserved for passengers wishing to smoke, and they are labelled to that effect; an intimation as ambiguous as the Western blacksmith's: 'No hosses shodded Sundays except Sickness and Death;' and as likely to be wrongly interpreted as the warning: 'Young ladies should set good examples, for young men will follow them,' which some one chalked on the wall of a Young Ladies' School, for the edification of the fair students.

It would never do to take some things as read. A religious journal announcing a forthcoming fancy-fair, told its readers: 'The annual sale of the ladies of the society will take place on Thursday next.' A Boston café-keeper, after calling attention to his choice wines, cigars, and oysters, adds: 'Families and parties supplied either on shell, per gallon, or cooked to order;' and a shoe-maker advertises his readiness to furnish boys and girls at all prices, and boasts that his babies' department 'pleases everybody, offering 'the greatest choice in the world.' Such an announcement might be taken literally, if it met one's eyes in New York, where 'Babies or children exchanged' challenges the attention in a shop-window, and is only one of many strange notifications.

To be Jack of all trades rather than master of one is now a common aim, so we are not at all astonished at the versatile Anna Aguker announcing that she 'attends as sick-nurse, watches dead

bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastries, desserts, and delicacies.' Equally anxious to turn a penny in one way or another is the denizen of a London back-street, whose modest card runs: 'Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject.' But this inglorious Milton must yield the palm to Burness and Son, on whose signboard, put up some sixty years ago, was to be read: 'Blacksmith's and barber's work done here, horse-shoeing and shaving, locks mended and hare-curl'd, bleeding, teeth-drawing, and all other farriery work; all sorts of spistas lick'er according to the late comerce treaty. Tak notis; my wife keeps skool and lernas folks as yu shall; teaches reading and riting, and all other langutiches, and has assistants if required, to teach horriory, sowing, the mathematics, and all other fashionable diversions.'

The orthographical originality displayed by Burness and Son would have delighted Artemus Ward. Says that pleasant writer somewhere: 'Sweetness is tiresome, variety is pleasing. I have a correspondent whose letters are a refreshment to me; there is such a breezy unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells cow with a large K. Now that is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagination a broader field, wider scope. It suggests to the mind a grand, impressive, new kind of cow.' Obadiah Rogers thought a little less answered the purpose equally well, giving all whom it might concern due notice that 'know kow is allowed in these medders, any men or women letten there kows run the road, cits inter my medders aforesaid, shall have his tail cut off by me.' As unconventional a speller as Obadiah or the showman's friend was the Missourian who wrote on his fence: 'Ce hear! Eye don't want ennybodi that has hosses which has the apiditick influence or any other name to cum thurn this gait. Kep shi!'—a warning probably as effective as the more verbose notice a sportsman came across in Indiana, which ran thus: 'Notis, to men who cum on my plais with guns, hurrying voices and braying dogs, ashooting and killing my gain. I will no longer stand it, for I have only three covets of quales and not to exceed ten squerels on my plais which I want for myself, and to those men who bring there dogs and hurrying voices here killing my birds will be fined according as law for I want all the woodpeckers as they are by nature a ravishing animal for worms and such-like and my jay-birds hunt o won, and if let alone will help me muchly in the spring to keep away grew worms and the like. I want all my woodchucks for my eteing as I never disturb them, keeping them to get fat, when they air worth to me as much as my chickens air. I say this to inform sum fools from Logansport who seem to like to kill my woodchucks and says for the fun I mean business as shure as I now sine my name.' This worthy would have done better to have imitated the brevity of the game-preserver up North, who said his say in four words: 'No Gunen Aloud Here!'

Far more satisfactory to contemplate must have been the board of the Arkansas ferryman, with its hospitable intimation: 'Ef ennybody cums hear arter lick'er, or to git across the river, they can jes blow this hear horn, and ef I don't cum when my Betsy up at the hous hears the horn blown, she'll

cum down and sell them the lick or set them across the river when i'm away from hoan.—JOHN WILSON. N.B.—Them that can't red will have to go to the Hous arter Betsy, taint but half a mile there.'

ITEMS OF AMERICAN FARMING.

ON the present exciting subject of American farming, there occur the following items in the letter of a correspondent of *The Times*:

'Farming on a scale unparalleled except in California is prosecuted in the Red River Valley. This dates from the year 1875, when several capitalists bought vast tracts of land there. Mr B. P. Cheney of Boston, and Mr Oliver Dalrymple of St Paul, purchased five thousand acres, of which three thousand five hundred will be under cultivation this spring. Last year they harvested forty-two thousand bushels of wheat, six thousand of oats, and three thousand of barley. The machinery on this farm consists of forty ploughs, sixteen seeders, forty harrows, sixteen harvesters, three steam thrashing-machines, and three portable steam-engines. As many as a hundred men are employed at the busiest season. Mr Cass has a farm of six thousand acres. Nearly the whole will be sown with wheat this year. Large though these farms are, yet they seem small in comparison with that belonging to Mr William Dalrymple; it covers thirty square miles. The quantity sown with wheat last year was twenty thousand nine hundred acres; the yield was two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. Seventy-five reaping and binding machines were used to harvest the crop, the work being done at the rate of one thousand acres a day. This farm is managed on the plan of a factory. It is divided into sections of two thousand acres, over each of which an overseer is placed; he carries out the orders of Mr Dalrymple just as a brigadier-general carries out the orders of the commander-in-chief of an army. Comfortable dwellings are provided for the overseers, while there is a boarding-house for the accommodation of the farm-labourers. Each section has its granary, stables, machine-shop, and engine-house. Indeed, the vast estate is really divided into a number of separate farms, each being complete in itself, and all being subject to a common head. Four hundred and fifty labourers and upwards of three hundred horses and mules are employed on this farm; three book-keepers are required to register the accounts, and two cashiers to receive and disburse the money. Indeed, the whole arrangements are designed to assimilate the production of grain to the operations of a manufactory. The idyllic side of farming has no place here. The farmer is a capitalist, and the farm-labourer is called a "hand" and treated as one. Advocates of spade-husbandry will see nothing to admire in this wholesale method of cultivating the soil, and they will maintain that if this system should grow in favour, the day must arrive when, in the United States as in certain European countries, there will be a permanent and rigid separation between the tillers of the soil and its owners. However, while

land continues as plentiful and easily acquired in the United States as it was during the Middle Ages, when the existing large estates were formed in Europe, the citizens of that country will disregard gloomy forebodings and will continue to lavish their admiration upon a successful capitalist like Mr Dalrymple. His farm is a common topic of glorification among the citizens of the new North-west, and of admiring envy among the dwellers in less fertile parts of the land.'

In reporting the extent of cereal crops in America, it is not usually considered that the enormous production is due to the virgin fertility of the soil, which must in time be exhausted, and require the recruitment of manures. In a few years, the land must either be supplemented by restoratives, or go out of cultivation. The day of agricultural difficulty is coming in the New World, as it long since came in the Old.

SUMMER ON THE WANE.

BRIEF grow the waning days; the poplars shed
Their sorried showers of crimson o'er the path,
And gathering swallows, on the river-brink,
Twit their departing notes. The dusky bats
Begin to congregate beneath the eaves,
Dreaming of winter-sleep; the lazy pike
Bask on the river-surface, revelling
In the last warmth of Summer.

On the elms,
The speckled starlings gathering, loud hold
A noisy council; and the blue-barred jays,
White-banded magpies, and spruce jacksnaws join
To swell the clamorous chorus.

On the bank,
The warm South bank—purple shine forth the bells
Of Autumn violets, last lingerers,
When gone, the flowers of Summer! So, oft shines
A virtuous life, unrecognized, unknown,
By a censorious world!

Close in, the days,
With gray, yet golden twilight; Winter comes,
Comes on apace, and his white-shrouding snows
Again shall shortly veil the slumbering Earth!

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written.
- 4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.
- 5th. Poetical offerings should be accompanied by an envelope, stamped and directed.

Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return ineligible papers.

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OUR OCEAN MAIL-STEAMERS.

It would be difficult to name any grander product of modern invention than the magnificent ocean mail-steamers which convey our letters from England to—almost literally—the uttermost parts of the earth. The excellence of the materials used; the perfection of the workmanship; the amount of space obtained in proportion to the weight; the economy of fuel in raising steam rapidly; the labour-saving appliances in every part of the majestic floating fabric; the use of telegraphy and telephony in the instantaneous conveyance of messages and instructions from one compartment to another; the almost unerring punctuality in departure and arrival; and the luxurious accommodation for passengers—all combine to make an ocean mail-steamer a 'thing of beauty' if not a 'joy for ever.'

The point which we take up on the present occasion is, not the excellence of the arrangements made by the several Companies, but the manner in which the public benefit by healthy competition. In proportion as the mail-steamers carry more passengers and more freight, the smaller is the sum paid by the Postmaster-general for the conveyance of the British mails from Great Britain to various quarters of the globe.

Let us glance at the North American mails, from England to Canada and the United States. Cunard, as most of our readers know, has been the most famous name in connection with this route. Mr—afterwards Sir Samuel—Cunard joined in partnership with Messrs Burns and M'Ever, built splendid ocean-going steamers, and organised a system so admirable as to satisfy alike the postal authorities, the travelling public, and the shippers of merchandise. For many years the Cunard Company stood alone; but the irrepressible energy of Liverpool men has in later times studded the Atlantic with numerous fleets of magnificent mail-steamers. By degrees the Postmaster-general recognised the expediency of admitting these other Companies, or some of them, to share with Messrs Cunard the transatlantic mail-service;

the result of which has been a lowering of the cost for conveying letters across the Atlantic.

Two systems have been acted upon: (1) a fixed subsidy for carrying all the mails that may be presented on certain days; and (2) an ocean freight according to the weight of each mail. From 1868 to 1876 inclusive, Messrs Cunard performed their share of the work for seventy thousand a year; Messrs Inman took a smaller portion for thirty-five thousand pounds a year; while the North German Lloyd were paid by weight. At first the ocean postage paid by government to the Companies was one shilling per ounce for letters, threepence per pound for newspapers, and fivepence per pound for book-packets. In 1870 a sudden fall from one shilling to threepence per ounce took place for letters—unquestionably a great advantage to the public on both sides of the Atlantic. At length, in 1877, new contracts were entered into, which admitted no fewer than six Companies to participate in the work—namely the Cunard, the Inman, the Anchor, the Guion, the White Star, and the North German Lloyd. Fixed subsidies were abandoned: all the Companies being paid according to the weight of mails they carry—so much per pound for letters, newspapers, and book-packets respectively. The postal authorities—and therefore the public—are gaining largely by this change, the aggregate payment to the Companies being very much smaller than at any former period. But the truth is, that the passenger traffic *plus* the merchandise freight by these fine steamers is so immense—allowance made for stagnant trade in dull seasons—that the Companies can afford to regard the mails as only a small item in their yearly business. An incessant stream of these noble steamers issues from Liverpool. Glasgow has a share, and so has Southampton; but Liverpool rules the trade. Glance at the shipping announcements, and we shall see that nearly every day in the week witnesses the departure of a mail-steamer, marvellous for the accuracy with which it times its voyage.

Let us next direct similar attention to the West India mail system, by far the most compli-

cated which the Postmaster-general has to manage. The West India islands are so numerous and so widely scattered that the mail-steamers can with difficulty be made to accommodate all of them. Unless highly paid, no Company would undertake the work; and so large is the fleet necessary, that only one Company—the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company—ventures to take the contract. Competition has in various ways, however, compelled or induced the Company to accept a much lower subsidy than in former times. A contract was in force from 1874 to 1878, whereby the Company performed the work for a subsidy of eighty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds per annum. When that contract was about to expire, the Postmaster-general invited tenders for a new one; but, from the causes already indicated, the old Company retained its place. The service will be conducted for a term of years under the new contract, which is just coming into operation.

If the reader will spread out a map of the West Indies before him, he will see how remarkable is the network which brings them all into one postal system. In the first place, a steamer of magnificent dimensions and power starts from Southampton on the 2d of every month, calls at St Thomas, Port-au-Prince, and Jamaica, and ends its voyage at Colon, the Atlantic terminus of the Isthmus of Panama Railway. The distance, about five thousand five hundred miles, is traversed in twenty-one days. In the second place, other and smaller packets distribute to the various islands the mails brought across the Atlantic by the grand ocean steamer; but of this presently. On the 17th of every month another fine steamer leaves Southampton for Barbadoes, St Thomas, Jamaica, and Colon, five thousand three hundred and fifty miles, performed in about twenty days. The smaller mail-packets have their appointed work to do, strictly intercolonial. Once a month, the mails received at St Thomas from England are sorted, and—according to their destinations—are at once forwarded by subsidiary packets to St Kitt's, Antigua, Gnadalupe, Dominica, Martinique, St Lucia, Barbadoes, St Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, and Demerara—all of them islands except the last. The same subsidiary steamer, after a short stay at Demerara, retraces its path, taking in and putting out mails at all the several islands. This run, from St Thomas back to St Thomas, is about two thousand two hundred miles, and occupies thirteen days. Another route, performed by another subsidiary steamer, in an intermediate part of the month, brings in Tobago as a link in the chain, and helps to maintain mail communication between every island and every other island, as well as between the whole of them and the mother-country. There are as many as nine of these curious voyages always going on at once, involving the use of a large number of steamers. Some of the ports of Central America are also accommodated; once a month a subsidiary packet runs from Colon to Carthagena and Savanilla; and another from Colon to Port Limon and Grey Town.

The steamers that make the voyage to and from England are of fine dimensions, nearly three thousand tons register, and with steam-power adequate to a speed of nearly twelve miles an hour. The Company complain that the subsidy is too small for the services rendered; but the dull state of

trade in the West Indies, by lessening passenger and merchandise traffic, is the chief evil they have to contend against.

We turn our glance once again in a new direction, to a region the most interesting of all in connection with ocean mail-steaming. If the transatlantic service excels all others in the vast number of letters, newspapers, and book-packets conveyed; if the West India service takes the lead in complexity of voyages—the Peninsular and Oriental service unquestionably eclipses them both in its history, the great length of the voyages, and the largeness of the subsidy.

The energetic Lieutenant Waghorn was the first to give this system a start. In the old days a four months' voyage round the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta was a thing of course. A new route to the East by way of the Euphrates took hold of the sympathies of many Anglo-Indians, and has been frequently advocated, but has been dropped after each spurt of advocacy. While this idea was being mooted, Lieutenant Waghorn threw himself heart and soul into a scheme for a Red Sea route to the East. By wonderful perseverance he succeeded in shewing the practicability of his scheme, and in enlisting the sanction of the home authorities and of the East India Company in its favour. In 1838, the Anglo-Indian mails began to be conveyed by this route. There was at the time an ocean mail conducted by the Peninsular Company as far as Lisbon and Gibraltar; an extension of voyage right through the Mediterranean was organised, as a link in Waghorn's chain; and then the Company took the name of the Peninsular and Oriental, familiarly shortened to P. and O. Afterwards, mail-steamers were put on from Suez to Aden, Bombay, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Singapore, China, and Australia, completing a magnificent postal service from England to all parts of the East. No Suez Canal being in existence in those days, the mails were of necessity conveyed by land transport through Egypt from Alexandria to Suez; and this gave the name of the *Overland Route* to the whole system.

Many contracts, each for a term of years, have been entered into between the Postmaster-general and the Peninsular and Oriental Company. One that was in force for a few years previously to 1874 provided—as before—for land transport through Egypt. The mails were landed from the Mediterranean steamers at Alexandria, carried from that port to Suez by rail, and placed on board other steamers which went by way of the Red Sea to India, China, and Australia. When this contract expired in 1874, the Company proposed to avail themselves of the Suez Canal, abandoning the overland route. The Postmaster-general assented to this; and a new contract was entered into, to remain in force until 1880. The subsidy has always been a large one, heavier than any other connected with our ocean mails; it was four hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, and is now four hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Only the heavy mails at cheap rates of postage are thus conveyed through the Suez Canal; the express mails at higher postage continue to make use of the railway through Egypt.

The mail service performed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company is certainly a splendid one. Once a week a fine ocean mail-steamer leaves Southampton, coasts down the Atlantic to Gibraltar,

traverses nearly the whole length of the Mediterranean, passes through the Suez Canal, and thence through the Red Sea to Aden. Once a week, for the express or high tariff mails, a steamer starts from Brindisi, in the south-east of Italy, makes a rapid run to Alexandria, and then transfers its mails to the Egyptian railway, to be again embarked on steamers at Suez. This route '*via* Brindisi,' is found to be the most expeditious one yet adopted of conveying the mails from England to the East; there is a continuous railway-train run at express speed through France and Italy, from Calais—*via* the Mont Cenis tunnel—to Brindisi; the speed of the Brindisi-Alexandria steamers is very high; and the railway transit through Egypt occupies a much smaller number of hours than the voyage through the Suez Canal. Of course the public pay higher for this great celerity, in postage, passenger fares, and merchandise freight; but there is the Southampton and Mediterranean service for the great bulk of the work to be done.

The mails leaving in this twofold way being conveyed from England to Suez, the Peninsular and Oriental have organised a grand system for distributing them throughout the East. Once a week a mail-steamer starts from Suez for Aden and Bombay. Once a fortnight another steamer starts from Suez for Aden, Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta. Once a fortnight a third steamer, starting from Ceylon, conveys the mails which have been sent out to China and Japan. A new contract, some particulars of which will be found at the end of this article, will come into force in February 1880.

So thoroughly reliable are the fine steamers engaged in this service, that the Peninsular and Oriental undertake to be punctual even to a single hour in a long voyage. Brindisi to Bombay three hundred and sixty-eight hours, including seventeen hours of land transit through Egypt; the return route three hundred and seventy-five hours at most seasons of the year, but four hundred and twenty-three hours during the south-west monsoon. Brindisi to Shanghai in China nine hundred and forty-seven hours during the north-east monsoon, and eight hundred and seventy-five during the remainder of the year, including the time occupied by the railway run through Egypt. The return voyage, owing to adverse winds and currents, is more prolonged than the outward; from Shanghai to Brindisi occupying one thousand and six hours during the south-west monsoon, and nine hundred and ten at other seasons. It is little less than marvellous that the Company will not only undertake this rigorous punctuality, but will consent to be fined for any delay.

From a parliamentary paper issued during the past session, we learn that on 1st June 1878, there was signed at Paris an International Convention, under which the postal business of the world is now regulated. The rules laid down in this Convention came into operation in April of the present year, so that the public has had a few months' experience of those changes which the delegates effected. Practically, the outcome of the deliberations may be held to be the establishment of ocean postage on a footing which comes near to 'ocean penny postage.' At the meeting at Bern in 1874, at which the 'General Postal Union' was established, the countries represented were, with the

exception of the United States of America and Egypt, exclusively European. At the Paris meeting in 1878, however, a wider title, that of the 'Universal Postal Union,' was adopted; and its right to assume such a name will be admitted when it is known that, besides the whole of the European states, the Convention embraced delegates from the Argentine Republic, Brazil, British India, Canada, Mexico, Persia, Japan, and the eastern and western colonies of Britain, France, Spain, and Holland. Indeed the Australian and South African colonies of Great Britain alone were wanting to make the union co-extensive with the civilised world. An announcement, however, has been made that Victoria and her partner colonies South Australia and Tasmania, have signed a contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, to be in force from 1880 to 1888, for a *fortnightly* mail from the mother country to the above-named colonies. The mails will be carried by the same ocean steamers as those which accommodate India and China—transhipment taking place at Ceylon. If this work be well done, Australia will have more complete mail service than at any former period.

Under the Convention, post-cards between the various countries of the Postal Union are to be charged ten centimes (one penny), and we have thus actually an 'ocean penny postage' with the United States and Canada, though, owing to certain stipulations in the treaty regarding allowances for sea or territorial transit, the cost of a post-card to British India, for example, is three-halfpence or twopence, by Southampton and Brindisi.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

CHAPTER IV.—WALTER HAS A NEW ADVENTURE.

TONI HIRZEL recovered but slowly from the injuries he had suffered, and the entire winter passed away before he found himself able to make use of his limbs again. But the doctor's fears that he would never be able to resume the life of a mountaineer, were unfortunately confirmed. He never properly recovered the use of his foot; and Toni often cast a sorrowful glance at the gun, now hanging uselessly on the wall. To this cause of regret there was added anxiety for the future. The chase, which had hitherto so materially assisted in supplying his wants, could no longer be followed; and although Walter had grown tall and strong, he was not experienced enough to take his father's place. In addition to this, Hirzel had expressly forbidden his boy to have anything more to do with hunting, which sooner or later would be sure to lead to a violent and dreadful death; and in order to remove temptation as much as possible from him, he sold his gun to one of his neighbours.

'Now, Watty,' said he, putting the eighty francs which he had received into a drawer, 'we have got nearly money enough for another cow; and we must see if we can't raise the remainder, that we may have at least milk and butter.'

'We have got plenty of money, father,' replied Watty. 'There is the hundred francs that Mr Seymour gave me lying uselessly in the desk, and I insist upon your taking the half of it with a sigh, "without chamois-hunting I do not see how matters are to go with us. Do you know, father,

I have been thinking that I might do something to earn my living.'

'In what way, Watty?'

'Well, I might go down to the inn every day, and offer my services to the visitors as a guide. I know all the roads, and can shew the people the way to the Blue Grotto, or conduct them to the peaks of the Wellhorn and Engelhorn; and as the landlord is always so friendly, I'm sure he would recommend me.'

'Not a bad idea,' replied Hirzel. 'To be sure, it is only for the summer; but as there are always a good many travellers, you might be able to save enough to carry you through the winter. Turn guide, then, Watty,' he added, after a little more consideration; 'and I will stay at home and attend to the house and the cow. Let us be thankful I'm strong enough for that at anyrate.'

The plan of operations which was thus arranged was not, however, destined to be carried into operation, for the next day Frieshardt came to pay a visit to the cottage with a proposal of quite a different kind. He had shewn himself very attentive and neighbourly since Hirzel's accident, and had given him proofs of kindly feeling during the period of his convalescence. The old friendship had therefore been fully restored, and the affair of the cow and the borrowed money had been long since forgotten. Hirzel rose as Frieshardt entered, and gave him a hearty welcome, in which he was cordially joined by Walter.

'I have got a suggestion to make to you, neighbour,' said the well-to-do farmer, seating himself near the fire.

'To me?' exclaimed Hirzel. 'What can a poor man like me do to serve you?'

'I don't mean you so much as Watty,' continued Frieshardt. 'He has grown a tall sensible fellow now, and I know he is honest, every inch of him.'

'Ah! you are right there, neighbour, although I say it to his face,' replied Hirzel.—'You don't need to blush, boy. It is nothing more than your duty to behave honestly.—But what can Watty do for you?'

'Well, the long and the short of the matter is this,' said the farmer. 'I've got sixty head of cattle down in Meyringen, which I am going to send to France to sell. A drover has been recommended to me who understands the business; but I should like to send some reliable person with him to look after the money, and see that everything is properly attended to. I think Walter would be the man for me, if he will agree to it. He shall have good wages, and everything done to make him comfortable.'

Father and son exchanged looks, and each saw in the countenance of the other that the proposal was a good one. 'If my father is satisfied,' said the youth, 'I shall be delighted to go.'

'Well said,' replied Frieshardt, evidently pleased. 'Now let's hear what you want for the journey.'

'I would rather you would say what you will give,' answered Walter. 'I don't understand such things very well.'

'Well then, I'll pay all your expenses there and back, and give you a hundred francs into the bargain. Are you satisfied with that?'

'Yes; more than satisfied,' replied the boy. 'But I should like it better if you would give father a cow now, instead of giving me the

money afterwards. I should be glad indeed, if he could get one before I go away.'

'But what would you want for yourself when you came back?'

'Nothing, neighbour. If you will only grant my request I shall be quite contented and thankful.'

'Well,' said Frieshardt, 'you are a dutiful and kind-hearted son, and I'm sure you will be a faithful servant. You shall have my cow, Black Elay, and your father can fetch her whenever he chooses. Meanwhile, you must be ready to go to Meyringen to-morrow morning,' continued Frieshardt. 'I will go with you, and give you all the instructions you will require. It won't be a difficult affair, and I'm sure you will manage it easily. Adieu, till morning!'

With these cheering words the farmer left Walter and his father to talk over the unexpected change in their fortunes.

'Father!' exclaimed the delighted youth, 'your wish is fulfilled sooner than you expected, and you will now be able to get more goats. And who knows what good fortune may attend me in France! It will be a grand journey for me!'

'You will have my blessing with you, Watty; and I hope you will always have the fear of God before your eyes, and His love in your heart. Trust in the Lord, and ever act honestly by your fellow-creatures, and you need never fear.'

Shortly afterwards, Walter repaired to Frieshardt's farm, and came back leading Black Elay in triumph; and after taking farewell of his father, returned to Frieshardt's house on the following morning. The route which Walter's employer chose led them past the splendid waterfalls of the Reichenbach to the charming village of Meyringen, where the cattle were collected. When they reached the village, they found a drover of the name of Seppi waiting for them; and to the latter as well as to Walter the farmer gave the necessary instructions regarding the treatment of the herd during the ensuing journey. He enjoined them to be sparing with their expenses on the road, and to keep the interest of their employer always before their minds. Then, after handing to Walter a list of the animals, with the prices for which they were to be sold, Frieshardt returned home, taking with him Walter's last greetings to his father. And with this farewell message, the young man temporarily banished the thought of home from his mind, and devoted himself energetically to the discharge of his new duties.

Our young hero entered upon the journey actuated by the best of motives, the duty of looking after the cattle absorbing so much of his attention that he had very little opportunity for increasing his acquaintance with his travelling companion. The fact was, however, that he did not feel himself much drawn towards Seppi, from whom he had received anything but a very friendly welcome when they first met; the drover had, moreover, a rough and uncultivated manner, which was somewhat repulsive. His treatment of the animals was unduly harsh when any of them became restive and obstinate, and he seemed angry when Walter checked his cruel behaviour, and pointed out to him that the dumb animals intrusted to his care should be treated with kindness and patience. But by degrees the

young men became more reconciled to each other; and as Walter accustomed himself to the ungainly appearance of his companion, he came to the generous conclusion that Seppi had an honest and well-meaning heart in spite of his rough and unpolished ways.

They soon reached the French frontier, and after a long journey, found themselves in the outskirts of Paris. Walter had arranged the stages so well that the animals were in admirable condition, and warranted the expectation of a good and prompt sale. Seppi was of the same opinion, and said he thought they would sell for even more than the price Frieshardt had named.

'I think they will,' assented Walter cheerfully. 'The cattle are in splendid order; and we'll see if we can't astonish Mr Frieshardt when we get home.'

'Ay, ay; we shall see,' echoed Seppi with a peculiar expression of voice.

The intelligence of the arrival of a drove of fine cattle from Switzerland was quickly spread, and when Seppi and Walter appeared in the market there was no lack of buyers. The youth attended to the selling, in accordance with his employer's wish, and although he asked higher prices than those which had been fixed, he had got rid of half the number at the end of the first day. The remainder were also satisfactorily disposed of, on the two following days; and having changed the drafts he had received into gold and notes, in which Seppi's experience was of great use to him, he prepared to return home.

'But why need we be in such a hurry?' inquired Seppi.

'Because we've nothing more to stay for, and the longer we stay here the more expense we shall cause to Mr Frieshardt, and that would be very wrong.'

'But you are surely not going back without seeing something of Paris?' continued the other. 'You must go and see all the splendid buildings; besides, we've no need to say that we sold all the cattle in three days.'

'That I should think still worse,' was the simple answer. 'I have promised to serve Frieshardt faithfully, and I mean to keep my word.'

'Well, you can tell him that you stopped here a couple of days to see the town,' continued the tempter. 'As we have got such a capital price for the cattle, he won't find any fault with us for that.'

'I don't care,' persisted Walter. 'I've no right to stay, and I mean to start to-morrow morning.'

The drover said no more, but merely shrugged his shoulders. After a long interval he recommenced his attack. 'You must be very soft, Walter,' said he. 'If you were only a little more wide-awake, we might make a good thing for ourselves out of this affair, and no one be any the wiser.'

'In what way?'

'Don't you see what I mean?' continued Seppi with a cunning smile. 'You've got about one-third more cash than Frieshardt expects. What is there to hinder us from dividing it between us? It would be a good thing for us, and nobody could ever find it out, because we should both keep it dark.'

'I hope you are only joking,' said Walter with a serious look. 'Do you think I am going to swindle my master, because he has put so much confidence in me? You can't surely be in earnest, Seppi. You only want to test my honesty.'

'Bother your honesty,' returned Seppi. 'Sharpness is better than honesty, now-a-days. You've got more than thirty thousand francs in that belt round your waist; we've only got to divide it between us, and then we could lead a glorious life in Paris. No one could ever find us out, for the city is so large that Frieshardt might search for weeks before getting on our track. Look at that, Walter! You'll perhaps never have such a splendid chance again as long as you live. What have you to lose at home? Nothing! You'll only be a poor half-starved fellow if you go back. Now's your time! Seize the opportunity at once, like a man!'

Walter listened to the wicked proposition of his companion with indignation, which he made no attempt to conceal. 'What!' he exclaimed in a burst of anger, 'would you have me sell my home and my good conscience for the sake of a little money? Shall I disgrace myself for ever, and break my father's heart? Shall I break the laws of God and man? No; not for all the gold in the universe! I would rather beg my bread from door to door than commit such a sin. O Seppi, what a heart you must have to be able even to think of such a thing!'

Walter's earnest words were followed by a loud burst of laughter from his companion. 'Don't fly into a rage, comrade, and excite yourself that way,' said Seppi. 'You don't seem to know what a joke is. Just as if we could pocket all that money without the police being at our heels directly! Why, we should get at least ten years' imprisonment without any matter of doubt. No, no; I merely wanted to see whether you were really as honest and straightforward as Frieshardt made you out to be, and I see he didn't praise you more than you deserve. Give me your hand, old fellow, and believe me when I tell you that you shall never be tried this way again. If you like, I will leave Paris with you this very night, to prove to you that I was only making fun.'

Walter drew a long breath. 'Thank God that it was only a joke!' said he, returning the friendly grasp of Seppi, of whose thorough sincerity he seemed to entertain no longer any doubt. 'I am quite agreeable to start to-night, for so much money makes me feel anxious, and I shan't be comfortable till it is in the hands of our master.'

'Well, we can get off at once,' assented Seppi, 'and then we shall get to Boissy before nightfall. I know a cheap and comfortable inn there; so the sooner we're off the better.'

Much pleased that his companion should agree so readily to leave Paris, Walter felt sorry that he had entertained any doubts of his character, even for a moment. Their simple preparations were speedily made, and half an hour afterwards they set out upon their return, and took the road to Boissy.

It was dark by the time they reached their destination; but as Seppi knew the village well, he had no difficulty in finding the inn, which was about ten minutes' walk from the high-road. The house was old and uncomfortable in its appearance, and produced a very unfavourable impres-

sion upon Walter; but the welcome they received from the landlord was so cordial, that the impression was at once removed. An old married couple and a young and powerfully built fellow seemed to be the only occupants of the large building. At Seppi's order a bottle of wine was brought, and Walter being somewhat fatigued with the journey, was easily persuaded to take more than his usual allowance. Overpowered with drowsiness, his head sunk down upon the table, and in a few seconds the unsuspecting youth was in a profound slumber.

'There's a snorer for you!' said Seppi to the man who had waited upon them. 'Lend me a hand to get him to bed, André.'

Whereupon they carried him up-stairs and along a passage to a small room at the farther end, and laid him on a bed just as he was. Having struck a light, André was about to leave the room, when he was detained by the other.

'Look here,' said Seppi, taking some money from his pocket. 'I am going away again to-morrow morning before daybreak, and may not be back until the day after. Here is payment for our supper and night's lodging. My friend will stay here, and you must not on any account allow him to go away till I come back. Give him anything he asks for; but keep an eye on him, for he is not right in his head, and must either have some one always with him, or be locked in his room. I can't take him with me in the morning, and so I have brought him here, where I know he will be in good hands. You will promise to attend to what I have told you, André?'

'Your instructions shall be attended to,' replied the other, slipping the gold coin which Seppi tendered him into his pocket. 'You shall have no reason to complain.'

'That's well. When I come back, you shall have another gold piece if I find everything right. And look here; only bolt the outer door to-night instead of locking it; or else leave the key in the lock, so that I can get away in the morning without waking anybody.'

The man promised to attend to that also, and quitted the apartment. When he was gone, Seppi bolted the room door, and gazed at his unconscious companion with a malicious scowl.

'Fool!' said he: 'I made you a fair offer when I proposed to go halves with the money; but as you were idiot enough to decline, so much the better for me. When you wake in the morning you'll be sorry you let the chance slip.'

Thus muttering to himself, he unbuckled the money-belt that was round the waist of the sleeping man, and fastened it securely round his own. He then abstracted Walter's passport and the other papers that were in his pockets without arousing him.

'He lies there like a dead dog,' thought the drover; 'and with the dose I gave him, is not likely to trouble any one till morning.'

Waiting impatiently for more than an hour until every one was in bed and the house silent, Seppi quitted the room on tiptoe, locked the door on the outside, and crept noiselessly along the passage and down the stairs. André had not forgotten to leave the outer door unlocked, and pushing back the bolt with the greatest caution, the ruffian slipped out, and as soon as he had got

clear of the village, hurried away at the top of his speed.

The Swiss drover had shewn great cunning in his scheme to get possession of the money from Walter, and he carried it out with equal boldness. He had often helped to drive cattle to Paris before, and knew the roads well. He had frequently been at the inn at Boissy, and its distance from Paris and the character of the man who attended to the business recommended it as well suited to his purpose. André, like many others of his kind, was greedy of money, and the golden bribe quieted all his doubts as to the truth of the story about his companion. Seppi on his side knowing that the sleeping powder which he had secretly mixed with Walter's wine was sufficient to prevent him waking for nearly a whole day, gave himself no further trouble as to what might happen in the way of pursuit. It was enough for him that his stratagem had been successful, and he hastened along the well-known by-paths until he had left Boissy far behind.

(To be concluded next month.)

FROGS AND TOADS IN STONE.

'At the works of Messrs Burton, brick and tile manufacturers, Ironbridge, Salop,' we were some time ago informed, 'some workmen were employed in sinking a well; when, on reaching a depth of twenty-two feet from the surface, they found a toad firmly imbedded in the solid clay. The reptile, which was a large one, appeared, when extricated from its living tomb, to be in quite a lively condition, and stretched itself out in the sun. It is alive, and preserved as a curiosity.'

This strange story is corroborated by many others of analogous character. Frogs and toads are really endowed with a power of bearing privation quite beyond that of most other animals with which we are acquainted. They have so little need of air for breathing, and so great an endowment of the power of dispensing with food for a lengthened period, that, as ascertained by actual experiment, they can survive for months or even years in closed cavities where the maintenance of vitality would seem well nigh incredible. In blocks of stone, in the solid trunks of trees, incased in a wall of cement or plaster allowed to solidify around them—in all these mysterious recesses it is said that they have been found alive. Blocks of solid stone have been quarried revealing living toads and frogs in the interior; and other blocks containing cavities apparently moulded around such animals—the denizens having somehow or other disappeared. If the rings in the trunk of a tree are a token and measure of its age, then a toad has occasionally been found imbedded in the layers which were formed generations ago, let it have got there how it may.

In order to place ourselves in some degree on a level with the subject, we will glance rapidly at some of the many accounts given of toads and frogs found in trees, stiff clay, coal, and stone.

A large toad was found a few years ago in an old apple-tree at Wotton Manor; it came to light when the tree was blown down. The *Mémoires* of the French Académie des Sciences contain a description of a living toad found in the heart of an old elm-tree. Near Nantes, when an

old oak was cleft open, a toad was found in the very heart-wood, although no crevice or other channel of entrance could be detected; there were about ninety rings in the trunk of this oak, leading to the inference (according to one theory) that the animal must have been in his prison-house ninety years. Mr Jesse, in reference to a frog found in the trunk of a mulberry-tree, expressed a belief that the annual rings had been gradually but surely inclosing the reptile.

Toads in clay have been more frequently met with than in trees; sometimes a whole family have been thus ferreted out at once. In 1856 a toad was found at a considerable depth at Benthall, near Brosely, Shropshire. Mr Bathurst, earthenware manufacturer at Benthall, ascertained that the creature was met with about six feet beneath the surface, in a layer of tough clay customarily used for making coarse brown ware. Above this layer, in successive strata, were ferruginous coal of poor quality, clay, a loam of clay and gravel, and meadow-turf at the top. The toad was found filling a cavity as wax does a seal. A minute examination of the superincumbent strata failed to detect any fissure through which the animal could have entered. The light of day seemed at first to distress it, but this it soon became accustomed to; the eyes were brilliant, the skin moist, the mouth quite closed.

Shale and coal are included among the abodes of these curious batrachians. At the International Exhibition of 1862, at South Kensington, a toad was exhibited in a bottle; and a block of coal with a cavity in its midst. The toad was said to have been taken from the cavity, and it may have been so; but there was a want of correspondence between the matrix and the seal, the convexity of the animal inclosed and the concavity of the substance inclosing it. In 1874 a miner in South Wales, while digging an underground passage, struck into a layer of shale at a depth of forty or fifty feet below the surface; a large frog leaped out, with its mouth closed, its eyes apparently sightless, its muscular power greatly weakened, and its breathing effected through the skin. How long the animal lived after restoration to the light of day, we are not told; but the miner, catching eagerly at some speculative remarks made by his semi-scientific neighbours, announced that he had discovered a frog which had lived five thousand years without food! Many pence were earned by exhibiting it as a wonder.

Brick walls, too, are sometimes the prison-houses of toads and frogs. At Eaton Park, in Warwickshire, some repairs were being effected a few years ago, when a toad was found in a small cavity in a brick wall. As the wall was known to have been built in 1740, and as the discovery was made in 1860, had the creature been thus bricked up for a hundred and twenty years? It survived about six weeks after extrication.

Most of the narratives mention solid stone as the substance in which the incarcerated animals have been discovered. At Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, the attendant who shews the wonders to visitors draws attention to a stone coffin, which, on being opened some years ago, was found to contain a living toad, supposed to have inhabited that gloomy residence for centuries. There is said to have been at one time a marble mantel-piece at the Duke of Devonshire's princely

residence of Chatsworth, with an impress of a toad, denoting that the animal must have been there when the marble was in a soft or plastic state. The workmen employed in breaking the nodules of ironstone which occur so abundantly in the iron-smelting districts and in many coal-mines, have more than once discovered toads alive within the nodules, and continuing to live for a short time afterwards. Strange, if true, seeing that these nodules are exceedingly hard. At the quarries of Combe Down in Somerset, when the men are excavating and dressing freestone and saving some of the blocks, they occasionally bisect a toad and the cavity in which he is inclosed, without (as they say) being able to detect any fissure or opening through which the animal can have entered.

Many years ago, in working a slate-quarry near Barnard Castle, a toad of large size was discovered in a solid block—solid except the cavity occupied by the animal; the exhumed inmate died immediately on being exposed to the air. In Mackenzie and Ross's *Durham*, in which this incident is recorded, we are also told that, at Framwell Gate Bridge, Durham, when the old battlements were removed, a large living toad was described in the middle of the wall, where it must (apparently) have been immured for ages, the bridge having been built as far back as the year 1120. At the Great Exhibition in 1851, two halves of a block of stone were shewn in which a living toad had been found; the creature died some time during the Exhibition. In the same year a toad was discovered alive within a mass of calcareous stone. It was sent to the Académie Française, by whom a Committee was appointed to examine into the phenomenon.

That mischievous fraud, or a tendency to make money out of other people's credulity, comes into play in some of the toad-in-a-hole stories, is likely enough. In a case which occurred in 1865, some members of the Manchester Geological Society instituted an examination of a piece of coal in which a live toad was said to have been found. They agreed that the cavity had been made artificially, and a toad put into it. The collier who exhibited the mere-show manifested much unwillingness to answer the close questions put to him—a pretty strong evidence that all was not fair and truthful. 'Flint Jacks' have doubtless their analogues in 'Toad Jacks.'

A better feeling than absolute incredulity is one that prompts men to search for a rational explanation of unexpected marvels; and such search has not been neglected in regard to our present subject. M. Duméril, the member of the Académie Française above adverted to, after examining a large number of recorded instances, came to the conclusion that the animal, when young and very small, creeps (or it may be falls) into a stone through a crevice or fissure too small to attract general notice; he feeds upon insects which he may have taken in with him, or dragged in from time to time; he grows rapidly, and becomes too bulky to emerge from the door by which he entered, and has to undergo involuntary imprisonment. Then comes into operation his remarkable power of living almost without food or air. When the stone is broken, as in a quarry, the cleavage is likely to follow the line of the fissure, and lays bare the

incarcerated batrachian—as naturalists call this order of reptiles. Toads, it is pretty well known, sleep all the winter, jumbled up together in a heap in any suitable cavity. The life of a toad in a stone may be merely a prolongation of his winter's nap. So profoundly does the animal sleep, that he may be, and has been, artificially frozen till quite hard and brittle, and yet vitality reasserts itself after slow thawing; this was proved by the distinguished French zoologist, Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. Geologists now believe that millions of years must have passed since the first solidification of many kinds of hard stone in which frogs and toads have been found; the stone certainly did not harden around the intruders, and they must therefore have got into it somehow from without, in comparatively recent times.

One who had never seen such an animal in a stone or the trunk of a tree, and who disbelieved all the stories in that direction, sought for an explanation in the following curious fashion: 'The hollow of a horse's foot is called the *frog*; and the hollow or sinking on the face of a brick is in some parts of England also called a frog. When a hollow is found in a stone, might not the country workman have said: "There's a frog in the stone!"' Ingenious, but a failure, seeing that the creatures have unquestionably been found in stone, let their mode of admission have been what it may.

Some naturalists believe that the skin of a frog has the property of acting upon the atmosphere in such a way as to initiate in degree the action of the lungs, thus supplying the prisoner with a little air in a manner not available to less gifted animals.

There is something well worthy of notice in the following suggestion, put forward by a Scotch naturalist a few years ago. Chinks, crevices, holes, vacuities of various kinds are naturally formed in many stony strata and in many trunks of trees. The eggs of toads may accidentally be conveyed by water into these small openings; and after they are hatched, the animals may receive moisture and small portions of air from without.

Direct experiments have not been wholly wanting in connection with this subject. The *Zoological Journal* gives a detailed account of a series of experiments made about half a century ago by Dr Buckland, the eminent geologist. Obtaining a large block of oolitic limestone from a quarry near Oxford, he caused twelve circular cells or cavities to be made in it, each five inches in diameter by twelve inches deep, with a groove at the top to receive a plate-glass cover, and a slate to protect the glass. A block was also obtained of siliceous sandstone, and twelve cells scooped in it, equal in diameter to the others, but not so deep. Twenty-four toads of various ages and sizes were put into the cells, one in each; the cells were closely sealed up, and the blocks buried deep in the ground. When opened a year afterwards, it was found that nearly half the toads were still alive; inclosed for another twelve months, these survivors also died. About the same time Dr Buckland buried four toads deeply in cavities cut in the trunk of an apple-tree, and carefully closed the cavities with bungs of wood. In about a year's time, it was found that the reptiles were dead. M. Séguin, about 1850, placed several toads in an equal number of vessels, and inclosed them with plaster

of Paris. After an interval of several years, the vessels were opened, and one of the imprisoned toads was found still living, although the extremely hard cement had become exactly moulded on the animal, leaving no vacant space between them. On liberation, the creature crept out into the light of day.

Taking everything into consideration, our conclusion is that no animal can live without air and food beyond a comparatively short period. Gifted as are the batrachia with peculiar powers in this respect, toads and frogs may, and undoubtedly have been known to survive an incarceration of a few years. But here the matter ends. Dr Buckland's experiments must be considered conclusive that a year or two of solitary confinement deprives the toad even of its tenacious life. M. Duméril's arguments above cited, also dispose of the theories that would credit the poor creature with longer powers of endurance.

THE ROYAL ZULU.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BENEATH the shade of a grove of palms, a Zulu maiden knelt in prayer on the morning of the fatal 22d of January 1879. Her face was pretty beyond most of her countrywomen; and her small hands and feet, her distinguishing ornaments and graceful form, bespoke her the daughter of some powerful chief. But strange, considering her nationality, were the words of supplication which flowed from her lips, as she raised her clasped hands to heaven. Not from witchcraft or enchantment, or from the equally powerless deities of her nation did she seek for help; but from Him only, the one true God, Jehovah.

'Father!' she cried, 'to whom all the ends of the earth look for help in trouble; hear me for the sake of Jesus. The evil spirit of war and persecution has come down, and entered my father's kraal; and Cetewayo has folded his hands and bowed his ear to listen. He has sworn to drink the blood of the white men, and eat up all the Christian Zulus of his nation. O Great Father! in this hour of trial, keep Cassatonga and me faithful to Thyself!'

The morning breezes rustled through the leaves, and the deep-fringed palms moved their stately boughs, as if in response to the prayer, while the sparkling brook which flowed hard by seemed to murmur a low 'Amen!'

At this moment, a movement beside her caused the worshipper to turn round; and she beheld a stately warrior standing near her, leaning on his black shield. His eyes were fixed with unspeakable love on the youthful form before him. 'Luola,' he said, 'your prayer for me is answered; I can fight no more for Cetewayo. Last night, the murder, indescribable in cruelty, of Sirayo's wives for their adherence to the Christian faith, proves what little mercy the king would shew towards any one, even yourself, were you to oppose his will; and though it is our duty to bear persecution when it comes, it is no doubt equally madness to provoke it. Here we can no longer stay without declaring our faith, and therefore we must fly with all haste to Helpmakara. You know the good missionary there, the same who taught us the will of the Great Master, and beneath

his care you will be safe from your father's wrath. This alternative is the only one left to us, and I feel it is the right one. Will you come now, Luola? My horse stands ready in the thicket.

'I will.' And though the hand extended to him trembled, the voice was steady that decided their fate.

'By Rorke's Drift is our shortest road,' he said, as they reached the tree where his horse was fastened; and placing the princess on its back, he mounted behind her, and turned his steed in the direction of the Buffalo. They travelled for some hours with extreme caution, skirting every kraal and open ground, till at length they arrived at a large thickly planted wood, in which they hoped to find an hour's repose. But they had scarcely dismounted ere the roar of artillery and the cracking of rifles, mingled with wild yells, were heard in the distance; and Cassatonga hastened to conceal his royal charge before endeavouring to discover the cause. Hiding Luola and his horse in the densest part of the grove around him, he selected a lofty tree, whose thick branches would be a shield in themselves. Climbing with the agility of his nation to the topmost boughs, he beheld the fatal field of Isandula spread out before him. Amazement at the unexpected sight and deep admiring pity flashed in his eyes as he looked on the tiny band of white men who shoulder to shoulder received unflinchingly the masses of his countrymen, as like their own mountain torrents, they swept down upon them.

The first emotion of his heart was to fly to the aid of the devoted column; but the thought of his bride restrained him, and he sank back among the sheltering leaves. Straining his sight over the awful plain, he could distinguish his own fierce regiment, although foremost in the work of death, yet not so preoccupied therewith as to be unconscious of the plunder which lay around, passing even in their butchery to collect cattle, stores, and wagons to be driven to their distant kraals. Horror and disgust filled his now enlightened soul. 'Why do those English soldiers stand there,' he asked himself, as the breath came quickly through his labouring chest, 'on that plain of Africa, far away from their island homes, to be shot down, steady in their matchless ranks, by their swarthy foes?' His own heart gave him the reply: 'To save helpless women from the savage butchery he beheld last night; to guard the gray hairs of old age from going down to a terrible grave beneath the real or feigned imputations of witchcraft and divination; and above all, to teach the pure faith of the Gospel where reigned the degrading demonology of his native land.' His dark eyes blazed and his pulses throbbed as these thoughts surged through his mind; and he pressed his hands over his aching eyeballs as he bowed himself to the service of that flag which shelters Freedom and Truth beneath its folds.

But meanwhile the work of death went on. Those who were sent for help to Rorke's Drift were, alas! shot or assailed; few, *how* few, reached the river, and Cassatonga beheld with dismay that the Zulus were scattering towards the Drift. Could he skirt the wood and reach the ford before them with his precious charge? was now his anxious thought. Descending quickly

from his position, he found the trembling Luola terrified at his long absence. He described the awful scene he had just witnessed, and told her of the immediate necessity for endeavouring to cross the river.

The blood of the lion-like founder of her dynasty flowed in Luola's veins, and though convinced of imminent danger, she was not wanting in courage. 'Let us go,' she said; 'God will help us, and be our shield.'

Remounting, they rode on till they came to the edge of the wood, when a new danger menaced them, which tested to the utmost the fleetness of their steed. Barely out of range of rifle-shot, some scattered parties of Zulus were coming towards them. Cassatonga knew well he could give no reason for not being with his troops, and the daughter of their king was not unknown. Were she seized and conducted back to her father, he dared not think of her fate. Urging his horse to a gallop, he cleared the wood, and by carefully placing every hill and clump of bushes between him and the savages, he succeeded in making several miles undiscovered.

But just as he and Luola were beginning to hope they might escape unnoticed, a yell in the distance told that they were seen. Now was the hour of trial for horse and riders. The noble animal seemed hardly to touch the ground as he flew along the plain, the wild yells of the Zulus ringing behind. At length the banks of the Buffalo rose high before them, and Cassatonga realised with horror that he had not time to look for the ford, and must only trust his nearly exhausted companion and breathless horse to the perils of a plunge from those lofty banks. But it was their last hope of safety; they must do it or die. At length they reached the bank, which rose full six feet above the stream. Cassatonga led the princess tightly in his arms, and the horse's nostrils dilated and his eyes shot fire as he gazed on the torrent beneath. But not a second did the noble animal waver; obedient to his master's hand he bounded from the bank, and in another minute tossed his noble head above the wave as he bravely breasted the stream. In a few moments, however, his feet touched the bottom; the ford was found, and the worst of the terrible strain was over. At length they gained the opposite bank, up which the weary horse toiled slowly; and soon, to his rider's great astonishment, the small English camp lay before them.

The pair now paused to consult about their next move. The Zulus, they justly conjectured, would make no delay in crossing the river, and their poor horse was far too exhausted to carry them that night to Helpmakaar; therefore they unhesitatingly felt their wisest course would be to place themselves under the protection of the English commander. Tying a white handkerchief to the end of his spear, Cassatonga approached the camp; and when within earshot, he called out in a loud voice to the sentries, informing them that they were Christian Zulus flying for safety. They were immediately seized, and brought before the officer in charge, who received them with much suspicion, as he had only just heard of the disaster at Isandula, and was in no mood to harbour Zulus of any kind. Their tale was soon told. But though the officer suppressed his pity for the sufferings of the royal maid, he gave orders to

have them strictly watched, at the same time commanding that their wants should be supplied.

It is needless to give a description of the night that followed. All the world knows how through the darkness the tide of battle surged up, wave after wave, against the weak barriers of the little fort, and was again and again repulsed. All the world has rung with the names of Bromhead and Chard, and all the other heroes who with strong hands and stronger hearts held the fort that night. But among them all who fought beneath the red-cross flag there was no stronger arm, no braver heart than his, the young Zulu chief, who had renounced friends, fortune, country, to enlist beneath the banner of a higher Cross, and strive henceforth for a more enduring victory. As the morning broke upon the scene, and disclosed the dusky foe, disheartened and defeated, vanishing like dark clouds behind the distant hills, the gallant officer, begrimed with powder, seized the now scarcely darker hand of the noble Zulu, and thanked him as a British soldier for his timely aid. Luola felt in that moment she was rewarded for all the terrors of the night.

After some hours' needful rest at the fort, the young travellers prepared to resume their journey. They were followed by the benedictions of all. Luola had been untiring in her assistance to the wounded; and the dying were cheered by her words of comfort. Thus amidst many good wishes, they bade farewell to their new friends, and accompanied by the officers bearing despatches, they set out for Helpmakaar. The evening shadows were lengthening as they entered and rode through the streets of that town; and soon they were received with warm welcomes beneath the roof of the good missionary.

Not long afterwards, before these officers returned to their posts, they were called upon to witness the union of their Zulu comrade with his royal bride. The ceremony was performed by their friend, Mr B—, in the words of the beautiful service of the English Church. And here let us leave them. They have set themselves resolutely to the task of preparing for that labour of love which they feel certain God will in His own good time open up for them—a wide field of missionary work in their dear native land. Be it ours to pray for the success of all such noble hearts; and for the time when the swords of all the world shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, and the nations study war no more!

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Accidents of this sort happen more frequently than is supposed, and they ought to put both letter writers and receivers on their guard. Also young people should bear in mind that their opinions of people and things may very likely change as they advance in life, and that except in cases of clear right and wrong, it might be wise to abstain from unkind remarks and strong censure in their correspondence. A poet says, 'A deed can never die,' and written words have sometimes a disastrous vitality.

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CURIOUS CASES OF SOMNAMBULISM.

THAT persons walk in their sleep and are unconscious of ordinary impressions, but yet retain sensations, there is, we all admit, no doubt. One curious instance occurred in a school-girl who was observed to rise every night about midnight and walk about her bedroom and the lobby outside her sleeping apartment. After some time, on returning to her bed she was in the habit of examining it and all about it, and finally selecting for some hours rest a clothes-basket which the housemaid kept on the flat roof of the cradle-bed in which she lay. After carefully examining the clothes-basket, she climbed up on the head of the cradle-bed, and circling her body as a cat would above the clothes in the basket, she composed herself to sleep, in which she remained for an hour or more, then rose, and returned to her bed. In the morning she awoke at her usual time, having no consciousness of what had occurred during the night. Her sister watched her proceedings, but never interrupted or awakened her, and after some time the nocturnal climbings ceased.

The second case that came under my observa-

tion was more varied and more embarrassing. A young lady at school became a somnambulist. She rose from bed and walked in her sleep. The ladies who conducted the school became alarmed, partly on the girl's account, and partly for the character of the school, as it might injure their establishment were it known that the young ladies practised the habit of walking about the lawn in their night-dresses, in the moonlight. They had an impression that if the girl were suddenly awakened, death or immediate deprivation of sense might be the result; and this led to the attendance of two maid-servants, who were strictly enjoined to follow the footsteps of the somnambulist, to watch that no mishap should occur to her, and to have all doors opened, and the way kept clear for the return of the sleeping pedestrian. This continued for some time. But at length the somnambulist's fancy took a more adventurous turn. Slaters had come to work on the roof of the house, and the sleeping peripatetic evinced a desire to star-gaze. Accordingly, on the next night she turned to the slaters' ladder, and to the horror of her attendants, ascended it, mounted to the roof, and walked along the gutter, with a sloping roof on one side and a low parapet wall on the other. The attendants now became almost frightened out of their wits, and knew not what to do or think. They feared to call out; for return to consciousness in such a place would almost inevitably lead to her stumbling on the roof or falling over the parapet. Their terror was, however, not yet at its height. The somnambulist came to a slight obstruction in the gutter; she paused for a moment, and then, without hesitation, stepped upon the parapet, and continued her walk on the narrow stone coping. A single slip, a false step, would have precipitated her from a height of thirty or forty feet; yet to awaken her would almost certainly have led to the same catastrophe. The sleeping girl continued her walk to the end of the coping, and then turning round, resumed her walk to the dormer window, descended the ladder, reached her bedroom in safety, and lay down in her bed; awaking in the morning quite unconscious of her midnight danger and of her narrow escape.

I was then a very young practitioner in medicine, and was, up to this period, although the medical attendant of the establishment for ordinary cases of illness, not consulted on this perplexing case, as it was naturally desired to keep it concealed; but after the stroll on the parapet wall, and the terror created by it, it was thought that, with the object of preventing a recurrence of a night-walk that might end in some terrible accident, the young lady should be consigned to temporary residence in a private asylum, where there would be always both a night and a day watch. I was taken into consultation next morning, and earnestly discussed the gravity of taking such a step. It would be impossible to keep it secret, and even were it possible, in her waking hours she would look with horror on the coming night, when she should be sent to bed in a strait-waistcoat. In after-years too, when perhaps she might have a young family around her, the thought might arise that she had once been an inmate of such an institution; and the reminiscence would make her miserable. I duly considered all this, and suggested various expedients, such as sedatives, sleeping-draughts, and network to be put round the

have them strictly watched, at the same time commanding that their wants should be supplied.

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tion was more varied and more embarrassing. A young lady at school became a somnambulist. She rose from bed and walked in her sleep. The ladies who conducted the school became alarmed, partly on the girl's account, and partly for the character of the school, as it might injure their establishment were it known that the young ladies practised the habit of walking about the lawn in their night-dresses, in the moonlight. They had an impression that if the girl were suddenly awakened, death or immediate deprivation of sense might be the result; and this led to the attendance of two maid-servants, who were strictly enjoined to follow the footsteps of the somnambulist, to watch that no mishap should occur to her, and to have all doors opened, and the way kept clear for the return of the sleeping pedestrian. This continued for some time. But at length the somnambulist's fancy took a more adventurous turn. Sisters had come to work on the roof of the house, and the sleeping peripatetic evinced a desire to star-gaze. Accordingly, on the next night she turned to the slaters' ladder, and to the horror of her attendants, ascended it, mounted to the roof, and walked along the gutter, with a sloping roof on one side and a low parapet wall on the other. The attendants now became almost frightened out of their wits, and knew not what to do or think. They feared to call out; for return to consciousness in such a place would almost inevitably lead to her stumbling on the roof or falling over the parapet. Their terror was, however, not yet at its height. The somnambulist came to a slight obstruction in the gutter; she paused for a moment, and then, without hesitation, stepped upon the parapet, and continued her walk on the narrow stone coping. A single slip, a false step, would have precipitated her from a height of thirty or forty feet; yet to awaken her would almost certainly have led to the same catastrophe. The sleeping girl continued her walk to the end of the coping, and then turning round, resumed her walk to the dormer window, descended the ladder, reached her bedroom in safety, and lay down in her bed; awaking in the morning quite unconscious of her midnight danger and of her narrow escape.

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have them strictly watched, at the same time commanding that their wants should be supplied.

It is needless to give a description of the night that followed. All the world knows how through the darkness the tide of battle surged up, wave after wave, against the weak barriers of the little fort, and was again and again repulsed. All the world has rung with the names of Bromhead and Chard, and all the other heroes who with strong hands and stronger hearts held the fort that night. But among them all who fought beneath the red-cross flag there was no stronger arm, no braver heart than his, the young Zulu chief, who had renounced friends, fortune, country, to enlist beneath the banner of a higher Cross, and strive henceforth for a more enduring victory. As the morning broke upon the scene, and disclosed the dusky foe, disheartened and defeated, vanishing like dark clouds behind the distant hills, the gallant officer, begrimed with powder, seized the now scarcely darker hand of the noble Zulu, and thanked him as a British soldier for his timely aid. Luola felt in that moment she was rewarded for all the terrors of the night.

After some hours' needful rest at the fort, the young travellers prepared to resume their journey. They were followed by the benedictions of all. Luola had been untiring in her assistance to the wounded; and the dying were cheered by her words of comfort. Thus amidst many good wishes, they bade farewell to their new friends, and accompanied by the officers bearing despatches, they set out for Helpmakaar. The evening shadows were lengthening as they entered and rode through the streets of that town; and soon they were received with warm welcomes beneath the roof of the good missionary.

Not long afterwards, before these officers returned to their posts, they were called upon to witness the union of their Zulu comrade with his royal bride. The ceremony was performed by their friend, Mr B—, in the words of the beautiful service of the English Church. And here let us leave them. They have set themselves resolutely to the task of preparing for that labour of love which they feel certain God will in His own good time open up for them—a wide field of missionary work in their dear native land. Be it ours to pray for the success of all such noble hearts; and for the time when the swords of all the world shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, and the nations study war no more!

IDLE LETTER-WRITING.

OBVIOUSLY, from the penny post and other causes, letter-writing has become a prevalent amusement, particularly among ladies with a disposition to communicate family gossip. It is no exaggeration to say that many young persons consume as much time in mere tittle-tattle letter-writing as, say in the course of a year, might enable them to acquire a fair knowledge of some modern language, or familiarity with many standard works in their own. And here it may be said parenthetically that the young of the present day are often, without any precise fault of their own, lamentably ignorant of many of the great master-pieces in English literature—those works that as long as our language lasts, cannot fail to enrich the minds that feed upon them. New subjects, however, are

always arising, and new books are always appearing to draw attention from the old ones.

But the limitation of more profitable employment which what may be called idle letter-writing occasions, is not the only evil which results from it. One silly frivolous letter is likely to engender another in return; and when mere gossip and tittle-tattle flow from the pen, they are apt to become more mischievous even than when spoken. Many people are exceedingly careless in respect to letters. The rule ought to be—unless there is some special reason to the contrary—to destroy private confidential letters as soon as their contents are mastered. All sorts of accidents happen from their preservation. We heard only the other day of a bundle of letters being discovered which ought to have been consigned to the flames forty years ago. Very likely some of them will get into 'the autograph market,' for many were from distinguished men. Put together, they revealed a sad history, the publication of which could only give pain to friends and relatives of the brave soldier whom they concerned. They were found in a valise left behind him in lodgings he had occupied, the rent of which he could not pay. Years passed before the landlady opened the little receptacle. Not till she had completely failed to trace her lodger, and till she believed him dead, did she force the lock.

Accidents of this sort happen more frequently than is supposed, and they ought to put both letter writers and receivers on their guard. Also young people should bear in mind that their opinions of people and things may very likely change as they advance in life, and that except in cases of clear right and wrong, it might be wise to abstain from unkind remarks and strong censure in their correspondence. A poet says, 'A deed can never die,' and written words have sometimes a disastrous vitality.

Most persons who have a considerable correspondence must, we think, have felt that among their friends and acquaintances there are two special sorts of letter-writers—those whose letters give pleasure, and those whose pages rarely fail to have some phrase or some omission which gives pain. With the first class the mere sight of the handwriting is a gratification; we know that it will never sting. Even if there be bad news to tell, it will be softened by sympathy; and if the tidings be joyful, the joy will seem doubled by participation. With the other class the case is precisely opposite. A piece of good news is told in a dry don't-care manner, or a painful subject is discussed as from some vantage-ground of implied superiority. If the letter be on more level topics, then there are probably sarcastic remarks in opposition to the receiver's known opinions. We are inclined to think that the secret of writing pleasant letters is to think more of the receiver than ourselves when in the act of writing—to put ourselves if possible on the plane of his or her feelings.

Certainly the three persons whom the writer has in mind as having had the trick of writing disagreeable letters were all great egotists, largely endowed with what phrenologists consider the organ of self-esteem. They were not unaffectionate; but they seemed slow to understand emotions they had not personally experienced, and 'shafts' of the pen 'at random sent' often

wounded bitterly. Such letter-writers would do well to remember one fact, and that is, that we never know under what circumstances a letter may be received. A hard, unkind, or unsatisfactory letter may cause but a passing regret if the recipient be well and happy; but the case is far different if it arrives in the season of sickness or sorrow. When a cup is brimming, another drop will make it overflow; and when the heart is filled with anguish, there is subtle cruelty in adding to its burden. The pen can lacerate as well as the sword, and its wounds are often the more incurable of the two.

Then again few of us are so good and wise as never to have written an angry letter, despatching it in haste, instead of waiting for bitter feelings to cool, and a few hours afterwards mournfully regretting some too harsh expression. No doubt writing the letter was an immense relief—perhaps even it was an outlet by which our wrath could evaporate; only it would have been better if it had been thrown into the fire instead of the letter-box. If it be well, as the ancient philosopher said, to count a hundred before speaking the angry word, it is well to count a thousand before writing it.

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bed at night. All, however, had been tried in this instance, and all in vain.

I then thought for a little, and hit upon the following plan. I directed her night-dress to be sewed up at the foot, so that it formed a large bag, and then I had the sleeves lengthened so much that each sleeve, after going round the body, reached the front, where it met the other sleeve, and was securely fastened to it. The whole dress was loose; but the long sleeves prevented the hands from being used to get rid of the dress; while, from the end being sewed up, the feet could not be used in progression. At the same time the dress freely permitted the sleeper to roll about from side to side in her slumber; and thus it differed from the hideous strait-waistcoat then in vogue. Night came, and our charge retired to bed in her new-fangled night-dress, with which she was amused. The usual hour for the night-walk came. Her attendants were strictly enjoined not to stir. She raised herself as usual in the sitting posture, then stood upright, and commenced to walk. The second step was a trip, for the foot behind held the bottom of the bag in which she stood. She stumbled, fell forward, and awoke, and was put back into bed, where she soon fell asleep. Next morning there were no bad consequences except that her face was slightly bruised by the fall. I recommended a continuance of the sleeping-chaise for a short time, as a cautionary measure. And now came a curious change in the phases of the affliction. She would still rise from bed each night, but made no further attempt to walk as before. She would stand erect, and keeping the knees perfectly rigid, spring straight upward from the floor, and thus dance about the room in what was years afterwards known as a popular music-hall dance under the name of the 'Perfect Cure.' This she would continue until thoroughly fatigued, and then retire quietly to bed and to sleep. I am glad to add the case did end truly in a perfect cure without the intervention of strait-waistcoat or private asylum.

This strange state is generally called somnambulism. It is really alternating identity, in which the ordinary state of mind is suspended, and another identity—I do not know what else to call it—takes possession of the individual, and like warp and weft, alternates without mixing, the warp presenting continuity at one time, and the weft the same at another. One of these alternations occurs most often in sleep, when the ordinary mental power is no longer governing, and hence the attack is called somnambulism. The somnambulist will weave the somnambulism of one night with that of the preceding into a continuous warp or weft, and so with the ordinary mental power; and thus the two identities alternate, but do not mix. This alternating identity will, however, occasionally force itself into the waking hours, and thus the two identities divide the unhappy being between them.

A young lady under my observation exhibited an instance of this. For some time a somnambulist, the alternating identity at length became strong enough to intrude upon her waking hours. Her ordinary perceptive and voluntary powers would be suddenly arrested during the day, and whether at music or work—no matter how employed—the interruption was sudden and instantaneous. If at

the piano or harp, voluntary movement ceased at the moment; if walking across the floor, she remained in the position in which she was when it occurred, and remained thus for a longer or shorter time. She would sit at dinner apparently as cheerful and as collected as any one at the table. At the time of which I speak it was customary for guests to take wine with one another. A gentleman would ask her to take wine. She bowed her head as was usual; and in raising the glass to her mouth, there suddenly passed over her face and figure a slight but indescribable shudder. She immediately lost all knowledge of those about her, and would address them with names quite foreign to them. This state would continue for two days, until at dinner on the third day she would turn to her relative and say in her natural tone: 'Did you not ask me to take wine?' Her natural state then returned; but those alternations became more frequent and more painful, until at length the unfortunate girl was deprived of the society of all but her nearest relatives.

[Cases of sleep-walking are by no means unfrequent, and the habit sometimes runs in families. In a family with which we are connected, the children, while young, were all more or less addicted to sleep-walking. One of the younger branches, a girl of fifteen, on one occasion rose from her bed, and walking down-stairs, entered the drawing-room, where were assembled a few guests. Fortunately the girl's habit was known to most of the company, who, instead of evincing a horror of the unwelcome visitor, treated the matter in a philosophic spirit, and even maintained their usual conversation, as the girl's father took her hand and led her quietly up-stairs to bed. Had the somnambulist been rudely awakened, the consequences might have been serious; and the calm demeanour of the spectators and judicious management of the girl's parent on the occasion we have related, may perhaps act as a hint to others who may be similarly situated. Never awake a sleep-walker if it can possibly be avoided.—Ed.]

ECCENTRIC INVITATIONS.

A FAMOUS philosopher was wont, if we remember aright, to so couch his invitations that those who came to his perfect little dinners were aware beforehand what would be set on the table for their delectation, and at what hour they were expected to take their departure. It was the custom of Marshal Vaillant when Minister of War, to ask the officer on guard for the day to take dinner with him; not by word of mouth or by a polite note, but by a notice in his own handwriting posted up in the guard-room, and invariably running thus: 'Art. 1. The officer on guard is invited to dine at the table of the War Minister. Art. 2. The officer on guard is received by the War Minister, who after shaking hands with him, presents him to the Marshal and the guests. Art. 3. The Marshal always offers his arm to the officer on guard to conduct him to the dining-room. No matter what guests may be present, his place on the left of the Marshal is kept. Art. 4. Avoid offering wine to the Marshal, who only drinks water. Art. 5. On leaving table and going into the smoking-room, accept the cigar

which the Marshal always offers. Art. 6. At the end of half an hour, the Marshal always asks the officer on guard to play a game of whist, which he should refuse, saying that it is his duty to return to his post. He ought therefore to salute the Marshal, and then retire? Given his choice in the matter, probably the guest would rather have dined with his brother-officers than with the marinet minister.

A host of another sort was George Colman. When the Drury Lane manager sent him a play for revision, he wrote: 'DEAR BUNN—Pray dine with me to-day at half-past five, but come at four; we shall then have time to cut the play before we cut the nation! It was no unusual thing with him to put his invitations in rhyme, on one occasion parodying Macheath thus neatly:

'The dinner's prepared, the party is met,
The dishes all ranged, not one is for show.
Then come undismayed, your visit's a debt—
A debt on demand—we won't take a "No."
You'll fare well, good sir, you can't fear a dew,
Contented you'll sleep, 'twill be better for you;
And sleeping you know is the rest of our lives,
And this way we'll try to please both our wives.

Come to Richmond to-morrow to dinner, or you have lost your Kew for pleasing everybody.—G. C.

When Charles Mathews was playing at Bristol, the Duke of Beaufort invited him to pay a visit to Badminton, stating, by way of extra inducement, that two billiard-loving judges were among his guests. Unable to take advantage of the tempting offer, the witty actor replied: 'I regret extremely that my engagements prevent my accepting your Grace's kind invitation, for nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have taken the lives of two judges at pool.' With much more alacrity did a certain man of letters, travelling in the United States, respond to a literary lady's invitation 'to meet some minds at tea' at her house, by expressing his sorrow at being prevented from doing so through having already promised to meet some stomachs at dinner. Whether his excuse shocked American modesty, we do not know; he would have been set down as a very rude man by the English farmer's daughter who, in acknowledging a feminine friend's invitation to go with her to the races, wrote on behalf of herself and sister: 'The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden, the idea of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr. T. will be there. Let me with confidence assure you that him and brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. We girls cannot go for reasons. The attention of the cows claims our assistance in the evening.'

One reason sufficed to account for Lord Fife's non-appearance at a dinner-party at Lady Cork's, to which that lively old lady had asked him, in order that he might meet a newly married dame of whom he had once been an ardent admirer. Instead of receiving the impetuous nobleman, the hostess received a note, which soon went the round of the company. It ran as follows: 'MY DEAR LADY CORK—I cannot express my regret that it is quite out of my power to dine with you. And you will pity me when you hear that I am in bed. A rascally creditor has had everything I

possess taken from me. I must remain in bed till my lawyer comes, as I have not a coat to put on. This is the reason, dear Lady Cork, I cannot dine with you.'

Before accepting an invitation, it is as well to be sure it is given in good faith. After an afternoon service held many years ago in a certain village in Scotland, the preacher, a stranger, who had officiated, accompanied one of the elders of the congregation home, and was introduced to his wife. The good-man having asked the clergyman to stay to dinner, the latter after a little pressing, consented. The good-lady hurried off to prepare for the unexpected guest, and seeing, as she thought, her husband washing as was the custom in these days, at the kitchen sink, she seized the family Bible, and approaching stealthily from behind, brought down the ponderous tome upon his bald pate, exclaiming: 'Tak ye that for bringing hungry preachers here to demer every time they come to the parish!' As soon as the assaulted one could get the smud out of his eyes, he looked about him, and after thinking the matter out, concluded that the old lady had made a slight mistake. She too came to the same conclusion when, upon returning to the parlour, she beheld her husband patiently waiting for his reverend friend!

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It is a familiar fact that oxide of iron and sulphide of iron, or iron pyrites, are among the most plentiful of minerals; the element iron having been in the one case mineralised by oxygen, in the other by sulphur. It is known also that the sulphides are combustible; and taking advantage of this characteristic, Mr Holloway has devised a method of utilising sulphides as sources of heat in metallurgical operations. It seems impossible that a metal should smelt itself; but Mr Holloway's paper, read last session at the Society of Arts, clearly proves that this is what he proposes. He has shown by experiments in a Bessener converter that his theory is sound; but for complete success in practice, a special kind of furnace and smelting-works will be necessary. A furnace that can be heated without coal will be a surprising spectacle, and may be always at work, so abundant are the supplies of the peculiar fuel. 'The largest deposits of coal,' says Mr Holloway, 'existing in various parts of the world are, perhaps, more than rivalled as sources of latent heat by the natural sulphides, abundant in every country, occurring in almost every vein, constituting in fact a material portion of the earth's crust.' At the Rio Tinto mines in Spain, from one and a half to two million tons of pyrites are dug out every year. In the slow roasting, lasting some months, to which it is afterwards subject, great part of the sulphur and metals which it contains is wasted. Mr Holloway's process, on the other hand, by driving a stream of air (oxygen) through the mass effects the separation in a few minutes. He starts his furnace with ignited coke, feeds in the material to be smelted, turns on the

blast; and an intense heat may be maintained for weeks without addition of coke or coal. But coal is required for the steam-engine which creates the blast.

The furnace would be so constructed as to arrest the volatile substances that in ordinary circumstances fly off as vapour. These substances include arsenious sulphide, lead sulphide, oxide of zinc, and sulphide of thallium. And here we are informed that 'three hundred thousand tons of pyrites would produce seventy-two thousand tons of crude sulphur, and one hundred and twenty thousand tons of sulphurous acid;' and these are products which can always be sold at a profit. Another advantage of Mr Holloway's process is that it is not noxious, as the process is at the copper-works near Swansea and at the Rio Tinto works, where the vegetation of the neighbourhood is poisoned and destroyed by the deadly fumes.

The chemist of the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, after an examination of the coals of that State, reports that some of them contain large quantities of phosphorus, which accounts for the failure of attempts to convert pig-iron into steel. Pure fuel, he remarks, 'is as much a necessity as pure ores, though hitherto iron-men have paid comparatively little attention to this point.'

At a meeting of the Manchester Geological Society, Mr W. E. Garforth gave an account of a method of blasting coal in mines by means of compressed air, whereby the risk attending the use of gunpowder is obviated. With a portable machine of simple construction, which can be worked by two men, he gets a pressure of more than fourteen thousand pounds to the square inch. The cartridge, an iron tube, is drilled into the coal; the pipe from the compressor is connected, the air is forced in, and, in the experiments hitherto made, the cartridge bursts, and the coal falls before a pressure of ten thousand pounds to the inch is reached. When coal is brought down by firing a charge of gunpowder, half an hour or more is wasted while the smoke drifts away from the working; before the miners can resume their labour; whereas the sudden expansion of the compressed air may be regarded as beneficial. To obviate the objection that the labour of working the compressor in the heated air of a mine would be exhausting, Mr Garforth proposes to fill receivers with compressed air above ground, or at the foot of the shaft, then transport them to the several workings, and there burst the cartridges by liberating the imprisoned air. It is said that this method is more expensive than blasting by gunpowder; but there is much in its favour; and considering the appalling loss of life of late years in coal-mines, the government Commission appointed last session to inquire into the subject will in all probability recommend that the use of gunpowder should be forbidden.

'The Showspeed,' an instrument invented by Mr J. M. Napier of Lambeth, offers an advantage to all employers of machinery in motion. A

circular cup is mounted on a spindle so constructed that it may be put into connection with a machine, an engine, or a moving body of any kind. A glass tube, after the manner of a barometer tube, rises from the cup; a given quantity of mercury is poured in; and when the cup rotates, the mercury rises in the tube, and by means of a float indicates the speed of the machine, the carriage, or the locomotive to which the Showspeed is for the time attached. The float rises and falls with every variation. Similarly the rate of motion of a current, a river, or of a waterfall may be measured, and read off at a glance, if the scale be suitably inscribed.

Rockets of different kinds to be used as signals have been tried at Woolwich with satisfactory results. The distress signal is fired from a socket fixed to the deck or bulwarks of a ship; it rises to a height of six hundred feet, then bursts with a bright light, which can be seen at seven miles' distance, and a report loud enough to be heard at thirteen miles. The advantage of this rocket over the usual signal of distress—firing a gun, is obvious; and further, it can be fired by means of a lanyard and friction tube, no light or match being necessary. Of another kind is the sound signal intended as a warning to ships where there is risk of collision; and another is a sound signal for use on shore in darkness or in foggy weather. Now that such efficient signals are provided, let us hope that vigilance and readiness on the part of those for whom they are designed will not be lacking.

Ballooning will henceforth form a part of the art of war, for, by order of the War Office, a balloon equipment has been placed in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. Two balloons for experimental purposes, and a portable furnace for the manufacture of hydrogen gas, are in commission; and a party of men and officers of the Royal Engineers have been instructed in aerostatics, and in the preparation of network and other appliances required in actual service. Among these is a kind of rope not more than half an inch thick, but of such strength that it will bear a strain of three tons, which may be expected to do good work with the grappling-irons. The balloons and all the appurtenances have been made within the Arsenal, so that ample supplies can be produced as required in working out the important aeronautical question. That balloons may be employed with great advantage in war, has already been demonstrated. To look down into an enemy's camp, or to spy out his movements behind a ridge or in the rear of a wood, may tend to the defeat of his plans and the shortening of a campaign; and this may be done by means of a captive balloon. But very much more might be done if a free balloon could be made to sail in any direction; and this is the problem which the Royal Engineers and the Aeronautical Society have now to work out.

The Registrar-general in taking leave of office

in a farewell Report, states concerning marriages, that in addition to all those persons married in churches, there are sixty thousand each year married in chapels, and forty thousand in registry offices. Before 1839, the only documents recognised as attesting the date of birth were the parish registers of baptism kept by ministers of the established church, but they furnished no real proof of the exact age of the infants whose baptisms were recorded. But during the last forty years the actual date of birth has been registered together with full particulars as to parents and locality; and about nine hundred thousand of these births are annually recorded. A similar practice prevails as regards deaths, for the entry in the Civil Register includes the place and cause of death, the exact names, occupation, and age of the deceased; and more than five hundred thousand of these deaths are registered every year. Accuracy is so important, that the records are protected by law, attempts to falsify them being punishable by imprisonment. These are improvements on which the Registrar-general looks back with satisfaction; and he acknowledges his obligations to the registration officers who so long furnished him periodically, and with 'marvellous punctuality,' with the returns which enabled him to publish his weekly and quarterly Reports—'returns for which they receive no remuneration.'

Further, the Registrar tells us that London proper contains three-and-a-half million inhabitants, or, including the outer ring of the suburbs, four-and-a-half millions; a number equal to the aggregate population of Berlin, Paris, St Petersburg, and Vienna. The area of this great city is one hundred and twenty-two square miles, with twenty-nine thousand three hundred and twenty-two people to the square mile; and the fact that with so dense a population the general health is so good, may be accepted as evidence that the sanitary arrangements of the great city are not badly cared for.

The beneficial effects of salicylic acid as a medicine have been much discussed in the medical journals since 1875, when the acid was first administered as a remedy for rheumatism. Its antiseptic properties render it useful in eruptive diseases, in diphtheria; and it has the further advantage when properly made, of being colourless and tasteless. It kills bacteria and other animalcules, and destroys the unpleasant odour of wounds. Professor Kolbe of Leipzig, in his many experiments with the acid, found that rain or river water containing one-twenty-thousandth of a grain thereof would keep sweet in a warm room four weeks or more, while similar water not so treated soon became unpleasant to the taste. This was confirmed by an experiment on a large scale; water charged with one gramme of salicylic acid to twenty litres was placed on board ship for a year's voyage; and was found sweet and free from organic matter when at the end the casks were opened. Milk treated with the acid remains sweet more than a day longer than without it. Eggs after a bath of the acidified water, keep sweet for months in a dry place; and meat sprinkled with the powdered acid and packed in a jar acquires no unpleasant odour. Wine may be kept from turning sour by the use of the acid;

brewers find it useful in some of their processes; and its property of preventing putrefaction is turned to account in the making of glue and other manufactures.

In the Transactions of the Pennsylvania Medical Society, Dr J. T. Carpenter endeavours to prove that constitutional diseases have a local origin. He thinks that 'small-pox is a bilious' fever, and that the liver is the starting-point of that disease as well as of yellow-fever.

There are two classes of insects which make a buzzing when they fly—those known to entomologists as *Diptera* and *Hymenoptera*. How is the buzzing produced? is a question that has been often asked. A French naturalist has answered it in a paper presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The buzz combines a deep and a sharp sound. The deep sound proceeds from the wing, provided that the vibrations are sufficiently rapid. The sharp sound, usually an octave above the other, is produced within the thorax, as has been ascertained by experiment. A supposition prevailed that it was due to the passage of the air through the stigmata and the vibration of their valves; but these openings have been stopped with bird-line, and yet the sharp sound continues. It keeps on even when the wings are out off. The explanation is, that the insect still endeavours to fly, and employing the wing muscles, occasions vibrations of the thorax, and thereby produces the sharp sound, more or less intense, according to the size of the insect.

Mr Clairefond, a Frenchman, has published a small book, the title of which translated is *A New Application of the A, B, C, or a Physiological Study on the Origin of Language*. He revives the argument that the earliest attempts at human speech were imitations of natural sounds or the cries of animals; and he contends that out of recollections and repetitions of those sounds the names of certain natural phenomena, and of animals and other objects, originated. He finds numerous examples in the French language, and thinks that proofs might be found in other languages if search were made, and suggests that the Geographical Society of Paris might furnish instructions to their travellers to collect from among the natives of different countries all the sounds traceable to the source indicated above. Mr Clairefond is of opinion that the series of sounds, words, and expressions thus collected would aid in the discovery of the origin of language. Taken in connection with natural sounds, the origin of words in our own language—such as thunder, sigh, whisper—becomes evident.

Dr Oppert, Professor of Sanskrit at Madras, has published a learned book *On the Classification of Languages: a contribution to Comparative Philology*. After giving a sketch of the history of philology, the author divides languages into concrete and abstract; and corroborates this distinction by the absence and presence in these two classes of grammatical gender. The further subdivision, as he remarks, 'into heterologous and homologous concrete languages, and into digenuous and trigenuous abstract languages, is a logical outcome of the adopted system.' Instead of seeking examples in a 'few privileged groups of languages,' the Doctor prints tables which contain instances of 'more than a thousand varieties of speech.'

Architectural Foliage is the title of an instructive

tive and suggestive paper read before the Institute of British Architects by Mr Colling, who endeavours therein to lay down true principles of decoration. Too often foliage and flowers are simply stuck upon a building without any regard to fitness, and consequently to the detriment of architecture. 'In all early forms of art,' he remarks, 'we find plain surfaces invariably used for the development of painting or sculpture. In the Egyptian and Assyrian, walls were made eloquent by hieroglyphics and sculpture embracing animal and vegetable forms. In the Indian, Persian, Moresque, and the Arabian, we observe that the same principle was adopted, and that the buildings and other works of those nations were literally covered with elegant combinations of foliated form, and plain moulded work is scarcely to be found. Yet all these elaborate enrichments were not added to or upon the works, but were taken out of them, and therefore did not destroy their breadth or character.' Those four words 'taken out of them,' deserve especial consideration; they embody the art and mystery of architectural decoration. Ornament when not spontaneous is a disfigurement. If architects will bear this fact in mind, and avoid copying nature in a purposeless way, but by patient study and observation arrive at a knowledge of 'her variety of form, of her regularity and irregularity, and of her geometrical uniformity,' they will discover 'certain art-principles on which she works, and which alone are of any worth to the true artist.'

In another paper Mr P'Anson gives an account of the recent excavations in the Forum at Rome, by which remarkable discoveries of ancient structures have been made in that renowned precinct. Descriptions of the various relics are given, and their situation can be identified by a lithographed plan. 'On the north-eastern side of the Via Sacra,' we are told, 'formerly stood the Tabernæ or shops of the Forum, originally founded by King Tarquinius Priscus; they were naturally then required for the trades generally carried on in a market-place; hence the butchers' stalls, from one of which Virginius took the knife to stab his daughter. The schools for children were also among the shops in the Forum, and it is said to be there that Appius Claudius first saw Virginia reading.'

To readers who have been accustomed to associate largeness of space with greatness of power, Mr P'Anson's concluding remarks will be a surprise. 'Nothing,' he says, 'is, I think, more striking, considering how large a portion Roman history fills in the history of the civilised world, than the small area within which the scenes of this history were enacted. The Forum of Rome was the focus of all, and the Forum of Rome is not actually larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Via Sacra through which we are told the Emperors passed—followed by captive potentates—with the trophies of victory, and long trains of armed warriors and slaves; where, on their way to the Capitol, the victorious Emperors proceeded to solemnise their triumphs with religious rites—and the captive kings were led to their prisons; where the great annual religious processions of the people, carrying their images and their gods, passed on their way to the Palatine Hill: this great thoroughfare of imperial Rome was only twelve feet wide.'

STORY OF A CORN-CRAKE.

The landrail or 'corn-crake' usually frequents and makes its nest amongst the long meadow-grass, generally depositing from four to six or seven eggs, and sometimes as many as nine or ten. The broods are often too young to escape before the cutting begins, and the machine makes sad havoc among them; the bewildering, sharp 'clack-clack' of the machinery seems to stupefy both mother and young ones, so that the poor things are often maimed or killed. In August last, while cutting down a field of grass, a corn-crake was observed to rise close in front of the machine and to flutter back and forward, crying pitifully; but as it was impossible to stop before the scythe had passed over the spot, it was concluded the little creatures had been killed; but on looking round at the spot soon after, the mother was noticed where the nest had been, and presently she came out to the open field carrying in her beak a small dark object, which on following her, was found to be a young crake, evidently not more than an hour or two out of the shell, and too young to walk or run, but happily uninjured by the machinery. The old bird now laid down her helpless young one, and returned, apparently to look for the rest of the brood. The workman, however, having meantime found another, laid it beside the first, which doubtless the mother removed to a safe place, as on looking for them soon afterwards, all of them had disappeared.

A U T U M N.

The rich autumnal shadows fall;
The first brown leaf wheels slowly down;
And all along the orchard wall
The mosses gather deeper brown.

Through all the rounded golden hours
No sound steals in from village street;
Alone the chimneys from distant towers
Float hourly through my still retreat.

Across the vale, the rugged hills
Are starting from their Summer gloom,
And bursting heather glows and fills
Their skyward curves with purple bloom.

Again with Autumn comes the time
When you and I would cross the vale,
And reach the mountain foot, and climb
Till stars renewed the evening tale.

I wander still where Nature haunts
Her secret places seldom sought;
But even Nature something wants—
A subtle something, deeply wrought.

And here alone I sit, and now
Thy voice is hushed; but those dear eyes
That flashed beneath thy brave boy-brow
Are haunting me as daylight dies.

The sun slopes slowly to his rest,
This soft September afternoon,
Till all the colour leaves the west,
And steps the world in twilight gloom.

J. S.

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SOCIAL CONTRASTS.

No one who was present in Westminster Abbey when, on Sunday 6th July, Dean Stanley preached a sermon on Lord Lawrence, whose remains had been interred in the nave of that hallowed fane the previous day, can forget the truthful and impressive words uttered on the occasion. The subject was of that kind which a preacher of good understanding and high-toned sentiment seizes hold of for a practical purpose. In his whole life, Lord Lawrence had exemplified the finer qualities of the English character. Unselfish, and grudging no trouble in the line of duty, his resolute vigour had largely contributed to save India when that great empire was in jeopardy. The indomitable energy and persevering industry of his Lordship, his honesty and thoroughness in all he undertook, were lovingly referred to by the preacher.

Lord Lawrence, said Dean Stanley in his thrilling peroration, was a fine example of the value of India as a school of training for the breeding of a race of civil and military administrators in whom it is ingrained, not as a theory but as a duty, to study those complex forms of human character, so unlike our own, and yet so deeply instructive for us to contemplate, even without regard to the usefulness of such a study for their effective governance. It was this wide-seeing circumspection which made every word of rebuke from him, to Englishmen or natives, come with double force. A story of him was worth recording as an instance of his lofty dealing and good influence upon inferior minds. During the conduct of some important cause for a young Indian Rajah, the Prince endeavoured to place in his hands, under the table, a bag of rupees. He answered at once: "Young man, you have offered to an Englishman the greatest insult which he could possibly receive. This time, in consideration of your youth, I excuse it. Let me warn you by this experience never again to commit so gross an offence against an English gentleman." Many of them would never forget the moral effect upon themselves of his indefatigable, untiring industry,

so long as health and eyesight were left to him—his profound contempt for the idle, lounging, loitering habits in which so much of human existence is expended and destroyed. Any one who saw him felt at once that his presence had a certain majestic dignity and assured repose, which made us feel confident that in his presence, and in whatever emergency, we were perfectly safe. He was not only a leader of men, but a leader on whom men could rely without the apprehension of those sudden weaknesses and betrayals, by which some of the most gifted of the human race have diffused around them a sense not of security, but of mistrust. We were reminded when we saw him of that passage in Isaiah which says, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire?" That is to say, who shall endure the scorching flame of temptation, danger, pain? How shall we gain that supernatural strength? And the answer of the prophet is the only true one: "He that walketh righteously." But if we ask further why and how is this, the prophet's following words give a reply: "His place of defence shall be on the strong rocks, bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure." That is to say, he shall be like a man in an impenetrable fortress. Though the earth be wrapped in a circle of flames, he will look down on the raging sea of fire without fear. There is a well of water within the citadel which will not fail. The upright Christian man, whether martyr or missionary, statesman or soldier, looks down on weakness, pain, and obloquy as contemptible. He has the bread and water which should not fail, an undivided conscience which gives him invincible courage. Such was the inner character which formed the spiritual basis of that mountain of moral strength. In his early days his friends called him "Iron John." As time rolled on his character came to rely more and more on religious influences, his gentler nature became developed, he submitted to failing powers and failing eyesight, and became each year more prepared for the great change which at last suddenly overtook him. Farewell, the Dean exclaimed, 'great Pro-consul of our English

Christian Empire! Where shall we look in the times that are coming for that disinterested love, that abounding knowledge of India like his? Where shall we find that resolution, mind, and countenance, which seemed to cry to us,

This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I?

In these glowing sentiments we have a kind of word-painting of the present social condition of England. In numerous quarters are demonstrated an earnestness of purpose which bears up against the untoward circumstances which happen to present themselves in the ordinary battle of life; while alongside of this meritorious resolution are in too many cases provokingly seen those 'idle, lounging, loitering habits in which so much of human existence is expended and destroyed.' We know how people are apt to depreciate the present in comparison with a bygone generation; but with every allowance on this score, it is clear to us that vast numbers of young persons act as if idleness, amusement, and paltry indulgences were the chief concern in life. Labour, by which the world has been advanced in all useful learning and fine arts, is scorned as degrading and unworthy. Recreation carried to an unwarrantable extent is almost the sole object of consideration.

We are privileged to live amidst marvels of science and art. The electric light, steamers that resemble floating palaces—some of them floating farm-yards, railway trains that will transport you pleasantly at the rate of forty miles an hour, telegrams encompassing the earth with the velocity of Ariel! Unfortunately, science and art have outrun the capacity to make a good use of them. Among vast masses, the gifts of Providence are habitually and grossly abused. Everything satisfactorily improves but man. It would seem as if by no contrivance can society avoid being encumbered with swarms of people whom nothing can teach or admonish, and who, notwithstanding the prizes offered by industrial pursuits, ever keep themselves in the depths of wretchedness by their degrading excesses. We all know what efforts are made to stem the downhill current, and with what sadly disappointing results. In every town—the wealthier and more populous, the worse—there is apparently a mass of unimprovable human beings who prove a constant torment. Strange outcome of our boasted civilisation! This so-called civilisation is only like a gentle shower on the green-sward. It does no more than freshen the surface. Means to make it reach the roots of the social fabric remain to be invented.

The consequences are familiar to newspaper readers. Street disturbances, bad language heard in public thoroughfares, brutal assaults, homicides. A murder per diem now forms part of the ordinary intelligence. For the most part the murders take place in the idiocy of drunkenness; pokers, hammers, knives, hob-nailed boots, or

revolvers being usually the engines of destruction. It is hard to say, but it must be said, that weak-minded philanthropists who set themselves to uphold the 'gospel of idleness,' are less or more accountable for these disorders. Unaware of the ignorant and inlaumable materials they work upon, they have encouraged by precept and statute the loosening of the obligations of thrift and professional diligence. Holidays and half-holidays are piled up with reckless indifference. The old days of religious observance, which were usually regarded with decency, have been swamped, blended in a catalogue of holidays which are a signal for the most odious revelries. There is a visible growth of this disorderliness and waste of means year after year. It is still on the increase, along with an increase in thriftlessness and demoralisation. The old accepted theory that 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich,' is contemptuously repudiated. The doctrine is gravely put forward, that the true method for raising wages is to curtail production, to work as little as possible. One could laugh at this newfangled nonsense, were it not too grim a joke to make fun of the principles which regulate individual and national subsistence.

The idle, lounging, loitering, useless existence pointed to by Dean Stanley as a contrast to that of the late Lord Lawrence, is largely exemplified in the lives of young men, who at one time would, through personal favour, have found a lodgment in the civil or military service of the crown. The modern practice of competitive examination, whatever be its merits or demerits, has at least been the means of largely recruiting the ranks of genteel ne'er-do-wells. With vast continents still lying almost in a state of nature, and offering a splendid field for the settlement of the young and aspiring, it is pitiable to observe how few of this class possess the tact and enterprise to embrace the opportunity offered. Pampered by parents, or relying on some small patrimony, and perhaps with a silly pride of birth, they prefer a life of mere pleasure and amusement to one of honest industry, and constitute the loafers who hang about the clubs and bars of restaurants. You know them at once. Their cut-away tweed jacket, their moustache, their constitution weakened by depravity, and their boisterous laughing and talking, point them out as beings who never earned a shilling, and never will. Their chosen rôle is parasitically to depend on any one who will keep them without regard to the future, to eschew honest labour, play at cards and billiards, frequent horse-races, and dawdle away existence in a manner alike frivolous and mischievous. As torturations, some of them possibly have been sent to push their way in the colonies or South America; but with their idle and extravagant habits, success is out of the question. If they do not sink into a premature grave, back they come, to weary every one out with their luckless inaptitude and perversity. In comparison with such pretentious

yet utterly useless beings, how immeasurably more to be respected are the humblest toilers by the wayside striving to earn a bite and sup for daily subsistence!

Never before were there such strenuous and costly efforts made to extend the blessings of education, but practical advancement suffers a constant obstruction in the tendency to treat personal responsibilities with indifference. A learned professor, Dr Grainger Stewart, in lately addressing a body of newly appointed medical graduates in the University of Edinburgh, cautioned his young friends against professional indifference and superficiality. He entreated them to 'be honest, to be thorough.' Here he hit on a prevalent deficiency—a want of earnestness and thoroughness in the performance of professional and social duties. Of course, it is only the thoroughly earnest, patient, and self-sacrificing who ultimately succeed, and after a brilliant career, reap rewards like those which fell to the lot of Lord Lawrence—or let us instance Sir Rowland Hill, the successful projector of the penny post, who has just sunk to his rest after a long and useful career, followed by the blessings of mankind. The thing to be lamented is, that so comparatively few will put themselves to the trouble to secure any rewards whatever, including the greatest of all rewards, a sense of having done their duty, and the approval of their own conscience.

While men like Dean Stanley and Dr Grainger Stewart are pointing to those correct principles of moral discipline which are the glory of a people, there are hundreds who are doing their utmost to promote idleness and sensuality. There goes on a sort of war of good and evil. For example, is not the whole modern system of horse-racing and betting a disgrace to the country? In itself it is enough to counteract the best aimed beneficial influences. So, if not checked in time, is the spread of club-houses. We say nothing against the older and more staid institutions of this kind, but refer particularly to the clubs composed chiefly of young men, whose object seems to be the killing of time and squandering the means that happen to be at their disposal. When through laxity in balloting or other causes, clubs subside into this category, the more elderly members are apt to withdraw; the reading-rooms are meagrely frequented, and the crowding is towards the restaurant where drink is obtained, or to the apartments specially devoted to the playing of cards and billiards. According to all accounts, the favourite recreations are games with cards so extremely hazardous as to bring swift ruin on the inexperienced youths who engage in the play. We see by a London newspaper that the gambling club-houses in the metropolis are rapidly on the increase.

Whether from this cause or otherwise, thoughtful persons are beginning to entertain serious doubts as to the propriety of allowing club-houses to remain on their present footing. Though nominally of a private character, they are practically unlicensed public-houses, and offer convenient opportunities for wasteful indulgence when the different classes of licensed establishments are shut. Nor by any ordinary arrangement can this be prevented. As private institutions, they are as much beyond the scrutiny of magistrates and police as private dwellings. Looking to the abuses

that have latterly crept in, it would not excite surprise were the whole of the club-houses subjected to the laws and restrictions which regulate public hotels and taverns. It must, we think, shortly come to this. Meanwhile, we simply refer to them as being among the agencies which encourage idleness and misexpenditure. W. C.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER V.—ON THE TRACK.

THE night passed slowly away. Just as Sol was pouring his earliest morning rays into the little room where Walter had lain unconsciously for so many hours, the sleeper awoke, rubbed his eyes, and called aloud for his companion; but to his surprise, received no answer. He was astonished to find that he had gone to bed without taking off his clothes, but suspected nothing until he saw that Seppi was not in the room, and at the same moment missed the belt from his waist and the papers from his pockets. When the whole extent of the calamity flashed upon him, he felt completely overwhelmed. A cold perspiration started to his face; he trembled in every limb; and but for the support of the bed, would have fallen on the floor. 'Merciful powers!' he exclaimed, when he recovered his speech, 'can it be possible that Seppi has robbed me and gone?'

He rushed to the door, which he found was locked. After kicking at it with great violence for some time, he aroused the attention of André, who came up and, after opening the door, demanded the reason of such behaviour.

'Where is Seppi?' exclaimed Walter, paying no heed to his inquiries. 'Tell me instantly what has become of him!'

'How should I know?' was the rough reply. 'He left the inn before daybreak.'

Walter's fears were fully confirmed. He sank into a chair, and gave way to an outburst of indignation.

'Don't trouble yourself about being left alone,' said André; 'your friend told me last night that he would be sure to return to-morrow, and has given me orders to let you have everything you ask for.'

'You've seen the last of him,' returned the youth. 'He has robbed me, and has got safe away by this time. But I won't rest till I have hunted him down; and woe to him then!'

He rushed to the door to carry out his purpose; but André stopped him. 'Oho, my fine fellow, that's what you're up to,' said he. 'I see now that your friend was right when he told me that you were not quite right in the upper story. You will please stay quietly here till to-morrow morning, and then you can make it all right with him yourself. You shan't stir out of this room till he comes back, so make up your mind for it.'

With these words the fellow quietly turned on his heel and left the room, and having locked the door, went down-stairs again without paying further regard to Walter's indignant remonstrances.

There being no possibility of escape by the door, Walter ran to the window, and looking out,

saw that the window-sill was scarcely twenty feet from the ground, and that no one was visible outside. His plans were quickly formed. Tying the sheets together, he fastened one end to the window-frame, and lowered himself to the ground. But a new difficulty presented itself. Which direction should he take? While he thus stood for an instant in doubt, he heard a shout from the window overhead, and looking up, beheld André, who by this time had brought his breakfast.

'What game is this you're up to?' exclaimed the unwelcome custodian. 'Stir a foot from there till I come, or it will be the worse for you.'

Paying no heed to this threat, Walter ran at the top of his speed towards the main road, and would perhaps have made good his escape, had not a broad ditch barred his way, which he was in the act of crossing when he slipped, and was overtaken by André, who, after a struggle, managed to secure his charge.

'I've got you again, my boy!' said his captor triumphantly. 'You might as well have paid attention to what I told you, for now you must march back again, and take up your quarters in the cellar, instead of having a comfortable room. I'll warrant you'll not get away again in a hurry.'

The unfortunate youth, half-stunned with the events of the morning, and considerably bruised with the fall, was overpowered by the superior strength of his pursuer, and had to resign himself quietly to his fate. They had just got back to the inn, and were in the act of entering, when the sound of wheels was heard; and on looking back, a post-chaise with four horses was seen rapidly approaching the inn.

The carriage was open, and two young men reclined upon the soft cushions, while a handsome dog lay upon the front seat, and looked up with an intelligent glance at one of the gentlemen who seemed to be its master.

'Let us have some refreshment,' said the gentleman to André, who was somewhat taken aback by the unexpected arrival of travellers at that early hour. 'Look sharp, my man! We must be in Paris in an hour, and have no time to lose.'

Forgetting his prisoner, André hurried in to make the necessary preparations; while Walter, pale and breathless, leaned against the side of the door.

'Mr Seymour!' he suddenly exclaimed, on beholding one of the travellers. 'Mr Seymour! Pray, assist me.'

The stranger leaped from the carriage and hastened towards the unhappy youth.

'Can I believe my eyes?—Watty!' he exclaimed, 'Watty, from the Bernese Oberland!—Look here, Lafond; this is the boy that got me the young vultures from the Engelhorn, the narrative of whose courage you admired so much.—But what are you doing here, my boy? And what is the meaning of all this distress?'

'I have been robbed of a large sum of money here, and the thief has escaped with it. I was going in pursuit of him.'

'Don't believe a word of what he says sir,' interrupted André, who at that moment issued from the inn. 'The poor fellow is not right in his mind. His companion told me so, and I am going to take care of him till he comes back. He'll be here to-morrow.'

'Fool!' exclaimed Mr Seymour angrily, 'this young man is an old acquaintance of mine. Don't you dare to lay hands on him, or you shall suffer for it!—And now Walter, tell me the whole story as quickly as you can.'

The young man related all that had happened since his arrival in Paris.

'It's a bad affair, my good fellow,' said Mr Seymour, shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders thoughtfully. 'Your companion has most likely travelled all night, and it will be hard work to find out which way he has gone. But never mind; we must try what can be done. Come with us to Paris, and I will get the police to make instant search for the thief.—But in the first place,' he continued, turning to André, who looked on in sullen astonishment, 'let us have something to eat; and then we'll be off to Paris, where the scoundrel is most likely hiding himself.'

Mr Seymour's companion, a pale and delicate-looking man, had listened in silence to all that had passed; but while they were partaking of the refreshment that had been hastily prepared, he joined in the conversation.

'My dear Seymour,' said he, 'I think I know a better plan to get on the track of this swindler than if we had the help of all the policemen of Paris.'

'Name it,' returned his friend.

'Well, you know the St Bernard dogs are the best in the world for following up a scent; and as Hector is a capital specimen of the breed, I think we cannot do better than set him on the track.'

'But the dog doesn't know him, so how can he trace him?'

'The fellow has perhaps left something behind him in his hurry; if so, then let Hector get his nose to it, and I'll wager anything that he'll follow him up even if he is fifty miles off.'

'That's a capital idea,' assented Mr Seymour, delighted at the prospect of serving his young friend. 'Hector knows that we're speaking about him. See how knowing he looks!—Run Walter, and see if your precious companion has left anything behind him.'

Accompanied by André, who began to perceive that Seppi had cheated him, Walter sped up-stairs to the room in which he had slept, and soon returned in triumph.

'He has left some of his clothes,' exclaimed the now excited youth. 'They are worthless things; and certainly no loss to him, after getting possession of all that money.'

'Not so worthless after all,' signified Mr Seymour. 'Who knows but we may find this bundle worth fifty thousand francs to you, Walter, or rather to Mr Frieshardt? Lay it down here.—Now then, Hector, take a good sniff!'

The hound jumped from the carriage, smelt the bundle all round, then looked up at his master in an intelligent way and gave a short deep bark.

'Hector will be on the track immediately,' was the assurance given by Mr Lafond.—'Find—lost—find, my fine fellow!' he exclaimed.

The animal thoroughly understood its master's wish, and ran round the inn with its nose close to the ground. Suddenly it came to a stand, looked back, and gave another short bark, as if to say 'Here!'

'Bravo, Hector!' exclaimed both the gentlemen in delight. 'Come and smell again. Good dog!'

The dog sniffed the bundle once more, and after making another detour of the inn, stood still at the old spot.

'He has got the scent now, without a doubt,' said the stranger.—'Keep up your heart, young man, and we'll get the money out of this scoundrel's clutches just as certainly as you got the birds from the Engelhorn for my friend. Jump into the carriage.—Follow the dog, postillion. Off with you!'

This order set both the horses and the dog in motion. Hector kept his nose near the ground, and went on very fast, not, however, in the direction of Paris, but rather more to the south, along the left bank of the Seine.

'Aha! the fellow has been cleverer than we supposed,' said Mr Lafond. 'Instead of going to Paris, where he would have had the police on his track, he has most likely taken the road to Havre, and intends crossing to England or America with the first ship. He might easily have escaped if we had not had the dog with us.'

'We haven't caught him yet,' said Mr Seymour; 'but I feel sure that Hector knows what he's about, and we shall most likely overtake the fellow before night comes on.'

The pursuit continued rapidly. The sharp-scented hound never shewed the least doubt or wandering. On a few occasions it turned off into by-paths to the right or left, but always returned in a few seconds to the main road that led to Havre.

The horses were changed two or three times, but the dog seemed as fresh as when the pursuit commenced. It was growing late in the afternoon; but although Hector continued to hold on as before, Mr Lafond shook his head, and began to doubt whether they were on the right track after all.

'I hope our guide isn't misleading us,' said he. 'Supposing the fellow left Boissy about eleven last night, and went on in this direction without stopping to rest himself, he couldn't have got any farther than here. We have come so fast that we ought to have overtaken him by this time.'

The two friends made a careful calculation of the time and distance, and Mr Seymour also began to feel rather anxious. He stopped the carriage, called the dog back, and made him smell Seppli's bundle again, which they had taken care to bring with them. The dog gave the same short sharp bark as before, then turned round again, and continued the journey in the old direction.

'I haven't the least doubt now,' said Mr Seymour cheerfully. 'We must be on the right track.—Go on, postillion!'

On they went, the wheels rattling over the uneven road, the horses trotting merrily, and the faithful hound running on in advance, and shewing scarcely any signs of fatigue.

After the lapse of half an hour, the dog stopped suddenly, threw its head up in the air, and sniffed all around in evident confusion; then after making a slight detour with anxious speed, leaped across the ditch by the road-side. With a loud bark that seemed to express satisfaction, the intelligent creature made for a small clump of bushes at a little distance from the road, into which it disappeared. In the course of a minute or two the

barking was renewed; but this time in a threatening tone.

'We've got him!' exclaimed Mr Seymour. 'There's no doubt the fellow found he could get no farther, and has taken up his quarters in the cover yonder, to make up for the sleep he lost last night.'

'Let us go over there, then,' said his companion, leaping from the carriage and across the ditch. 'Hector is calling us, and is sure to be right.'

Mr Seymour leaped the ditch, followed by Walter and one of the two postillions. Guided by the barking of the dog, they soon reached the thicket, and there found the man they were in quest of pinned to the earth by the sagacious animal.

'O Seppli, Seppli!' exclaimed Walter in astonishment and sorrow, 'how could you be guilty of such an act as this!'

The conscience-stricken man paled before the indignant youth.

'You robbed me, and thought that you could get away without being found out; but you have over-reached yourself this time, and must suffer the consequences. Hand back the money you've taken, and suffer the disgrace of being regarded as a common thief.'

'I will give you back everything, and beg your pardon for all I've done,' whined the wretched drover, 'if you will only release me from this savage brute, that has nearly been the death of me.'

At the call of his master, the dog quitted his hold reluctantly, but seemed ready at the least sign to seize his prisoner again. As the terrified thief, however, made no attempt to escape, and commenced to unbuckle the money belt, the dog was secured.

'Open the belt, and see if the money is all right,' said the drover in a cringing tone.

Walter counted the notes and gold, and was glad to find the contents untouched. Seppli rose to his feet meanwhile, but stood looking to the ground in shame and fear.

'What shall we do with him?' asked Mr Lafond, pointing to the trembling scoundrel.

'The best thing would be to tie his hands behind his back and hand him over to the nearest police station,' was the reply.

'Have mercy upon me!' howled the drover, throwing himself on the ground and clasping the knees of his captors. 'Do have pity on me, gentlemen!—Don't be hard-hearted, Walty! It's the first time I ever did such a thing in my life. The devil tempted me when I saw such a large sum of money.—Forgive me this time, gentlemen, and I will never again be guilty of stealing!'

'Do you know nothing else against him?' inquired Mr Seymour.

'No; nothing, sir,' replied the generous-hearted youth. 'I believe he was always looked upon in Meyringen as an honest fellow, and I think he is telling the truth. Pardon him this time, and let him go his ways. I hope this will be a lesson to him.'

'Be off with you then!' said Mr Seymour. 'Although you have behaved so shamefully towards your companion, he begs that you may be forgiven.'

Seppli was overjoyed at being let off so easily.

He had not dared to expect that Walter would have taken his part, and felt really thankful that his first great crime had not met with a severe and terrible punishment. With earnestness in his tone, he thanked his former companion, and with unaffected emotion, assured him solemnly that he would never again stretch out his hand to that which did not belong to him.

'I forgive you with all my heart,' said Walter; 'and as God has so ordered it that you couldn't carry your wicked design into execution, I will say nothing about it to Frieshardt when I get home again. Good-bye, Seppi, and take care that you don't allow yourself to be tempted this way again.'

The drover renewed his protestations, and assured Walter that he should never forget his kindness. 'You shall never,' quoth he, 'have reason to be sorry that you have spared me this time.'

He kissed Walter's hand and moistened it with his tears, and was gone.

'The unhappy miserable fellow!' said Mr Lafond. 'Upon my word, I really believe his repentance is sincere. If he takes this affair as a warning, I shall not be sorry that we have let him off so easily.'

'I hope he may turn out an honest character,' rejoined Mr Seymour. 'I expect to go back to the Bernese Oberland next summer, and I shall look after him then. It will be a bad thing for him if I find he has gone astray again.'

'I don't think there is any fear of that sir,' said Walter. 'Mr Frieshardt told me that he was looked upon as a respectable young man, and I think this is the first time he has fallen into crime.'

'Then so much the better for him,' replied Mr Seymour. 'We shall find that out some other time. But now I think we must set off towards Paris, if we are to get there to-night.'

After a long journey, the travellers reached the French metropolis; and Walter repaired with Mr Seymour to one of the best hotels, where in a soft and luxurious bed, he soon forgot the toil and anxiety of the day, and slept sounder than he had ever done in his life.

SALMON FOR THE MILLION.

THAT the salmon is a prolific fish has long been popularly known. A female salmon yields as a rule about a thousand eggs for every pound she weighs; but while that fact may be held as being established, it is a fact equally well known that out of twenty thousand ova which may be deposited by a particular fish, only a very small number reach the market in the shape of adult salmon. Of the countless thousands of eggs which are annually deposited in the spawning-beds, probably not one half yield fish; because in the first instance, a vast number of the ova escape fertilisation from the milt of the male salmon; and in the second place, large quantities are devoured by hosts of enemies during the spawning season, or are carried from their places of deposit (redds) and destroyed by floods.

Of those fish which in course of time are hatched,

many thousands, unable to seek their food, die of starvation, while other thousands fall a prey to animals of various kinds which instinctively seek their destruction. In consequence of these drawbacks the salmon is, comparatively speaking, a scarce and costly fish. A fish of twenty-five or thirty pounds-weight is, in the early part of the season, of more value than a South Down sheep of three times the weight. It is not unusual for a cut of salmon to be sold at the West End of London during the months of February and March at the rate of about seven shillings and sixpence per pound-weight. At the season indicated, the salmon is emphatically 'the rich man's fish.' Enthusiasts in fishery economy tell the public that a day will come when it will be possible to purchase salmon at about fourpence per pound-weight; but all such statements must we fear be taken with more than the proverbial grain of salt. At the present time the dainty is dearer than ever, and notwithstanding that artificial spawning and protected breeding have been largely resorted to during the last quarter of a century, the fish does not increase in the ratio of the increasing demand for it. It is to the high price demanded for fresh salmon that the public are doubtless indebted for the importation of those vast supplies of 'tinned' fish which are now imported to this country from America.

On the Columbia River, a surprising trade in this commodity has been developed during the last ten years; and if the public is obtaining what may, in a comparative sense, be called 'cheap salmon,' it adds greatly to the wonder which attends the fact that it is brought from the distant shores of Oregon. Scotland for quantity and quality of fish is a salmon country *par excellence*, a remark which applies in a lesser degree to Ireland; but the fish of these countries can seldom be obtained under eightpence per pound; whilst in the remote towns of the United Kingdom the canned fish of the M'Leod or Columbia River can be purchased, can and all, containing a pound-weight of salmon cooked and ready for eating, for less than half the sum named. How is that accomplished? will be asked. How comes it that a pound of salmon nicely cooked and packed up in a neat tin case, can be prepared and brought to us from such a distance as has been indicated, to be sold at eightpence or ninepence, whilst fish caught at our own doors cost double the money? We are quite able to explain the reason. The salmon in this country is a proprietary fish. On the river Tay for instance, which yields the finest quality of salmon now brought to market, those who capture the fish have to pay a rental of over twenty thousand pounds per annum whether they capture any fish or not. But no rent is exacted on the rivers of Oregon; the fish of the Columbia River are free to all, although the plentifulness of those salmon will ultimately prove in all probability the cause of their extermination. With no rent to pay and every man fishing for his

own hand, the exhaustion of the largest river is but a work of time.

As many as twelve million pounds-weight of salmon have been taken from the Columbia River in the course of a season; that weight of fish, estimating each to have weighed twenty-two pounds, represents a capture of say five hundred and forty-five thousand four hundred and fifty salmon. The fish now taken from the Columbia River are nearly all 'canned,' and as has been indicated, a large proportion of the salmon so prepared is exported to Europe. The work of canning salmon, however, is not confined to the Columbia River; there are flourishing canneries on the Umpagne, Fraser, Roque, and other waters. To start a cannery, notwithstanding that the fish cost nothing beyond the wages and allowances paid to the men who capture them, requires a 'bit of money.' In some of the American canneries the capital required has been as much as ten thousand pounds, and some newly projected establishments will involve double that amount. For the greater convenience of receiving the raw material and shipping the manufactured article, the canneries of the Columbia about on the river, a portion indeed of the building being erected over the water. At one end of the erection the newly captured fish are taken in, and after being made to traverse a semicircle of workshops, in which they are manipulated, the boxes containing the filled cans are shipped for San Francisco, or Portland at the other end, both ends being quite accessible to the boats or steam-vessels engaged in the trade. The extent of the salmon-canning on the Columbia River will be more obvious when we mention that as many as three hundred thousand cases have been made up in one season, each case containing forty-eight cans of one pound each; which indicates a total of between fourteen and fifteen million pounds. These figures are quoted from official records of the trade. In another year as many as four hundred and fifty thousand cases were filled and despatched to Liverpool and elsewhere; that quantity representing the capture of six hundred and sixty-one thousand salmon, weighing twenty-two pounds each.

The economy of a cannery is simple enough, and may be briefly described. But first of all it is necessary to say a few words about the fish, and the river whence they are taken. The Columbia is of vast extent, and its volume of water enormous, occupying an area which would embrace with great ease all the salmon and other streams of the United Kingdom. Salmon run up the Columbia to a distance of four hundred miles from the sea, so that they obtain ample living and spawning room in shallow places of the main stream, as well as in its numerous tributaries, which, if joined together, would extend over two thousand miles in length. Various fishes of the salmon kind inhabit the Columbia River and its affluents; but the fish which is selected for the canneries is locally known as the 'Chinook salmon,' and differs in no appreciable way from the salmon of the Tay or the Tweed. Curiously

enough, considering the expanse of water, the plentifulness of its food, and the room for growth, the size of the Columbia salmon is not greater than those of our own rivers—the average being only twenty-two pounds; out of a capture of one hundred thousand recently taken, only one weighed as much as sixty-five pounds.

The Chinook salmon is a migratory fish, ascending and descending the river at its appointed seasons. There are, it is said, twelve distinct varieties of anadromous or migratory salmon native to the Columbia and its tributaries. The fish are captured in a variety of ways. Before the days of canning, when Columbia salmon were killed only for local consumption, clubs and spears were in universal use; and in places where the water was shallow and the fish numerous, they were easily taken by means of large hooks attached to long and slender poles. They were also caught by hook and line, the bait being one forbidden to us—salmon roe. In order to supply the now enormously enhanced demand, drift-net fishing is resorted to, as also seining. The nets in use are of vast size, and of a mesh sufficient to allow the head of the fish to enter as far as the gills. As a rule, a Columbia River drift-net is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and twenty feet in depth. Such nets have a grand power of capture; so also have the seine-nets, as many as two hundred fish having been taken by the latter at one draught.

During the fishing season, which lasts from April to July, the round of work at the canneries is prosecuted with great eagerness, and an all-pervading anxiety to push ahead so long as the fish are 'running.' The canning works of to-day are an improvement on those which originally set the trade in motion; they are complete and self-contained, everything required in the business being manufactured on the premises; the time in which the salmon are sold, as well as the wooden cases in which they are forwarded to market. Foreigners are largely employed in the enterprise. Italians capture the fish, and Chinamen prepare them for consumption by the public. Without the aid of the cheap labour symbolised in the employment of John Chinaman, the canning interest would never have attained its present dimensions. From the moment the salmon are placed in the receiving-rack of the cannery till they are ready for shipment, it may be safely said that none but Chinese hands touch them.

Hundreds of fish as they are brought by the fishermen are accumulated on racks at the entrance of the cannery, so as to be accessible to those who require to handle them. A flexible water-pipe with a strong and searching flow of water is used for cleansing the salmon, which so soon as they undergo that process, are marshalled according to size within reach of the first operator. This person seizes a fish by the gills, lays it out on a table, and with great dexterity, by means of a sharp knife deprives it of those portions not required for filling the can, namely the head, fins, tail, &c.; an incision is made in the back, and the intestinal matter quickly removed, after which process the carcass is thrown into a large tub half-filled with water. The decapitating and eviscerating process it may be mentioned reduces the weight from an average of twenty-two pounds to an average of seventeen pounds. The duty

of the second operator is to wash, scrape, and otherwise cleanse the so far prepared fish; having done so, it is passed on for inspection to man number three, who at once remedies any defect in the cleansing, and sees generally that the previous operations have been thorough. The fourth person ranges the fish in the cutting-trough, where, by means of a series of blades driven by a powerful crank, they are divided into portions; which in turn are operated upon with great rapidity by another Chinaman, who cuts them into longitudinal sections. Carried away in baskets, the pieces are neatly and quickly filled into the cans in which they are to be presented for sale.

Nothing but constant practice could have perfected this part of the work. It is a treat to see how neatly the men, in the most impartial way, fill the box with an alternate thick and thin layer of the fish. A little spoonful of salt being placed in each can, as rapidly as each is filled, the lid or top is soldered down, after which they are ready for the cooking-house. In that place the filled cans are treated in quite a wholesale fashion; arranged on frames, they are run to the cooking-house in quantities containing ten dozen; and as many as three frames at a time are immersed in a huge steamer constructed for the purpose, the period allowed for the cooking of a can being exactly one hour. Removed from their bath of steam, the cans have each a small hole or breathing-place bored in them, so as to admit of their cooling as speedily as possible and of the air with which they are filled blowing off. The tins are next placed, for a period of two hours, in a gigantic boiler full of boiling salt water; after which they are individually examined, to see that the ends have assumed a concave shape. Such tins as have not taken this shape are condemned, whilst the others are passed rapidly forward to be varnished and labelled. All the processes are pushed forward with great celerity; and as the men engaged in the work are paid by result there is a sufficient guarantee against idleness. Before being placed in the cases in which they are forwarded to market, they are again subjected to a close scrutiny, and tapped with a hammer to see that they have the proper ring and that there is no flaw of any kind; and it is a proof of the care and dexterity of those employed that but few of the cans are rejected.

By means of the division of labour above indicated, immense numbers of fish are caught and cooked in the United States, in the course of the few months during which the season lasts. Last year over a million and a quarter of salmon were captured and canned, the largest number brought to the canneries in one day being twelve thousand, one of which was a patriarch of the weight of sixty pounds! In some of the larger establishments, as many as three thousand salmon can be manipulated in the course of a day; these are received in the morning, and in the course of twelve hours, thanks to the unceasing industry of the Chinese labourers, they are cut up, canned, cooked, and ready for market.

Avoiding matters that are too technical, we have now gone over the whole range of business connected with salmon-canning. Counted by single tins, the profits of a cannery would appear infinitesimal; it is the enormous quantities which

are prepared that yield the return necessary for the amount of capital invested, and the intelligence and enterprise which have created this trade of purveying salmon for the million.

THE COOL ENGLISHMAN.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago—so long ago, in fact, that most of our readers were at the time we speak of either in their infancy or not yet come into existence—a dour, middle-aged gentleman, whom we shall call by the name of Simon Lee, was travelling in the east of Ireland. The greater part of his journey, as it has no connection with the incidents which we are about to present to the reader, may be passed over in silence. We confine ourselves to the narration of the adventures which he encountered at the close of his tour.

At the time of which we speak, railway travelling was yet unknown, and stage-coaches, though drawing near to the termination of their existence, were still the ordinary means of locomotion. Mr Simon Lee was therefore forced to accomplish his journey in the lumbering old vehicles which then existed, occasionally making use of a small car or chaise when his destination happened to be inaccessible by coach. It was on one such occasion that the adventure occurred to him which it is the purpose of this paper to narrate.

Early one morning Simon set forth in a car from Dublin, where he had been staying, with the intention of reaching the town of W— ere the night set in. It was one of the last days in the month of August, when the warm charms of summer are fading into and blending with the rich ripeness of the yellow autumn. Our traveller's way lay among sunny meadows and green fields, intersected by silvery streams, shady lanes, and vast expanses of waving corn, which were crowned in the distance by woody hills. The blue sky was unflecked by the smallest cloud; the air was deliciously soft and warm; and the birds sang merrily and sweetly, as though they entered into the spirit of the season. No wonder therefore that it rejoiced our traveller's heart. No wonder that often and often, when some flowery nook or bosky dell came to view, or when some more than ordinarily rich expanse of country was presented to his gaze, he bade the driver of the car rein in his horse, in order that he might gaze on the newly discovered beauty to his heart's content. This is certainly the way to enjoy a drive, but is by no means favourable to rapid progress; and it was therefore not surprising that, when evening set in, and the sun sank in splendour behind the western hills, our traveller found himself but little more than half-way upon his road. He therefore enjoined the driver of the car to push on rather more rapidly, and to make no further stoppages on the way. This being done, they in due course arrived at the little village of A—, which is about five or six miles from W—. By this time, however, the lateness of the hour, the fast-gathering gloom and wild-looking clouds, which had for some time been assembling on the face of the sky, all combined to disincite the traveller to continue his journey. Huge drops of rain fell with a heavy thud on the road, or on the garments and faces of the two occupants of the chaise; and

this circumstance, together with low mutterings of distant thunder, rendered the prospect of any further drive somewhat disagreeable.

Before we proceed with our story, let us say a few words on the appearance and position of the village at which our hero had arrived.

— is, or was at the time we speak of, a beautiful and romantic little spot. It nestles cosily among the mountains, in a deep ravine or valley, which on either side is lined with grassy hills of considerable height. These hills stretch up for some distance along the valley, and then unite in one common range. Down their sides gurgled various streamlets, which continue to give forth the sweetest and clearest music, till blending with a large and stony brook which intersects the middle of the valley. On one side of this brook, somewhat detached from the rest of the village, which is more elevated in position, and lies perched on one of the hill-sides, stands a small but solitary built inn, which with its white-washed walls, quaint porch, and dark-green mantle of ivy, presents an exceedingly romantic and picturesque appearance.

Before this inn it was that Mr Simon Lee directed the driver of his chaise to pull up, though yet uncertain whether to remain there for the night, or to carry out his original intention of proceeding on to W—. There he stayed irresolutely for several minutes; while his attendant, probably not relishing the prospect of a long cold drive in the dark, earnestly entreated him to take the former course of procedure, adducing in favour of it the insecurity of the roads in consequence of the late heavy floods. This settled the matter. Our hero consented to stay. But what great events both in the life of individuals and of nations depend on apparently unimportant and insignificant circumstances! If Simon had not decided to remain at the inn, the adventure which we are about to relate would never have occurred to him.

At this juncture, it happened that the landlord of the establishment, in order to welcome the guest, advanced to the door; and as he threw it open, such an agreeable odour of various savoury compounds in the kitchen of the little house of entertainment, was wafted to the nasal organs of Mr Simon Lee, that flesh and blood could hold out no longer. On the one hand was a good supper and a comfortable bed in prospect, for as Simon thought to himself, the two go together; on the other hand was a cold journey in a dark night, with the probability of being drenched by the impending storm. With these considerations laid bare before him, no living mortal would have hesitated as to which course to take. Simon decided as other men would have decided, had they been in his place. He therefore, having descended from the car, suffered himself to be conducted into the inn by the obsequious landlord, while the driver of the car retired to the stables.

As the reader will naturally be desirous to be in some measure acquainted with the personal appearance and character of our hero, we proceed to furnish him with the required information. Simon Lee or, as he was familiarly called, Simon, in outward deportment and exterior somewhat resembled the redoubtable Don Quixote. He was of respectable middle height,

with a tendency to baldness, small greenish eyes, a high forehead, and a somewhat receding chin. He had occasionally, when excited or alarmed, a quick and nervous manner, which by ill-natured people was considered as a token of his possessing what is commonly called 'a bee in his bonnet.' This, however, was a libel, for no one could be farther removed from madness than Simon Lee. Not even a 'fine frenzy' of poetry could be adduced as a token of eccentricity. He was careful, sensible, and practical; and if he had anything in his character which might detract from his other merits, it was his extreme nervousness and timidity. He was one of the most nervous and timid men who ever did, or ever could have existed; and indeed in this respect he rather resembled a woman, and a very timid woman, than a man. He was always on the lookout for danger and misfortune, always seeking to avert it, and withal seemed to have a peculiar instinct for it. He resembled, if we may employ such a simile, the hunted deer, whom the faintest indication of the approach of the hunters who seek to destroy him, the slightest rustle made by their advancing footsteps, even the displacement of a twig or a leaf, will arouse from his woody covert, and cause to bound away to find safety from the pursuers. Simon was like a hunted animal. The fear of danger perpetually haunted him. As a necessary sequence he was always endeavouring, by all possible means, to avoid it. But like most timid people, he was often unnecessarily cautious, which not unfrequently brought down upon his head the very misfortune from which he made such strenuous exertions to escape.

Now, the chief objects of Simon's fear and aversion were robbers. For a score of years it is said he slept with a pair of loaded pistols beneath his pillow; and during that period his midnight slumbers were entirely undisturbed by any nocturnal visitors. One night, however, he actually did hear a noise at his window, as of some one endeavouring to obtain entrance unlawfully. He raised himself up in bed, and with a tremulous hand fired off one of the deadly weapons in the direction whence the noise proceeded.

He then awaited the result with his head smothered up in the bed-clothes (a position which timid people seem to think is the one most likely to protect them from danger). After the explosion of the pistol there came a sound of shattered glass, which fell with a crash on the ground beneath, and, as afterwards transpired, upon the head of an unfortunate foot-passenger, who happened to be standing under the window, and who brought an action for damages. And though Simon remained in the uncomfortable posture described, not daring to stir till the morning dawned, it never transpired that any burglar had been endeavouring to obtain ingress to the chamber. This little circumstance, combined with the fact that upon a subsequent occasion one of the pistols went off of its own accord in the middle of the night, thereby startling the neighbours very considerably, and Simon himself most of all—since the explosion took place immediately beneath his head—induced our hero to abandon these somewhat ridiculous instruments of self-preservation.

Thus the reader will see that the prevailing features in Mr Simon Lee's character were

timidity, nervousness, and excessive cautiousness, the latter, as we have remarked, often involving him in the very danger from which he desired to escape. But the object of this story is not, as the reader may imagine, to give some further instances of these peculiarities in Simon's moral organisation, but rather to shew how, by a very simple and natural mistake, a man may appear to act with great courage and coolness in a moment of extreme danger, though he be not in general either courageous or cool; that is to say, by being ignorant of the nature or imminence of the danger, he may seem to act very coolly and indifferently with regard to it. This, as the reader will perceive, if he will kindly continue the perusal of our story, was the case of Mr Simon Lee.

We now proceed to take up the thread of the narrative where we relinquished it.

Mr Simon Lee's entry into the inn set, as we have implied, the seal upon a momentous epoch in his existence. Of this, however, he himself was of course unconscious. He walked into the neatly sendal parlour, where a brightly blazing fire leaped up and flickered on the hearth, and cast a ruddy light on the walls, latticed windows, and old-fashioned chairs which stood around. We will pass over our traveller's hearty supper, and the cautious and qualified eulogium vouchsafed to the landlord and landlady, upon the arrangements of their inn; vouchsafed, partly, we believe, in order to put them in good-humour, and partly to impress them with a due sense of his own dignity and importance; for qualified praise, we may here remark, goes to shew that the laudator, while condescending to take matters as he finds them, is nevertheless hard to please and has been accustomed to much better things.

After conversing a while with his host and hostess, Simon felt a sensation of exhaustion creeping over him, which was probably engendered by his long day of travelling in the open air. He accordingly expressed a wish to be shewn to his sleeping-apartment, and the hope that it was clean, and the sheets of the bed well 'aired.' The landlord on this broke out into such an extravagant eulogy on a certain bedroom and its appurtenances, with which he could furnish the traveller, that Simon was fain to withdraw to that luxurious apartment. He retired accordingly, and accompanied by the landlord, ascended a creaky staircase, and entered a bedroom on the first floor, which appeared neat and comfortable enough. At this juncture, Simon suddenly recollected that he had forgotten to put his usual question, which he invariably made to the host or landlord of any inn or hotel at which he had not stayed before, as to whether there was a fire-engine in the place which could be made use of in case of emergency. He accordingly put the momentous question with much solemnity. The host replied in the affirmative.

'Then, my good man,' quoth Simon with still greater solemnity, 'one thing more, and I shall sink to sleep with a mind at rest. Is there enough water in the place to supply the fire-engine?' For Simon had known some cases in which, though there was a fire-engine, there had been no water, so that houses had been burnt to the ground for want of that important element. Again the host answered in the affirmative, and by way of a practical rejoinder, threw open the

little latticed window belonging to the apartment. A sound became immediately audible as of a rushing stream considerably swollen, emitting a hoarse and not unpleasing murmur. Simon was completely satisfied. He hastened to betake himself to rest; and while he dismissed the landlord with a benevolent 'good-night,' thought with a smile of self-complacency of his own sagacity and foresight in choosing to remain at the inn, instead of pursuing his journey in a cold and rainy night. He then sank into a delightfully profound slumber—the not unusual concomitant of a day spent in the open air—with an expression on his countenance of calm and placid self-content.

But alas! this well-earned slumber was doomed to meet with a speedy waking. A wise Latin poet observes in one of his satires that no man can be for ever on the watch for danger, and is therefore often unable to confront it when it arrives. The truth of this aphorism he evinces by various apposite and highly poetical examples. But had he, with that powerful mental eye ascribed to the poet, been able to behold Mr Simon Lee as he lay slumbering in the inn, he would have found in him as convincing, though we confess less poetical, a proof of the veracity of his assertion. For a danger was impending which Simon in his wildest dreams could never have anticipated, and which, had his mind been able to 'fore-shadow' it, would have filled him with unspeakable dismay.

In the dead of night, when Mr Simon Lee's slumbers were of the deepest, there occurred a circumstance which, to Simon at least, was, or would have been at any other time, of a most ominous and startling nature. The door of the room in which he slept was suddenly assailed by a tremendous storm of blows and knocks. The person who was the occasion of these violent manifestations of physical energy, finding that they did not succeed in arousing the sleeping guest, endeavoured to open the door which intervened between him and the slumberer. In this too his efforts were balked, for the prudent Simon had, according to his wont, locked the door and piled up a barricade of chairs and other furniture against it. But the knocker recommenced his former exertions still more vigorously, accompanying them at the same time with several kicks, which spoke at least as well for the muscular power of his legs and the size and heaviness of his boots, as his former efforts had spoken for his arms and fists. As these sounds grew louder, Simon gradually grew conscious that an unusual proceeding was taking place, and sleepily raising his head, inquired huskily who the individual was who had thus aroused him, and what might be his intent by so doing. To this interrogation the knocker replied concisely and with a strong Irish brogue, in the following short but significant words: 'The floodie be coomin'!'.

Now, the fact was that, in the upper part of the valley, a mass of water had been slowly but surely collecting for many weeks, augmented by every shower that fell, and reinforced by every rivulet that played down the mountain's side. Owing to an alluvial obstruction, this body of water had not been carried off, and thus had swelled to the size of a small lake, and on the particular night when Simon was sleeping at the inn, was just succeed-

ing in forcing its way through the barrier which obstructed its path, and about to precipitate its enormous bulk on the valley below. The village, as we have said, stood somewhat elevated from the centre of the valley, and was thus in great measure preserved from the approaching devastation. But the inn, from its exposed position in the very middle of the path which the flood would take, had, to all appearance, but little chance of escaping from the ruin and destruction which was about to ensue.

The reader will thus be able to appreciate the nature and extent of Mr Simon Lee's peril.

The landlord and his family having become aware of the impending calamity, had hastily aroused themselves from their beds, and were proceeding to cumber themselves with such articles as could be carried with them in their flight. Their second thought was for the weal of their English guest Mr Simon Lee. The waiter or attendant, who was the son of the landlord, and whose name was Daniel, was accordingly despatched to the chamber of the unconscious Simon, in order to arouse him from his slumbers. By what success his endeavours were attended, the reader shall see.

We left Simon Lee when he had just become aware of the fact that somebody had been knocking in a rather unusually vigorous manner at his door, and in reply to his question as to the name and purpose of the knocker, had received the startling announcement of the approach of the flood. Now, whether Simon's senses and intellectual powers were somewhat dazed by the torpor which, as we have said, was produced by his long drive the day before, or whether the waiter Daniel spoke in a more than usually strong Irish brogue—pronouncing as he did it the word 'flood' much in the same way as 'food' or 'mood'—it is certain that Mr Simon Lee completely mistook his meaning, and after a moment's reflection, came to the conclusion that 'the floods' must be the name of a stage-coach, which, as he knew, having been told so by the landlord, stopped at the inn on its way to W—— at about the hour at which he had been awakened.

'Stupid people!' thought Simon; 'as if I want to get up in the middle of the night to go by a stage-coach!' So the rudely awakened one raised himself slightly from his pillow, and in a sharp decided tone replied: 'I'm not going by it!'

Simple words, yet they appeared to startle the knocker very considerably. If any person possessed of the desirable gift of seeing on both sides of a door, could have put that faculty into exercise at the spot at which the scene we have described took place, the sight which would have been presented to his gaze might have somewhat amused him. On the one side of the door was Simon Lee, just settling himself in bed preparatory to sinking into a second sleep, with a complacent smile at having so quickly discovered the knocker's meaning, and at having so decisively replied to his noisy summons; his cotton night-cap, which had during his slumbers become disarranged, and was now perched waggishly over his left eye, making the picture complete. While on the other side of the door was a figure equally calculated to provoke the spectator's mirth. A huge uncouth countryman standing before the entrance to the apartment, and whose face, dimly

seen by the tallow candle which he held in his hand, presented the appearance of induricous astonishment and incredulity. There he stood, his clownish features growing more and more perplexed with one hand uplifted, as though uncertain whether to recommence his former battery of the door-panel, or to take himself off altogether. But after remaining in this grotesque attitude for a minute or so, he decided upon giving the drowsy one a last chance.

Once more he brought down his huge fist on the quivering wood, and once more the unhappy Simon was awakened by the sound of the tremendous blow, and heard the repetition of the former alarm: 'Oi! oi! Get oop, yer honour! The floods be comin'!'

Simon sprang up with an exclamation of anger. 'Stupid ass!' he muttered; 'didn't he hear me telling him I wasn't going by the coach? "Floods" indeed! What an idiotic name for a coach—Go away, fellow!' he added, raising his voice. 'I tell you once more I don't want to be disturbed in this violent manner. As I've said before, I'm not going by it!' Nothing was heard after this except a rapid scuffle of retreating footsteps, and then a tremendous clatter of huge boots on the stairs, which seemed to betoken the final disappearance of the obnoxious Hibernian.

PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT RUINS AND MONUMENTS.

INCREASING interest is felt—not only by archaeologists and historical students, but by the educated portion of the public generally—in the old structures and earthworks which are found in nearly every county in the British Islands. It is now admitted, with more and more emphasis every year, that such memorials of the distant past serve some of the purposes of authentic documents, in the absence of written and inscribed records. They throw light on the maces, creeds, art, industry, and mental culture of ages long gone by. The peculiarity in the present condition of these old works and constructions is, that most of them are at the mercy of persons who care nothing about them. The railway engineer, the owner of large estates, the constructor of roads and the builder of houses and streets, have made havoc with the old ruins in many instances, and seem well disposed to repeat the process—turning into ready-money a kind of property that scarcely seems to belong to any one.

There are amongst us some men commanding our respect by their poetical and contemplative temperaments, who regret the invasion of beautiful secluded spots by railway holiday people and tourist-ticket holders. They want the lovely lakes and lochs, the majestic mountains, the stern glens and ravines, to be left for the quiet enjoyment of the poet and the painter. But is there not a little selfishness in this? The beautiful world is made for others besides poets and painters. The hard-worked professional man, the manufacturer and the shopkeeper, the steady artisan, all can feel somewhat, at anyrate, of the pure pleasure associated with scenes of natural beauty; and it so happens that many of the ancient monuments and ruins which form our present subject are situated in the very localities which improved means of

communication are placing within reach of the public. What is everybody's business, however, is nobody's business; the public would like to see the old memorials preserved; but the public are a somewhat disorganised body, and cannot act effectually without a leader or leaders. Antiquarian and archaeological societies have very properly taken up the matter; but as it is found that not much of a protective character can be insured without the aid of the legislature, members of parliament are endeavouring to render assistance.

At the time we are now writing, an Act of Parliament for the purpose has been framed, though it has not yet passed through all its stages; but it may be well to give a sketch of the last five years' proceedings.

In 1874 a Bill for the preservation of our ancient monuments was brought into the House of Commons by Sir John Lubbock, Mr Beresford Hope, Mr Russell Gurney, and Mr Osborne Morgan, gentlemen well entitled to speak in its favour. On the motion for the second reading, Sir John Lubbock drew attention to the fact that 'our ancient national monuments are rapidly disappearing, generally for very trifling reasons: not because they interfered with any important improvements or great engineering works. One notable reason is the following. The tumuli or funeral mounds, though each usually the burial-place of one chief, contained not only his remains but those also of the animals sacrificed in his honour, and sometimes those of his wives and slaves. *The earth of the tumuli thus became generally richer than the average, and is often carted away to be used as manure!*' Sir John proceeded to say that 'the great stone monuments are too frequently broken up to serve as gate-posts, or to mend the roads. Three dolmens [a *dolmen* is nearly the same as a *cromlech*, consisting of one large unhewn stone laid horizontally on the tops of two others placed vertically] near Marlborough were standing a few years ago; in 1872 one was left; one had been recently removed by a farmer because it interfered with his ploughing; and the third was being broken up to mend the roads. The Irish remains known as Con O'Neill's Castle, Castlereagh, were ordered by their proprietor to be inclosed within a wall built around the ruins.' If ever there was a real Hibernian bull, the agent of the estate perpetrated one on this occasion; for he actually pulled down the ruins themselves, *to obtain stone for a wall to inclose them!*

Abury or Avebury, renowned for the so-called Druidical remains that once belonged to it, has been sadly shorn of them in recent times. The old monoliths have in many instances been pulled down and sold merely for the few shillings they would bring. In 1872 the remains had a narrow escape. A Building Society purchased or leased much of the site, parcelled it out for cottages, and sold many small plots to members of the Society. By the exertions of three gentlemen residents, however, the allottees consented to exchange for other localities in an adjoining field, equally good for their purpose.

In Dorsetshire a stone circle at East Lulworth has entirely disappeared; as have four dolmens and two Roman Camps in other parts of the county.

It has been suggested by some of the Irish members of parliament that a protective shield, if

thrown around pre-Christian antiquities, should apply also to those of Christian origin. Unfortunately, Ireland is afflicted with this evil—that many of the ancient monuments in that country belong to absentee proprietors who live in England or Scotland, and who care very little what becomes of the old ruins.

An inquiry concerning Caesar's Camp, Wimbeldon, curiously illustrates the difficulty of dealing with these matters. The owner of the land has memorialised the Parliamentary Committee in reference to his interest in the site. The Camp is, roughly speaking, a circular area of about nine acres. One half has been recently let on a building lease. The lessee is checked in his intended building operations through the want of a road to bring his materials; and he coolly asks permission to do this over the remaining half of the site. As to the Camp itself, it had originally an embankment and ditch around it; but the earth of the one has now pretty nearly filled up the other, and the whole area is nearly a dead level. Indeed many persons fail to see any indications whatever of an ancient camp.

Many influential members of parliament, although well disposed towards the preservation of these and similar ancient monuments, nevertheless object to the expenditure of public money for the purpose; they would rather see the work accomplished by means of private subscriptions. To this Sir John Lubbock replies that many valuable old monumental fragments are so prized by their present owners that they are sure to be preserved; that others could certainly be obtained by private subscriptions; but that the state might reasonably and judiciously aid in acquiring the remainder—with due precautions against inordinate prices. Let us bear in mind that countries much poorer than England manage to do this. Denmark has made arrangements for maintaining a large number of the old Scandinavian remains with which that country abounds, especially megalithic monuments. Holland has done the like, in regard to the relics of the low-German section of the Teutonic race. The late Emperor Napoleon III. directed much of his attention to the old Frankish, Gaulish, and Roman remains of France.

We have not deemed it necessary to dwell on the clauses of the Bills which have in past years been brought into parliament on this subject; but it may be opportune to glance at those in the Bill of 1870.

After declaring that 'it is expedient to make provision for the preservation of certain ancient national monuments,' the Bill provides for the appointment of a Board of Commissioners, to comprise the Inclosure Commissioners and the Trustees of the British Museum. This 'National Monuments Commission' is empowered to apply the Act to all the monuments named in a schedule annexed thereto; and also to any other which, in their opinion, is of sufficient national importance to be worthy of preservation, and which is not situate in any park, garden, or pleasure-ground. Previous notice in a prescribed form, is to be given to owners, occupiers, clerks of the peace, &c. that the Commissioners intend to take the charge of this or that ancient monument. Ample time is to be allowed between the issue and the fulfilment of the notice for the consideration of the subject by the parties interested.

Owners are carefully shielded from injustice in regard to any ancient monument which is entangled in the network of fee-simple, heirs of entail, life-interests, &c. The Commissioners may at any time acquire by agreement a freehold or other right in any ancient monument; and such rights of way as may be necessary for obtaining access for the public to such monument.

Next for the money question. No one can possibly say what is the intrinsic value of an old tumulus, cromlech, or round tower; and as it would never do to permit the owner to put a fancy price upon it, some other mode of estimate must be adopted. It is arranged, therefore, that the provisions of the Defence Act of 1860 shall apply, *mutatis mutandis*, throughout the United Kingdom, with certain modifications. Upon payment by the Commissioners of the purchase-money or compensation in regard to any ancient monument, such monument shall vest in them absolutely, as trustees for the nation. All the money is to be supplied by the Treasury, out of such grants as parliament may make for the purpose. The Commissioners are to send in a report of their proceedings every year to parliament.

Scotchmen and Irishmen of the humble class, to their credit be it said, are more alive to the ancient monuments of their native land than the analogous class in England. The driver of a Scotch four-horse coach, in the season when South Britons find their way to the north, has usually something to say, not only about the natural beauties of brack, bent, carse, glen, strath, and loch, but also about the old ruined or semi-ruined structures, and the stirring historical incidents with which they are associated. The driver of an Irish jaunting-car has in like manner his bit of animated talk about 'ould Ireland,' and if he is a little prejudiced at times, we can well afford to forgive him. The English Jehu, on the other hand, usually neither knows nor cares aught concerning the ancient remains that are to be encountered in his daily journey. Be this as it may, we should like to see a general conference in preserving the ancient historical ruins which are found in nearly all parts of the British Islands.

STUDIES FROM LIFE

'CLUBNOSE.'

It was in a hospital at the East End of London that I first made the acquaintance of 'Clubnose.' An old college friend of mine, who was one of the resident surgeons, was shewing me over the wards, and there passed us two or three times a hospital nurse, whose remarkable appearance arrested my attention. She had, I think, the most hideous and repulsive face I ever saw on man or woman. It was not that the features were naturally ugly, for it was simply impossible to tell in what semblance Nature had originally moulded them; but they had been so completely battered out of shape, that one would have fancied she must have been subjected to much the same treatment as the figure-head on which Daniel Quilp used to vent his impotent fury. The hero of a score of unsuccessful prize-fights could not have shewn worse facial disfigurement than this tidily dressed, cleanly looking woman.

When we had finished our tour of the wards, I turned to my friend, and pointing to the receding figure of the nurse, who had just passed us again, I said: 'What a dreadfully ill-looking nurse you have there! Why, it must be enough to send a patient into fits to have that face bending over him.'

'Oh!' said he, laughing, 'that's "Clubnose."' Then lowering his voice, he added: 'She's not a nurse really—she's a detective.'

'A detective!' I exclaimed. 'Why, you don't mean to say that the police dog the steps of a poor wretch even in the hospital?'

'No,' he replied; 'I don't think she has her eye upon any of the patients—it is the friends who come to visit the patients that she watches. It is her way of doing business. Whenever there has been a crime committed in a neighbourhood, she goes out as a nurse to the hospital of the district. I don't exactly know what her *modus operandi* is. She has a proper certificate as a nurse, and performs her duties like any of the rest; but it is understood that every facility for getting the information she requires is to be put in her way, without of course exciting suspicion. How she picks up her information I don't know, but I suspect it is by listening to the talk of the patients and their friends, on visiting-days. At anyrate, I believe she has obtained clues under this disguise when others have failed her; and if the game wasn't worth the candle, I don't suppose she'd try it.'

'Do the other nurses know her real character?'

'No. They may have their suspicions; but it is kept a secret from all but the authorities.'

'Is "Clubnose" your nickname for her, or is she generally known by that sobriquet?' I asked.

'No; I did not christen her so; it is the name she is known by in the force. Her real name is Margaret Saunders. She has a very queer history, I believe; but she is exceedingly reserved, and I have never had a chance of drawing her out.'

And this was all I learnt about 'Clubnose' on that occasion.

Three or four years later, two ladies with whom I was intimately connected were robbed of a considerable quantity of valuable jewellery, and I was intrusted with the investigation of the case. I had paid numberless visits to Scotland Yard, and had had no end of interviews with detectives, but still there was no satisfactory clue to the identity of the thieves. One evening I was sitting alone after dinner, when the servant entered and said that 'a person' wished to see me.

'Man or woman?' I asked.

'A woman sir—says she wishes to see you particularer sir.'

'Well, shew her in,' I said, inwardly wondering who the strange female might be who wanted to see me at so unseasonable an hour. The door opened, and a respectable-looking woman wearing a thick veil was shewn in. I requested her to take a seat. She did so; and as soon as the servant had retired and the door was closed, she threw back her veil and revealed the distorted features of 'Clubnose.'

I remembered her in an instant; indeed, who that had once seen that face could ever forget it!

'You have come from Scotland Yard?' I said interrogatively.

'Yes sir,' she answered quietly. 'I am Margaret Saunders from the Detective Department.'

Her voice was harsh and unpleasant; but there was a firmness and decision about her manner, and a look of intelligence and resolution in her keen gray eyes, which at once inspired confidence. The bonnet she wore concealed to a certain extent the terrible disfigurement of her face; but even then the most reckless flatterer dared not have called her physiognomy prepossessing. It was not a bad face; but one could not look at it without a shudder, so frightfully was it mutilated. The nose in particular I noticed had been knocked into a grotesquely fantastic shape, thereby giving rise to the *sobriquet* by which she was familiarly known. She had come to inform me of a very important piece of evidence which she had discovered, and which, I may say at once, led ultimately to the identification and conviction of the thieves. Into the details of the case I need not enter; it was only remarkable because it introduced me personally to 'Clubnose,' and enabled me eventually to learn from her own lips the story of her life, which I purpose here briefly setting down.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, a crime was perpetrated in London which was marked by such exceptional features of atrocity as to send a thrill of horror through the whole community. A middle-aged gentleman of eccentric habits was attacked in his own house, and not only beaten and left for dead, but mutilated in a peculiarly shocking manner. The miscreants also carried off a considerable quantity of valuable property. The victim of this atrocious crime, strange to say, in spite of the horrible injuries he had sustained, was not killed outright, and though for weeks his life was despaired of, he eventually recovered, only, however, to be for the remainder of his days a helpless cripple. For some time the police could find no clue to the perpetrator of this barbarous outrage; but at last suspicion was attracted to a woman who was known to have been occasionally employed about the house to do odd jobs of cleaning. A person answering to her description, it was discovered, had been seen leaving the house in company with a man on the day on which the crime was committed. Some minor circumstances tended to confirm the suspicion that this woman was implicated in the affair, and she was accordingly arrested and charged before a magistrate. After one or two remands, for the purpose of obtaining further proof, the magistrate decided that there was not sufficient evidence to justify him in sending the case for trial, and the accused woman was discharged. That woman was Margaret Saunders. She had all along emphatically protested her innocence; and after her discharge, she vowed that she would never rest until she had proved it by bringing the real offenders to justice. The police, baffled by the failure of their charge against herself, were compelled to confess themselves completely at fault; from them, therefore, Margaret Saunders could expect no assistance. Alone and unaided, she set to work upon her self-imposed task. At the very outset, when it seemed to her that every moment was of value, she had the misfortune to fall down a flight of steps and break her leg. This necessitated her removal to the hospital, and it was as she lay there chafing at the enforced

delay and inaction, that there came to her the first ray of light to guide her on her search. In the next bed to her there was a woman who was also suffering from a severe accident. One visiting-day she heard this woman say in a low, anxious voice: 'Is Robert safe?'

'Yes' was the reply, also in a woman's voice. 'He's in Glasgow, really to bolt if necessary; but there'll be no need for that—the bobbies have chucked up the game, as they mostly do when they've failed to fix a charge upon the first person they spot—unless there's an extra big reward offered, which there ain't in this case.'

How it was suddenly borne home to her that this 'Robert' was the man she wanted, 'Clubnose' told me she never could quite make out. It flashed upon her all of a minute, she said; and she never had a doubt of the correctness of the instinct that prompted her to the conviction. She lay and listened, but could catch nothing more. She got a good look, however, at the woman who was a visitor, and felt certain she should know her again anywhere. Before leaving the hospital, Margaret Saunders had scraped up a speaking acquaintance with the patient who was so anxious about 'Robert,' and learnt enough to find out in what part of London she must look for information about the character and antecedents of the said 'Robert.' It was this incident, by the way, that suggested to her afterwards the value of assuming the disguise of a hospital nurse.

The ingenuity with which she ferreted out the facts which eventually determined her to track 'Robert' to Glasgow, was wonderful. And not less wonderful was her dogged patience. Even when she had run her quarry to earth and was convinced in her own mind that she had her hands upon the real criminal, she had to wait until she could piece the bits of evidence together, and above all until the victim of the outrage, whose brain had been seriously affected by the injuries he had received, had sufficiently recovered his mind and memory to give some intelligible account of the attack upon him. Even when he could do so, he professed himself exceedingly doubtful of being able to recognise or identify his assailants; he knew, however, that there were two of them, a man and woman. It was nearly eighteen months after the perpetration of the crime before the patience and perseverance of Margaret Saunders were rewarded with sufficient success to justify her in communicating with the police. The Scotland Yard officials were at first hardly inclined to credit her; but her earnestness convinced them at last that there was 'something in it.' Perhaps they were helped a little towards that conviction by the fact that she solemnly swore that she would never finger a penny of the reward. 'She had hunted this man down to clear her own character and set herself right with the world,' she said, 'and not a farthing of the reward would she touch.' It is unnecessary to dwell upon the sequel. Suffice it to say that 'Robert' was arrested, that his accomplice, who was the niece of the victim's housekeeper, was subsequently taken also; that the pair were tried, convicted, and sentenced, the woman to ten years, the man to penal servitude for life. Margaret Saunders was highly complimented by the judge upon the sagacity and acuteness she had displayed, his lordship observing that she was 'a born detective.' The press too was loud in her praises; and a subscription was set on foot as an

expression of the public admiration for the indomitable courage, resolution, and patience, and the extraordinary astuteness which had enabled her to bring two great criminals to justice.

The journal which had suggested and started the subscription deputed a member of its staff well known as a master of the 'picturesque' style, to interview Margaret Saunders and write up a sensational article upon her. He applied to the police for her address; and an inspector from Scotland Yard volunteered to go with him—Sir Richard Mayne, the then Chief Commissioner of police, having expressed a desire that something should be done for Margaret Saunders, to show the official appreciation of her conduct. The journalist and the inspector accordingly proceeded together on their visit to the heroine. They found Margaret Saunders among very unsavoury society—in one of the lowest of the filthy dens that swarm about the London Docks. Not a very inviting subject for interviewing, and but a sorry heroine for a sensational article. However, they did interview her; and she soon, in language more vigorous than polite, gave them her mind upon the proposed recognition of her services. She wouldn't have anything to do with any subscription or reward—wouldn't touch a farthing.

'Look 'ere,' she said doggedly; 'what I done I done for my own sake, and nobody else's. I meant rightin' of myself, and I have righted myself. That's my business, not yours. I don't want nobody's money nor praise. Let 'em keep that to themselves.—But I'll tell ye what,' she added, turning sharply to the inspector; 'if ye mean true by all them fine compliments'—

'Most certainly we do,' interposed the inspector.

'Well then, I'll tell ye what ye can do to shew it.'

'What is that?' asked the inspector.

'Why, make me one o' yourselves. If I'm as good as you say, I might be worth something in your line. Make me one o' yourselves—a detective. That's all I ask; and if you won't do that, I don't want to have nothing more to say to ye.'

It was a novel and startling proposition, and the inspector was somewhat taken aback by it; however, he faithfully promised to lay the matter before the authorities at Scotland Yard, and let her know the result; with that, he and his companion left her. The end of it was that her wish was granted. Margaret Saunders was duly enrolled as a female detective, and a most active and intelligent officer she proved herself to be.

That is in substance the strange history of 'Clubnose's' connection with the police, as she herself told it to me. I questioned her also upon her professional career; but here she was more reticent; still, I gathered that it had been marked by many exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes from death. I learned, for example, that she owed the horrible disfigurement of her face to the polite attentions of two water-side ruffians whose lady-companions she had been instrumental in consigning to the tender care of the jailer of Pentonville. 'They took it out o' me werry hot,' she said in her rough but undemonstrative manner. 'I reckon they thought they had done for me; but bless ye, I'm tough, and they got their seven years apiece for me—though mind ye, the Scotland

Yard folks would never let on as I was one o' them.' They was tried and convicted for assaultin' of me as a ordinary person. The lawyers tried to make out as I was a police spy; but they couldn't prove it. But I had to keep clear o' that district for a long while afterwards.'

I was curious to know how with such a remarkable physiognomy she was not recognised in a moment wherever she went, and I put the question to her as delicately as I could. I at once found that I had touched her hobby. If there was one thing that she prided herself upon more than another it was her power of disguising herself; and indeed I afterwards learned from one of the inspectors that she had good reason for being proud of this accomplishment, for there was no one in the force who could compete with her in the cleverness and variety of her disguises. Twice, however, she admitted that her disguise had been penetrated, and on each occasion she nearly paid the penalty with her life. On the first occasion, she was pitched out of the window, and had her leg broken. On the second—which happened not more than a year before my first introduction to her in her professional capacity—she had what she herself called 'a precious narrow shave o' bein' sent to kingdom-come outright.' She had been for weeks on the trail of a very clever gang of thieves, and had actually been admitted a member of the fraternity and wormed herself into their secrets, so perfect and artistic was her disguise. On a certain evening it was agreed that the police were to swoop down upon the gang, acting on 'information received' from 'Clubnose.' On this evening it unfortunately happened that there was present for the first time an old member of the gang who had just got his ticket-of-leave. Whether 'Clubnose,' through over-confidence in the perfection of her disguise, committed some indiscretion or not, she could not tell; but at any rate in some way the suspicions of the returned convict were roused. He communicated them privately to some of his 'pals'—a rush was made at 'Clubnose'; she was overpowered, stripped of her disguise, and then 'welled' to use her own expression, about the head and body with pokers, bars, legs of chairs, and any other available weapon, until she was left 'a mass o' jelly.' She contrived, however, before they knocked her senseless, to break the window and sound the whistle she carried. The police burst in, too late to save her from the vengeance of the thieves, but in time to make an important capture. They found 'Clubnose' with her skull fractured, and with hardly a whole bone in her skin. The injuries to her skull were so severe as to necessitate the operation of trepanning, which was successfully performed; but, she said, she had never been herself, since, and was constantly troubled with terrible pains in the head.

'Ay,' she added with the rude kind of philosophy which was a curious trait in her character, 'that was a gallus bad job, that was. They nigh done for me; but it might ha' been worse. Supposin' now they'd ha' smashed me up afore I spotted their little game, eh? That would ha' been somethin' to grumble at.'

It was a worse 'job' for poor 'Clubnose' than she imagined. Within six months after my last interview with her, she was dead; the cause of death being an abscess in the brain, produced by

the frightful injuries to her head on the occasion when 'they nigh done' for her. She must have been missed in the force; for she was—as the judge described her at the trial which first brought her remarkable qualities into prominence—'a born detective;' and it will be long before the police of this or any other country obtain the services of a woman possessed of the nerve, the astuteness, and the dogged resolution of 'Clubnose.'

SILVER IN SCOTLAND.

THE story of the 'Golden Age' in Scotland, some of the scanty particulars of which we gave in a former number of this *Journal*, may be supplemented by a few facts with reference to the less precious metal, silver. Mr Cochrane-Patrick, from whose work on the *Early Records of Mining in Scotland* we previously quoted, has only a brief paragraph of the earlier history of silver in that country. It is even considered likely that lead was wrought in Scotland in the days of Roman rule. From the thirteenth century downwards, the story of lead-mining appears to be continuous; and it is not improbable that the extraction of the silver almost invariably found with the lead ores, has been practised from even an earlier date. The recognition of the silver used in Scotland as native may be illustrated by the fact that James IV., when at the church of St Ninian at Whitorn, offered a relic made of the king's own silver. In the Lord Treasurer's accounts of the same period, recently published, there is evidence of the possession of large quantities of vessels and ornaments in silver; and in one entry we read of broken silver vessels to the weight of over fifty pounds troy being sent to be coined. In 1562, the 'maister cunyeor,' or Master of the Mint, John Acheson, and an Edinburgh burgess named Aslowan, obtained power from the Privy Council to work and export to Flanders or other parts beyond sea, twenty thousand stone-weight of lead; and they were bound, in return for the privilege, to send into the mint forty-five ounces of 'uter fyne silvir' for every thousand stone-weight of lead exported. This obligation, as the licence goes on to shew, meant the payment of nine hundred ounces of pure silver; and this was to be delivered between January and August of that year. Three years later, Mr Stewart of Tarlair and his son got power to labour all and sundry mines of every kind of metal between the water of Tay and the sheriffdom of Orkney. This grant is of interest, because it mentions the price paid for silver brought to the mint three centuries ago—namely twenty-three shillings the ounce. In the same year, Acheson and Aslowan satisfied the Lord Treasurer for the nine hundred ounces of silver by paying £1176, 9s. 10d. This is above twenty-six shillings the ounce, and indicates a tolerably heavy seignorage, if the difference in price may be so understood. Grants similar to those given to Acheson and Aslowan followed, the Earl of Athole obtaining one in which the lordship for the export of lead is given at fifty ounces of silver to the thousand stone-weight of lead.

A very curious story, from Atkinson's *Discoveries and Histories of the Golde Mynes of Scotland*, relates

how silver was accidentally discovered in Linlithgowshire by Sandy Maand, a Scotch collier. This was on the property of Sir Thomas Hamilton of Binnie, who got a charter under the Great Seal in 1607, to work all the mines and minerals on his property. But the silver mine was shortly afterwards taken possession of in name of the king; and the public accounts connected with the working of the silver remain to this day in the General Register House at Edinburgh, in the shape of three large folio volumes, extending from May 1608 to December 1610. Sir Bevis Bulmer, governor of the work, received eight pounds Scots a day as 'wages' (equivalent to 13s. 4d. sterling); and the accounts are perhaps more interesting as giving evidence of the rate of pay drawn by various kinds of workmen, than from the fact of silver being wrought in the district. Pickmen, working in day and night shifts, received various rates, from thirteen shillings and fourpence to six shillings and eightpence Scots, a day; the former rate being paid to one man, presumably a foreman, as none of the others received more than ten shillings a day. The whole cost of the mine for a year is shown to have been £20,948, 8s. 9d. These mines did not fulfil the great expectations formed of them; and in 1613, Foulis the Edinburgh goldsmith and two partners—one of them a Portuguese—got a grant of the right of mining, on condition of paying the tenth part of the result to the crown, but with the reservation of the right to buy back the mines on payment of one hundred thousand pounds Scots.

For nearly a century the story of silver-mining in Scotland remains a blank; but about Queen Anne's time a great discovery of silver was made in the Ochil Hills, on the property of Sir John Erskine of Alva. The ore was so rich at first, that fourteen ounces of ore produced twelve ounces of silver, and for a time the mines yielded a profit of four thousand pounds a week. This was, however, too good to last long. In Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, it is narrated that Sir John Erskine, walking over his estate with a friend, said: 'Out of that hole I took fifty thousand pounds;' and presently coming to another excavation, he added: 'But I put it all into that hole.' Two communion cups, presented to the parish church of Alva by Lord Alva in 1767, are inscribed as made *ex argento indigena* (from native silver); and although silver is still found to a small extent in the working of lead, this is the last important record of the working of silver in Scotland. At the annual show of the Highland and Agricultural Society held at Perth in July of this year, a notable 'exhibit' by a firm of Edinburgh silversmiths was a plateau and vase made from silver obtained from the Duke of Buccleuch's mines at Wanlockhead. On the plateau were chased scenes from *Marmion* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, while the vase bore representations of the Battle of Banlockburn and the Coronation of Robert Bruce. These, not to speak of the massive silver chains, &c. of undoubted Scottish origin and of unknown age, in the Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh, we have a record of silver in Scotland more or less complete for a period of about seven centuries.

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RAILWAY PILFERINGS.

In a previous article ('Railway Claimants') we drew attention to one heavy item of expense in the half-yearly balance-sheets of all large railway Companies—to that, namely, which is incurred for the settlement of merchandise claims; and endeavoured to show how liable the Companies were to be imposed upon by such claims being in many cases grossly exaggerated and little better than barefaced attempts at swindling. We now propose to deal with the same item of expense from another point of view, and show that a liberal percentage of the amount so paid may be set down as a consequence of the numerous losses and pilferages of goods by the railway Companies' own servants.

It may be taken as granted, we think, that nearly one-half of the employés of a railway Company are more or less directly engaged in the handling of goods-traffic, either in the loading or unloading of it, in its collection and delivery at the different dépôts, or with the charge of it while in transit from one point of the line to another. For their own sakes and for the protection of their customers' property while in their custody, the Companies are naturally anxious that the men whom they engage to fill such subordinate positions as porters, carmen, and shunters should be possessed of antecedents that will bear the brunt of careful investigation. Yet notwithstanding every precaution, black-sheep will occasionally creep into the fold; while others originally honest and reputable, but weak-minded, are led astray in time by drink or evil companionship, till they end by becoming the tools or accomplices of rogues less scrupulous than themselves.

It may surprise an outsider to be told that a number of private constables and detectives are constantly employed by railway Companies to look after their property and that of their customers; yet despite all this care and vigilance, the amount paid for claims by the Companies in the course of a year, arising from pilferages or carelessness on the part of their own servants, is something more surprising still.

Owing to an unexpected flush of traffic, a Company will sometimes be called upon to engage a considerable number of extra hands without having previously had time to inquire into their characters and antecedents. This being well known to the gangs of loafers who infest all large centres of industry, and who when not temporarily employed at one terminus are on the look-out for a job at another, it can hardly be wondered at that the number of pilferages increases in something like a corresponding ratio. In many cases the thieves are never discovered, and many are the ingenious ruses made use of by them to escape detection; while equally clever are some of the modes adopted to bring the culprits within the grasp of the law.

Among the minor class of pilferages, one of the most frequent and most annoying is the robbery of cheese. After every fair, the produce of the different dairies—ranging say from fifty to five hundred cheeses—is distributed by rail to various parts of the country; but on reaching their destination it is frequently found that two or three of the cheeses have mysteriously disappeared in transit; and very rarely is any clue found which leads to the discovery of the thieves. So numerous some few years ago had the cheese robberies become on a certain line, that the expedition was at length adopted of sending a constable in one of the trucks, who lying there hidden, might naturally hope to catch the culprits in the act of purloining. The man slipped in under the sheet of the wagon at the last moment, taking with him his truncheon, a dark-lantern, and a pair of handcuffs, and was well provisioned for his long and uncomfortable journey. Three times a week for some two or three months was Mr Constable jolted about in his dark hiding-place from one part of the line to another without a single capture rewarding his labours.

The following instance of what might almost be termed retributive justice happened some years ago near one of the largest railway dépôts in the heart of England. One or another of the wagons travelling by a certain night-train had several

times been broken into and robbed of its miscellaneous contents. The train was a through one, running between London and several large towns in the north of England; but the exigencies of the traffic necessitated its being shunted on to the sidings for an hour or more at two or three different parts of the line; and though it was nearly certain that the robberies took place at one or another of these compulsory stopping-places *en route*, it was not easy to discover the precise spot. A watch was set, but to no purpose. The *modus operandi* of the thief was to cut a slit in one of the sheets, large enough for a man to creep through. Once inside, the contents of the truck were ransacked, and such articles selected as were likely to be of some value and yet not too bulky to be carried away. The articles were then pitched out, and the man followed, after readjusting the sheet as far as he was able. The presumption was that the stolen property was then rolled down the embankment and hidden away in some dry ditch or hedge-bottom till it could be safely 'lifted.' It has been found from experience that a large proportion of railway robberies, despite the watchfulness of guard and driver, are committed at lonely sidings during the long dark nights of winter, and so no doubt it was in the present case; the difficulty being to find out when and where; but it was a difficulty that solved itself in a very curious way. One morning at daybreak the dead body of a man, with his chest crushed in, was picked up on one of the sidings; near him were strewn some half-dozen packages or parcels of goods addressed to different consignees. There could be no doubt that he was the thief. It was supposed that after throwing the goods out of the truck he had been about to follow them, when the engine giving a sudden jerk at the train, caused him to overbalance himself, and that in falling he was caught between the buffers and crushed to death on the spot. He proved to be a workman employed at one of the Company's 'shops,' and had been noted as a quiet, steady-going man, who never seemed to have much to say to his neighbours. When his house came to be searched, stolen property of the value of more than a hundred pounds was found secreted in it.

A short time ago, a series of robberies took place from certain trains travelling between two particular points. The chief of the railway police, who had the case in hand, after much quiet investigation, made up his mind that the pilferages occurred at a certain junction where the trains left one Company's line and passed on to that of another. At this point the trains were generally delayed an hour or two for shunting and other purposes. Within a mile of the junction was a small roadside station which employed some half-dozen hands in all, and not far from the station was a public-house. Feeling pretty sure that neither guards nor drivers were implicated in the matter, the superintendent of police called one of his trusty men to his side. 'Wheeler,' he said, 'I

understand that now and then you are addicted to taking a drop too much?'

Wheeler coloured up, coughed behind his hand, and then said in a hesitating sort of way: 'Well, sir, I don't mean to deny that once or twice I'—

'That will do, Wheeler. It is quite evident that now and then you are troubled with a dryness of the throat. You will take the six o'clock train and go down to the station at B— Junction. At the station you will let it be known that to-night you intend to be on the look-out for the thieves who have robbed the down-train so frequently of late. After a little chat, you will go across the way to the *Stanhope Arms*, and if you take with you any of the men who are not too busy to be spared, so much the better. You will stay at the *Stanhope Arms*; and when the station shuts up for the night, which it does as soon as the ten o'clock train has passed, the rest of the men will no doubt follow you there, especially if you let them see that you are one of the right sort, and not above treating them to a pint or two. Don't give the men too much to drink, but drink as much as you like yourself—in fact I want you to get as tipsy as you possibly can.'

'Do you mean me really to get tipsy, sir?' asked Wheeler in bewilderment.

'Of course I do. As tipsy as ever you were in your life.'

'But if I do that, how can I look after the thieves?'

'Do as I tell you and ask no questions. You will become intoxicated, stay at the *Stanhope Arms* all night, return to your duty as soon as you are sufficiently recovered to do so, and give me a bill for your expenses.'

Wheeler scratched his head for a moment, and then went without a word. It was his duty to obey instructions; and he did obey them. He took the train as far as B— Junction, and on alighting told the station-master, in the hearing of one or two of the porters, that he had been sent down to see whether he couldn't lay hands on those plaguy thieves who had robbed the down-train so often of late. Meanwhile, as nothing could be done till after midnight, he would go to the *Stanhope Arms* and have a pint and a quiet pipe.

In the little bar-parlour where he sat in the chimney corner, Wheeler was by-and-by joined by the foreman porter. Later on, three more of the station hands came straggling in. Wheeler treated them to drink, but partook of three times as much as any of them. As long as his articulation was tolerably clear, he kept his audience amused by recounting one yarn after another; but after a time neither he nor they knew quite well what he was talking about.

Still bearing in mind his chief's instructions, he struggled manfully with the task before him; but at length his pipe dropped from his fingers, his head fell forward on to the table; and it was quite evident to all there that Mr Wheeler was help-

lessly intoxicated. The men sniggered among themselves. 'A nice sort o' chap he is to come thief-catching!' said one.

'He's safe for the night anyhow,' said another. 'He'll not trouble anybody before daylight.'

'You'd better help me to lay him on the settle, lads,' said the landlord. 'With a pillow and a blanket he'll take no harm till morning.'

Soon after daybreak, Wheeler's slumbers were disturbed by a violent shaking. Opening his eyes, he saw his chief standing before him. 'Get up; you're wanted,' said the latter.

Yawning and rubbing his eyes, he stumbled out into the passage; but what he saw there made him rub them still harder. Before him stood three men handcuffed, two of whom he recognised as having been among his boon-companions of the previous night.

The superintendent's ruse had succeeded. Rightly calculating that the thieves—if the men he suspected were really the thieves—would take advantage of Wheeler's drunkenness, feeling themselves perfectly safe for once, and would make a fony that very night, he had followed his subordinate by the next train with two more men, and leaving the line at a station short of B—, had driven the remaining distance in a hired trap, so that no one at B— had the slightest suspicion of his presence in the neighbourhood. Planting himself and his men in three likely positions shortly before midnight, he had there awaited the course of events; with what result we have seen.

A few months later, the same superintendent effected another rather clever capture of a railway thief. At a certain large goods-terminus the mysterious disappearance of one or more packages had for some time been a matter of almost daily occurrence. The lost articles were chiefly medium-sized parcels, often samples of silk or velvet goods, and not too bulky for one man to carry off without difficulty. The goods in all cases had been received at the terminus, checked from the truck on to the stage, and there left for a few hours, while waiting to be loaded up and delivered to the consignees. When the time came for the delivery of the parcels, they could not be found; nor for a time was there any clue to the thief or thieves, and Mr Superintendent was much exercised in his mind thereby. The day and night watchmen were changed, fresh men being put in their places, but still the pilferages went on with undiminished vigour. Extra watchmen were placed in hiding behind large piles of goods conveniently left for the purpose; but all without effect. While walking about the goods-shed one day, intent upon some other business, the superintendent noticed that in a certain place some of the planking which faced the space between the ground and the floor of the platform, a height of about three feet, looked loose, and as if it had been recently disturbed. On trying the planks, he found that he could move them aside without much difficulty, and that then a dark cavity between the ground and the floor of the platform was exposed to view. Sending one of his men for a dark-lantern, and taking care that his actions were not observed, the superintendent proceeded to make an exploration of the cavity, crawling into it

on his hands and knees—fortunately he was only a little man—and taking the lantern with him. Presently, he emerged, his face one broad grin of satisfaction. 'We shall cop 'em after all, Jack,' he said to his man as he replaced the planking and walked away.

Late the same night, attended by his trusty subordinate, but without the knowledge of even the watchman on duty, the superintendent went back to the cavity under the stage and crept into it again. His man then replaced the planking and left him. Hour after hour passed, and the superintendent became horribly tired of his position. The space was so confined that he could not even sit up. He was compelled to lie extended at full length, and could only vary his position by turning from his left side on to his right. But between three and four o'clock, when the first sounds of the coming day's work were beginning to be heard, and the lamps on the up-side were being lighted, his patience was rewarded. That part of the shed where he was hiding was still in semi-darkness when he heard the sounds of footsteps coming nearer and nearer. 'My heart never beat before as it did at that moment,' said the superintendent afterwards, when recounting the adventure. 'The footsteps stopped opposite my hiding-place. There was a moment's pause, and then the loose boards were pushed aside, and a hand holding a parcel tied up with string and brown paper was thrust into the hole. There was just light enough from the lamps on the opposite side for me to see what I was about. I had previously got my handcuffs out, and had fastened one ring of them round one of the iron supports of the platform. The moment the fellow thrust his hand into the hole, I knocked the parcel out of his fingers, grasped him firmly by the wrist, gave him a sudden jerk forward, and before he could say Jack Robinson, the other ring of the handcuffs was slipped on to him, and there he was in as nice a little trap as ever I saw.' He proved to be a man who came on duty early to assist in loading up the fish and other market goods. He had generally taken the parcels while the watchman was absent for a few minutes to open the offices, hiding them for a time under a heap of empty boxes, till an opportunity offered itself for removing them to the hole under the stage. In the hole more than a dozen parcels were found. The contents of others he had either pawned or sold.

The next case was one of an entirely different kind, and the parties implicated in it were never discovered. At a certain north-country terminus was delivered one evening a bale of valuable cloth addressed and consigned (say) to Mr Smith of A—. It was checked from the van on to the platform, and there left to be loaded up an hour or two later on. By-and-by, when the truck for B— came to be loaded up, a bale of cloth was found addressed to a Mr Jones of that town, which bale was accordingly put into the wagon and sent off. When the invoices for A— came to be made out, the bale of cloth for Mr Smith was entered on one of them, on the supposition that it had been duly forwarded, although in reality such was not the case.

About half-past nine next morning, a small pony-cart containing two men drove up to B— Station. One of the men alighted, and asked

whether a bale of cloth addressed to Mr Jones had come to hand. The reply was that they certainly had received such a bale, but without any entry for it on their invoices. The reply of the man was that he, as being Mr Jones the consignee, was quite prepared to pay the carriage if they would only weigh the bale and charge it out at the proper rate. This being feasible enough, Mr Jones's request was at once complied with. The bale was weighed, a bill made out, and the charges duly paid. Then the bale was hoisted into the pony-cart; Mr Jones signed his name in the Company's books as having received it, and the two men drove off with their booty.

When A—— telegraphed for the missing bale, and the facts came to be ascertained, there was a considerable rumour among the officials at the sending station. The case was evidently one of ingenious collusion. It did not matter so greatly who the sham Mr Jones might be. The question was, which of the Company's men at the sending station had removed the original address of the bale and substituted a false one in its place? As it happened, a few weeks previously the Company had engaged a number of new hands, whose testimonials and antecedents they had not yet had time to investigate. About a week later two or three of these strange hands failed to turn up to their work; and all further investigations by the railway officials failing to bring the culprit to light, the loss had to be settled by the payment of something like sixty pounds.

The following story, which is of quite recent date, we extract from *The Railway Sheet and Official Gazette*, an excellent little paper published once a month, and brimful of information on matters of interest to the railway service generally. In the case here given, it would appear that the thieves were totally unconnected with any of the officials of the Company.

A novel illustration of the ingenuity of thieves has just been afforded by an incident reported from the continent. For some time past a North-German railway Company had been suffering from the repeated loss of goods which were sent by luggage-train, and which, notwithstanding all researches and precautions, continued to disappear in a very mysterious manner. The secret which the inquiries set on foot had failed to discover was at length revealed by a rather amusing accident. A long box, on one side of which were words equivalent to "This side up," had, in disregard of this caution, been set up on end in the goods-shed. Some time afterwards the employés were not a little startled to hear a voice apparently proceeding from the box in question, begging the hearers to let the speaker out. On opening the lid the railway officials were surprised and amused to find a man inside standing on his head. In the explanation which followed, the fellow wanted to account for his appearance under such unusual circumstances as due to the result of a wager; but he was given into custody, and it was soon found that the thieves had adopted this method of conveying themselves on to the railway premises, and that during the absence of the employés they had let themselves out of the box, which they at once filled with any articles they could lay their hands on, re-fastened the lid, and then decamped, leaving the box to be sent forward to its destination in accordance with the address upon it. But

for the unfortunate inability of poor human nature to endure an inverted position for an indefinite period, the ingenious authors of the scheme might have flourished a long time without detection.

THE DRAVE SWISS BOY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER VI.—A GLIMPSE OF PARISIAN LIFE.

The bright rays of the morning sun filled the room when Walter awoke from his long and refreshing sleep, to gaze in astonishment at the rich and beautiful furniture that adorned the apartment. Silk curtains, mirrors that reached to the ceiling, beautiful carpets, attractive pictures in gilt frames—all was new and dazzling to the unsophisticated mountain youth. He was still gazing in wonder at all these glories, when Mr Seymour, who had slept in the next room, suddenly opened the door.

'Jump up, Walter,' said he. 'Breakfast is ready, and my friend wants to speak to you; so be as quick as you can.'

'I shall be ready in a few minutes, sir,' he replied, as springing out of bed, he washed and dressed himself, and respectfully greeted the two gentlemen, who sat enjoying their coffee in an adjoining room.

At Mr Seymour's invitation, Walter helped himself to breakfast; and when he had finished his meal, looked up inquiringly at the stranger.

'Well then, Walter,' said he in a kindly tone, 'tell me in the first place what you intend to do, now that you have got your money back?'

'Oh, that is very easily answered, sir,' replied Walter. 'I shall buckle the belt round my waist again, and return home to-day.'

'I thought that was your intention, Watty,' said Mr Seymour; 'but it would be much safer and far easier to send the money through the post. You will then have no further risk of being robbed, and Mr Frieshardt will be sure to get it in a day or two. As regards yourself?—'

Mr Seymour hesitated; and his friend took up the conversation. 'Yes, Walter—you must stay here for the present,' said he, 'and not dream of leaving me—at least for a long time.'

Walter was taken aback. What could the stranger mean? Unable to comprehend the motive of such a remark, he looked in confusion first at one, then at the other, and was greeted only with a hearty laugh.

'I am very much obliged to you for suggesting how I should send the money home,' said the lad; 'and it was certainly very strange that Mr Frieshardt did not think of that, for it would have saved all this trouble with Seppi. But what sir am I to do here? What is there to prevent my returning home?'

'A proposal that my friend Mr Lafond has to make to you,' replied Mr Seymour. 'My friend is in want of an active and trustworthy servant, and thinks that you would suit him well. I think you should take the situation, Walter, for you

will be looked upon rather as a confidential attendant than as a servant; and you will be well paid into the bargain. In a few years you will have earned money enough to provide comfortably for your father in his old age.

The last words decided Walter. If he could only relieve his father's declining years from care and anxiety, he was content to give up his home for a time, and therefore agreed to accept the proposal. The contract was soon arranged, and Walter entered upon his new duties the same day. He wrote a long letter to his father, explaining the reason of his remaining in Paris, and comforting him with the assurance that when he returned home he would bring plenty of money with him. By the same post he sent a bank-draft to Farmer Frieshardt equivalent to the value of the cattle-money; and a few days after removed into Mr Lafond's splendidly furnished mansion. Mr Seymour did not accompany his friend, having to leave Paris to continue his travels.

'Keep up your heart, my good fellow,' said he, shaking hands with his honest young friend. 'We shall see each other again next year, I hope; and I also trust that you will have a good account to give me of your new home.' With these words Mr Seymour sprang into his travelling-carriage; the postillion cracked his whip, and tears sprang to Walter's eyes as the sound of the wheels died away in the distance.

Thus Walter, who had suddenly risen from the position of a poor drover to that of the principal servant and favourite of a rich young Parisian, found no reason to regret the change that he had made. Mr Lafond treated him in the kindest and most friendly way, so that he soon became thoroughly attached to him. But in the course of a few weeks he observed certain traits in the character of his new employer that occasioned him both sorrow and anxiety, and almost made him regret that he had not returned to his quiet but innocent home. Although a kind-hearted man, Mr Lafond was weak-minded and changeable; and like many other wealthy young men without any occupation, he was addicted to pleasure and dissipation, and spent whole nights at the gaming-table, to the ruin of both his health and morals. As he was of a delicate constitution, these excesses soon produced a very marked effect upon him, and did much to shatter his health. Had Walter been an indifferent or ordinary servant, the ruinous dissipation in which his master indulged would have given him little concern; but as he was sincerely attached to him, he could not avoid expostulating sometimes upon the reckless course of life which he led.

Early one morning Mr Lafond came home after a night of gambling, looking paler and more exhausted than usual. Walter, who had been sitting up for him, was terribly alarmed at the appearance which he presented. 'O my dear sir,' said he with a deep sigh, as he gave him his hand out of the carriage, 'how grieved I am for you!'

Mr Lafond stared at Walter with his glassy eyes, and tried to speak, but could only utter a few disconnected words that were quite incomprehensible. Besides this, he was so unsteady on his feet, that he was obliged to lean on Walter, to prevent himself from falling. The faithful servant

was terribly shocked to find his master so intoxicated as to be almost deprived of his senses, and lost no time in getting him to his room, that his distressing and disgraceful condition might not become known to the rest of the household. After undressing him, which cost a great deal of trouble, Walter got his master to bed, and then sat down and became lost in thought.

It was not until late in the day that Mr Lafond woke from his troubled sleep, and was surprised to find Walter sitting by his bedside. 'Poor fellow!' he said in a good-natured tone, 'I'm afraid I kept you waiting long for me last night. You are a faithful servant, and shall have your wages raised immediately.'

'I am very much obliged to you sir,' said he; 'but I cannot take more of your money. I have only waited here to request my discharge from your service.'

Mr Lafond stared at the young man with surprise. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'you want to leave me! What has put that in your head? Has any one here done anything to make you uncomfortable?'

'No sir, no one,' was the quiet but firm reply. 'I have met with nothing but kindness since I have been in your house, and you have been more than generous to me; but I can't bear to stay here and see you digging your own grave. It breaks my heart sir; and I would rather wander barefoot back to my own mountains than witness it longer.'

'Why, Walter, I'm afraid you're turning crazy,' exclaimed his master angrily. 'Don't let me hear any more of this nonsense! What can it matter to you whether I die soon or not? At any rate you must stay with me, and give up such foolish notions.'

Walter shook his head. 'No, sir; I must go,' he replied. 'I can be of no use here. It makes me quite miserable to see how you waste your money in the gaming-houses, and ruin your health by over-indulgence in wine. If my caring for you were not sincere, it would be a matter of no consequence to me whether you went to destruction or not; but'—he added, while tears started to his eyes—'I trust sir, you will pardon me for saying that I cannot look on carelessly while you are ruining yourself; and so I hope you will let me go.'

The reckless gamester was quite moved at the devotion and faithfulness of his servant. Springing from bed, he wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and walked hastily to and fro in the apartment for a few minutes in silence. At last he passed before Walter and grasped his hand. 'You are a straightforward, warm-hearted fellow,' he exclaimed. 'But the more I am convinced of that, the less disposed am I to part with you. Will you not stay with me?'

'No, my good master; I cannot,' answered Walter firmly.

'Not even if I promise to turn over a new leaf, and neither to drink nor gamble any more from this day?'

Walter was in a measure reassured by these words, and his eyes were lit up with a new hope. 'Ah! if you really will do that, sir!' he exclaimed. 'That alters everything; and I shall be as overjoyed to stay with you as I should have been sorry to leave you.'

'Then, that is settled,' said his master in a serious tone. 'I am obliged to you for speaking so faithfully to me. I know that I have been living in a foolish way; but I will be different for the future. That you may rely upon.'

Walter's joy was so great at hearing this unexpected resolution that he nearly burst into tears. Unhappily, however, he was soon to experience the disappointment of all his hopes.

For a fortnight Mr Lafond kept his promise faithfully; but at the end of that time he again yielded to the old temptation, and after a night of revelry, returned home in broad daylight in a state of complete helplessness. The servant renewed his entreaties and warnings; reminded his master that the physician had declared that his existence depended on his leading a sober life; and obtained from him a renewal of the broken promise. But alas! it proved as vain as before. In a few days all his hopes were again crushed, and his prayers and entreaties were only answered by his master with a shrug of the shoulders.

'You know nothing about it, Walter,' said he. 'The temptation is so strong, that one can't be always resisting it.'

But it is your duty to resist it sir; and you can succeed if you will only make up your mind to do so.'

'It's too late now,' replied the other with a faint smile. 'I have fought and fought, and been beaten at last. I shall give up fighting now.'

'Are you really in earnest?' inquired Walter seriously.

'I am really in earnest,' replied Mr Lafond.

'Then I must indeed quit your service sir. I will not stay here if I cannot save you from rushing headlong to destruction.'

'Silly fellow!' replied his master testily. 'What more would you have? It will be for your direct advantage to stay with me. Look at my condition. The doctor was quite right in saying that I couldn't live another year. Remain here for that short time, and you shall be well paid for your services. I will take care too not to forget you in my will.'

The young Switzer could not restrain his emotion at hearing his weak-minded but good-natured master talk in such a careless way about death. Unable to speak, he turned to leave the room, when Mr Lafond called him back.

'Have you no reply to make to me?' he demanded in an offended tone.

'Nothing more than this sir—that your doctor assured me you might live for ten, twenty, or even thirty years longer, if you could only be persuaded to live in a sober and reasonable way. O my dear sir,' he exclaimed, 'do give up these habits, that are ruining body and soul, and I will devote my whole life to you!'

'No use!' was the gloomy reply. 'If I were to make new resolutions, they would only be broken, as the others have been. The doctor is quite mistaken in his opinion: I suppose I must fulfil my destiny. So let the matter drop, Walter.'

'Anything can be done if one is only determined,' persisted the young man, with entreaty in his tone.

His master turned away and shook his head. 'Too late, too late! I haven't the moral courage or determination.'

'Then may God have mercy upon you!' replied

the servant solemnly; 'this is no longer a place for me.'

Swayed on the one hand by a sense of duty to himself, and on the other, by pity for his terribly misled master, Walter sorrowfully quitted the apartment; and after packing a few things, returned to take his final leave. Mr Lafond, however, would not bring himself to believe in the reality of such a sudden and determined resolution, and used every argument to induce the lad to change his mind. He even begged him as a personal favour to remain; but Walter persisted in his determination; nor could the most lavish offers of emolument induce him to stay and be a helpless spectator of the ruin of one whom he was unable to save.

'If I were only as determined as you are,' sighed Mr Lafond, 'how much better it would be for me! But now it is too late! Farewell then, Walter, if you have made up your mind to quit my service. But though you leave me, it is not necessary that you return to your mountain-home. I received this letter from my uncle, General De Bougy, who lives in Rouen. The old gentleman is in want of a steady and trustworthy servant, and asks me to send him one; so I think the best thing you can do will be to go there for a twelvemonth. You will find him a better master than I have been; and if you are really determined to leave me, you might do worse than enter his service. I feel sure you will be comfortable.'

Walter shook his head. 'I shouldn't like to go into another house sir, after the experience I have had in your service.'

'But you will be serving me, Walter, if you go and assist my uncle in his old age. Recollect, I only ask you to go for a year. It is the last request I have to make. Surely you won't refuse?'

'Well sir, I will go for a year, since you urge it so strongly,' assented Walter, who could no longer resist his master's appeal. 'When shall I start?'

'When you please. You will be welcome there at any time.'

'Then I will set out at once, sir; the sooner our parting is over, the better.'

'But if it is so painful to you, why go away at all? You know how glad I should be for you to stay.'

'And you know sir, why I am obliged to go,' replied Walter firmly. 'Pardon me, dear sir, for speaking any more on the subject; but if you only had had the resolution to—'

'I'll make another trial, Walter,' said Mr Lafond with a smile that contrasted strongly with his sunken and wasted features. 'You shall hear from me in three months; he continued; and perhaps— Well, we shall see. Good-bye, and my best wishes go with you!'

Walter grasped the hand which his master extended, and kissed it fervently. 'God bless and preserve you!' said he with tears in his eyes. 'If prayers, earnest prayers for you can be of any help, you will be saved!'

'Farewell, Walter. You have been a faithful servant,' exclaimed Mr Lafond, with painful emotion. 'God be with you—perhaps we shall never meet each other again!'

So they parted. Walter went by the first conveyance to Rouen to the house of General De Bougy; and his former master sunk into profound

grief as he dwelt upon the affection and solicitude which the young Switzer had shewn towards him. 'Only a year sooner,' he mused with torturing anguish, 'and I might have been a saved man! Now, alas! thou hast come too late, noble and generous heart!'

LIFE ON A CALIFORNIA RANCH.

It became the fortune of the writer to leave San Francisco in September 1878, and after crossing Santa Clara Valley—one of the richest in the state—to ascend by a fine stage-road into the very heart of a spur of the Santa Cruz Mountains. This road begins at a little village at the foot of the hills, and creeps gradually higher and higher, turning this bluff and that spur, until after a league, the traveller looks down into the glowing valley, and if timid, shudders in secret at the depth.

The path thus leading away from the inhabited valley, full of men and towns, into the quiet seclusion of the land among the hills, finally comes to a fair broad region, where the 'ranchmen' plant their acres with vines and fruit-trees, and where a stranger may live without ever wishing for the world of commerce, or thinking of it. There are high hills upon every side except towards the west. In that direction the land sinks in alternate ridges and ravines toward the ocean, and the great redwoods line the horizon. The houses are made of inch redwood boards and building-paper, and are accordingly somewhat rude structures, but they sufficiently answer the purpose in this agreeable climate.

There is no stone fit for walls, like those with which the New England farmers separate their fields, and so the inhabitants split the trunks of the redwood pines into rough pickets three inches square and five feet long; and after driving them into the soil in lines, bind them close together at the top with strips of board. The fence thus constructed is cheap, quickly made, effective, and durable. There is little concern for appearances; the soil of many years remains undisturbed upon the wagon-wheels; no flower-garden is well cared for; they mend the harnesses with bits of ropes; and they trust little or nothing to the vanity of paint. You see no vegetable gardens, no patches of potatoes, lettuce, peas; no little areas carefully fenced and carefully cultivated in odd moments, when greens are in season. It does not pay to be at the trouble, and for this reason—the warmth of the soil and the early heat of the sun tend to force the vegetables into premature ripeness, and thence into coarseness of fibre.

The grapes that grow in this favoured place are wonderfully large and fine. They are much better than those of the valleys, and are eagerly sought for by those who use the better kinds. A neighbour to me grew sixty varieties last season, though it is probable that not more than twenty kinds went to market. Every one's vines are prosperous, and the yield is enormous. The plants grow lying upon the ground; the dryness of the summer preventing the rot which attacks them in regions where rains are more frequent. It is quite a common thing to go out in the cool of a delicious morning and cut off bunches of these grapes, and devour them three or four at a time,

gazing meanwhile at acres more of the same kind. A certain ferocity indulgence, in the reveller after a few weeks' indulgence in this sort of repast. One would lose the respect of all his friends were he to write down faithfully what his capacity for grapes at length becomes. In number, in weight, in kinds, the result is alike prodigious.

The ranchmen make boxes out of the clear redwood, and pack twenty-five pounds of grapes in each—all honestly picked, and decorated with the leaves of the vines. These are carried in wagon-loads to the valley below or to Santa Cruz on the coast. Now and then you perceive a most delicious odour in the roadway, and after a while it is seen that the dust has received a slight sprinkling. You walk on, half intoxicated, charmed by the soft air, the scenery, and the shade of the overhanging trees, and you overtake a wagon laden with grapes *en masse*—a purple sight, rich and tempting. They are on the way to some wine-press. Nearly every ranchman fills a few casks yearly with the juice of some of his grapes, thinking that he is laying up a claret which will be fine some day. But he has his labour for his uneducated pains, and produces only an acid liquor the reverse of palatable.

The Californian ranchmen have wonderful aptitude for driving, and one sees some pretty good examples among these hills. The road down the mountain-sides is entirely unguarded upon the outer edge, and the descent in most places is precipitous. A balky horse, or a fractured wheel, or a slight carelessness in handling the reins, might easily send a carriage-load of people to destruction—and an awful destruction too. The path is wide enough for one pair of wheels only, but at intervals in favourable places it broadens so that teams may pass each other. To drive in such a manner as not to meet another traveller midway between these places is a special branch of the art. The huge lumber-teams which carry wood from the mills in the mountains to the yards in the valleys, being unwieldy and very heavy, are especially hard to manage. Yet the drivers always seem easy and nonchalant. First there is a large four-wheeled oaken truck, with a seat in front ten feet above the ground; behind it is another truck, something shorter, but still enormously stout. These are fastened together, and loaded with from ten to fifteen tons of freshly sawn lumber—boards and joists. This mass is drawn by six or eight mules or horses, guided by reins and a prodigiously long whip. The first wagon has a powerful brake, worked by a long iron lever by the driver upon his seat. The driver is a man of nerve and courage. His skill must be of the highest order. It will not do for him to take fright even if in imminent danger, and he must know almost to a hair's-breadth where he can go and where he cannot. Towering up far above the road, overlooking the most stupendous depths, and guiding with a few slender lines a tremendous force, he must needs be an adept and a tireless one. But a beholder, ignorant of the danger that constantly surrounds him, would say his work was simple, and that he managed matters with ease. True, he seems so. With his broad-brimmed hat shading his sun-burned face, his sinewy hands holding the reins with carelessness, his legs out-

stretched, with one foot feeling the all-important brake, he jogs onward with his monster charge without trouble or concern; the bells upon the horses' breasts jingle a little tune; the great wheels crush the stones in the path; the load creaks like a ship's hull in a sudden gust; wild birds sweep down into the hazy, sunny depths below—yet the driver seems to take no heed. But let a 'scare' take place; let a herd of runaway cattle appear at a bend and set the horses wild, and then see what will happen. The day-dreamer will become a giant of strength. He is up in a flash; he shortens his hold upon the reins, and feeling his wagon start up beneath him, places a foot of iron on the brake. The horses snort and rear and surge; the harnesses rattle, the dust arises, the load shrieks again, and the huge wheels turn fatally faster and faster. An instant may hurl the wagon down into the valley with its struggling train—a mad rush to the other side of the way may end all in one horrible plunge. Muscle, eye, brain, skill are then brought to work so splendidly together, that the peril is averted, and the looker-on, who knows not the ways of the land, regards the teamster with profound respect thereafter.

The horses that are used in the country are mostly of the mustang sort. A mustang is a creature which has indeed the form of a horse, together with certain characteristics of his own—namely, a bad memory, which permits him to shy at a harmless shrub twenty times a day, if he sees it as often; ingratitude, which permits him to kick and injure his best human friend; absence of mind, which permits him to run furiously after it has been made clear to him that he is expected to walk; and a power to develop energy with great rapidity, which enables him to change in a twinkling from a simple trustworthy looking nag into a snorting, biting, kicking demon. With these vices, he has the one virtue of being enduring as so much brass.

There is a peculiar dress worn by the out-of-door folk of this land among the hills that deserves to be introduced into other lands, so fit is it for the wear and tear of farming. It consists of pantaloons or overalls, and jacket, made of canvas, coloured brown, and fastened in all important places with small copper rivets. It wears astonishingly well. The hunters wear a 'jumper' of the same material, filled with pockets inside and out for their innumerable wants, while the lower part forms a game-bag of considerable size.

Trees of various kinds, such as oak, cherry, &c., form an agreeable variety, where so much 'redwood' predominates. The redwoods have become famous for their size and height all the world over, the *Wellingtonia gigantea* of Calaveras belonging to the family. They usually grow in fraternal groups of three or four, and it is impossible not to feel impressed by their solemnity when walking among them. The ground at their feet is covered with their browned spines, and their trunks rise one hundred and fifty feet before putting forth a branch. Many are ten feet in diameter at ten feet above the ground, and a few are so large that speculators hew and burn cavities in the bases when the road runs conveniently near, and therein set up a kind of restaurant for the benefit of the thirsty traveller!

The writer had hoped to leave at least the dust behind, and derive from the tall trees and the cooling streams a little of the summer comfort which had been so signally denied him in the region below. Disappointment, however, was his lot. On reaching the hills he found the brooks dry, and their courses marked with boulders, upon whose nether sides one could light a match. The depths of the woods were airless ovens, where in a moment the hands and face ran with perspiration. There was not a blade of grass to be seen. The earth was brown, powdery, and hot. The dust in the roads was astonishing for its depth. It arose in obedience to the slightest breath, and after a little acquaintance with the sunburnt region, one foretold that a friend was coming by seeing a moving cloud over the top of the hill. For twenty yards on each side of the highways and lanes the underbrush was whitened. When people went to ride, they pulled linen coats over their better garments, and tied their wrists and collars. For the first mile or two the traveller snorts the dust out of his nostrils, and at intervals surveys his powdered clothing with dismay. Through his blurred eyes he barely sees the features of his neighbour upon the same seat; the horses are entirely beyond his view; a sense of suffocation overcomes him; and all sounds are drowned as they are in a snow-storm. At length, however, instead of being annoyed at the quantity of dirt which settles upon him, he refrains from shaking himself, and with a certain amused interest, wonders how high the pile upon the back of his glove will grow before the journey comes to an end. The dust is a feature of the land, and strangers who have heard of it, regard it with curiosity, as they do their first gold mine.

This persistent recurrence of dry days, the everlasting pouring down of yellow light upon the parched yellowish landscape, the breathing of hot air from all quarters, the absence of flourishing crops and greenery from the fields, soon dry up the soul of the new-comer, and weary out his patience.

At the close of October the skies were yet clear, the atmosphere a little hazy, the mornings and evenings enjoyably warm, and the nights refreshingly cool. The fruit of the orchards had been marketed long since, and the grapes were two-thirds gathered. The affairs of the year were winding up; two or three weeks in November would give the farmers ample time to clear away their tardy crop, and then the winter might fall, and welcome. One bright day succeeded another; the 'verdelo' ripened, yielding sweet, pale-green grapes; and piles of newly made redwood boxes stood in every yard ready for their luscious burden. At length there came a moment when further effort became useless; when the summer, with its fruits and its glories of colour, went out, and winter, like a 'spook' in a pantomime, came suddenly in.

In California, the two seasons end and begin respectively with the same event—a shower of rain. Autumn does not intervene; there is no fall of the leaf, no augmentation of the winds. Last year the summer ran on until the 1st of November. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon a few drops fell. After that the people spoke of the winter as having arrived. Everything seemed taken by surprise; the rain had come; the horses

gazed strangely about them; the children ran out with wild noises, and stood barchanded and laughing in the thick of the storm; the men leaned in the doorways with their hands in their pockets, silently pleased; the dust turned slowly into mire; the leaves of the madrones, the cherry-trees, and the oaks lifted themselves up and glistened in the pale light, and rills began to murmur everywhere. The yearly adjustment had begun; the other side of the balance had started downward, and the land rejoiced. Everything was changed out of its old course. The choppers, with their axes upon their shoulders, came out of the deep recesses of the woods, the millers put out their fires, and the grape-gatherers came down from the vineyards. The teams ceased to traverse the roads, stages were exchanged for wagons, and letters and papers came but rarely. A sense of being thrust out of the world, a notion of common ill-fortune, made good neighbours of the people in the foot-hills, and a lively interchange of visits between ranch and ranch soon followed the beginning of the rains.

Rain followed rain in quick succession, always coming from the Pacific, and nearly always attended with a degree of cold that made it uncomfortable to stop in the open air even if thickly clad. The ranch upon which the writer lived was some eighteen miles from the nearest salt-water, yet even as far inland as this, there were none of those calm gently dropping showers that fall in England—those soft rains that gather the odours of the gardens, and instill the senses with so much that is grateful. Here the rain always came on the wings of a tempest, and poured down furiously. But given a pleasant day in the midst of this Californian winter, and the discomfort of the rain and its attendant gloom vanishes, and the dweller in these parts goes forth charmed. The very early morning of one of these incomparable days is truly a wonder of softness and gentleness. The gentility of those few early hours is inexpressibly soothing; one is not exhilarated, but quietly, not wrought up to saddle his horse and ride a race, but impelled rather to sit in some snug spot and watch the world awaken in tranquillity. By the latter part of November the farmers are out with their ploughs, and the toil of the sower begins. The fields grow dark with the subsoil, and then change, and grow verdant with the grain. Rye-grass springs up on the brown hill-sides that have been dry all summer, and the streams in the deep wooded gulches make a low roar that never ceases. The flowers gather themselves up and show their faces, and the almond-trees put out their clouds of fragrant blossoms. On the oaks, whose branches are hung with mistletoe, a gray-green moss gathers and ways to and fro above the head. Numberless blue-birds dash across the fields, and now and then a meadow-lark lifts up its clear sweet voice, and turns December into August. Quail, rabbit, and deer are abroad, and in the night-time the coyotes howl and bark in the forest.

The ranchman's one amusement is dancing, which he enthusiastically avails himself of. No matter if the night be stormy—no matter if the host's house be a board-cabin a mile from a road, and deep down in a gloomy ravine where the sun and moon rarely penetrate—the ranchman is bound by all the instincts of his nature to be on the spot, and to stand up in every

quadrille in which he can find a place. Wood-choppers, farmers, teamsters, miners, squatters, together with a number of wives and daughters, some remarkably pretty, and some remarkably ugly—get together at an hour's notice, and keep up reels and polkas until a very late hour next morning. A single violin is the motive-power. No matter if a cloud of dust arises from the ill-cleaned floor of the woodman's shanty—no matter if few appear upon the scene who have not danced together hundreds of times—the fun abates not; and at the breaking up there is no one who will not promise to be on hand to-morrow night; in case to-morrow night is to be marked with another similar festivity.

THE COOL ENGLISHMAN.

CHAPTER II.

ONCE more Simon laid himself down for the enjoyment of his often-disturbed repose, and once more he sank into a gentle slumber. And now for the third time he was awakened, but from a cause very different from the other occasions. The scene which ensued was as follows.

When Dan the waiter took his departure from the door of the obstinate guest whom he had been so vainly endeavouring to arouse, the flood must already have been descending upon the valley. For a brief interval, however, Mr Simon Lee was not awakened by the noise of the torrent, partly because it was still at a distance, and partly because the roar which it emitted was deadened by the intervening walls. He was only conscious of a soft, rushing, and not unpleasant murmur. (This murmur could hardly have proceeded from the flood; but was more probably due to the stream outside, which had become swollen in the night.) If, on a summer forenoon, the reader has ever lain with his back on the grass, and listened to that most delicious of all sounds the sighing of fir-tree tops in the breeze, he will be able to form some conception of our hero's sensations. There lay the blissfully ignorant Simon in bed, with his nightcap perched slightly over one eye, half unconsciously enjoying that sweet and gentle murmur. Presently, as the sound grew louder, he became more fully awake.

'What can that noise be?' thought Simon drowsily. 'Rain? I never heard rain like that before. Wind? It's too loud for wind. And, dear me!' exclaimed Simon, raising himself to a sitting posture in bed, 'what an extraordinary noise! It sounds like some one pouring a can of water outside my door! What curious people the persons in this house must be to pour water about outside the doors of their guests! Is it a regular custom in Ireland, I wonder? But, dear me!' added Simon, for the noise was growing still louder, 'if I don't stop them they will be flooding the whole house. Hillo, there, hillo!' cried Simon, raising his voice. 'You can leave off making that noise, thank you! It's very kind of you to do it, but I have heard quite enough; thanks!'

But the noise instead of leaving off became still louder. 'Extraordinary persons these Irish,' quoth

Simon again, half-angrily and half-sleepily. 'If they have a guest or stranger staying with them for the night, they appear to make it the business of their lives and their greatest delight to endeavour to wake him up at all possible hours in the night. First comes a lumbering waiter and bangs at the door; then some one comes and pours water about, and won't leave off when he's told to. But if they expect me to get up, they're mistaken. And so saying, Simon drew the bed-clothes over him, and laid himself down again to sleep. But scarcely had he done so when a horrid thought struck him. 'Is it possible,' was the sickening thought, 'that the house can be on fire? Can the noise proceed from the fire-engine playing water on to the top of the house? Mercy preserve us!' And with these words in his mouth he leaped out of bed, and with his nightcap still on his head, scarce stopping to put on his clothes, rushed downstairs. The house was entirely deserted. All the doors stood open. Numerous articles lay strewn upon the floor, which their possessors had left behind, being probably too heavy-laden or too frightened to carry them.

The hero of this memoir was horror-struck as he viewed this strange spectacle. He called, but no one answered; screamed, and finally, in a frenzy of terror and apprehension, rushed to the outside door, and was on the point of escaping through it, when he was driven back by the same noise he had heard before, hitherto deadened by the intervening walls, but now swollen to a roar. It was indeed the harbinger of the flood, which in a few moments was to burst on the devoted dwelling. A sudden instinctive feeling of the nature of the danger which now beset him, for the first time penetrated into Simon's mind. With hasty and trembling steps he scrambled up the staircase and tottered into his chamber. He was just in time. A sound like thunder literally shook the house as the flood approached. The windows rattled as with the anticipation of the coming devastation. Sick with terror and gasping for breath, Simon, who had put his head out of the window, drew it in again as quickly as he could when he saw the mighty torrent bearing down—so it seemed—on the inn itself. There was a roar, a shock like an earthquake as the flood came on; and the water tossing and foaming, rose half-way up to the window of the chamber; while within the house it could be heard splashing and dashing in wild tumult. The cheek of the terrified prisoner was blanched with an agony of fear and apprehension, as he stood clinging to the bed, scarce knowing where he was, and momentarily expecting to be whirled away by the torrent. But the house being, as we have said, of solid construction, withstood the shock. For the time then it was safe. But the sight which met Simon's gaze as he stood, staring with all the intensity of terror, was a sight indeed to be remembered. The turbid water rushed along like a mad thing, foaming, dashing, and sweeping everything before it. Huge trees torn up by the roots were whirled along in its gigantic eddies, rising and sinking in the waves. The flood literally leaped and bounded in the air, as though rejecting in the havoc it was working. It seemed like some huge demon let loose from the chains in which it had been pent, to wreak vengeance on every object within its reach.

Its surface was fretted with waves, which with their curling crests and leaping forms, resembled—so it seemed to Simon's excited imagination—a pack of fierce wolves hounding the terrified occupants of a sledge of which they have caught scent, and thirsting and yelling for their prey!

The raging torrent bore on. Simon spell-bound, viewed it tearing down the valley at headlong speed. At a short distance from the inn stood a mill. The flood met it; but the crash which ensued was lost in the roar of the water. The mill sank down into the fatal embrace of the boiling waves, and was immediately whirled away. Farther down stood a good-sized bridge, solidly built; and in the twinkling of an eye, so silently, so noiselessly that Simon could scarcely believe his senses, the bridge, strong as it was, was swept away!

How the fine genius of Coleridge would have revelled in the sight! It was precisely the spectacle which a pen such as his would have magnificently embodied in verse. There is a well-known poem by him entitled *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, wherein he has powerfully described a scene somewhat similar. 'Fire' is there personified and represented as a gigantic fury of colossal stature, who is recounting her recent exploits to her colleagues 'Famine' and 'Slaughter':

'Sisters, I from Ireland come;
Hedge and corn-field all on flame.
I triumphed o'er the setting sun;
And all the while the work was done,
On as I strode with my huge strides,
I flung back my head and I held my sides.
It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the sweetest cattle run,
Scared by the red and noisy light,
With uncouth gallop through the night'

Fine as this passage is, we think that Coleridge, had he been in Simon Lee's place, might have found a still nobler demon in 'Water,' for nothing could have been more sublime than the mighty torrent we have attempted to describe, dancing and tearing onward down the glen and through the valley, and tossing huge trees like playthings in its gigantic arms. The water, here and there whitened by huge flakes of foam, bore on its surface not only trees, but vast fragments of turf, covered with brushwood and weeds. These floated swiftly along, sometimes sinking in the waves of the torrent, and sometimes rising suddenly from the depths of the water. The whole scene was so strange and fantastic, that Simon could scarcely believe that he was not the victim of some hideous delusion or of some unhealthy dream.

Several hours passed away in this manner, Simon, anxious and terrified, momentarily expecting to be swept away, or buried in the ruins of the inn, when it should succumb to the force of the flood. To him every minute seemed an hour, every hour a day. The water he could hear dashing against the steps of the staircase. Worse than all, it seemed to be ascending higher and higher every moment. Each splash which it made against the walls or wooden steps fell on Simon's ear like a death-knell. Each minute his terror grew more extreme. His face was so ghastly, that when he happened to catch sight of it in the looking-glass of the chamber, it startled even himself. As he listened, he could hear the splashing in the

interior of the dwelling growing louder. It wanted only this to work up Simon's apprehension to a point beyond endurance, for at this stage of the proceedings our hero sank into happy unconsciousness.

How long Simon remained in this trance is uncertain. When, however, he awoke it was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the gray light of dawn, by means of which he had witnessed the flood and its ravages, was exchanged for the rays of the morning sun, which streaming through the latticed window, gradually aroused him from his swoon. Our hero lifted his head drowsily, and dazed and stupefied, succeeded at length in exchanging a vertical for a horizontal posture. At first he hardly realised where he was, or the circumstances under which he was placed; but when the adventures of the night came back to his remembrance, it flashed across Simon that he must have been completely and wonderfully preserved from the danger which had threatened him. For though a considerable space of time had passed since he had first resigned himself to unconsciousness, the house had remained firm on its foundations,* nor had the water risen sufficiently high in the interior of the dwelling to endanger the life of its solitary inmate. Simon therefore was safe. And yet, great as was the relief which this discovery afforded him, we cannot say that he displayed any very strong manifestations of exuberant delight when he realised the fact dawned upon him. He took it all very quietly and composedly—we had almost said philosophically, which is, at anyrate, at variance with the assertions of some people who still are possessed of the idea that he then and there flung his cotton nightcap to the ceiling, and performed a sort of hompnie dance on the floor. But even if we could put aside or forget the indecorm of such a proceeding, and reconcile it with the circumstances of the case, it is so completely at variance with the customary soberness and gravity of that gentleman's demeanour, that we lean to the philosophical side of the argument.

Meanwhile the landlord and the landlady and the other denizens of the inn were anxiously waiting on the hill-side for the flood to subside. The air was raw, and so piercingly cold indeed, that it almost literally froze their blood. To secure themselves from its deadly influence, they wrapped themselves in blankets and sheets, which they had carried with them in their flight, and kept perpetually moving to and fro, resembling in fact so many spectres in grave-clothes engaged in their nightly revels. They had had timely warning of the approach of the flood, and from their elevated position had seen it encircle the inn to a considerable depth. It was no wonder therefore that they thought with sinking hearts of its effects on their little home. The hostess wrung her hands in agony, as the picture arose on her mind of fractured glass and crockery, and the bedraggled linen which had once been the pride of her heart. The landlord groaned as he thought of the cows and the pigs which had been purchased at the market only the day before.

'The purest critters that ever was seen,' said he sorrowfully; 'and the English gentleman too,

so decent and fair-spoken! Bad luck to it! the pigs an' them lovely cows!—'

'Pigs! cows! ye fool!' interjected his help-mate gruffly; 'what's them to my new sheets and filigant furnishings? We'll never see the like o' them again!'

While this little colloquy was going on, Dan, who had so vainly endeavoured to arouse Mr Simon Lee from his slumbers, approached the worthy pair.

'What's come over the English gentleman, Dan? Why didn't ye bring him down with ye, me boy?' said the landlord, who now for the first time had composure enough to put the question.

'Sure how could I?' replied Dan; 'scorra a bit of him would git up.'

'Did ye tell him that the flood was coomin'?'

'Sure I did.'

'And what did he say?'

'Why, says he, as cool and unconcerned as Biddy McGuire's cow, "I bein't agoin' by it." Who knows, but he's many a mile down the waters by this time, poor gentleman. Ah! he was a cool one!'

In this last sentiment the landlord and his belated companions were not long in acquiescing; for in a short time Dan had quite a crowd of listeners round him, composed of the inhabitants of the village, who now heard with sorrowful interest the story of the 'cool Englishman' who would not get up from his bed even to avoid destruction!

So the hours of that eventful morning wore away. At about six o'clock the sun rose wan and red behind the hills, and revealed to them the inn half buried in the water. At seven o'clock the violence of the flood began to slacken; and by eight o'clock the water had sunk so far that the landlord and his family, accompanied by their neighbours, ventured to descend the hill. As they neared the inn, they were able to discern more clearly than they had hitherto done the nature and extent of the loss they had sustained. The water which had penetrated into the inn, had in retreating, carried with it various articles of furniture, linen, &c., leaving in exchange a somewhat less desirable commodity—mud. Alas too for the pigs and cows! The cows had both been drowned in their byre, and now lay half buried in slime and entangled with weeds. Three of the four pigs had been carried away by the flood; one of them, the pride of its master's heart, lay stretched dead on a bank. The inn itself presented a sorry spectacle, the whitewashed walls being muddy and discoloured, and the glass of its windows shattered.

Whilst the family and their friends were bemoaning the hapless fate of the cool Englishman, and devising measures for recovering his remains, a sudden and startling noise was heard proceeding from the interior of the inn. It sounded like some one in large clumsy boots descending a flight of wooden stairs. This noise considerably alarmed the neighbours, who had imagined the house to be entirely unoccupied; nor were the landlord and his family less alarmed, as they speculated upon the ghost of the English gentleman, who they all imagined had been carried away and drowned by the flood. Many of the most timorous shewed a strong disposition to flee, and one of them hazarded

* Its preservation, we are informed, was due to a large bank which partially sheltered it from the water.

in a whisper that it must be the Demon of the mountains, a personage held in great awe by the villagers at that time, and who was represented by local traditions to emerge from his place of concealment—a woody covert in the glen above—in time of floods, and to stalk down with gigantic steps into the valley below. The conjecture thus thrown out as to the cause of the mysterious noise inside the inn was but too readily believed by the other rustics; but Dan valiantly combated the absurd notion. But at that very instant, however, the true author of the disturbance appeared to view. This was, as the reader will have guessed, no other than Mr Simon Lee himself!

If the Demon of the mountain presented half the extraordinary appearance that Simon Lee presented when he issued forth from the inn-door before the astonished eyes of the assembled villagers, that Demon must have been well worthy of his race and of his name; for be it known that our hero came attired in nought but a long blue dressing-gown, a pair of heavy boots, and a white cotton nightcap. And so sudden was this apparition, that the villagers manifested more than ever a strong disposition to take to their heels, and would doubtless have made themselves exceedingly scarce had not the valiant Dan again restrained them.

'The sorra a Demon is there,' he shouted; 'sure, it's the cool English gentleman himself. Look at his dressin'-gown and nightcap. Did ye iver see the Demon wearin' a dressin'-gown loike that before?'

While Dan was thus rallying the fears of the assembled rustics, our hero advanced in a dignified manner, astonished at the sensation which he appeared to have excited. After a moment's consideration, however, he came to the conclusion that it must be all due to the awe and respect which—as he flattered himself—his deportment never failed to inspire. Much gratified by this idea, he infused into his manner even more dignity than was his wont.

Attired in his long blue dressing-gown and huge white nightcap, and situated as he was with regard to those who had given him up as a lost man, Simon may well have awakened terror in the superstitious minds of those ignorant rustics.

Gradually, however, they discovered their mistake, and having learned that it was really the cool Englishman, and no apparition, they mustered up courage enough to approach him.

Superstitious fear, we may remark, is near akin to superstitious reverence—reverence, that is, for people who do not deserve it at all, or only in a small degree. The villagers who had at first been afraid of Simon, now lionised him. The account which Dan had given them of his bravery had so worked upon their imaginations, that they now came to regard him as some great hero, and testified their admiration in a way which was somewhat unpleasant to the object of it. There was literally a rage for him. The rustics shoved and jostled each other in their efforts to obtain a nearer view of the illustrious stranger, at the same time giving vent to their enthusiastic emotions in such exclamations as, 'Three cheers for the hero of the inn!' 'One cheer more for the brave Englishman,' and the like; and as there were more than half a hundred of them, and each rustic was

gifted with stentorian lungs, the clamour may be better imagined than described. To add too, to the confusion of their hero, the rustics crowded round him so closely, that the unfortunate little man suffered not a little physical discomfort. It was therefore with no small difficulty that Simon succeeded in extricating himself from the hands of his troublesome admirers; and having at length done so, ascended a small knoll, and there took up his position; while the natives formed a dense circle below him, their numbers being every moment augmented by fresh stragglers from the village.

A WORD ABOUT TOYS.

THOUGH toys are becoming every year more complete, more expensive, more luxurious, it is a question whether, for all their wealth of playthings, the Ernests and Eliths of to-day have a real advantage over the Jacks and Jills that went before them.

Jack of the good old times had his ship which he himself constructed, and which was always imperfect, and often ungainly. He had his box of tools, and was handy with them; and his soldiers—two dozen in a blue card-board box, with a picture of a battle on the cover—were the greatest heroes that ever trod the earth. They were the delight of his holiday heart, and so was his brass pea-cannon, until on some luckless and very early day he discharged it with too much military ardour, and pulling out the spring, disabled his whole battery of artillery at once. As for Jill, she had her doll, which she loved with a distinct personal affection, and which Jack despised and yet tolerated. She held long conversations with it on the moral responsibilities of a young lady with such a grand dress—made out of a piece of her 'own old muslin frock: she cut out and sewed its clothes, dressed it, and put it regularly to bed. A lady of advanced age of our acquaintance, noted for taste in dress, traces her accomplishment to the practice of making doll's clothes when a girl. The old-fashioned toy system at least among ladies had therefore its uses.

As for Jack and Jill together, they lived in a realm of fancy as bright, if not as tangibly real as fairyland itself—for fairyland was real, at least to Jill. They were king and queen when they chose, 'had 'sham' armies and a 'sham' court; killed each other in battle, with brown-paper armour on their gallant breasts. They had a castle on the top landing, with more gorgeous tapestries and furniture—out of the lumber-room—than are to be found at Windsor. They played at 'house' behind the easy-chair, and served princely suppers with delicious dishes of orange-peel and paper. We have known children to go farther than this, and soon forgetting all toys from the shop, amuse themselves endlessly with a quantity of coloured bugle-beads ripped from old mats, and such odds and ends as old squares of paint, neat American clothes-pegs, and draughtsmen. With these poor materials and a foreign

coin they were wonderfully constructive. The beads standing on end served for armies; or they constructed cities, houses, railways and railway companies with full stock, or banks for which they kept accounts, though necessarily of a most primitive nature. The coin was used to decide, by tossing up on a corner of the table, whether the men fell or stood in battle, whether passengers came into the 'paint' railway carriages, or depositors to the bank. The tossing was carried on with the greatest intelligence, and thus chance was made the grand new element in this wonderfully diversified system of play. Happy Jack and Jill! wherever Fate has sent you drifting now far out into the real world, you have carried with you, from your old self-created unreal world, gifts with which no fairy godmother could have dowered you—a power of imagination vivid and inexhaustible, a quick invention, a capability of rising from the poor tangible sources of enjoyment to the rich and invisible ones; and above all the faculty of being easily made happy, which is in itself a purse of Fortunatus such as too few in the hard-worked world are lucky enough to possess.

Now, Ernest and Edith, born some years later, and endowed from their infancy with a silver spoon, have such an abundance of perfect and luxurious toys, that they run the risk of losing not only most of the childish pleasures of fancy, but much of the grand imagination and ready wit which the nature of their toys helped to bestow on Jack and Gill. Look for a proof of this at the dolls destined for dainty Miss Edith, which are to be seen any day in the Burlington Arcade, or which were, last year, shown in far more imposing array in the Paris Exhibition. Dolls ranging to several guineas in price are common enough in London; but in Paris a greater excess was reached. In the Exhibition were to be seen dolls dressed in the most unchildish manner in the highest fashion, placed in a sort of tableau arrangement, every part of which was minutely perfect. For instance, there was a drawing-room in which the mimic upholstery was of the richest description; the waxen ladies were supposed to drink tea from a miniature set of real china; the clock upon the mantel-piece had a tiny mechanism that made it go; and the pianoforte, small as it appeared, proved to be no dumb show when its keys were touched. We cannot suppose that even the most wealthy are in the habit of giving to their children such wonderful effects of mechanism as this; but articles of lesser degrees of luxury, perfect and marvellous, are often enough played with and thrown away by children whose parents can afford a few extra guineas for their amusement.

The dolls' clothes are no longer made by the deft fingers of little girls; they are the work of milliners and doll-makers, who save the purchasers all whole some trouble in the future; and the sizes of Parisian dolls being numbered, and their shoes, clothes, and hats numbered to correspond in the shops, the little girl who requires a new doll's mantle or pair of shoes has only to go to the toy-shop and state the number of her doll, to obtain something

exactly fitting it! In a word, the best days of doll-keeping seem to be over, and with the simply dressed dolls, or those that their little mistresses clothed with their own busy fingers, all the best meaning of the toy is vanishing. Once the much-loved doll led to taste in arranging and fitting pieces of dress, and then to a just pleasure in the finished work neatly done—work which led to the pretty custom of cherishing and treasuring up and hugging still the dear old plaything, even when its beauty had departed. And it led also in not a few cases to better things. For instance, there was but an easy step from the pleasure of doll-dressing to that beautiful and but too rare custom of the children preparing clothing at Christmas-time for the poorest infant that could be found.

Master Ernest's toys keep pace with Miss Edith's. There was but a poor show of boys' tool-boxes to be seen in the Exhibition, which one may take as a fair index of the present fashion of playthings. Soldiers, of the new solid-lead make, were there in boxes containing hundreds—the result of which last arrangement is that, for the child, the fatigue of preparation is greater than the amusement of the game. We have seen a little boy tire of standing up his men before there was even talk of the battle beginning; and his father, who had a man's perseverance and patience, set the troops in order. There were also forts elaborately made, but not permitting any play of invention in placing or managing their garrison. Instead of the good old race games—at which we ourselves have played not till all was blue, but till all was red, that being the complementary colour of the bright green board—there are nowadays circular boards covered with dark-green, on which horses run by hidden mechanism, one being destined to run faster than the other; and the only interest of the game attaching to guesses as to which is the fast horse, and consequent bets thereon—a fair introduction for Master Ernest to perilous speculation on the turf.

In the old days, Jack took a pride in securing a suitable piece of wood at the timber-yard, and slowly shaping out of it his own boat or ship, and curving every mast and yard. In those days, Ernest, when he wants to construct anything, has only to buy the various parts and put them together. Of course money is necessary, but he is never at a loss for that; and instead of saving up pence like Jack to buy wood and tools, he saves shillings and half-crowns, and purchases everything, beginning with the carved and painted hull, and going down to minute blocks and capstan and compass. Of course his ship is much finer and more correct than was Jack's of old; but it is to be doubted if he had as much real pleasure—not to speak of instruction—in putting it together as Jack had in laboriously and diligently making his. So it is with the whole range of playthings. Fancy and imagination are no longer brought into exercise by them; and these are qualities which are of no small value, and which children possess at the outset in an extraordinary degree. A taste for money is developed, and an inability to enjoy small pleasures or be amused by little things. Of those who have considered the question, there are few who will not admit that the luxurious toys of the present age are

stunting in children's minds some qualities well worth cherishing, and introducing in their stead unchildish feelings and tastes. The beautiful toys that crowd the best shops of our great cities have in many cases too much of the glitter of money behind their beauty. Their free use, and their swift advance to a greater completeness and luxury, are calculated to make Ernest and Edith less childlike than Jack and Jill—less childlike, because possessing in a far less degree three of the grand prerogatives of children—their glorious imagination, their power of being easily made happy, and their winning and enviable simplicity.

UP THE RIVER WITH A LUNATIC.

ALF DIXON, Tom Giffard, and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering-lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr Rawle. As I understood it, the Doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast; the chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gipsy meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular, as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-bye, preparatory to getting into the boat, the Doctor laughingly said: 'Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or five, tall and bony, iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of shewing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder—he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen; for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favour you with some observations which will make you open your eyes.'

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and stowed us from the shore; we sang out a last good-bye, and left the Doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal; we could see the bottom, and every stone and pebble on it; just a gentle breeze, fanning the surface of the waters into a little ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily.

I am a good bit of traveller, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands; I have lived abroad as much as at home; but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe. And on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side; the mansions seen over the meadows, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, your Gardia, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably, we had come for river beauties and the camping-out; presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lillian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mister—there was no Missia. We had met the young lady at several dances and such-like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs Mackenzie. Apparently Mr Travers was not a party-man. But Lillian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhelpful she would get that chance now. So you see that little excursion riverwards had more in it than met the eye.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the Doctor and his parting words had gone from our minds; we talked little, and that little was of Lillian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some two or three hundred yards; we were close to the shore; Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazying, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy drooping moustache, hair unusually long, iron-gray in colour. He might be a soldier retired from his profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out: 'Stop!'

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

'Gentlemen,' he said, still at the top of his voice, 'I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired.'

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free-and-easy style of asking a favour; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one too. Common politeness dictated civility.

'I am afraid,' said Alf, 'we have hardly room; she's only built for three.'

'Oh, that doesn't matter,' he said; 'you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you.'

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off-hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

'All right,' said he; 'we don't mind, if you don't—Steer her in, Jack!'

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore, than quite unexpectedly he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

'Hang it!' I said; 'take care, or you'll have us over.'

'What if I do?' he returned. 'It'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?'

We stared at him; the coolness, not to say impertinence of the remark, was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilt us into the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat see-sawing again, crushing me into a corner; and without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering-lines from my hands, and slipped them over his shoulders.

'Excuse me,' I said, making a snatch at them; 'but if you'll allow me.'

'Not at all,' he said; 'I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it.'

His coolness was amusing; it was impenetrable. I know I for one regretted we were such uncles as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a second or two.

'Come,' he said, 'when are you going to start?'

'Perhaps,' said Alf, a bit nettled, 'as you're in our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time.'

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger stared right across the stream.

'Where are you going?' said Alf. 'Keep us in.'

'I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong.'

He had the lines; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other; he took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow-trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

'I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat.'

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash, Dr Rawley's words crossed my mind: tall, strong, about forty-five, iron-gray hair; a habit of shewing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility, nay the probability of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know little of them, have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who—

Dr Rawley's warning: 'Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue,' made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped

right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes, my muscles were strung, my fists clenched; every moment I expected him at my throat.

'What the dickens are you up to?' said Alf.

'What's the matter with you?'

'Excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth!' said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I didn't like his eyes.

'N-o—nothing,' I said. 'I think I'll sit in the bow.' I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over.

'Is the fellow mad?' roared Alf.

At the word 'mad' the stranger rose up straight as a post. 'Mad!' he said; 'do you know, sir?—' He checked himself and sat down. 'Pooh! he's only a boy.'

In passing Tom, I whispered in his ear. 'The Lunatic,' I said.

'What!' said Tom right out loud.

'Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr Rawley's!'

'The'—

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was; but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering-seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned: there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have had him look at me.

'What's the meaning of this insolence?' he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring then.

'I beg your pardon,' said Alf, cool as a cucumber. 'To what insolence do you refer?'

Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent but risky; I couldn't forget Dr Rawley's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly diabolical. To my surprise, he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

'Thank you,' he said; 'I shall not forget this.'

There was a sound about his 'I shall not forget this,' I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporised a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behaviour before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank, then at the other; his eyes travelled everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a palsy every

second. If I hadn't called out, he would have run us right into the shore; when I called, he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

'I—I will get out,' he said, in an odd nervous way.

'With pleasure,' said Alf; 'in a minute.'

'Why not now? Why not now sir?' he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

'Where are you going to get?—into the river?' I admired Alf's coolness, I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at Alf; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well-known inn and a capital landing-stage. When we came alongside, the stranger said: 'This will do; I'll get out here.'

He turned the boat inshore. No sooner were we near enough, than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about, watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leapt on shore; he touched him on the shoulder.

'Now, come,' he said, 'don't be foolish; we know all about it.'

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. 'What do you mean?'

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. 'Come,' he said, 'don't let's have a row.'

The stranger raised himself to his full height, and shook off Tom with ease. He then lit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match, and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet, and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf finding their feet, made for him together; and scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful; his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the by-standers seeing a row, came up; they interfered, and pulled us off.

'Here's a pretty go!' said one. 'What's all this?'

'Stop him! lay hold of him!' said Alf; 'he's a lunatic!'

'A what?' said the man.

'He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr Rawle's asylum!'

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd. 'There's some mistake,' he said; 'this gentleman is Mr Travers of Tollhurst Hall.'

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I do believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate

idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? and that man Lillian Travers' father! I could have shrunk into my boots, I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged, and watched, and insulted, and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lillian Travers' father! Never did three men look such fools as we did then. We were so confoundedly in earnest about it, that was the worst of all. I don't care what you say; you may think it a first-rate joke; but he *must* have been an eccentric sort of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved sensibly, if he had made one sensible remark, he would have blown our delusion to the winds.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man we had so insulted; but he treated us and them with loftiest scorn; and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd. And as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each of us in our secret heart declared we never should forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this, I have never seen Lillian Travers, nor do I wish to.

A SUMMER REQUIEM.

SPRINGS of Summer! thou whose honeyed sweets
N'er fail fulfilment of their promise fair;
Thou at whose smile Earth's odorous voices rise,
To fill with balmy breath the gladdened air;
Where are thy songs, thy melodies, thy lays,
That cheered our weary hearts, and soothed our pain?

Silent thy music now, thy songsters fled,
And nothing but their memories remain;
Faded thy blossoms, all thy buds decayed,
While hollow winds moan sadly through thy bowers.

Yet though thy smiling gardens bloom no more,
We'll not forget the perfume of thy flowers.
Gone are thy cloudless days; thy happy skies
Are dim and fearful now 'neath Winter's frown;
Disrobed thy trees, as the last dying leaves
From naked boughs come slowly fluttering down.

How sad to wander through thy sodden woods,
Gray with a brooding mist, damp with decay,
Where Summer's leaves lie rotting at our feet,
Or by the chilly blast are borne away.

Now faint the scent of dead and dying plants;
Now clings the fungus to the humid stone,
And croaks the frog from yonder weedy marsh,
For all the woodland happiness is gone.

If on the blackened stems some wintry ray
Athwart should fall and linger there awhile,
'Twould be but as the echo of a song,
The shadow of a once familiar smile.

Our brightest joys are ever quickest fled,
As fade the rainbow colours in the sky;
We do not prize our happiness enough;
We scarcely feel it as it passes by.

Through looking always for some joy unknown,
To-day must ever incomplete remain,
And not till past, we know how sweet it was.
Spirit of Summer, visit us again!

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JUDGE BATHGATE'S EXPERIENCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

FIRST ARTICLE.

WHEN, thirty years ago, we began to reside during the summer months on the banks of the Tweed, we were fortunate in having for acquaintance, in the neighbouring town of Peebles, a gentleman of agreeable manners, singular sagacity, versatility of talent, great earnestness of purpose, and withal a keen sense of humour and love of anecdote. This was Mr John Bathgate. Professionally a solicitor and banker, he occupied the responsible position of Procurator Fiscal for Peeblesshire. Mr Bathgate was one of those rare individuals who are able at once to 'see the idea.' At the slightest hint he saw the bearings of a case, which others failed to comprehend. Desirous to promote improvements of all sorts, he took a lead in establishing a railway between Peebles and Edinburgh, which in spite of dolorous prognostications, has proved a marvellous success; for besides being an eight per cent. line in perpetuity, it has largely increased the prosperity of the district. He had 'seen the idea,' which a number of people who affected to be very wise could not see at all. Useful in forwarding every good work, and never grudging trouble, a pang came over the neighbourhood when he announced his intention of emigrating with his family to New Zealand. 'What could he mean? He was much esteemed, had an excellent business, and got through his varied duties without difficulty.' We happen to know why he contemplated taking this extreme step. One of his reasons was that his numerous family were growing up, and the settling of them in life might become a source of perplexity. But a more serious reason consisted in an alarming bronchial affection, and he felt that if he tried to encounter a repetition of winters in Great Britain, his doom would speedily be the churchyard. For 'safety, a warmer and more equable climate was necessary. Moved by these considerations, Mr Bathgate gave up all

his appointments, disposed of his property, and honoured with testimonials of public respect and remembrance, shipped himself off with his wife and family to New Zealand.

This was in 1863, at which time, as a British colony, New Zealand was still in its infancy. We, in fact, remember the commencement of it in 1840, under the auspices of the New Zealand Association, of which Edward Gibbon Wakefield was the moving spirit. Wakefield's notion was to found settlements of a temptingly denominational character. One, to be called Canterbury, with Christchurch as its capital, was to be specially a home for members of the Church of England. Another, designated Otago, with New Edinburgh as its capital, was to be set aside for Scottish Presbyterians. Possibly, the scheme was of service at the outset in attracting settlers. A prospectus having fallen into our hands, we felt an objection to the name New Edinburgh. Indeed, we dislike all names of places with the word 'New,' such as New York, New Orleans, and so on. The term New Zealand, which like others of its kind shows weakness of invention, is particularly senseless and objectionable. With this opinion, we suggested in a letter to the Editor of a New Zealand journal, published in London, that for the name New Edinburgh might advantageously be substituted the term Dunedin, which is the Celtic name for Edinburgh. The suggestion was embraced by the New Zealand Association, and hence Dunedin became the accepted name for the capital of the province of Otago. Dunedin, to which, from the incident mentioned, we entertain somewhat the feelings of a godfather, was the port to which our friend Mr Bathgate was bound; and after some professional changes, he has been appointed a judge in this part of the colony.

As for New Zealand generally, the denominational characteristics have long since vanished, and so have the separate provincial jurisdictions. The whole colony is under a central government at Wellington; the country at large possessing free county and borough administrations. The law of

England, with some modifications, is universally established, and is well administered by judges and magistrates in various quarters. There is no Church established by statute; but there is a profusion of self-supporting churches of different denominations, and all exist in harmony with each other. There is a system of elementary and secondary education under the direction of an Education Department, as effective and successful as that in the United Kingdom.

Sixteen years have elapsed since our friend voyaged fourteen thousand miles across the ocean in search of a new home. Once more, to general delight, he visits his old haunts on the Tweed, being absent on leave for a year, and designs to deliver some popular lectures on New Zealand as a field for emigration. Of his private affairs we say nothing, further than that with children and grandchildren his surroundings are quite patriarchal. The real interest in his reappearance consists in our procuring thoroughly trustworthy information concerning the country of his adoption, now eagerly inquired after by persons who think of bettering their circumstances by emigration. On this topic we propose to offer the following particulars, gathered from conversations with Judge Bathgate, and from a perusal of his lectures on the subject.*

Situated in the southern Pacific, the New Zealand islands, three in number, enjoy a remarkably fine and salubrious climate, without extremes of heat or cold. While Canada is under snow for several months in the year, and parts of Australia are scorched with droughts and hot winds, New Zealand is green, fertile, and beautiful all the year round, with but a small difference in temperature between summer and winter. The circumstance that few places in New Zealand are more than a hundred miles from the sea, must also be beneficial. Some parts of the coast are indented with picturesque sounds or fiords, such as are seen in Norway and the west coast of Scotland. There are ranges of lofty mountains, from which flow refreshing rivers, that are sometimes in high flood, but never run dry. Much of the unimproved land is covered with natural fern, which is a good indication of a capacity to produce heavy grain crops. When reached by the early settlers, thirty-nine years ago, New Zealand was inhabited by scattered tribes of Maoris, with whom there was some trouble; but by judicious arrangements there are no longer dissensions on this score. The entire number of colonists is now four hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and twelve, against forty-five thousand Maoris, and these are chiefly in the Northern Island, there being only nineteen hundred widely scattered in the Middle Island. Since the imperial government withdrew the troops ten years ago, the people of New Zealand

have been taught self-reliance, and are now able to defend themselves and keep the peace by means of a volunteer force and body of armed constabulary. The true peace-makers, however, are roads, railways, and the spread of civilised usages.

'No one,' says Mr Bathgate, 'who thinks of New Zealand either as a field for investment or for settlement ought to look upon the Maori element as deserving the least consideration, further than this, that the land which could produce and maintain so noble and handsome a race as the Maoris undoubtedly are, must be admirably adapted for the support of a population having capital and skill to turn its resources to satisfactory account. I have often seen at Government House elegantly dressed Maori belles going through the figures of a set of quadrilles with as much grace and appreciation as their fairer *vis-à-vis*. The dusky matrons, wives of chiefs, richly and fashionably dressed, but with tattooed lips, would cluster round their lithe and handsome daughters, and view their performance with intense and admiring interest. One of these girls was nicknamed Grace Darling, from her having on one occasion swum out to a wreck and rescued two men. Many of the Maoris have let their lands, live in affluence, some of them keeping their carriages. A silent change is going on, which will gradually assimilate both races and habits of thought. In the meantime old tastes will occasionally crop up. A chief being strongly urged to drain a shallow lake on his land, asked the reason why. He was told that the land would keep so many sheep if improved. "Who," he replied, "would care for mutton when they could get eels?"

Wellington, the seat of government, is situated on a point of land at the south extremity of the North Island, near a strait of five-and-twenty miles wide, which divides it from the Middle Island. In the North Island are extensive settlements, with good-sized towns, one of these being Auckland, which has attained considerable commercial importance. On the east side of this Northern Island are some wide-sweeping bays, the Bay of Plenty and Hawke's Bay being perhaps best known. A resident in this quarter, the Rev. J. Berry, says of the climate: 'In my own garden in Napier, Hawke's Bay, my geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, &c. flowered the whole of the winter in the open air, and from my fig-trees I gathered two heavy fully ripened crops in one year. An English farmer finds it difficult to realise how little is needed to farm in such a climate. Horses, sheep, and cattle live in the open air all the year round in five-sixths of New Zealand.' Christchurch is situated on the east side of the Middle Island; and further on lies Otago, with its harbour, called Port Chalmers, leading to Dunedin, in the forty-fifth degree of south latitude—an exceedingly good latitude to live in; for it is ten degrees nearer the equator than Edinburgh, and is as joyous as the more pleasant parts of France.

Mr Bathgate, who finally dropped down on this agreeable latitude, and has travelled about all round for a few hundred miles, is in raptures with the climate of part of Otago, even although it does

* The Lectures are preparing for delivery in different places, and will thereafter be published. Judge Bathgate's present address is 'Peebles.'

not grow figs and oranges like that of Hawke's Bay. Here is what he says: 'A hundred years ago Captain Cook observed that when he put into one of the sounds of the Middle Island to refit, almost the entire crew were affected with scurvy. In fourteen days they were all restored to health. As regards personal experience; when in the old country a winter never elapsed without a touch of bronchitis, or as it was called taking a bad cold. During sixteen years' residence in the colony, I have enjoyed excellent health. For the last six years while occupying my present judicial position, with a large amount of hard work—there being on an average three thousand five hundred civil cases disposed of yearly, many of those most important and intricate—I have never been a day absent from illness. The same good health has prevailed in my large family, eleven of them residing with me, or settled in the neighbourhood. I am therefore fully justified in expressing my confident belief that New Zealand is one of the healthiest countries known. Travellers from the adjoining colonies, where the same high conditions in regard to health do not exist, are invariably struck with the ruddy complexions and vigorous healthful look of the children in Dunedin. It is so observable, that in a family where the elder members are born in Victoria, a marked difference in favour of the children born in Dunedin can be observed. The healthful character of the New Zealand climate is partly owing to the clear elastic atmosphere, the evaporative power and the rainfall being nicely balanced; to an absence of extremes of either heat or cold; to an abundance of running water, without pestilential swamps; and to the cool refreshing nights even in the height of summer.'

In conversing with Judge Bathgate, he mentions the curious fact, that, as if arising from the buoyancy and mildness of the climate, the children born in New Zealand do not seem to shew the craving for stimulants that is apt to be demonstrated in the northern countries of Europe. Among them, generally, he says, there is a marked absence of a taste for alcoholic liquors. They do not need artificial exhilaration. He has seen large numbers of these New Zealand youths collected on festive occasions, and they never thought of the indulgences that with us form part of the common routine. The idea is suggested that the appetite for intoxicating drinks in the old country may be as much due to the depressing nature of the climate as to mischievous social influences. At anyrate, there is a satisfaction in knowing that with exceptions arising from special causes, there is now growing up a robust English race at the antipodes free from the degrading vices that are a constant and increasing reproach to our community.

In his lectures, Judge Bathgate states that in New Zealand there is the same healthy conditions in animal life. He says: 'Among sheep, diseases are almost unknown. Horses, cattle, poultry, all thrive amazingly. Imported birds and quadrupeds increase at an unprecedented rate. Starlings, introduced only a few years ago, are now found very numerous. Hares and game-birds are abundant. Rabbits have multiplied on some runs so as to be a pest; but the owners have in several instances subdivided their estates into small farms and sold them to settlers, by whom the

rabbits are easily and freely extirpated. Combined with the healthiness of animals deemed valuable by the agriculturist, there is a total absence of noxious wild beasts and reptiles. Surveyors and early settlers could encounter tent-life for months with impunity. New Zealand maintains the same pre-eminence in other branches of vital statistics. It stands first in order among the Australasian colonies, and much before the United Kingdom, in birth-rate. The excess of births over deaths is higher than in any of the Australian colonies.'

Such is the general prosperity of New Zealand, that already among the Australasian colonies, it stands first in point of production. It annually exports wool to the value of about four million pounds; the principal export of the article being to London. Of gold, its exports in 1877 amounted to £1,476,312. Of agricultural products, principally wheat and oats, its exports reached the sum of £443,721. The export of wheat is largely on the increase. 'The climate in South Canterbury and the adjoining part of Otago is proved to be specially adapted for the growth of cereals. A crop of sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is not uncommon. Ninety bushels of oats to the acre have been reaped. The average is about thirty-two bushels per annum, which average production is double that of New South Wales and Victoria, and three times that of South Australia. In point of return, it is far before European countries, excepting Denmark and Holland, which are almost equal. The nearness to the sea, and the excess in fertility compared with other grain-producing countries, do far more than compensate for the distance of the colony from the English market. Wheat grown in New Zealand ten miles from a harbour, can be placed in London at an average freight of a shilling and eightpence a bushel. With wheat as low in price in London as forty-five shillings per quarter, the New Zealand grower would receive a return of six pounds per acre, which after deducting three pounds as the expense of cultivation, would leave a clear profit of three pounds per acre. These favourable circumstances will enable the New Zealand farmer to compete advantageously with the growers of Europe, Egypt, and the American continent.'

In different parts of New Zealand there have sprung up large and successful manufactories. One timber and woodware factory employs seven hundred hands. This species of manufacture is facilitated by the most improved American machinery. Doors and window-sashes, as well as expensive furniture, are rapidly becoming articles of export. An agricultural implement manufactory in Dunedin made and sold last year eleven hundred double-furrow ploughs, three hundred and fifty reaping-machines, two hundred and eighty farm-drays, besides harrows, rollers, and a host of small articles. The establishment employs one hundred and seventy-five hands, mostly at high wages. The reason why double-furrow ploughs are used is because the soil is so easily turned over that a plough can execute two furrows at once. Carriages are now produced in Dunedin of as elegant workmanship and finish as anything in Longacre. And why not? English artisans have carried their skill to the other end of the world. At a woollen factory set up ten miles from Dunedin, first-class tweeds, blankets, shawls, and hosiery are produced. A hundred and fifty hands are employed;

the wages of girls and young men ranging from ten to thirty shillings a week, boys from ten to fifteen shillings, and men from thirty-six shillings to seventy shillings. A capital of seventy thousand pounds is invested, yielding a profit of ten per cent. The demand for goods is larger than the supply. In the iron-trade there are flourishing concerns, producing the machinery of flour-mills, flax-mills, oatmeal mills, paper-mills, land and marine steam-engines, bridges, and so forth. Besides miscellaneous manufactories, there are now twelve printing-offices in Dunedin, which employ over three hundred hands. There is a large army of newspaper runners, by whom the daily journals are delivered from door to door.

New Zealand abounds in mineral wealth. Besides gold, almost every variety of iron ore has been discovered, and only needs to be dug and worked to advantage. The colony may be said to be one vast coal-field. In seven collieries in the neighbourhood of Dunedin, about two hundred and fifty men are employed, putting out upwards of fifty thousand tons annually, which sells in town at thirteen shillings a ton. This industry is extending rapidly. In the abundance of coal and iron alone, there lie the elements of prodigious prosperity. Eleven hundred miles of railway have been opened in the colony. All the lines are of three feet six inches gauge, which is exceedingly suitable for a young country. Carriages for the lines are now built in the colony. The locomotives are imported from the United States, American makers, as it seems, being more flexible in meeting orders of a special kind than English manufacturers.

Whatever be the inducements held out for manufacturing and commercial industry in New Zealand, they are greatly exceeded by enterprise in the acquisition of land and in agricultural pursuits. On this account, Judge Bathgate addresses himself principally to capitalists and farmers. He points out that there is no idle class in the colony. All are actively employed in some kind of useful industry. We postpone to a second article the arrangements respecting the purchase and working of lands, and meanwhile only say that by exercising prudence in acquiring lands by ready-money payments, or by postponed annual payments over a space of ten years, a young agriculturist will be able to set himself up as a proprietor of freehold estate at an outlay equivalent to the capital required for stocking and working a farm in the old country, for which he would have to pay an annual rent, and find himself as landless at the end of his lease as at the beginning. Some large land-holders are willing to sell farms on postponed terms, extending up to twenty-five years. New Zealand, therefore, is peculiarly adapted as a home for those who wish to farm their own lands. No doubt, labour is dearer in New Zealand than in England or Scotland; but this dearness is not felt, because there is no rent to pay, rates and taxes are trifling, less labour is necessary on account of the mildness of winter, horses are maintained at a small expense, and for a time, at least, there need be comparatively little outlay for restoratives to the lands under culture.

In reflecting on these advantages, one is startled with the conviction that Great Britain, with its rent charges, its heavy taxes and rates, and its sadly deteriorating climate, which now can scarcely

be said to comprehend any regular summer, has no chance against New Zealand, where the farmer is a gentleman, owning the land he occupies. Let it be understood, however, that the balance in favour of this flourishing colony cannot continue long as it is. The lands are getting speedily settled, and must inevitably rise to a value which will be beyond the means of small capitalists. Those who wish to transfer themselves to this new field of enterprise have no time to lose. Following the example of Judge Bathgate, the sooner they are off the better.

W. C.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG (CONCLUDED).

CHAPTER VII.—THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

WALTER met with a friendly reception from General De Bougy, a brave old warrior who had served under Napoleon, and fought at Waterloo, where he had been severely wounded, and had lost his right foot by a cannon-ball. His hair was gray, and his countenance weather-beaten; but in spite of his age and infirmities, he enjoyed tolerably good health, and was always in good-humour. Having from long experience become a keen observer of those around him, it was not long before he recognised the merits of his new servant, to whom he soon became as much attached as his nephew had been.

Walter had been about three months in the General's service, and it seemed to all appearance as if he was likely to become a permanency there, when a letter arrived from Paris, the reading of which suddenly changed the customary gaiety of the old man into the deepest gloom.

'This is a sad affair,' said he to Walter, 'who happened to be in the room at the time. 'My poor nephew!'

'Mr Lafond? What is the matter with him?' inquired Walter earnestly.

'He is ill, dangerously ill, poor fellow, so the doctor informs me,' replied the General. 'You can read the letter yourself. He seems to complain of being surrounded by strangers, with no one in the house that he can rely on. If I were not such an old cripple, I would go and help him to the best of my ability; for although he has led a thoughtless, reckless life, a more thorough-hearted gentleman does not live. Poor Adolphe!'

'I must go to him sir,' said Walter suddenly, after hastily reading the letter, the perusal of which had driven all the colour from his cheeks.

'You! Why, it is not long since you left him; and what do you want to go back for?' inquired the General in surprise.

'Can you not guess sir? I must go and nurse him. He must at least have one person near him to pay him some attention.'

'If you care for him so,' exclaimed the General, 'why did you leave his service?'

This led Walter to explain to the old gentleman the reasons which had compelled him to give up his situation, and again to beg permission to act the part of nurse to his former master. A tear sparkled in the old man's eye as the youth declared the attachment he had always cherished for Mr Lafond. 'Go to him then,' said he, 'I cannot trust him to a more faithful attendant; and as soon as I can, I will follow you, and

take my place with you by his bedside. Poor Adolphe! Had he only possessed firmness of character and avoided bad company, he might have been well and strong to-day. But his unhappy weakness has brought him to the grave before his time, in spite of all my warnings and entreaties. As he has sowed, so must he reap. Ah! Walter, his fate is a terrible proof of the consequences of evil habits. But all regrets are useless now. Let us lose no time in giving him what little help we can.

Making all the necessary preparations for the journey without a moment's delay, Walter soon reached Paris. When he entered the chamber of Mr Lafond, he was shocked at the change which a few short months had made in his appearance. It was evident that the doctor had rather disguised than exaggerated the danger he was in. The sunken eyes and withered face shewed only too plainly that the space of time allotted to him on earth was but short. Walter sank on his knees by the bedside, and taking the pale and wasted hand in his, breathed a prayer that God might see fit to deal mercifully with a life yet so young; while the invalid smiled faintly and stroked the cheek of his faithful attendant.

'Dear Walter, how good of you to come back,' murmured the invalid. 'I thought you would not leave me to die alone. I feared that your prediction would prove true, and therefore I did not wish you to go home. I wanted to have a true friend with me at the last moment, which I feel cannot be far off now.'

The mountaineer was too overpowered with grief to make any reply. He tried to utter some words of hope and encouragement; but his heart sunk within him, and he felt that the physician's prediction had been only too true.

'Too late!' whispered the dying man, motioning Walter to a seat. 'I am dying, because I had not the decision and resolution of character to control my evil passions. But do not let us speak any more on that subject, for my fate is settled, and cannot be altered now.'

The faithful Swiss saw that Mr Lafond too well knew the critical condition he was in to be deceived by any false hopes, and he therefore did everything in his power to make the last days of the dying man as free from pain and discomfort as possible. Who could tell what might be the effect, even at so late a period, of careful nursing and devoted attention? But all his thoughtful and loving care seemed in vain.

'The end is coming,' said the invalid one evening as the glowing rays of the evening sun streamed into his apartment. 'I shall never more look upon yonder glorious sun, or hear the gay singing of the birds. I have something to say to you, Walter, before I go. Do you see that black cabinet in the corner? I bequeath it to you with everything it contains, and hope with all my heart that it will help you on in the world as you deserve. Here is the key of my desk, in which you will find my will, which confirms you in the possession of the cabinet and all its contents. And now, give me your hand, dear boy. Let me look once more upon your honest face. May heaven bless you for all your kindness and devotion! Farewell!

Walter bent over the face of the dying man and looked at him with deep emotion. He smiled

and closed his eyes; but after lying in a quiet slumber for about an hour, he awoke with a spasm; his head fell back, and the hapless victim died in the arms of his faithful servant.

The long hours of the night were passed by Walter in weeping and prayer beside the corpse of the master to whose kindness he had owed so much; but when morning dawned, he roused himself from his grief, and gave the directions that were necessary under the melancholy circumstances. It was a great relief to him that General De Bougy arrived towards evening to pay the last honours to his deceased nephew. Two days afterwards the funeral took place; and as the mortal remains were deposited in the family grave, Walter's tears flowed afresh as he thought of the many proofs of friendship he had received from his departed master.

A day or two afterwards he was awakened from his sorrow by news from home. The letter was from neighbour Frieshardt, who again thanked him for the money he had received for the sale of the cattle, praised him for the faithfulness and ability with which he had managed the business; and then went on to speak of Walter's father. 'The old man,' he wrote, 'is in good health, but he feels lonely, and longs for you to come back. "If Watty only were here, I should feel quite young again," he has said to me a hundred times. He sends you his love; and Seppi, who is still with me, and is now a faithful servant, does the same. So good-bye, Walter. I think you now know what you had better do.'

'Yes; there's no doubt about that,' said Walter, after he had with considerable trouble got to the end of the letter. 'I must go back to my mountain home, and keep my poor old father company. There is nothing more to keep me here.'

Without further delay he hastened to the General, shewed him the letter, and told him he had decided to leave Paris and return home.

'Nonsense, Walter!' growled the old gentleman. 'Am I to lose you as well as my nephew, the only relative I had in the world? I won't hear a word of it.'

But the thought of his father's lonely and helpless situation had made such a deep impression on Walter's heart and stirred up such a home-sickness, that he held to his resolution. 'My old father wants me back sir,' said he, 'and you must allow me to go.'

The General used all his powers of persuasion; promised to regard the young mountaineer as his own son; but it was all of no use. Walter spoke so earnestly of his father's solitary home, and the desire he felt to see his native mountains once more, that the old gentleman had to reconcile himself to parting with him. 'Go home then,' said he. 'When the voice of Duty calls, it is sinful to resist. But before you go, we must open my nephew's will. It will surprise me very much if there is nothing in it of importance to you.' Unlocking the desk, the will was found sealed up as it had been left by Mr Lafond. After opening it, the General read the document carefully through, and laid it down on the table with an expression of disappointment. 'Poor fellow! he exclaimed.

'Death must have surprised him too suddenly, Walter, or he would certainly have left you a larger legacy. This is all he says about you: "To Walter Hitzel, my faithful and devoted servant,

I bequeath the black cabinet in my bedroom with all its contents, and thank him sincerely for all his attention to me." That is the whole of it. But never mind, my young friend; the old General is still alive, and he will make good all that his nephew has forgotten.'

Walter shook his head. 'Thanks a thousand times dear sir, but indeed I wish for nothing. My feet will carry me to my native valley; and once I am there, I can easily earn my living. I daresay there will be some little keepsake in the cabinet that I can take in memory of my poor master, and I want nothing more.'

'Then search the cabinet at once. Where is the key?'

'Here,' said Walter, taking it from his pocket. 'Mr Lafond gave me the cabinet shortly before his death, and handed me the key at the same time.'

'And have you never thought of opening it to see what it contained?'

'No,' replied Walter. 'It did not occur to me to do so. But I will go and see now.' With these words he left the room, and went up to the apartment where the piece of furniture stood. In the various drawers were found the watch, rings, and jewellery his master had been accustomed to wear. As he viewed these tokens of regard, his eyes were bedewed with melancholy gratitude. Carefully placing the jewellery in a little box, he was about to close the cabinet again, when his eye fell upon a drawer which he had omitted to open. Here, to his infinite surprise, he found a packet with the inscription in his late master's handwriting, 'THE REWARD OF FIDELITY,' which on opening, he found to contain bank-notes for one hundred thousand francs!

'Well, what have you found?' inquired the General eagerly, when the half-bewildered youth returned.

'This watch and jewellery, and a packet of bank-notes,' replied Walter, laying them on the table.

'One hundred thousand francs!' exclaimed the old gentleman. 'That is something worth having. Why, that will be a fortune to you; and I am now sorry that I did my nephew the injustice to think he had forgotten you. I wish you joy with all my heart!'

'For what do you wish me joy sir?'

'For what? For the money,' said the General in surprise.

'But that is not for me,' said the Switzer, shaking his head. 'This watch and the jewellery I will keep as long as I live, in memory of my good master; but the money must have been left there by mistake, and I should feel like a thief if I were to take any of it.'

The old General opened his eyes as wide as he could, and stared in astonishment at the simplicity of the youth. 'I'm afraid you are out of your mind,' said he. 'The will says, "the black cabinet with all its contents." The bank-notes were in it, and of course they are yours.'

'And yet, it must be a mistake.'

'But I tell you it is no mistake,' exclaimed the General impatiently. 'Look at the inscription, "The Reward of Fidelity!" To whom should that apply but to you? Put the money in your pocket, Walter, and let us have no more absurd doubts about it.'

But the young man persisted in his refusal, and

pushed the packet away from him. 'It is too much,' said he; 'I cannot think of robbing you of such a large sum.'

'Robbing me!' ejaculated the General. 'Why, the idea, my good fellow, is preposterous! You will rob no one but yourself if you refuse the windfall. I insist upon your taking the money.'

'No sir, I cannot bring myself to think of it. Mr Lafond can never have intended to give me such a large sum. It is quite impossible!'

'Well, then,' said the General, greatly touched by such singular unselfishness, 'I must settle the business. If you won't take the money, I will take *you*. From this day, Walter, you are my son! Come to my heart. Old as it is, it beats warmly for fidelity and honesty. Thanks to God that He has given me such a son in my lonely old age!'

Walter stood as if rooted to the spot. But the old man drew him to his breast and embraced him warmly, till both found relief for their feelings in tears.

'But my father!' stammered the young man at last. 'My father is all alone at home!'

'Oh, we will start off to him at once, bag and baggage!' exclaimed the General. 'I know your fatherland well, and shall very soon feel myself more at home there than I am in France, where there is not a creature left to care for me. Yes, Walter, we will go to the glorious Bernese Oberland, and buy ground, and build a house, within view of your noble mountains, and live there with your father! He shall have cattle and goats to cheer his heart in his old age, and we will lead a happy life together as long as God spares us! I know you would not feel comfortable here, so let us make up our minds, and start for the mountains as soon as we can.'

Walter in his happiness could scarcely believe his ears, and thought the whole a splendid dream. But he soon found the reality. The General sold his property in France, and departed with his adopted son to Switzerland, where he carried out the intention he had so suddenly formed. Old Toni Hirzel renewed his youth when he had his son once more beside him, and he and the General soon became fast friends. A year had scarcely passed ere a beautiful house was built near Meyringen, and furnished with every comfort; while an ample garden surrounded by meadows, in which cows and oxen fed, added to the beauty of the scene. Walter's dream had become a reality; and everything around him was so much better than he had ever dared to hope, that his heart overflowed with gratitude to God, and to the benefactor who had done so much for him.

Nor was this prosperity undeserved. Walter had not spent his time in idleness and sloth. He knew that the diligent hand maketh its owner rich, and he managed the land with so much energy and skill, that he soon became renowned as one of the best farmers in the Oberland. The General and Toni assisted him with their counsel and help as far as they were able; and the old soldier soon experienced the beneficial influence of an active outdoor life and the change of air and scene. His pale cheeks grew once more ruddy with health, and he soon grew so active, that he even forgot that his right foot lay buried on the field of Waterloo.

Thus the little family lived in happiness, enjoy-

ing the good wishes of all their neighbours, and the gratitude of all who were in want; for they were always ready to relieve out of their abundance any who needed it. Mr Seymour increased their happiness by visiting his friend Walter nearly every year, and rejoiced in the prosperity which God had bestowed upon him as a reward for his honesty and uprightness.

THE END.

SUB-EDITING A LONDON NEWSPAPER.

BY A LONDON SUB-EDITOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and written about the inner life of our great newspaper establishments, the popular conception with regard to it is still of a very hazy and, indeed, incorrect character. The intricacy and magnitude of the work done cannot be well imagined by one who draws his conclusions from the completed broad-sheet at his breakfast-table. It is rather in what does *not*, than in what does appear, that the untold labour skill and experience brought to the compilation of a morning newspaper, can be justly estimated.

Though it is popularly supposed that the main work connected with the compilation of a morning newspaper is accomplished in the editor's room, the work is really done in that of the sub-editor, and by that important functionary and his staff, to whom we shall now introduce our readers—leaving out of account in the meanwhile, the important responsibilities of the editor-in-chief.

Imagine then a moderately sized apartment in which there are five or six writing-tables; on each table a green-globed lamp, and before each lamp a pale-faced man. The principal of the sub-editorial staff sits a little apart from the others, and to him all the letters and 'copy' (manuscript) addressed to the editor are brought. It is his duty to sort this miscellaneous heap of news and correspondence into separate bundles. Letters for the editorial department make one mound; letters relating to advertisements and business matters another; and those containing telegrams home and foreign, with the ordinary news paragraphs and 'copy' of reporters and correspondents, a third. The first two parcels are despatched, one to the editor's room, the other to the composing-room, there to be at once set into type; the third is divided among the sub-editor's assistants—the pale-faced men aforesaid.

Having premised thus much, we shall see the beginning of the practical work of the evening—the selecting and preparing of the 'copy' for next day's paper. It is seven o'clock, and all the gentlemen are at their posts. To one the chief sub-editor hands the police 'flimsy' or thin paper upon which, by means of a stylus, several copies of the same subject are simultaneously produced. This police intelligence if printed in full would, probably, occupy about six or seven columns in the next issue; but the assistant to whose task it falls has to choose from this mass of badly written, badly spelled, ill composed, and ungrammatical material, as many cases as will, when improved, modified, and animated by him, make an interesting column of news. The revelations of the London police courts are painful in the extreme; and no one can pass many months in the duty of sub-editing 'copy' of this kind

without acquiring a melancholy insight into the viciousness of human nature. Having had some years' experience of the work, the writer can safely say that the odious crimes with which Rome's declining days were marked will easily find a parallel in modern London. There are statutes in our law-books which we imagine are seldom enforced, because we seldom read of them; but the waste-paper basket of the sub-editor is the oblivion into which many of the most atrocious offences imaginable are mercifully cast. The assistant having finished his revision of the police reports, and having written two or three paragraphs out of them for the summary of news, next receives perhaps a telegram in French from the correspondent at Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, or elsewhere. This translated, he may then be called upon to read through the 'copy' of the reporters, and make into neat paragraphs the items of news sent by the country correspondents, or to correct a telegraphed speech of Mr Gladstone or of Lord Beaconsfield.

But while this assistant is thus busily engaged, the others are not idle. News has just been received in the office that some public man has died. If he be great enough to be on the list of those whose biographies lie in the sub-editorial desk—'graveyard' this compartment is grimly called—calmly waiting the decease of their illustrious subjects, there is an end of the matter—the date and a few particulars regarding the last hours of the deceased personage are added, and the printer receives the 'copy' at once. But if he be a minor light, and yet one who must receive special notice to the extent of say a quarter or half a column, one of the assistants is called upon to compile a memoir. He forthwith furnishes himself with Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*, with *Memoirs of the Times*, an *Encyclopædia*, and one or two other books of reference, and in the course of a couple of hours the compilers are at work on the biography. Just then a messenger from the Messrs Spottiswoode, government printers, arrives with a bundle of blue-books, containing perhaps official despatches, or reports upon subjects interesting to the general community. The assistant having completed his memoir, is informed through his chief, that the editor requires an abstract of a blue-book of probably four or five hundred pages, to the extent of about a column or a column and a half. The unfortunate man settles down to his task, and plods on wearily until, in the space of perhaps three hours, his work is done. Then, to vary his monotony, he is requested to look through the country papers, with a special eye, usually, to the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Irish Times*, to see if there be any scraps of news worth reprinting or quoting; and having finished a hasty overlook of the principal home papers he, in all likelihood, extends his survey to the American, Colonial, and French journals.

Assistant number three is meantime preparing the sporting news, which, if from the country, is telegraphed. This he arranges and, where possible, reduces in quantity; and what with horse-racing, cricket, boating, sculling, pedestrianism, and other kindred subjects, this gentleman's time is fully occupied for the evening. The fourth assistant has been all this time preparing the foreign telegrams. He will spend a quarter of an

hour in looking out on an immense atlas the name of some obscure place, the spelling of which has been rendered still obscurer by its being incorrectly telegraphed. He puzzles and racks his brains over the meaning of phrases made mysterious in their passage through a variety of continental telegraph offices with clerks of all nationalities. His skill in expanding curtly (owing to the immense cost) telegraphed news, from the other end of the globe, is in constant requisition; he is a standing gazetteer and a court newsman as well, his geographical knowledge and his acquaintanceship with the leading politicians and eminent personages of the world being about equally required. In the intervals that occur between the arrival of telegrams, this fourth gentleman is whiling away his time by reading a huge pile of flimsy, giving accounts of suicides by hanging, drowning, poisoning, and other means—of which a large number take place daily in London, only the most interesting of which, however, are published—of attempted suicides, of accidents of every conceivable kind, and of alleged mysterious occurrences which the fertile brain of the impecunious penny-a-liner endeavours to palm off on the wary and suspicious sub-editor and his astute assistants.

But what is the chief sub-editor about during all this time? He is busily engaged in throwing 'copy' away. As the news comes in, he hastily glances over it, and that which at the first sight appears to his practised eye unfit for publication is immediately, to use a technical expression, 'basketed.' That which he thinks may yield some readable matter is accumulated into a little heap, to be lifted by the first assistant disengaged. Then as the revised 'copy' leaves the hands of the assistant, the chief sub-editor again looks over it, to ascertain whether, in his judgment, the whole or some part of the particular matter may not indeed be worth publishing, or whether the assistant may not have allowed some injudicious sentiment or libellous expression to escape his attention. The principal generally writes the summary of the foreign news, and is particularly attentive to the titles given to the various paragraphs, telegrams, reports, and so forth, as well as to the arrangement and disposition of the news into articles of so many paragraphs, the prominence to be given to the article in the paper, and as to whether particular news shall be given in the form of a paragraph, or as a separate article with an imposing heading, and whether the type shall be minion, leaded minion, or bourgeois.

Thus the night wears away, and half-past one A.M. is reached without much cessation in the amount of silent progressive work in the sub-editorial room. Then there is a great and sudden falling off, and by two o'clock the assistants are generally dismissed, the chief remaining another half-hour to see the paper 'to bed,' that is, to ascertain that the foreman printer has carried out all his instructions, and to see that no hitch occurs at the last moment. During the night, this important functionary has had interviews with the Editor himself and foreman printer as to the number of columns in leading articles, specially ordered articles on general topics, literary reviews, or letters from correspondents, which the Editor intends to print; and as to the number of columns out of the total extent of the paper which the printer has in type at a specified hour. Thus the amount of 'copy'

required is regulated with an accuracy, often calculated to a line!

The sub-editor's peaceful routine is frequently interrupted by importunate visitors. This man wants to know whether the report of a secret meeting of the International Society would be acceptable; and that person whether he could have a letter inserted in next day's issue shewing how badly he had been treated by the magistrate at a district police court, who had fined only a few shillings, a cabman by whom he had been grossly insulted. Then a tradesman's assistant will call to see if he cannot, under the guise of giving the public information respecting a wonderful new invention, obtain the assistance of the newspaper in puffing his master's wares. A critical question will sometimes arise as to whether some special intelligence ought or ought not to be inserted, and a grave conclave of all in charge of the journalistic department of the paper is then held. And thus the night wears away—the paper is at length out of the hands of the literary staff, stereotyped, and got to press; and the tired sub-editor trudges home to enjoy his well-earned rest. And if his home be at some distance, say in the suburbs of London, his head may be hardly laid on the pillow ere the first batch of printed sheets is issuing from the office, or perhaps on its way north or south by rail.

The typical sub-editor is a man of large journalistic experience, and generally between forty and fifty years of age. He is not ordinarily one of your press Bohemians, but quiet, severe, and respectable. His work is of an exhaustive nature, and it quickly ages him; yet the necessities of his position requiring a constant attention to his health, he not uncommonly reaches a green old age, and may be met with in a suburban retirement living upon the savings of his more vigorous years.

ALPINE FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

THERE is no grander spectacle than sunrise in the Alps. The atmosphere is so perfectly clear, that distant objects seem close at hand, only too soon to be obscured in the haze produced by the hotter rays of the noonday sun. My first view of this great awakening of Nature was from the summit of one of the Jura peaks about three o'clock on a May morning. The sky assumed the deepest violet hue; and as the sun rose behind it, the edges of the clouds were streaked with golden and scarlet rays. Then, as with a joyful bound, the orb of day burst forth on the horizon, and all Nature seemed to be hymning its morning song of praise. Far away, rose one pure virgin peak of stainless snow against the azure sky; it was the summit of Mont Blanc, a hundred miles distant. Imagination might easily picture it as the pinnacle of some celestial city.

We can scarcely wonder, when this god of the sky clothes himself with his sparkling robe and golden crown, that heathen nations made him their first object of worship. The early inhabitants of Switzerland sang hymns of triumph at the break of day. Then fire became the symbol, and the shepherds on the Alpine slopes believed they could bring their god down to earth by collecting a handful of dried leaves and rubbing two pieces of wood together. The red spark was kindled, the

tongue of flame broke forth, and then they brought their offerings to propitiate a being so powerful. Milk, butter, and sweet-smelling herbs were poured into it. Happy indeed was it when nations were satisfied with these simple offerings, and did not demand hecatombs of cattle or the blood of men for their delities. Relics of such superstitious are to be found even in this enlightened age: when a fire bursts out in a Swiss chalet, the shepherd may be seen with a small cup of milk in his hand, slowly pouring it drop by drop into the devouring element.

To return to that daybreak scene in the Jura. The snow had not yet melted on the roadside; but over the white surface and beneath the pine-woods, thousands of crocuses and other spring flowers of varied hue raised their lovely chalices, content to adorn that lonely height, where the steps of man so seldom tread. To the lover of botany, not the least attraction of 'the playground of Europe' lies in its Alpine plants. Those travellers who can visit Switzerland about the month of June have their reward in the wonderful profusion and variety of the tapestried pastures. A month later, I was wandering over the slopes of the Val des Ormonds, gathering cluster after cluster of flowers, drinking in the sweet air, listening to the bells of the cattle, and admiring the rich brown of the picturesque wooden chalets of Sepey; whilst above all towered the peaks of the Diablerets, then covered with snow, soon to be melted under the July sun.

Here were acres of the beautiful white narcissus, beloved of the gods, with its powerful scent, so dangerous to the nerves, that for this reason it was consecrated to the Furies, who stupefied with its odour those who had incurred their vengeance. The commonest of this class, which we know well as

The daffodils
That come before the swallow darts, and slake
The winds of March with beauty,

were over; but the smaller kind, sometimes called Lent lilies, might occasionally be found. There were large patches so brilliantly blue with the small gentian that the grass could scarcely be seen; this was the *G. verna*, a star of about half an inch across, with a pure white eye; even more beautiful than the grander bell, which is often used for edging our gardens. The varieties of this class of plants are very numerous, and few display so full a series of colours. It has been said that red, blue, yellow, and white are never found in the same class; yet they are all exhibited here, with many compound colours.

Though the snowdrop had only left its leaves to mark its habitat, yet there was the spring snowflake, so easily mistaken for it, which, from its loveliness and purity, the Swiss have dedicated to St Agnes, the patron saint of young virgins, and call it St Agnes' flower. The silvery artemisia spreads its highly aromatic leaves, from which the bitter liqueur called *crème d'absinthe* is distilled. One variety is known by the name of the 'old man,' so gray and powdery is its appearance. In France it is the *garde-robe*, as the housewives place it in their drawers to save their apparel from the attacks of the destructive moth. Tarragon is another of the same genus, giving flavour to salad and vinegar; and all are dedicated to Diana, the

goddess of chastity and purity, from the appearance of the leaves. The cardamine was there, sometimes called the cuckoo flower, as it is found when that bird utters its welcome note. It was introduced into England in 1629, and is described in an old book called the *Paradise of Pleasant Flowers*, as being sent to the author 'by my especial good friend Tridesante, who brought it among many other dainty plants from beyond the seas, and imparted thereof a root to me.' Here is the blue chicory, and harebells richer in colour and variety than Scotland can shew, justifying the poet's words:

The harebell bright and blue,
That decks the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean blue
Heaven's own blest tint we view;
On days serene and mild,
How beautiful, like an azure gem,
She droopeth from the graceful stem!

Saxifrages are most numerous, and form a beautiful covering to rocks and old walls. The silvery margins to the leaves mark the longifolia; and the mountain-climber when he sits down to his frugal dinner will not forget to gather the golden variety, so well known as the *cresson de roche*, to add a piquant flavour to his bread. It grows at a height of eight thousand feet; whilst the bryoides has been found above eleven thousand feet high. Here is the favourite of Linnaeus, which he named the pink dianthus, or flower of God, with its delicious fragrance; the purple aster; countless hyacinths; tall blue and white campanulas; the sweet-scented yellow Alpine wallflower; and the chaste and elegant wood-anemones:

Nymph of the wood and forest glade,
In thine own fair vestal robes arrayed,
In the calm of the silent silvan bowers,
'Tis sweet to gaze on thy drooping flowers;
Chaste and pure as the driven snow,
Yet faintly tinged with a purple glow;
Like mountain crests
On some Alpine height,
When the snow-drift rests,
In the evening light!

One more must be added to this long list, the pretty *Clochette des Alpes*, its delicate stem bearing two bell-shaped lilac flowers, fringed at the edges, growing out of a tuft of round leaves like a shilling, and therefore named soldanella. From all these let us make up our bouquet, placing round it the maiden-hair, the holly fern, the cypripedium, and numberless club-mosses and lichens.

But the flowers are not the only attraction to the lover of nature. Ere the sky is coloured, or the light breeze announces the approach of day, the birds give the signal for Nature to awake. There are those that seldom descend lower than the snow-line, and love the wild and magnificent peaks. Such are the now rare birds the golden eagle and the lammergeier, only met with in the deepest recesses of the Tyrol. Organised for the highest flights, they are the true sailors of the atmosphere. There is also the *chouca*, or chough, a crow of intensely black plumage, with a yellow beak and bright red claws, which loves the snowy regions. Those tourists who seek the glaciers of Monto Rosa and the Col du Géant will perhaps remember large flocks of them uttering their discordant notes among the broken rocks and steep precipices.

Everything that rises to a dizzy height in the air has a charm for them. Tall fir-trees, steeples, old towers, the battlements of castles overlooking the valleys, isolated peaks, sharp pointed *aiguilles* are the places they choose for their nests. Sociable hermits of the air, condemned like those who dwell in the desert of Thebes to the most frugal and austere food, they delight in solitude, and the more space that separates them from man the more are they in their element.

There are other interesting species which the Swiss naturalists describe for us. The snow bunting, as well as the accentor, chooses the stony bare ground which lies between the place where vegetation ceases and perpetual snow begins. Nine thousand feet above the sea do they seek and find the insects necessary for their existence; beetles, butterflies, and spiders are nestled in the crags and clefts of the rocks, placed there by Him who giveth food to every living thing in due season.

It has often been remarked by naturalists that the song of birds is borrowed from the sounds heard around. Whether that be true or not, the cry of a bird has often formed its name. Some of these have passed down to us from age to age, and from people to people. Take the crow as an instance; in the Sanscrit we find it called *kara-va*, in Greek *korax*, in German *krähe*, in Latin *corvus*, in French *corbeau*. The imploring cry of the crane is expressed in many languages by its name; German *krane*, in French *grane*, in Latin *grus*, in Greek *gera-nos*. Where is the sportsman who, when hearing that the Sanscrit name for partridge is *titiri*, would not recognise the sound he has so often heard in the evening? A particular page in Aristotle puzzled naturalists, until the curlew's cry pronounced its own name, and cleared up the mystery.

One very remarkable but shy Alpine bird should not be omitted. When the traveller is passing through the pine forests he will hear a sound proceeding from their deep recesses resembling 'crack,' or at some seasons 'curr.' It is the nut-cracker, which feeds on the pine-cones, and is rarely seen. Long before other birds have begun to build, in March, ere the snow has melted off the ground under the trees, it builds its nest; and instead of being noisy, it becomes silent and stealthy in its movements. Standing beside the torrent as it rushes down over the huge boulders, the observer will notice a conspicuous little bird, with throat and breast of white, darting arrow-like up the stream, or perched upon a rock. It is named, like its British congener, the dipper. Then there is the beautiful wall-creeper, with its ash-coloured back and breast, crimson and black wings, and black tail tipped with white, ranging to above ten thousand feet, playing on the snowbeds, and feeding on the scanty vegetation which here and there takes root among the rocks.

Strange to say, there is an abundant supply of insects upon which these birds live, even in the most desolate regions. The *Desoria* or glacier flea thrives in a temperature seldom rising above the freezing-point; they may be seen in great numbers in the shallow pools of water under the glacier stones, and when disturbed, jump about and rush to the bottom, where they form an animated mass of black dots. Grasshoppers and beetles love the higher pastures; and many butterflies, very rare in England, may there be collected as

they flutter from flower to flower. Very interesting it is to notice the various examples of the wonderful way in which the Creator adapts the forms of animal life to their position. Let us learn a lesson of joy from each of them, breaking through the chrysalis, like the insect, to reach a higher life, and rising like the bird with its joyous song, 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

THE COOL ENGLISHMAN.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE family record from which the latter part of this story is derived, is so extremely fragmentary that the story might almost have ended here. From another source, however, the writer has been enabled to present to his readers what they may rely upon as an authentic sequel to the foregoing narrative. It may be that our hero was flattered and pleased by the enthusiasm with which he had been received, which, as he had a very good opinion of himself, could not have failed to be highly gratifying to his vanity. But what is still more puzzling is, that Simon, in a speech which he delivered upon the knoll to the assembled listeners, so twisted the real facts, and misrepresented the whole case, as to make himself appear a man of heroic valour and almost superhuman coolness, which with all reverence for our worthy friend, we have no hesitation in saying was somewhat far-fetched. As the family tradition to which we have before referred does not attempt to explain this extraordinary behaviour on the part of our hero, the interests of strict veracity call upon us to do so, though the task may perhaps be slightly prejudicial to the character of that personage.

The chance of immortalising himself, the prospect of seeing his name spread far and wide, not only among the country-people of A—, but wherever his fame might reach, must have been an almost irresistible temptation. Besides, if the truth must be told, our hero had partaken freely, perhaps rather too freely of usquebaugh, which, by the merest accident we presume, he had found in the inn, and which he had doubtless qualified to drown the fatigue and excitement of the preceding night; and as his constitution had never been inured to the effects of Irish whisky or indeed strong liquor of any kind, the reader will easily allow for any flights of imagination in the discourse which Mr Simon Lee made to the assembled rustics.

With his insignificant little figure reared to its full erect, with his huge white nightcap standing erect on his head, and with one hand raised aloft, to lend emphasis to his words, Simon commenced his discourse in an attitude like that of a Roman orator in the Forum. On the other hand, the auditors below, with their grotesque limbs and eagerly upturned faces, might be fitly compared to a crowd of Satyrs, the fabulous half-human inhabitants of the woody glades.

At first Simon assumed a tone of affected modesty and humility. He did not, he said, take very much credit to himself for the courage and presence of mind which he had displayed on the preceding night. It was only what a man of determined and resolute disposition like himself would have done in similar circumstances; and besides the desire to shew an example to those

whom nature had less lavishly endowed with courage than himself, would naturally have prompted him to preserve a calm demeanour in such a time of danger.

But the usquebaugh beginning to work, Simon gradually launched into a still more self-confident strain, to which the rustics below listened with respectful attention.

It was not for him, he said, to trumpet his own praises, and such he was never in the habit of doing. Nevertheless he must direct their attention—if it were only for their own sakes, and that they might profit by his example—to the peculiar nature of the courage which he, Simon, had fortunately had the opportunity of displaying on the previous night. It might be, continued he, that he had had a kind of pre-science or fore-knowledge of the coming of the flood when he first went to sleep. It was accordingly without any great degree of surprise or alarm that he was awakened at midnight and made aware of its approach. He was aroused from his slumbers, he was called upon to flee for safety. There was the alternative of an awful death, or an ignominious flight. Simon was, he confessed it, subject to human frailties and weaknesses. What human being was not? For a moment he hesitated as to which course of conduct to pursue—but only for a moment. ‘for never,’ exclaimed Simon, growing more and more grandiloquent, ‘will I suffer my honour to be soiled by a base and degrading flight; never will I forsake my post when Duty bids me stay!’

How Simon’s honour could possibly be soiled by taking a common and reasonable precaution to secure his personal safety, or what our hero could mean by ‘his post,’ we have always been at a loss to conjecture. The rustics, however, though the latter part of the oration was somewhat too high-flown to be comprehensible to them, yet understood sufficient of it to perceive that it was lofty and dignified in tone, and worthy of the great man who uttered it. They gave a deep murmur, or rather growl, of approbation and admiration.

Determined to push to the uttermost the opportunity thus afforded, our hero proceeded, by forcibly contrasting his own resolute conduct with that of others who, in time of sudden danger, are too apt to neglect the safety of others in seeking their own.

His first impulse had been to render assistance to those who might be in need of it, when he discovered that the inmates of the inn had fled just before the flood burst upon the dwelling. Thanks, however, to his exertions—though what these were the writer has never been able to ascertain—the inn and a considerable portion of the property it contained was preserved from destruction! ‘But I ask no reward for what I have done,’ continued Simon, with an air of lofty self-denial; ‘an approving conscience is its own reward; and it will be enough if the humble part I have taken in what might possibly have been a frightful catastrophe, shall incite others to go and do likewise upon all future occasions.’

Here, as before, the rustics gave a deep growl of applause, for Simon had evidently spoken something very fine indeed. Our hero concluded his discourse with some fine moral axioms, which coming from so brave a man, could not fail to be both impressive and instructive.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the enthusiasm and excitement which the oration occasioned among its auditors, who, forced to control their emotions while our hero was speaking, were now at full liberty to give vent to their pent-up feelings. Three deafening cheers were given for the ‘cool Englishman’ who had done such heroic deeds—deeds, it must indeed be admitted, somewhat vague and shadowy as regards reality. Indeed, such an outburst of enthusiasm, we are confidently assured, had never been heard, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Mr Simon Lee had intimated his intention to proceed to W— as soon as the flood had sufficiently subsided; whereupon the rustics noisily volunteered to carry him there. This offer, however, Simon, after some consideration, declined, stating as a reason his unwillingness to put their zeal and enthusiasm to so severe a test. But his real motive for declining their assistance was, we strongly suspect, a slight doubt on his own part as to the kind of sensation which might be created in the good old city of W— by his appearance in its streets accompanied by so noisy and numerous a band of admirers. He accordingly thanked the energetic villagers in a gracious manner for their proffered aid; but added, that being a man of humble and modest disposition, he was not ambitious of such a public entry into the town of W—, but would be well satisfied if permitted to perform his journey by the stage-coach. Re-entering the inn, Simon changed his garb for that of travelling costume, and after many effusive farewells, was in due course whirled off to W—.

We pass over a period of twenty years, and find that a great change has come over the village of A—. It seems as if some mighty enchanter had waved his wand over the scene, and transformed it by the magic of his potent spell. The little rustic village has disappeared, and in its stead now stands a thriving town, whose streets are noisy with the hum of traffic. Even Nature herself seems to have put on another garb, that she might not be behind-hand in this modern age of progress. The stream which erstwhile traversed the valley, seems somehow to have enlarged itself into a river, with villas and sloping gardens lining its banks. Water-works too have been established upon the river, and a Railway traverses the town, while a large tunnel pierces the hills near the supposed abode of the once dreaded Demon.

Many strangers come and go, some upon business and some upon pleasure. Summer was waning into autumn, when upon a certain day an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a party of ladies, alighted at the platform. They have evidently come from a distance, and to judge by their luggage, they intend to pass some time in A—. Finding themselves in a fly, they are driven to a hotel of somewhat pretensions aspect, in the coffee-room of which they find, posted up over the mantel-piece, the following strangely worded piece of information:

NOTICE.

This is to certify that this Inn—though considerably enlarged and renovated—is really the Inn which many years ago witnessed that great Flood, which was so destructive to all other

buildings except *this* Inn. This is also the Inn where the English gentleman lodged on the night of the Flood, who behaved so bravely on that occasion, and whose memory yet lingers in these parts.

The bell is rung, and the landlord is summoned.

'May I ask,' interrogates the elderly gentleman of the party, 'if you recollect the great flood which took place twenty years ago?'

'Indeed I do sir,' replies the obsequious host, 'for I was landlord of this inn when it was nearly carried away.'

'Have you ever again seen the English gentleman who stayed in the inn upon that occasion?'

'The Cool Englishman, as we called him sir. No; he has never, to the best of my knowledge, been in A—— since.'

'Well,' saith the elderly gentleman, raising his hat, 'the Cool Englishman was your obedient servant, come to revisit the scene of the disaster!'

THE NATIONAL ALBUM.

THERE are many national records stowed away in various corners of the vast metropolis of the British Empire; but there are none of so sadly interesting a character as those of which we are about to write. Some records immortalise all that is good in a nation—its valour, its industry, and so forth; but there is a dark side to every picture; and merry England, with all its beauties, its smiling fields, its pretty cottages, lordly mansions, and industrious people, possesses a record, the sadness of which is vivid and striking.

We find this dark record in a series of books which are kept at the Home Office; and from the fact of their being continuous volumes, and having every page illustrated with the portraits of persons who have at some time or another been confined in one or other of Her Majesty's prisons, we cannot find a more appropriate name for the whole series than that of *The National Album*. The volumes in question are of the ordinary ledger size as used in commercial houses, are bound in dark-coloured leather, and are arranged in presses according to the year and letters of reference. In these books are to be found the 'record' and *carte-de-visite* of every prisoner confined within the limits of the United Kingdom; the governor of each prison being required by law to forward to the Home Secretary within a prescribed period the particulars relating to each new prisoner whom he takes into his charge. On arrival at the Home Office, the records and portraits are placed in a box with alphabetical compartments to it, where they await their turn to be entered and fastened in the particular book for which they are destined, the portrait being gummed upon the left-hand side of the folio, and the record written to the right of it.

In many of these portraits the prisoners, especially those sentenced to short terms, appear in their own clothes; while those who are undergoing long periods of imprisonment are photographed in their prison dress. There they stand, row after row, men, women, and children of all ages, and of every condition in life, from the fraudulent bank director with the gray hairs of age, down to the little ragged Arab of the London streets, forming

in never-ending file the great criminal army of England. Sadly and painfully interesting are the pages of these fearful volumes; and as we turn over the leaves, the eye becomes fascinated with the stolid faces, and the mind absorbed with the details of the dark secrets which the dread records on every side ruthlessly reveal.

When a prisoner is charged with committing a crime, and it is thought that he has been previously convicted, the police have only to refer to the index, to the Album, and if the name of the person is there, they will also find the number of the folio in which his portrait and record are entered; and on turning to it will of course immediately see whether it is the same individual or not. This is how the previous convictions of the prisoner in a late notorious murder case were brought to light. Very few of the faces in the National Album, when allowance is made for the disfigurement caused by the prison dress and cropped hair, exhibit any very marked peculiarities, though here and there we find a countenance of a sensual and somewhat forbidding aspect. Strange to say, the records of many of these unhappy creatures show that they have received a liberal education, and have also at an earlier period of their lives attended Sunday-schools.

During the past six years about *one hundred and eighty thousand criminals* have thus been registered; and a volume, under the title of the *Habitual Criminals Register*, containing the portraits and records of those who have been convicted more than once, has lately been published by authority, after having been printed by prisoners in Her Majesty's Prison, Brixton. There is a severe touch of irony in the fact that some of those whose features and acts are recorded in the pages of the Album should thus be engaged on a work destined to do themselves a bad turn at some future time; though, even with these precautions on the part of the authorities, a goodly portion of criminals and their confederates manage to escape the clutches of the law.

Many of the personages who figure in the National Album have passed the greater part of their lives in prison; and the number of *aliases* adopted by them is rather amusing; one woman, for instance, who had been convicted for the thirty-ninth time, having no fewer than sixteen *aliases*. In addition to the volumes already mentioned, there are others containing the descriptions of certain marks which have been found on the bodies of prisoners on their first entering the prison; and in cases where these have been found difficult of explanation, rough pen-and-ink sketches of the same are given. These marks are principally tattoo-marks, and vary in size and description, from the simple ring pricked into the finger, to the figures of ships, anchors, birds, quadrupeds, &c.; while the figures of men or women are exhibited on the breasts or backs of some of the prisoners. The vegetable kingdom is also well represented, and one man was found to be tattooed from shoulders to feet with the representation of a large fish. Many of the marks are of a description fit only for record in the pages where they are to be found, and are calculated to excite wonder at the depraved taste of those permitting themselves to be decorated in this terrible fashion.

Crime of all kinds is of course represented in

the sad records which cover the pages of the National Album; but one is struck with the frequency of the convictions for assaults on defenceless women and children, and for other crimes of a nameless nature. Many of these, if not the majority of them, are, strange to say, committed by old men, or men long past the meridian of life; and the saddest sight of all in these saddest of books is to see the man, whose gray hairs and bowed shoulders tell us only too plainly of the Destroyer's approach, spending the last days of his life in a prison for a foul and degrading crime.

The national sin of drunkenness must be credited with most, if not all, of the crimes which fill the National Album with these portraits and records; and it is a sad thing that one of the most civilised nations on the face of the earth should be a prey to such an unmitigated evil.

One singular fact connected with the portraits of prisoners is, that men who have been charged with and convicted of crimes of a ferocious character appear to be the most meek-faced individuals in the vast criminal army. There are exceptions, but the fact is nevertheless a striking one. There is one important omission in this fearful picture-gallery, for we miss among the faces of the greatest criminals those whom the law has been compelled to deprive of their existence. Neither portraits nor records are forwarded to the Home Office in such cases, as of course there would be no object in doing so. They will never be 'wanted' again.

Many things are done now by the authorities to assist prisoners when discharged from jail, which at one period would have been condemned by some persons as a piece of useless sympathy. For instance, when a prisoner leaves the place in which he has been confined, he has, if his conduct has been good during his incarceration, to receive a certain sum of money from the jail authorities, besides a railway pass to his home or the town he wishes to reach. To reach their homes, many of these persons have to pass through the metropolis, where, if not looked after, they would doubtless soon fall into bad company, and quickly find their way back to prison again. To prevent this, a gentleman from the Home Office awaits the discharged man's arrival at the railway station, takes from him his pass, and conducts him in a cab to the terminus of the other railway along which he is to ride to his destination. The ex-convicts are very thankful for this care and attention, and often try to express their gratitude in many amusing ways.

So much for the efficacy of English prison-discipline. It would nevertheless be much better if there could be a system of classification adopted in all our prisons, by which old offenders or habitual criminals might be kept separate from others, and submitted to a severer form of prison-labour. Prisoners might also be classified according to the crime they have committed, so that those who have been convicted of unnatural offences might be altogether deprived of the means of communicating with, and depraving the minds of, fellow-prisoners of purer morals than their own. It seems strange, for instance, why soldiers and sailors who have only been guilty of purely military offences, such as insubordinate conduct, absence without leave, &c., should be compelled to herd with a lot of thieves

and other criminals of a much worse description; but so it is, as the National Album testifies; while even youths and children are thus brought into contact with the vilest characters.

When we remember, however, what vile dens of squalid infamy most of our prisons used to be at the beginning of the century, we must acknowledge that vast strides in the cause of humanity have been taken; for instead of hot-beds of disease, these places are now—as we recently had occasion to remark in an article entitled 'Life Under New Aspects'—like so many palaces of health, in which, though the regulations may be harsh, and the food without variety, everything consistent with the principle of punishment is done to make the inmates well acquainted with the blessings of cleanliness and fresh air. There is no question, however, that the labour, which is undoubtedly severe, is somewhat indiscriminately applied to strong and weak persons alike; and hence the cause of some of the deaths in prison of which we have lately heard a great deal, prison doctors, as a rule, being very much hardened against suffering, in consequence of the impostures with which they so often have to deal. A good anecdote of a case of this kind was related by us in a former number of this *Journal*, in which a man who pretended to have injured his spine, deceived not only the judge who tried him—and so got off with a much lighter sentence than he would otherwise have had—and all his attendants, but also all the doctors who saw him, save one who recognised him and laid bare the imposture.

Amongst the most notable portraits in the National Album are those of the Tichborne Claimant—who is wonderfully reduced in size, and but a shadow of his former self, though looking hearty and well—Sarah Levenson of 'Beautiful for Ever' fame; the Stauntons; the notorious detectives, who succeeded ultimately in getting detected themselves; and—saddest of all perhaps, from one point of view—Dr Baxter Langley, the imprisoned director. These are of course but an infinitesimal portion of the sad array which this remarkable series of black-books discloses to our view, and which extends backward over a period of more than twenty years. There is ample material in their pages for the philosopher, the romancist, and the historian; while the knowledge that the cause of most of the crime therein recorded is due to the evils of intemperance, should cause the advocates for a better state of things to redouble their efforts, and never to cease until the greatest curse that ever blighted the prospects of a civilised community is eradicated from our midst.

THE HALF-TIDE ROCK.

WHEN the writer—who now resides in America—first knew and went to school at Ryde, Isle of Wight, it was little more than a village. Now it is a town of considerable importance, with railroads, telegraphs, and all modern improvements. Then there were no steam-packets plying across the Solent. The principal portion of the growing town was situated on the rising land west of the flat, then called 'the Dover,' through which meandered a small salt creek or inlet of the sea, from whence

the salt-pans used to be supplied in the days of the old French war, when England was chiefly dependent on her supplies of salt from the evaporation of sea-water. The part of 'the Dover' near the sea-shore was covered with graves of the men who had been drowned or destroyed by the sinking and destruction of the ships *Royal George* and *Boyne*, whose corpses drifted on shore from Spit-head, and were buried in what was then a common and valueless piece of land, although now doubtless covered with streets and buildings. On the rising ground to the east, towards Nettlesome, were situated the delightful house and grounds then called Atherly, at the time of which I speak the residence of the Hutt family. On the front of these grounds, towards the sea, the subsidence of the land, or the washings of the water, discovered the existence of a large underground brick-arched chamber; doubtless constructed in former years of the French war, when contraband trade was extensive, and amongst certain classes popular; and when profits were so large as to admit of the construction of such underground and secret receptacles—unused when discovered—but which being built in a bank of earth, formed a safe method of concealing from the officers of the law all kinds of contraband wares.

This place we schoolboys knew as the 'Smugglers' Cave;' and in those days there was many a legend connected with it, which curious youth extracted from garrulous old age. There never was such a place for tales of adventure and smuggling, in which the narrators had taken part, as Ryde; and amongst others, the following tale was told to the writer by an aged seafaring man, who took delight in getting hold of young folks and spinning the toughest yarns, none the less wonderful for having occurred so many years ago. One of these yarns related to the Smugglers' Cave, the neighbourhood of which had been the scene of the tragedy which we now proceed to narrate.

James Morrison was one of a band of smugglers, and one of the most efficient of the body—always active and enterprising—the first to point out a hazardous exploit, and the first to carry out his own plan. He was admired by all his mates, and was the very life of the lawless society in which he moved. His comrades adored him; and his natural enemies the custom-house officers, looked upon a capture as nearly hopeless when once James was known or suspected to have a share in the transaction. His youth alone prevented his being the captain of the tribe; but the elders, although they admired his spirit, feared his rashness; and it was always considered necessary to call in the aid of the older heads to moderate the zeal and repress the recklessness of his advice and proceedings. He was never known to desert a friend under any circumstances, or even a cargo whilst there was a chance of success left; and his uniform good-luck shewed what daring can accomplish, when upheld by an intelligent head and a dauntless heart.

William Lowe was another member of the fraternity, and his gifts lay in an almost opposite direction to those of Morrison. Covert and sly, he was always ready to catch at a half-suggested idea and make it his own. Cautions to almost the verge of timidity, he seldom or never undertook anything in which he did not succeed. But although every one of his fellows recognised his usefulness, none loved him. None distrusted him, because all believed that the dreadful oaths by which the society were bound together were too terrible to be broken by one so careful; and the awful punishments which were known to await a convicted informer, would, every one supposed, deter even the worst amongst them from committing the blackest crime with which a smuggler can be branded—that of informing against his accomplices.

Strange as it may appear, these two men were friends. They were seldom apart. On more than one occasion they had rendered the most material service to each other. James had saved William's life, and rescued him several times from the fangs of the law. William had by his prudence saved more than one cargo for James. And to all appearance, their friendship ought to have been cemented by mutual benefits bestowed and expected; but it was so on one side only. William often envied James his brilliant success, and more than all, envied his larger gains and his influence with his companions. On one occasion Morrison had injured Lowe, without knowing it, in a tender point, 'the affection of woman;' and the latter vowed, though secretly, to have revenge.

Morrison had embarked his all in one transaction, the favourable result of which would give him independence, or, at all events, would enable him to marry the object of their joint affections, who preferred his bold and brilliant character to that of his more sly and prudent associate. What will not a combination of self-interest, anger, and injured affection effect? The tempter saw his opportunity; the means were at hand. Secret information was given by Lowe to an officer of great activity and address; the best methods were adopted to secure success by the officers of the law, and the result could scarcely be otherwise than favourable to their wishes.

The eventful night came; the whole gang of smugglers were collected; the venture was one of more than ordinary value, and expectation was at its height, when one of the scouts rushed in amongst the smugglers and gave the alarm that they were betrayed and surrounded. The keys of spirits had all been landed; the horses loaded with the rich parcels of silks and other exorbitant articles, and all was in readiness for a start inland. The boats had shoved off in security, after effecting the landing. What could be done? If the boats were recalled, the necessary signals would betray their position. If they were not recalled, the loss of the whole venture seemed inevitable. In this dilemma, Morrison proposed that a division should be made—that the least valuable but most numerous of the packages should at once be taken in the direction in which the officers were known to be; whilst the remainder of the goods, being the chief hope of the expedition, should remain stationary for a time; and when those in charge

heard their comrades engaged with the officers, the reserve should make a rush in another direction and, if possible, escape. This plan was too hopeful not to be carried into immediate effect. Morrison was left in charge of the reserve, or most valuable part of the cargo; whilst Lowe went with the other. At that time, forfeiture of the goods was the worst to be expected; the severe laws against the persons of such offenders had not been enacted. The punishment of a *row* was only a short imprisonment, if detected; but they generally managed to escape; for the officers were too eager to seize the goods, upon which their hope of reward rested, to look much after the offenders, from whom nothing but hard knocks could be had, and the capture of whom was, to the most sagacious of the officers, very much like cutting the throat of the goose which laid the golden eggs.

The expedition, divided as aforesaid, proceeded towards the officers' station, and as was expected, were immediately pounced upon. The usual rattling of sticks in the fight which ensued, and the shouts of the combatants, warned Morrison that his time for action had arrived, and he moved quietly off accordingly, with every chance of success, so completely had the ruse taken. Suddenly a cry arose amongst the officers: 'Divide lads, divide; they make off with the best part of the booty towards Nettlestone.'

The word of command was given; the already captured goods were left in charge of half the number of officers; and the rest and strongest party of the custom-house people, mounting the captured horses and their own, started off in the direction pointed out. Then occurred a fearful race. The smugglers having the advance of nearly half a mile, had at first the advantage; but their heavily laden horses could not long preserve their speed; and after a severe chase, the flying party were overtaken. Morrison, nothing daunted, rallied his men, and placing the horses in the rear, with directions to the drivers to move on immediately they had recovered their breath, and as soon as the fight commenced, if possible still to effect their escape.

James Morrison and his men fought like tigers at bay; to him capture was ruin, not only to his fortune, but to his hopes of love and happiness. He was everywhere through the fight; none seemed able to stand before his blows, when at last he came hand to hand with the chief officer in charge of the party. If he were vanquished, the goods would be safe. James's strength seemed doubled, his eyes flashed fire, and the blows of his stick could be kept off no longer. The officer had behaved with great forbearance as to sacrificing life; but finding himself hard pressed, and after several warnings, drew a pistol and fired. James fell. The rest of the smugglers seeing resistance hopeless, and yet determined to save their leader, made a desperate rally and carried him off, leaving the goods undefended. The capture of the goods was complete, although all the men escaped; and in an hour or two James awoke to consciousness in the hands of his friends.

Shortly after their rout, the whole party of smugglers met at their usual place of rendezvous, which was the cave or subterranean chamber before mentioned. The labourers had according to custom immediately dispersed to their own houses; for

they, although employed, were never trusted with the secrets of the gang. When the muster was complete, the whole party arranged themselves for a consultation. Poor James was made as comfortable as possible; for it was found too dangerous to remove him to his usual place of residence, which was at a considerable distance; and since the effusion of blood had been stopped, he had rapidly revived. The wound was not considered very dangerous, and the hardy fellows were used to treat everything but death lightly. Lowe was nearly the last who arrived. He had hesitated a long time whether or not he should come at all; but with the consciousness of guilt, had considered that his staying away might have a suspicious appearance; he therefore put a bold front on the matter, and with an air rather more swaggering than usual with him, he made his appearance with his fellows. The arrival of the few remaining members of the body was the signal for the commencement of the consultation as to the cause of the misfortune, and the best mode of avoiding such a thing in future.

The old captain of the gang was the first who spoke; in a few nervous words he explained to the meeting that it was quite clear treachery must have been at work; that the very force in which the custom-house officers mustered, was of itself a convincing proof that they expected great booty and considerable resistance. The idea of treason was generally repudiated by the smugglers. Who, they said, could be guilty of such a thing? Were they not all as brothers? Had they not too often been tried, to allow even for a moment of such a suspicion being cast amongst those present?

'It must have been the boat-people,' said Lowe.

'It could not have been they,' replied the captain; 'for, as was customary, they did not know where the fall was to be made until a few minutes before, when the information was given to them by signal by myself with the usual flashings and cross-lights.'

One brought forward one suspicion, another a different one, until at last an old smuggler, almost borne down by years, whose duty it was to watch about through the country, and do the other light business of the company—for his strength for carrying goods and fighting was gone—quietly rose and said: 'Comrades, guard the door.' Every one started to his feet. All knew that some information of the greatest importance was about to be given, and that the traitor must be amongst themselves. Every one looked at his neighbour with blank dismay; the blood left Lowe's cheek, but the light was too gloomy to shew it to his fellows.

Those whose duty it was, reported that all was secure, and the old man then called out: 'William Lowe, step forward, and answer for your treason to your comrades!' All shrank from him; and although he did not advance, he was instantly standing alone. The old man then resumed: 'William Lowe, where were you last Thursday night?'

He hurriedly answered: 'At home;' that he had not stirred out after dark.

'If so,' said the old man, 'how was it that I met you in Union Street in Ryde after eleven o'clock at night, coming in a direction from Lieutenant's Austen's house? I could not be mistaken;

for I have lived too long in the world and had too much to do with the "fair trade" not to make myself certain where my suspicions are once aroused. I should have mentioned it to the captain, but that it was then only suspicion, and I dared hardly think you were a traitor."

William answered not a word; in the hard-set looks of his comrades he saw his fate.

"Further than this," pursued the old man; "Bill Simmons, one of the labourers, told me that at the first fight he saw a man with a red neckerchief leave our ranks, run behind a bush, and speak to the lieutenant just before the cry was raised that the best part of the goods had gone off towards Nettlestone. Who present has a red neckerchief but William Lowe?"

All looked round; the proof was deemed conclusive, and each man looked in his neighbour's face for confirmation of his own opinion. There was evidently but one feeling.

The captain, after a few minutes' consideration, and examining the faces of his comrades pronounced the fatal words: "William Lowe, you have betrayed us. You have broken your oath. You must die!"

The unhappy wretch saw not one gleam of pity in any face—his fate was sealed, and he well knew that his death would follow. Notwithstanding all this, he did not fall; his cheek was livid, and the moisture oozed from every pore, yet there he stood erect gasping for breath, condemned as well by his own conscience as by the voice of his comrades. A sudden cry from the man who stood nearest Morrison's bed called attention to the wounded man. All thought for the time that he was dead; but he had only swooned, overcome by his own feelings on hearing the sentence given; for at that moment the reality of his friend's treachery flashed suddenly on his mind.

Nothing now remained but the mode of carrying out the sentence. It was the first crime of the kind that had taken place in that neighbourhood and amongst that set; and it was deemed necessary that the mode of execution should be the most horrible and protracted that could be devised; yet at the same time no one liked to stain his hand with blood.

The old man who had brought the accusation solved the difficulty. "When I was in Doherty's gang in the north of Ireland," said he, "we were betrayed then as now, and the sentence was that the informer should be tied on to a half-tide rock at the time of the rising flow of the tide, and left to drown."

No acclamation greeted his proposal; but in the stern murmur which arose from the assembly, the old man read their approval of the plan.

The captain again addressing the culprit, said: "This night, at the rise of the flood-tide, you shall be exposed to its mercy; and all within hearing of our justice shall learn what is the fit fate for an informer."

Lowe's heart died within him. One cry for mercy passed his lips; but he saw that all was in vain, and he again sank into a gasping silence. As it was now early dawn, all except those left to guard the prisoner separated, and returned to their homes.

The following night—it was a calm, bright, beautiful moonlight—the tide turned to the flood at nine o'clock; at ten some dark bodies were seen

moving over the sands from the wood on the shore in front of Atherly—where the Smugglers' Cave is situated—in the direction of a number of isolated rocks, or rather large stones which were sprinkled here and there on the sand in front of the cave, but about a quarter of a mile from the high water-mark on the shore. The tide runs out and leaves a great extent of sandy beach, for possibly nearly a mile on that shore, and the rocks spoken of are more than half-way between high and low water-mark. They are all black with a growth of seaweed, so that a man's figure in dark clothes would not at a distance be observed upon them. In a short time the dark objects were seen returning. For an hour afterwards all was silent; when suddenly through the night-air arose a cry so appalling, that it struck at once to the hearts of all who heard it. Some of the nearest residents in Ryde not connected with the boatmen rushed to the beach, feeling assured that some accident must have happened; but all connected with the water seemed to be absent, and their boats were all stranded on the beach awaiting the return of the tide. "It comes from the rocks near Atherly," said one; and the whole posse of listeners rushed to the spot, where in various attitudes of silent attention they found a number of men apparently boatmen. "What is the meaning of that unearthly cry?" they eagerly inquired. But from the men assembled they received no reply. At the time, it was supposed that all were too much horror-stricken to interfere; but afterwards their behaviour was attributed to a different motive.

A slight ripple now curved the surface of the water; and the moon, previously sometimes obscured by light clouds, shone out in full refulgence. The ripple must have washed above the poor wretch's lips, for instantly there burst forth a torrent of gurgling cries; these continued for a few moments, when fainter and fainter grew the sobs of mortal agony, and it was apparent to all that human assistance was of no further avail. As soon as this was certain, all the boatmen left in parties of two and three, none looking back or speaking. The towns-people after agreeing amongst themselves to be on the spot the moment the tide rendered examination practicable the next morning, separated for their homes, to retail the mysterious and dreadful story to their expectant families.

The morning came fine and clear. The earliest of the spectators of the night before rushed to the spot; and there, in the centre of the group of rocks, they found the body of a man in a sitting posture chained to a 'half-tide rock,' stone dead—the expression on his countenance indicating the awful death he had died. It was William Lowe.

Even in the days of the narrator's school-boy life, the old inhabitants of Ryde shunned the spot of a moonlight night when the tide came rippling on. The same shrieks in imagination were again heard by them; the horrors of that fearful night were recalled to their minds; and they used to point out to their children and visitors to the watering-place the spot where "the condemned smuggler was chained by his comrades to that "half-tide rock," and drowned." A proper fate, they used to say, for all informers.

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TWO REMARKABLE TAILORS.

NEITHER the late Professor Craik in his very interesting book on the *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, nor Dr Samuel Smiles in his *Self-help*, has exhausted the material illustrative of self-education which diligent readers may find in the annals of the remote or the recent past. We have before us two brief biographies of men who, in the eighteenth century, astonished not only their neighbours, but many others, to whom fame made them known by the extent of their acquirements, and by the ardour with which they had struggled against adverse circumstances to obtain the knowledge they sought. It is not quite so easy now to appreciate the difficulties in the way of these men as it was when the biographies were written, more than a hundred years ago. We can recall to ourselves the successive changes which have occurred in that time in the condition of our working-classes, and the marvellous increase in the means of self-culture. Scarcely one of the societies, either public or private, which have since done so much for the enlightenment of the masses of the people had then begun working. There was no cheap literature of any kind. Newspapers were then a luxury even to the middle classes, and a stray glance at them was all that a working man could hope to obtain, even though he possessed the ability to read. To us, looking back to these times, it must seem to have been terribly arduous for a man depending on the labour of his hands for bread, to become worthy of the epithet 'learned.' And yet that epithet was rightly applied to the two men of whom we are about to write. We have two reasons for linking their names together: they were both tailors, and they both devoted themselves to the study of languages. Their names were Henry Wild and Robert Hill.

Perhaps the best way to introduce the two men will be to mention an incident in the life of Wild. It was whilst he was residing at Norwich, and working there as a common tailor, that Dr

Prideaux—whose works are still read, and held in estimation by the learned world—was offered some singular Arabic manuscripts by a bookseller of that city. The doctor evidently thinking that the demand for such goods must be next to nil in Norwich, declined to buy at the price named. That was a ruse of his. He thought he could get them at a cheaper rate when he next called, and even fancied that the bookseller would send to say he might have them at his lower rate. To his surprise, the bookseller did not send, and he called again, asking that he might have a second look at the manuscripts. 'They're sold,' said the bookseller. On asking 'To whom?' he was told, to a poor tailor; and he despatched the bookseller at once to stop the tailor from cutting them up for measures. In a short time the poor tailor Wild came with the bookseller, carrying the manuscripts in his hands and, to the delight of the Dean, uninjured. The Dean's delight was, however, changed to surprise when Wild declined to part with his Arabic treasures. He was incredulous. What could the man want with them? Wild simply replied that he wanted to read them. Prideaux hardly comprehended the tailor, and asked that humble individual to favour him with oral proof; and was astonished at the ease with which the man first read a passage and then translated it into English.

The Dean did not let this incident pass without seeking to benefit this out-of-the-way student. He made inquiries about the life of Wild; and what he learned added to the impression which the poor tailor's reading had made. It seemed that Wild's friends, when he was a boy, were able to send him to the grammar-school; and there his success was so great, that an effort was made to enable him to go from school to the university. But unfortunately his friends could not manage that, and were forced to apprentice him to a tailor. After his seven years' apprenticeship, he served seven years as journeyman, and then another seven years after that. During this twenty-one years' working on a tailor's bench, he had almost forgotten all that had made him remarkable at school; but at the end of it, a long illness of fever and

ague, continuing from between two and three years, so reduced him, as to make work impossible. Whilst thus compelled to be idle, he amused himself by reading certain odd volumes of old divinity which fell in his way; and the frequent references which he found to the original Hebrew text, bred in him a desire to study that language. How to manage it was not easily found out. At last he obtained an English-Hebrew grammar and lexicon; and working at that, he was astonished to find how his old school knowledge came back to him. Strange to say, this new and now abiding interest seemed to have a good effect upon his health; and as he became stronger, he went on stitching through the day, and studying persistently half through the night. The Hebrew did not satisfy him. He found that as he came to understand it, its relations to other oriental languages became apparent, and he set himself to master them. It is difficult to make out how he obtained the requisite books for his studies, but he did get them; and he used them to some effect, as his strange introduction to Dean Prideaux was the means of shewing.

The Dean was so much interested, that partly from his own means, and partly by the aid of gentlemen who had a fellow-feeling for this tailor-orientalist, he enabled Wild to remove to Oxford, where, though he never became a member of the university, he was yet able to prosecute his studies in the Bodleian, and to maintain himself in a very humble way by translating or making extracts from oriental manuscripts. He lived thus for several years, and was known to the other students in the famous Oxford library as the Arabian tailor. Wild next removed to London, where Dr Mead helped him to some little patronage; but he never obtained more than was sufficient for his very small wants. He taught and translated, and in 1734 he published the only book to which he put his name. His poverty continued to the very last, but never seemed especially irksome to him. He had no notion of, and indeed was every way unfit for that kind of success which most men seek to obtain. Knowledge was to him all in all.

Our other tailor, Robert Hill, was a native of Tring in Hertfordshire, being born there in the last year of the seventeenth century; but the greater part of his life was spent in Buckingham, in which town he died in 1777. The story of his life, from which we cull the following information, is dated 1754, when he had still more than twenty years to dwell among men. We cannot therefore speak of the end of his life—of what he was and of what he did in these twenty years—but what we do know of him is worth repeating. He was indebted to a relative for his acquaintance with the alphabet; and having that, he managed to obtain such further knowledge of letters as enabled him to read while he was a boy at home. All the time he ever spent at school was about seven weeks, during which he obtained some notion of writing the letters and words which he already knew how to read. When he was fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a tailor at Buckingham, and even then manifested a strange desire to master languages. The first money he managed to scrape together went in the purchase of a Beza's Testament in Latin and a Latin grammar. He found it far from easy to learn Latin from these books, and hit on the admirable

device of doing some service for one or other of the boys attending the Free School, stipulating that he should have in return the English of certain words that puzzled him, or an explanation of a perplexing rule in his grammar. Before he got to the end of his apprenticeship, he had not only learnt his trade—he was quite diligent at that—but he was proud of being able to read several Latin classics with much ease. Of course this sedulous studying of his was talked about, and at last became known to a gentleman who, having recently lost a son, gave to Hill the books which had belonged to his boy. Among them was a Greek Testament which proved an attractive curiosity to the young tailor. He was fortunate in having a little help to acquire this language, and in about three years could read Homer with some pleasure.

His desire 'to know' became so great that he failed to attend to his work; and for some years he became a sort of travelling tailor, going from town to town, and from district to district, but always on the look-out for some one who could help him with this or that language. His was not an ordinary sort of life to lead; he seemed unsettled and of a vagabondish nature, but was nevertheless intent on what was then the one thing needful to him—knowledge. When he was thirty-four years old he began to study Hebrew, but found that his Shindler's grammar was not very helpful; it took for granted that so much was known which, in this case at least, the student did not know. Hill thought that if any one knew Hebrew, a Jew should, and accordingly looked out for one. He found one on tramp like himself, and proposed that they should travel together, in order that the Jew might with the greater ease teach Hill the grand old language of the Bible. Unfortunately, this was so little, that Hill was disappointed, and looked out for another member of the ancient race. He had to seek not one only, but many, and all alike wanted the ability to teach. Then he turned again to grammars, and working steadily through eleven different ones, he at last became familiar with the language in which the Bible was given to mankind.

Besides his study of languages, he devoted himself to all sorts of out-of-the-way inquiries, tramping on from place to place in the daytime, and asking many questions as he went; or while he sat cross-legged on some cottager's table mending his torn or worn garments, and then sitting up long into the night with his grammar and his books in strange tongues.

At last advancing age warned him that he must end this vagabond life; and so he went back to Buckingham, where for the rest of his days he remained in obscurity, earning just enough to keep him from starving; but always content; his mind filled with the curious information picked up by him in his little travels, and ever turning with pride and interest to the great books which in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew always had in them food for his hungry mind. He made more in appearance as an author than Henry Wild did, having in his later days published *Remarks on Berkeley's Essay on Spirit*, *Criticisms on Job*, and *The Character of a Jew*; this last work being one in which he could well illustrate the old saw that familiarity breeds contempt. We need not say that Hill's knowledge of Jews was small, and that

if it had been his lot to have been known to men of that race who were then, and whose sons are now distinguished for their learning, he would have appreciated the distance and the difference between the vagabond and the educated Hebrew.

LANCASHIRE MEMORIES.

We have been perusing a pleasantly written work, 'Lancashire Memories,' by Louisa Potter, seemingly a young candidate for literary fame. The book consists of a series of sketches. One of these, styled The Mandesleys, we offer in an abbreviated form as a specimen of the authoress's description of early remembrances.

'There are few people I remember better or regret more than my mother's old friend and relative Mrs Weston; partly because, in virtue of relationship, she claimed a right to tutor, direct, and advise me; but chiefly because that same relationship procured for me the charming privilege of frequent visiting at her house from my earliest recollection until the time when she, alas! could welcome me no more.

Mandesleys, where she lived, and had lived all her life, was a steady, comfortable, respectable, unpicturesque dwelling, with a red brick front, a portico, and two windows on each side of the door, with five above. Mr Weston was a thriving merchant in the large town seven miles off, and in addition to his interest in bales of cotton and packs of gray calico, was smitten with farming, and cultivated acres and acres for his own particular pleasure; and so between steam-churns and turnip-cutters and threshing-machines and divers breeds of cattle, contrived to lose a very tolerable income each year, as most gentlemen-farmers do. Then he could not give much personal attention to it; for he drove to town in his gig early in the morning, dined in his warehouse in a comfortable room, commanding a grim view of carts loading with cotton bags, enlivened by a very suggestive rope, with a large hook at the end, dangling from the teagle above; and in winter rarely saw his pretty home by daylight.

It was a pretty home (in spite of its bright red front), with its velvet lawn and belt of shrubbery, and a broad winding gravel walk leading up to the front door, so smooth and level—not one pebble out of place. Indeed, how should it? when old Diggle, the gardener, followed the wheels of a departing carriage with his roller; and neither the family, nor those who were very intimate, ever dreamed of driving up to the front of the house, but always alighted at a side-door close to John's pantry, which arrangement spared both John and Diggle much trouble.

A walk through the fine-grown laurels led into the flower-garden, so sheltered, warm, and sunny, that in the early spring, before the neighbouring gardens had recovered from their winter sleep, this was gay with the bright blue hepatica, the graceful jonquil, and the pale lilac flowers and broad spotted leaves of the dog-toothed violet. One side of the garden was bounded by a high wall, covered with peach and nectarine trees, and in autumn a matting was pulled below, in order to catch any fruit that might fall. Many an earnest inspection have I made of that matting!

The fruit-trees were interspersed with climbing roses, the sweet-scented clematis, and the trumpet honeysuckle; and then came the greenhouse, of an obsolete construction—a mere shed of glass, such as Cowper might have sat in, and apostrophised the friendly goldfinches that cause man-placed the friendly goldfinches that cause man-kind to blush. In front of the greenhouse were beds of ranunculus and anemones, lazling in their rich crimsons and purples; and in autumn the gorgeous scarlet geranium or verbenas, that gem of a flower, whose brilliant colouring seems to emit a light of its own. A gravel walk, neatly edged with box and bordered with flowers, encircled the garden; and in the centre was a smooth lawn, dotted over with azaleas, rhododendrons, pink thorns, and the magnificent tree peony. A pleasant, sweet smell floated about in that garden, warm, aromatic, and fragrant—a gentility of scent, so to speak, that is quite indescribable, and which I have never perceived in cottage gardens, or farmhouse gardens, or nursery gardens, though there may have been as many flowers, or more. A laurel hedge on one side of the garden divided it from a large park-like meadow of undulating land, surrounded by a belt of plantation; and being used as a ley (from which, probably, the place derived its name, Mandesleys), was usually enlivened by sheep and cattle. A pond, near the edge thickly set with water-lilies, was at once a mournful interest and a solemn warning; for long ago, when Mrs Weston was quite young, she had a little brother Willie of five years old, and his mamma was very ill, and died, and Willie was forgotten; and when all was over, and the children gathered together, there was no Willie. They searched everywhere; and at length he was found floating amongst the water-lilies, and his hand still grasping the fading white flowers that had cost him his little life; so that pond was always a reminder of little Willie and the danger of gathering water-lilies. The large farm-yard beyond the garden teemed with live things—horses, cows, dogs, pigs, and poultry, the pet pony "Gipsy," that would carry three at a time, and—when she condescended to dawdle out so far—the pet lap-dog "Sylph." I can hear now the gobble, gobble of the turkey-cock, the queer shrill cry of the guinea-fowls, the jovial quack, quack of the ducks, and the inward, complacent crooning of the hens, as they pecked about in the train of the lord of the seraglio, a fine large game-cock, always on a visit at Mandesleys, and sent by the lord of the manor for board and education until wanted for the cockpit; a provision for which and also for the support of a foxhound, was empowered by a clause in the lease.

There was often a brood of turkeys airing on fine days under a coop on the lawn, the mother's blue-and-pink head coming out at all points to recall the wandering chicks. Of all feathered things, the turkey is the most difficult to rear; but these generally did well, under the especial care of Cicely the maid, a steady, severe-looking damsel, who had lived in the family from her youth up, and demure as she looked, had "kept company" all that time in the laundry, on the off-nights of the wail, with bass William of the chapel choir. Cicely was a strict Presbyterian, with a sour, uncompromising manner, and was in the habit of displaying her love of Dissent and stiff-necked opposition to Episcopacy

by flinging open the front door widely, with a warm smile of welcome, to all Dissenting callers; but held conversation in a forbidding "don't-come-in" tone, through the narrowest possible chink, with all orthodox visitors. Cicely kept an eye on the doings of the establishment; didn't "quite approve of John," though he did set up an air of integrity and uprightness as dauntless as his red waistcoat; looked suspiciously on the red cheeks and bright cap ribbons of Mary the housemaid; detected flirtations in the dairy, and expressed her sentiments thereupon in no measured terms, and with very indifferent success; for the principal culprit, Charles the cowman, would retire to the shippon whistling and muttering: "When sarvants is cross I ne'er heed 'em; poor folks' anger means nowt."

There was a fine large fruit-garden near the farm-yard, filled with strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, apples, pears, and all manner of tempting things; but it was inclosed partly by a wall and partly by a hedge, and had a gate that locked, and of which the old gardener kept the key for reasons of his own. Still, fruit was to be got at somehow; for Maggie was not very well one night, and being questioned closely, acknowledged to having eaten sixty green chisel-pears during the day. There was the same plentiful "well-to-do" air indoors as out; no aim at grandeur, but thoroughly comfortable. None of the rooms were large; the dining the most spacious, furnished with bright solid mahogany chairs and tables. A portrait of Mrs Weston's mother over the chimney-piece, and a round mirror suspended by chains from the beak of an eagle, and in which the reflection of the room appeared half a mile off, were all the decorations. The colour of the walls was a pale buff, kindly suggested by the great Sir Charles Barry, who was luckily on a visit when the house was being painted; but then he was only Mr B., a young beginner with a portfolio full of drawings from Athens, just to shew what he could do, and employed in the construction of the neighbouring church. However much that church may have done for the spread of the gospel, it has done uncommonly little for the spread of architectural taste. But nobody talked then of "Early English" or "Later Norman;" and such notions as "transept," "nave," or "clerestory" were obsolete, or savoured of popery.

Up-stairs, the front rooms were devoted to visitors, who occupied the "best room," the "chintz room," or the "green room," according to the place they held in the hostess's estimation. She herself occupied a bedroom over the kitchen, and commanding a view of the stable-yard. The colour of her bed was a grave drab; and right opposite to it on the wall was a good round clock, by which she could regulate the rising of the maids and the punctuality of the men. Next to her bedroom was the workroom, where Cicely might always be found seated at work before a lead pin cushion that had once been scarlet, but pricked out of all colour; and there Cicely could and did furnish, to all who were willing to listen, the gossip of the district for miles round. Of the other parts of the house, my memory rests most distinctly and lovingly on the storeroom, and the very promising scent that came out when the door was open—a fragrant combination of sugar, apricots, candied lemon-peel, and gingerbread.

In the early part of my recollection, the only conveyance kept at Maudesleys for the use of the family, besides Mr Weston's own particular vehicle, was a heavy gig with a hood, drawn by old "Smiler," who varied his occupation between airing the mistress and carting the coals. But prosperity advanced; and ambition, like appetite, "grows by what it feeds on;" so the old gig was exchanged for an inside car, and that again made way for a real green chariot, and then the boundary was passed between respectability and gentility. Mrs Weston—or, as her husband always called her for shortness, Mrs W.—had a strong love of the genteel; and an overweening preference for those she conceived to be "somebody" was the one little weakness in her character. In other respects she was eminently strong-minded, and in manner the exact counterpart of Cicely. If there was a disagreeable truth that need not be mentioned, it was sure to come out. She openly disapproved Mrs Thornton's new velvet curtains, bordered with needlework done by the dowager Mrs Thornton with incredible pains, and made a call on Mrs T. purposely to let her know it. She would earnestly request any friends removing to a larger house, to "think well what they were doing, or they were certain to get into debt;" and begged to be permitted to pay her annual visit to her friend Miss Marriott in winter instead of summer, at which season she hoped she should not find it so "very disagreeable." In the company of a steady Whig of the old school, she was sure to speak slightly of Charles Fox; and in that of a Dissenting minister was certain to lament the necessary inferiority of Dissenters' education. She entertained one gentleman caller particularly tenuous about family and proud of his own, by assuring him that his wife's father had once been a stay-maker. That gentleman dropped her acquaintance; but if he did, there were others who did not; and the old teas and suppers were put down with the gig, and dinner-parties succeeded at the fashionable hour of five; and besides all this, there was a fire in the drawing-room every day, instead of only on Sundays. The first effort in the dinner-line was rewarded by Mrs Phillips remarking loudly, when oyster-sauce was offered with her boiled turkey: "Well, I did not expect to have met with this here!" But Mrs P. was a sour old widow, that would not have been asked, only she was related to the Philippses of the Park; so what she said did not signify.

Cleaning must have been a very favourite pastime with her. She was for ever painting or scouring or shaking the carpets; the silver was bent and thin with John's continual rubbing; and the knives were worn to a point with the energy of his daily exercise in the boot-hole. John had a habit of letting down visitors, from being company, to forming a part of the family, in a manner peculiarly his own. The first few days he made a grand display of plate, and would then withdraw it piece by piece—first the wine-coolers, then the best dessert knives, an extra cream-jug or butter-cooler, till in about ten days he had got down to what was commonly in use, by which time he concluded the visit was, or at any rate ought to be, over.

Maudesleys was a lively, cheerful abode; for though Mrs Weston had no children of her own,

she contrived to adopt many of other people's, one niece or another always living there; and a kind and ready hospitality that invited not only her own friends, but her friends' friends, insured a plentiful supply of visitors. She dearly liked children about her, but not in the way of fondling or caressing them. With all her kindness, I never heard her say "my love" or "my dear" to any human being; but she liked superintending children through her spectacles, smoothing their hair, examining their nails, or diving into remote corners in order to see if they were well washed; and if no others came in her way, must needs invite a selection of boys from the minister's school, to the discomfiture of both the nieces and Cicely; for school-boys are no company for girls, and Cicely vowed they ate more sponge-cake in the day than she could make in the week. . . .

The brightest, cheeriest thing at Mandesleys was Maggie, the daughter of a brother of Mr Weston, who resided in France; but owing to the demolition of property occasioned by that very common event, a Revolution, Maggie was glad to accept an invitation from Mandesleys to pay a visit that ended only with the lives of the inviters. Half-English, half-French, the gayest, liveliest, merriest little cricket was Maggie. A face by no means pretty, and a figure a little warped, yet she slid along sideways in a fashion of her own, that was positively graceful; looked up to as an oracle of fashion, and a very mirror of taste, such little jaunty hats she wore set sideways on her "crêped" curls, such well-made gigot sleeves, and petticoats judiciously shortened to shew the pretty foot that in her inmost heart she was so proud of; kindly, sprightly, loving, what would Mandesleys have been without Maggie! The great secret of her popularity was her warm and hearty sympathy in the interests of those about her: she was as busy and interested in the school-going and well-doing of the poor weavers' children, as in the plan of a conservatory or the make of a new velvet gown for Mrs Thornton, her wealthy neighbour. . . .

Life went on smoothly and evenly at Mandesleys for forty years and more, and then came a change in the failing health of Mr Weston; when his daily visits to his warehouse were discontinued, and the account-book and ledger, which were hitherto his principal studies, were laid aside for "Blair's Sermons" and "Porteous's Lectures," steady, respectable divinity that could be taken in moderate doses, and was doing something towards preparing for the inevitable journey. He had never played a very important part in the establishment; no need of that; but he had fulfilled the two duties which my friend Miss Humble assures me she conceives to be the sole advantage in husbands, "finding the money and frightening the servants."

Mrs Weston was indefatigable in her attentions to her husband; stood over him whilst he ate, with a determined, "doing-my-duty" air; saw that he followed exactly the doctor's prescriptions; walked out with him, sat with him, and spared no trouble or fatigue in the endeavour to lengthen out his days; but in vain. Death would come; so she waited with a calm endurance for the blow, watched the moment of departure with a sad serenity, and immediately mounted a chair and stopped the clock.

She shewed his memory every respect. The

mourning was solemn and decorous; John was stripped of the red waistcoat for ever, and came out in a full suit of black, with a tuft on his shoulder. Mrs Weston's cap was of the most widowed build; her bombazine was of the finest, her crape of the deepest; but a despairing widow she was not. Indeed, despair depends a good deal on the income; hers was rather diminished, which decided her on leaving Mandesleys, and taking a house at a short distance, and in a rather more genteel neighbourhood—a gentility that amply compensated for any grief she might feel at leaving the home of her life. Changes and misfortunes, it is said, never come singly. She was scarcely settled in her new abode, when Cicely one morning announced her intention of marrying forthwith. She said it reluctantly, with every mark of regret, and would for her own part have continued her engagement for the term of her natural life; but bass William was growing infirm, and thought Cicely might as well attend on him as any one else; and there was no time to spare, as she was past fifty and he verging on three-score. So, with many admonitions on the folly of marrying young, and how uncomfortable she would find it, and how inferior her table and accommodation would be to Mandesleys, and how disagreeable men were in general, and Cicely promising faithfully to come back whenever she was wanted, her mistress was won over to consent, and presented her with a feather-bed, and the stair-carpets with needle-work borders, and a work-table, and that eternal lead pincushion, and a variety of ornaments brought to light in the removal.

Mrs Weston reckoned without her host if she calculated on commanding Cicely's services in the future; for in spite of the promise that deluded her into consenting to the marriage, the very first time she wanted Cicely to accompany her as usual on a visit to Ireland, bass, doubtly bass William, with a total disregard to both their feelings, observed, he'd "rather hoo didn't go; mebby hoo'd be sick, or mebby hoo'd die, or" (and the gist of the matter lay in the third reason) "mebby I should be poorly while hoo were away." So poor Mrs Weston learned the lesson "The Tatler" tells us, so prettily, he was taught a hundred years before, that his sister, after her marriage, would have him to know that she was no longer "Jenny Distaff, but Mrs Tranquillus."

I rather owe Cicely a grudge myself; for once, when her mistress was feelingly regretting to her my very large family, she replied, in a most unsympathising tone: "Serve her right; she and Miss Phillis were always laughing at large families;" and I do think the weight of the dispensation might have softened even her uncompromising notion of retributive justice; but it didn't.

Servants who have lived more than thirty years in one family acquire ways of their own that would scarcely be tolerated under a new dynasty. There was many a tiff between John and his mistress about the mode of putting coals on the parlour fire, which resulted in his placing the coal-box on the rug, and retreating a few paces, with an air of lofty magnificence, and a determination to wait until she had helped herself to her own satisfaction.

Phillis, one of Mrs Weston's nieces, had found a Strephon in the neighbourhood, and was carry-

ing on a flirtation unknown to her aunt, but discovered by John, who knew all the news in the parish, acquired in the kitchens of the houses about, whilst waiting with his lantern to follow the ladies home from the tea-parties, and regularly disburthened his mind of it to the younger branches by the way. It so happened Strephon was a little lame, but "quite an elegant lameness," Phillis said; and that atrocious John would walk solemnly behind his very unconscious mistress, and in advance of Phillis and her companions, in order, as he said, "to light them both at once"—indulging in a very unmistakable limp as he swung the lantern to and fro down the lane.

At one time, Mrs Weston was wishful to alter the name of Mandesleys for one more picturesque or significant. Her neighbour, Mrs Ramsbotham, had built a high brick wall between her own dwelling and the high road, and called it in consequence Wallfield; but Mrs Weston inclined to Daisy Bank, only for this difficulty. Thanks to Tommy Diggle's care and attention, the lawn was so trim and velvety, there was never a daisy to be seen; all were carefully rooted out; and her zeal for Daisy Bank was somewhat quenched when, relating the dilemma to a gentleman friend, he replied: "Then, madam, suppose you call it Lack-a-daisy Bank." The names of the farms and demesnes all around were quaint and old; in use, possibly, since Lancashire was a county—Hollin-hurst, Ditch Ash, Thatch Leach, Besses o' th' Barn, Poppy Thorn, Sheep Hey, could not well mingle with Daisy Bank or Mount Pleasant. Then Woodley was proposed as meeting every requirement, and Woodley it remains.

I saw it again after the lapse of forty years. The kind hostess was no more, the nieces all dispersed, the friends all gone, the house was let to a stranger, and I was forgotten!

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS are not, in a general way, entertaining reading, yet, even outside the agony column, they often pique our curiosity and afford matter for speculation. If some advertisers vex our minds by propounding unsolvable riddles, others amuse us by ingeniously contriving to say what they do not mean. No honestly intending tradesman, could possibly desire 'a sleepy partner in a respectable ready-money business;' nor can anybody require 'an experienced nurse to take charge of a young child between thirty and thirty-five years old, of unexceptionable character.' The owner of a double Bath-chair may perhaps be warranted in describing it as 'capable of holding two persons in good condition;' but that a mail phaeton was ever 'the property of a gentleman with a movable head as good as new,' is more than we can credit. A certain excellent young horse that 'would suit any timid lady or gentleman with a long silver tail,' must assuredly hail from the stable of the Dublin horse-dealer who is open to an offer for a 'splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail.' A feminine switch would hardly be worth so much in Birmingham, where we read: 'Ladies will be sold as low as seven shillings a pair.' The sex would seem to be at a discount in the foregoing town, and reduced

to taking 'up with each other, for a householder offers to let apartments to 'two women married couple.' Women have married women before now, and the *Matrimonial News* once notified: 'A handsome young lady of twenty-one, educated, accomplished, and of good family, desires to marry some lady going out to India.'

The following unsophisticated productions, selected partly from a *History of Advertising*, written by Mr Sampson, and from other sources, may prove amusing. From a Spanish paper is gathered the following: 'This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweller, Siebald Illmaga, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hild and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. — His disconsolate widow, VERONIQUE ILMAGA. P.S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual; only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Lesai de Leinturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent.' It is impossible to avoid admiring the adroitness with which the disconsolate widow continues mourning and money-making, and takes the opportunity of giving a rap at the heartless landlord.

Ireland has the honour of the next production, unsurpassable as it is for delicious pomposity. It is only fair, however, to add that it made its appearance at the beginning of the present century, before examinations for schools and schoolmasters were fashionable.

'Mr Heurleick's devoir to the gentry of Limerick. Would be elated to assign his attention for the instruction of eight or ten pupils, to attend on their houses every second day, to teach the French language, Geography on the Principles of Astronomy, traversing the globe by sea or land on the rudiments of a right angle, with a variety of pleasing Problems, attached to Manners, Customs, &c. of different Countries, Trade, and Commerce; Phenomenons on Volcanos, Thunder, Lightning, Sound, &c. Such as please to continue may advance through a Course of Natural Philosophy, and those proficient in French may be taught the above in that Language.

'N.B.—At intervals would instruct in the Italian Language.—J. HENDRIKX, *Philomathos*.'

A mayor of one of the university towns immortalised himself by the following:

'Whereas, a Multiplicity of Dangers are often incurred by Damage of outrageous accidents by Fire, we whose Names are undersigned, have thought proper that the Benefit of an Engine bought by us, for the better extinguishing of which, by the Accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen to make a Rate to gather Benevolence for the better propagating of such useful Instruments.' Perhaps some clever undergraduate may recognise the style, and be able to decide whether Light or Dark Blue has the honour of such a literary genius.

The following warning against indiscriminate charity appeared in 1804, and it is an undoubted fact that though such claims may not in the present day be so publicly advertised, they are yet considered strictly personal property: 'To be disposed of for the benefit of the poor widow a

Blind Man's Walk in a charitable neighbourhood, the comings in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected!

While small-pox was making extensive ravages some years ago, a Frenchwoman thus advertised: 'Madame XX. permits herself to say that she has pearl-white skin, full health, rosy cheeks, sweetly expressive face, blue eyes, black hair, and a coquettish figure. She will be vaccinated next Friday; and in as short a time as possible the lymph of her arm will be ready for any one desiring a purely healthful vaccination.'

Which is the greater rogue, the cheat or the man who supplies him with the means of cheating? The law, we know, deals more severely with the coiner than with the passer of base money; but although 'confidence'-tricksters occasionally come to grief, we never hear of the manufacturers of their stock-in-trade Bank of Elegance notes and Hanoverian sovereigns being brought to book; while to deal in endless kinds of shams, labelled as the genuine article, is apparently held legitimate trading. 'We are ashamed of nothing nowadays. A practical distiller lets all the world know that having succeeded, after seventeen years' experimenting, in producing a fair port and sherry without a drop of the grape-juice, he wants a partner with two or three thousand pounds, to establish a house in Hamburg for the manufacture of wines. A Chicago tradesman advertises that he keeps on hand every article known to the sporting fraternity, and used by them to win with in games of chance; and a Boston firm is prepared to supply all comers with 'A sure thing,' in the shape of a new method of marking playing-cards, 'which enables a person to read the cards as easily by the backs as the faces, and defies detection.'

Shakspeare complained that too many women

Put on nature's power,

Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face;

and the sex are not less guilty now. Men may well doubt if beauty is even skin deep, when they see a good complexion is to be bought for a shilling; artificial eyebrows for a guinea a pair; tails of hair, as twists or plaits, or to add to the fullness of a scanty head of hair, to be had for ten shillings; and long curls for a crown apiece; while a very moderate sum will purchase an 'ideal corset,' guaranteed 'to impart any degree of fullness to slim figures, while reducing the waist with that roundness which is the great beauty of a good figure.' Even dames of the fair, fat, and forty type may hopefully enter the lists against their more sylph-like sisters, at the cost of a trip to Paris, and a call on Madame H—, who 'has the secret of fairy-like elegance. In spite of nature, the customers she dresses seem to float in the air, and day by day her scissors perform prodigies of art. The shoulders emerge from the corsage, the shape becomes as fine and slender as the stem of a lily, and the arms acquire an adorable curve. But such a dressmaker, you will say, must set a high value on her services. By no means. The modesty of her charges attests the modesty of her character. Judge for yourself. She composes an adorable ball-dress for a hundred francs, and she lives at No. 76, in the Boulevard —.'

As a specimen of what we may term 'ornate

style,' a certain Northumbrian auctioneer announced for sale: 'A quaint mansion and appurtenances, draped in the foliage of its stately pines, its ornate lakes abounding with trout, and decoying the wild-duck to the fowling-piece, wrapped in sylvan beauties, and imparting a dignified air to the amplitude of its lawns and finely timbered park, presenting a *tout ensemble* of a country-seat, highly expressive of the agreeable silence and soothing indolence of a rural retirement.' Then, after babbling eloquently of 'meads watered by a bosky trout-stream, and selvaged by sloping woods and birchen braes;' of 'a rookery lending a baritone to the soprano of the mavis and the merle, in grove and in glade, in sequestered dell and breezy upland,' he condescended to come to more prosaic matters, and tell those concerned that the property was rich in 'the élite of winged game, thanks to its 'populous nurseries of pheasant and partridge;' winding up with a bit of fine writing worthy of Robins himself, who never beat this: 'Pastoral in complexion, the stock-farmer has here a choice field for the exercise of his favourite pursuits. Over these well-fenced and skillfully sheltered estates, the patriot in his benevolence of multiplying blades of grass has ready command of the Wendale lime at the contiguous depot of Rowley station. Intersected by never-failing streams of pure water, hydraulics might here neutralise the aridity of periodical droughts.'

This worthy would have been better appreciated in America, where sounding phrases and big words are much in favour. There Dolliver the tent-maker boasts that the tented field displays his handiwork, while his canopies shield bridal parties, and regally-attired dames and demoiselles, from the gaze of the vulgar crowd, as they alight from their chariots and pass into the halls of festivity.

We have seldom come across an English advertisement in any way resembling the following Yankee sketch of 'Mr Diogenes': 'This singular man,' we are informed by the advertiser, 'lived in Greece. He was distinguished for his eccentricities, bad manners, and bad disposition. It was his chief business to find fault. For example, he took a lantern one day, when the sun was shining brightly, and went out to search for an honest man, thereby insinuating that such persons were exceedingly rare. When Alexander, a distinguished military gentleman, paid him a visit, and inquired what he could do for him, he had the impudence to tell him to get out of his sunshine. To cap the climax of his oddities, he dressed like a beggar, and lived in a tub! He was a sour, crabbed, crusty, old bachelor. We infer that he had no wife; first, because history does not mention her; second, because no woman could take kindly to one of his habits, dress, or manners, or aspire to become mistress of his mansion. There was an old woman who lived in a shoe; but the woman who would live in a tub, especially with such a companion, has not been heard from. The misanthropical spirit which possessed this man was doubtless due to disordered digestion and biliousness, one of the prominent symptoms of which is a morose, fault-finding disposition. Unfortunately' (and here comes the gist of the advertisement) 'Mr Diogenes lived several centuries before Dr P—'s Pleasant Pellets were invented; a few doses of which would have enabled him to find

scores of honest men without his lantern. Under their magic influence, he might have been led to take a more cheerful view of life, to exchange his tub for a decent habitation, to spruce up in personal appearance, and have taken a wife to mend his clothes and his manners; and become the happy sire of little Diogeneses, who would have handed down to posterity the name, not of a cynic philosopher, but of a cheerful, healthy, happy, virtuous man!

Our friends across the water conduct their advertisements in their usual go-ahead style. Not content with posters and newspaper publicity, for miles along the country roads the fences are painted over with the names of quack medicines, and the rocks give their 'testimony' in a clear and unmistakable way that would have astonished Hugh Miller. The vein of drollery with which the Americans are so richly endowed never gives its owner more satisfaction than when managing at one and the same time to puff his own goods and hint a flaw in those of his neighbours. For instance, the fences on the road between Troy and Albany were painted over every few yards with the name 'Castoria' (a preparation of Castor-oil), varied by, 'Castoria is nice,' and 'Castoria would cure a mad Buffalo.' A far-seeing firm engaged in the 'statuary line' seized the golden opportunity, and added: 'When it kills, buy your monuments at Bacon's.'

'Take vinegar bitters, and be happy,' was another piece of advice freely bestowed. 'Port-wine pure as the tears that fall on a sister's grave,' was well known; while 'Those who buy their tombstones of us look with pride and satisfaction at the graves of their friends,' is a remark that lingers in the memory. Our American cousins are slightly deficient in that reverence for 'grave' subjects that characterises the English, and indeed frequently choose them. 'Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here,' was painted by a grocer on the wall of a graveyard; and undertakers frequently laud their goods in a way that jars upon people not in 'the trade.' The beauties of 'let-down caskets [coffins] luxuriously quilted with white satin,' are frequently dilated upon; and one upholstery firm advertises:

Their parlour furniture is elegant.
Their bedroom furniture is rich.
Their mattresses downy.
Their coffins comfortable.

The last specimen we shall offer to the reader has produced many a hearty laugh, and was presented to the writer as quite unique in its way. It runs thus, and is the production of one 'Roger Giles,' of Romford, Essex: 'ROGER GILES, Imperceptible Penetrator, Surgin, Paroch Clarke, &c. &c. Romford, Essex, informs Ladis and Gentlemen that he cuts their teeth and draws corns without waiten a moment. Blisturs on the lowest turms, and fysicks at a penny a peace. Sells god-fathers cordial and strap-ile, and undertakes to keep any Ladis males by the year, and so on. Young Ladis and Gentlemen tort the heart of rideing, and the gramer language in the natest manner, also grate Kare taken to himprove there morals and spelling, sarm singing and whisseling. Teaches the jewsarp, and instructs young Ladis on the gar-tar, and plays the ho-boy. Shotish, poker and all other ruls tort at home and abroad. Per-

fumery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashionary, barth bricks and all other sorts of sweatmeats, including bees wax postage stamps and lusifers; likewise tatars, roobuh, sossages, and other garden stuffs; also fruits, such as hardbake, inguns, toothpicks, ile and tin ware, and other eatables. Sarve, treacle, vinegar, and all other hardware. Further in particular, he has laid in a stock of tripe, china, epsom salts, lollipops, and other pickels, such as oysters, apples, and table beer, also silks, satins, and hearthstones, and all kinds of kimistry, including waxdolls, rasors, dutch cloks, and gridirons, and new laid eggs evry day by me Roger Giles. P.S.—I lectures on joggrefy.'

THE GOLDEN CROWN.

A few years ago I was advised by my physicians to try the effect of the waters at that beautiful place in Germany, Spa. The noise, the gaiety, and the constant fêtes were, however, not in unison with my spirits, and produced so enervating a result that, instead of curing me, I gradually became worse. I therefore sought a calm, country retirement, where I could enjoy nature's loveliness, and make excursions to the villages in the neighbourhood.

On one bright day I was strolling through the hamlet of Walberg, where the small population of two or three hundred inhabitants were holding their annual feast. A level, hard piece of ground, with no other roof than the blue sky, surrounded by wooden benches, served for a ball-room. Dancing needed no midnight excitement, for it began at two o'clock and ended with the departing daylight. Tall, robust girls, in holiday costume, sitting subjects for the pencil of Rubens; and young men with cheerful faces, were looking earnestly in one direction, where I could discern nothing but a deep sandy road, unshaded by trees. A murmur of impatience was heard through the confused sound of voices.

'Who are they expecting?' I asked of an old matron seated at the end of a bench.

'Eh, parblen, they are waiting for the dear old Father. He is always so exact, and the children would have been dancing by this time had he not been delayed.'

I understood then that she was speaking of the village fiddler, and remarked a sort of dais raised within the circle. It was composed of a board laid on two barrels, and the chair placed on it seemed ashamed of its solitude; an old desk stood before, to hold the music. Soon a joyous hurrah came from the peasants, and I perceived a poor old man, hobbling painfully through the dust. His head was nearly bald; but its form was massive, and the face was still handsome. He appeared to be about eighty, yet his eye still retained the softened reflection of his youthful fire. His smile was all goodness as he affectionately pressed the hands of the young ones who gathered round him.

A country minstrel seldom pleases the refined taste, and to escape from the noise and intense

heat, I turned away to a small group of beeches, and began to read the book which was my constant companion. Presently I heard sounds so soft, penetrating, and sweet, that the memory of them will never be effaced. It was one of Weber's waltzes executed by a master's hand on an excellent violin. I rose to return as if by magnetic attraction, and walked beside two peasants who were on their way to the feast.

I remarked: 'It is impossible to waltz to a tune played so slowly.'

'You are right,' replied the young man; 'but in the intervals of the country-dances we often ask the old Father to play us some of his airs, and he never refuses. Ah! sir, they move us to the heart just as we shake the grain under the flail; there are some of our girls who cannot help weeping as they listen.'

I hastened forwards, and was soon below the desk. 'Friend,' I said, without preamble, 'you are a great musician.'

'I was so a long time ago, sir, or at least they flattered me by saying so; but now the airs that I play to these good people are only the remembrances of youthful follies.'

'Noble follies that I wish I had committed,' replied I to this singular old man. 'Will you favour me with your company at breakfast to-morrow morning at the house where I am staying?'

'A thousand thanks; but I never take a meal out of my own house; it is an old man's fancy. I ought to be as proud as a young man is, at eighty-two years of age. But I perceive that you are a musician; so we are brothers. If you will extend your walk to the little village of Hoth, over the flowery turf, you will hear the birds singing in the branches, which is far finer than Weber's waltz, and when you reach my home I will give you fresh eggs and water from the hills.'

'To-morrow I will come,' said I, pressing the old man cordially by the hand, more pleased with the invitation than if it had been to one of the grandest châteaux.

Ten o'clock on the following day found me before a detached cottage, clean, small, and pleasantly shaded, beside a running stream. The old man came to meet me, and his table was spread with the best fare he could provide. When I asked him about his name, he said: 'Sir, the peasants have given me the name of the Father, because as you can guess I am still cheerful in old age, but my real name is Vrangél.'

'Vrangél! I cried, of Munich?'

'Yes,' he answered simply.

'The teacher of Weber, the chapel-master to the king of Bavaria!'

'Why not?'

'The illustrious Vrangél now changed to a village minstrel!'

'By my own choice, dear sir, which proves to you that Vrangél is a Christian philosopher. Music has been the passion of my life; but it has caused me unspeakable sorrow and disappointment. I was the king's professor, and he loaded me with money and honours. I taught the noblest women in my country, and they paid for their lessons with gold. I have given my children and grandchildren a love for the best music, the feeling which makes it eloquent, the science which gives it correctness. Thus I know that my life has not been useless; I

have gained the greatest prize, which I would not exchange for anything that earth can offer.'

'And what is this prize?' I asked.

'Come with me,' said the old man, leading the way to another apartment.

I entered a very small, whitewashed room, where a walnut-wood bed concealed by curtains filled up a space. He drew these back, and I saw a golden crown of laurel in a frame. Beneath was written: 'To my friend and excellent professor, Vrangél.—WEBER.'

'Sir,' said the old man with trembling voice, 'this is the crown that all the Bavarian composers sent to Weber after they had heard *Der Freischütz*, the finest of his works.'

'From that time,' added he, 'everything was against me. I lost my wife and the youngest of my sons. The envy of others was the cause of my dismissal from my post as chapel-master. A banker in whose hands I had placed my savings was made a bankrupt, and my friends deserted me. Life became a weariness, an sadness impossible to describe seized upon me; the doctors ordered me to try the country air and quietness. I engaged a house near Spa, but the bustle of the visitors reached me. Walking through the secluded lanes I found this hamlet, where there are only forty or fifty honest labourers, and bought a cottage. I love to see the young people dance to my music; they do not pay me with money, but they never forget to shew their gratitude by sending me poultry, eggs, and milk. I angle in the stream when I fancy fish for dinner; and I can walk four leagues without weariness to any of the seven villages, when I am sent for to play my violin at marriages, baptisms, and feasts.'

'But,' I said to this singular old man, 'how can a man of your intellectual powers, and accustomed to society for so long a time, deprive himself of all the pleasures of thought, of progress, of mental advancement?'

'My good friend,' he replied, 'everything in society is changed—men, things, and ideas. What was once considered as the enjoyment of luxury, permitted only to those who possess large fortunes, has now become an imperious necessity to every class. The vanity which is grafted into envy grows so rapidly in the field of the human heart, that the good seed is choked. Each for himself, that gospel of egotism, is the universal religion. From the workman up to the capitalist, every one practises it. Villages which are far from these commercial centres have not yet yielded to this plague. But it will advance and invade them; though I shall have gone to my rest before that occurs. Our peasants love their wives, their children, and their fields; but they never covet your horse, your house, or your servant. They have just opinions, sincere friendships, true joys, and simple feelings. I admire their ignorance more than modern philosophy, and I am happier among these rustics who love me, than I should be in drawing-rooms where they would ridicule me.'

Our conversation was carried on for a long time, and I promised to come and see him the following year. I did so; but only to find the door closed. The pigeons were no longer on the roof; no dog barked a friendly welcome. An old woman I met told me that the musician had died the previous February. All the villagers around had wept over his tomb. When his will was opened, it was found

that he had bequeathed three thousand francs to each of the villages; his furniture to the old woman who waited on him; and his much prized possession, the crown of Weber, to the city of Munich. This was all he possessed.

SOME NOTES ON DREAMING.

Few subjects have been oftener written upon than that of dreams and dreaming; yet, frequently as the theme has been treated, it is of that sort which never seems to lose interest for the generality of persons. No doubt the subject is a vague and to a considerable extent an unsatisfactory one—one upon which you may talk and write a very long time, and at the end be not much wiser than you were at the beginning. But as long as people dream they will continue to talk about their dreams, just as mankind will continue to talk about the weather so long as there is rain and sunshine, heat and cold; and not only to talk about but to be more or less curious concerning them. We have no wish to speak about dreams either from a psychological or any other aspect. What it is proposed to do is to record a few facts and observations, with the preface that the greater portion of what follows either came under the writer's own experience, or was related to him by friends as having happened to themselves. Upon this fact indeed depends altogether whatever interest these notes may possess.

The following shows how a dream may be true and yet not true, in a curious way. It was lately told to the writer by one secondarily connected with the circumstances. The narrator occupied lodgings in Edinburgh in company with a friend at the time of the occurrence. One morning, during the winter before last, his fellow-lodger said to my informant: 'I had a curious dream about John Fleming last night. I dreamt he was drowned while skating on Dunsappie Loch. I haven't been able to get the thing out of my head. The loch will be bearing to-day. Supposing we walk over after office hours and see the skating?'

The two young men took their way in the afternoon to Dunsappie Loch. There, sure enough, among the skaters was their friend John Fleming. Portions of the ice were in but an indifferent state for skating, and the two young men, who were not themselves skaters, warned their friend off the dangerous ground. But the skater made somewhat light of their fears, and shewed himself more bold and venturesome than was quite judicious in the circumstances. However, no mischance befell; the skater finished his sport unscathed; and the dreamer of the dream and his companion—my informant—the former a good deal relieved in mind, returned home. While the dreamer was looking over the *Scotsman* next morning, one of the first things his eye fell upon was a paragraph recounting the death on the previous day of a young man named John Fleming, who had been drowned while skating. It was of course some other John Fleming—another young man of the same name.

In the above, though I have changed the name of the chief actor, the circumstances happened as here set down; the form in which they were narrated to me by one in whose good faith I have implicit trust. Some may regard this as a more curious result of the dream than if the friend of the dreamer had been drowned. It would almost seem to shew that dreams may make mistakes in the sense of going astray and visiting the wrong people.

It is not a very rare thing to meet persons who have had, or believed they have had, dreams that were subsequently verified. In relating the following, therefore, the writer hopes not to be regarded as unusually superstitious or credulous. The circumstance occurred not a few years ago, but a very distinct recollection of it is still retained. On entering college-life I parted from a friend who had been to me, in school-boy phrase, a chum, and whom for some years I had been used to meet frequently. My school-fellow—for whom the name of Fred Smith will serve as well as another—on quitting school entered the office of a brother who practised as a solicitor in a country town some hundred miles distant from the city in which Fred had up to that time resided, and in which I continued to live. For two years my friend was absent from the capital, during which time he and I—chums as we had been—ceased to correspond after the first letter or two, both being, like the majority of young fellows, careless and remiss about such things. New interests and new occupations no doubt came to fill and engross the thoughts of my school-fellow, as they did mine; and in my case, to say truth, Fred Smith ceased to bulk much in my memory.

One night I dreamt that I met Fred at a certain corner in town where two of the principal streets in the city met and crossed. The dream was a very vivid one. My school-fellow crossed the street from the other side to meet and greet me; his hand grasped mine, and his voice rang in my ears in the old hearty fashion. He had grown greatly, had shot up into a tall and, it struck me, somewhat angular youth, and his upper lip and chin were yellowing with the down of callow manhood. Next morning on going into town as usual, the first person I met with whom I was acquainted was Fred Smith, exactly at the spot indicated in my dream. He crossed the street to accost me, looking precisely as in my dream, tall and angular, with an incipient beard on his chin, which when we last met had been as smooth as a lady's. He had come to town on the previous night.

A well-known and esteemed Edinburgh advocate, now dead, used sometimes to relate the following. While at school, one of the studies in which he was most successful was mathematics. During the last sessions of his school-life he was trying hard for one of the mathematical prizes. Another youth and himself were running a neck-and-neck race for the coveted honour. On regularly recurring days the boys in the class were set problems to work in a given time. Each of the rivals had done all the exercises correctly up till almost the end of the term. At length our boy was fairly baffled by one problem—the last that was required to be done. By no amount of labour and pains could he, succeed in solving it. On the evening before the day on which the

exercises were to be given in, he had puzzled at the obdurate problem late into the night. At last, still completely baffled, and mentally and bodily wearied by his long work, he gave way, boy-like, to a flood of tears of vexation and mortification, and in this state went to bed. During the night he dreamt that he was again engaged in solving the problem, and that he worked it out rapidly and easily to what he felt sure was the correct result. Then a deep and dreamless slumber succeeded, which lasted till morning. When the boy rose, instead of there remaining to him only a confused recollection of having dreamt about working at the problem, he sat down, and there and then solved the exercise without the slightest difficulty. The sequel to the story was, I think, that the two boys were bracketed equal, and that each therefore received a prize.

It is not of course an uncommon thing, as we have on more than one occasion noted in these pages, for persons to have dreams of this character—for the poet to dream verses—the novelist plots and situations—the barrister causes—the mathematician problems—but it is very rarely that these dreams are of any practical service to the dreamers. They vanish with the waking, leaving only a vague and incongruous memory. We have all heard persons relate how they have successfully wrought out in their sleep some piece of work that has been exercising their mental faculties all day; but the above is one of the few instances the present writer has ever known of a dream of this nature resulting thus practically.

There are, however, historical examples of the same kind—one of which relates to the poet Campbell, and is not, I think, very widely known. While Campbell was engaged in composing *Lochiel's Warning*, he became perplexed as to how he should best put into rhythmical shape an idea which was working in his brain. He had been striving a whole day to find adequate expression for his thought, but night found him still unsatisfied. It will be remembered by readers that Campbell was fastidious and difficult to please in regard to niceties of language. With his mind still running in the same groove, he went to bed and fell asleep. While he slept, the idea flashed through his brain clothed in fitting and adequate words. He started up in bed, suddenly wide awake, rose, struck a light, sat down at a table, and instantly wrote the well-known couplet:

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And events to come cast their shadows before.

The poet then went to sleep again. In the morning he made a single alteration in the couplet, writing for 'events to come,' 'coming events,' the shape in which of course the lines appeared in the completed poem.

One word may be offered in the way of reply to and possible explanation of the question frequently asked: 'How is it that dreams do really sometimes come true?' The answer that has been suggested—and it seems a by no means unsatisfactory one—is, that considering the myriads of dreams that do not come true, it would be rather wonderful than otherwise if occasionally one were not verified. It is the same method of explanation which has been applied to the familiar phenomenon of people appearing who have the moment before been in your thoughts, or of whom you have been actu-

ally speaking to some third person—a coincidence common enough to have long since become embodied in a proverb. The proposed solution of the phenomenon is, we think, equally legitimate in both cases.

TWENTY-FIVE DEGREES BELOW ZERO ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

THE following account of the sufferings of two persons, who by accident were separated from a party engaged in laying out and constructing the Canada Pacific Railway in Manitoba, goes to prove what has frequently been advanced on the subject of human endurance in these northerly latitudes. One of the men was a Scotchman, aged about twenty-three; and the other an Indian boy, about eighteen years of age. The story was told by the eldest of the sufferers in the simplest and most truthful manner, and was elicited by the question asked of my young friend: 'Jem, when can you let me have the old family watch I lent you, and where is it now?' (The watch in question was an old-fashioned, thoroughly reliable silver one.)

'As to when I can return the watch,' answered my friend, 'there may be some doubt; but as to where the watch is at this present moment, I imagine there can be but little doubt. The watch at this moment is, as nearly as I can tell you, at the bottom of Lake Winnipeg, about five miles from the shore, in company with my father's compass; both articles having been lost in the lake in the middle of the night through an ice-crack, during one of my journeys with a provision dog-train across the lake; and I assure you it will be many a year before I forget that night and the frightful position I was in.'

'Tell me all about it, Jem,' I said. 'If I lose my watch, do not let me lose the story of it too.'

'I left the station,' said Jem, 'when I had got the dog-train load of provisions, on the afternoon of the 20th January 1878. The weather was clear and fine, but extremely cold, the thermometer registering nearly twenty-five degrees below zero. There was, however, no wind, and the cold was quite endurable. Both myself and the Indian boy were dressed in our ordinary clothes, mufflers, and overcoats, with snow-shoes on the train for use as wanted. We could not walk in fur-coats, and had therefore concluded to leave these behind, for the dogs were fully loaded with the provisions. Our course lay through the timber that skirted the southern part of the lake, and was consequently quite sheltered; and as we had to return on foot to the station within a day or two without the dog-train, all unnecessary wraps were left behind, not liking to be too heavily loaded on our homeward tramp. Provisions at our camp on the railway having quite run out the day previous, we were desired to lose no time in loading up and starting on our lonely journey. The distance we had to travel was about thirty miles; and if the weather kept fine, we calculated we could easily do this by the evening of the following day. We intended to camp for a few hours at a certain spot about twelve miles from our starting-point, so that we had daylight sufficient to reach that place. The moon would rise about eleven o'clock, when we could again move

on, as moonlight in these northern latitudes is most brilliant and clear.

Our friends in the old country and in the civilised part of Ontario would think such a journey, with the thermometer at twenty-five degrees below zero, and made at night on foot, driving a dog provision-train, would be a great hardship. We, however, thought nothing of it, and we take these things quite as a matter of course. In fact, I was thirteen months out surveying on the line of the new Pacific Railway without once sleeping in a proper bed or a regularly built house. We always camped under canvas, with bark and evergreen brush as a screen from the wind and snow. No pillow, except perhaps a knapsack or two or three pairs of boots tied up, a blanket and buffalo skins rolled round us individually, with evergreen brush on the ground, constituting our bedding. I was never in better health than during the time I was so primitively lodged. Of course we lived principally on pemmican and pork, and sometimes we consumed huge quantities of these strengthening and cold-repelling provisions.

Our course lay, as I before stated, through the timber that skirted the southern part of Lake Winnipeg; but as we proceeded we found the swampy inlets were not frozen so entirely solid as to make travelling over them very advisable. This partial freezing—or rather partial thawing—is caused by the warmer spring-water continually welling up in such positions; and from this reason we determined to strike directly across that portion of the lake that lay in our route. We knew that the ice out in the open space would bear an elephant; and moreover, there was less snow on the ice than in the timbered shore, and from the snow being frozen the travelling was much better. The night being quite calm, although dark at the time we reached the shore, we finally decided to adopt the above course. I had my compass and plenty of matches, so that if I thought we were deviating from our course, I could correct it by striking a match and examining my compass. Before leaving the timber, however, we carefully examined the sky all round the horizon so far as we could see, to ascertain the certainty of there being no chance of a snow-storm. We had about twelve miles to travel on the ice before we reached the point we desired to approach. The Indian boy shook his head at the proposition to cross the ice at night, especially as we had heard wolves howling in our rear; and we knew that if they struck our dog-trail, they would in all probability follow it after us. I had my revolvers, and the fourteen chambers loaded; consequently, I did not apprehend much danger from wolves, unless they followed us in great numbers.

All things considered, we determined to push on; and after five miles of excellent travelling, we were congratulating ourselves on the choice we had made, and had stopped a moment to strike a match and determine the correctness of our present course. The dogs were a few yards ahead, and we noticed by the glare of the burning match that they were apparently jumping or moving in a different manner from their usual mode of travel. I threw down the match, and we both hurried after them, thinking they might intend running away. (Dogs are never driven with check reins.) The glare of the lighted match pre-

vented our perceiving that a crack had formed in the ice about two feet wide, and it was over this crack, covered with thin ice, that the dogs had apparently leaped. (The dog-trains were of sufficient length to cross the crack without falling in or upsetting.) The sagacious brutes were not to be deceived by thin ice, nor should we have been but for the blinding glare of the match. I had both the compass and watch in my hand; and as we accelerated our pace to overtake the dogs, down we both went through the thin ice into the water; both compass and watch flew out of my hands into the water, and of course at once sunk; and we were only saved from the same fate by throwing out our arms and catching the edge of the solid ice. We were wet up to the armpits, but soon scrambled out. Our dogs stopped when we fell in, looking back at us as much as to say: "Why did you not jump as we did?" Of course their instinct not having guided us, we were not much the better for the apparently mute inquiry.

(Note.—These cracks in the ice of the Canadian lakes are problems which have never been solved; they differ in width in different situations; but always keep open, and are most dangerous to sledge-travelling.)

Our position was now terrible in the extreme. We were wet through, with the thermometer at twenty-five degrees below zero. We knew we were five or six miles from the shore, even at the nearest point; and to add to our difficulty, we had not observed in which direction the crack ran. There was no moon, and would not be for several hours; we had completely lost our "polarity," and did not know which way to go. The sky had clouded over since sundown, and we could not even see the north star. Our clothes froze stiff in five minutes, and we began to feel that our hours were numbered. As you are well aware, I could always bear exposure; but my Indian's teeth chattered like a pair of castanets. After a few moments' delay and indecision, we concluded at any rate to keep moving, and accordingly started forward at a jog-trot. We knew nothing as to the direction we were going in, and might be moving towards the centre of the lake and towards open water. We cheered on the dogs, and hoped they would prove wiser than ourselves, and that their instinct would lead them towards the land.

After about an hour's travel and terrible sufferings, we struck a very small islet, not more than half a quarter of an acre in extent. It was only about two feet above the water's edge, and quite destitute of timber except some dead and partly dried willows. Of course this islet was also covered with snow, and but for the sagacity of the dogs, we never should have seen it. We soon had the dogs unharnessed, and a fire made of the dead willows. It was certain death to fall now; stiff and sore as we were, we knew our only hope lay in getting warm again. We pulled off our wet clothes, dried them as well as we could in the flame and smoke of the fire, and partially dried our under-flannels, first allowing them to freeze hard, and shaking them well when frozen. A great deal of moisture was thus got rid of; and after again dressing ourselves, we began to have a little sensation of warmth. We ate heartily of our cold provisions, and fed the dogs; and our fuel being by this time quite exhausted, and

the greater part of the night yet to get over, we spread all available medium between us and the snow, using some willows first; and calling the dogs, we all—canine and human—curled ourselves into the smallest possible space, with two dogs before and two behind each of us, and our blankets over all, so arranged as to keep in every particle of animal heat. We soon fell fast asleep, with a feeling of comparative comfort I never expected to feel again. As I expected, the wolves followed up our trail, and were howling round us all the rest of that terrible night; but we took no notice of such minor troubles as being eaten by wolves. It seemed to be almost a luxurious death in comparison with the awful feeling of being frozen stiff and solid on Lake Winnipeg, with the thermometer twenty-five degrees below zero.

'Morning came at last, and we with difficulty got under weigh once more; but now we knew the direction in which to travel; and at about eleven A.M. we arrived all safe at our destination.

'My skin was badly chafed, from the effect of the frozen clothing, otherwise I took but little harm from the experience. I suppose that heavy fat-meat diet enabled me to bear hardship that would have killed a vegetarian in half an hour. How the instinct of the dogs enabled them to hit on the small islet, I am at a loss to imagine; and how human nature ever endured what we had to bear that night, would seem beyond comprehension to an inhabitant of cities and heated houses; but the facts are as I have related them; and that was how I lost your old family watch.'

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Long Vacation as usual has brought opportunity for sayings and doings, for discussion of questions, and ventilation of grievances, which at other times are lost in the crowd or treated with indifference. If the First Lord of the Admiralty speaks on education during the holidays, and says he does not 'advocate the piling of subject upon subject, the straining after what appears to him an unattainable standard of excellence, the pushing and driving of children from one subject to another;' and when he suggests that the aim of schooling should be to train up a child 'to be a good father, a good man; more useful, stronger, more vigorous, and more self-reliant than without that schooling,' then people listen to him. And if a learned and right-minded Professor ventures to intimate that acquirement (otherwise cram) is not knowledge, the intimation survives, and may be turned to profit by students when the holidays are over. And if scientific men say that the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield was not very successful, and talk about the great object-glass, the largest in the world, to be made in New England for the Russian Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, they too find listeners. And the Royal Commission on Agriculture while publishing the list of subjects into which they intend to inquire, and announcing that they have sent competent men to the continent of Europe and the United States of America, to draw up Reports on the

agriculture of those countries, feel pretty sure that their utterances will not be wasted. And if the International Congress of Physicians, sitting at Amsterdam, decide in favour of compulsory vaccination, of Contagious Diseases Acts, the localisation of epidemics, and periodical examinations of the eyes of persons employed on railways, they anticipate at least tolerance for their decisions. And while in wine-growing countries there is a renewed outcry against the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, Mr J. Ball, the veteran Alpine traveller, publishes a dissertation on the *Origin of the Flora of the European Alps*, which will not fail of readers. And International Meteorology, which has been so praiseworthy promoted by the government at Washington, puts forth an exposition of its purposes, and not in vain, for there is 'no nation which is without interest in the work proposed to be based upon exchanged simultaneous Reports, and no nation has hitherto hesitated, when the subject has been properly presented, to aid in a duty which, so easily done as to require very little effort on the part of any one person, has for its object a good to mankind. The work cannot, from its nature, be for the selfish good of any section.' And is it not for the good of mankind that such grand steam-ships should be built as the *Orient*, of five thousand four hundred tons burden, with one rival only in respect of dimensions, and capable, as is anticipated, of making the voyage to Australia in thirty-six days?

The City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, have published their programme for 1890, stating that they will afford facilities for carrying out an examination in certain specified subjects, wherever a class for instruction is formed, or a sufficient number of candidates present themselves. They offer money grants varying in amount to teachers, according to qualification and success in teaching. The subjects for examinations comprise Alkali manufacture, blow-pipe analysis, brewing, carriage-building, cloth and cotton manufacture, electro-metallurgy, manufacture of gas, glass, iron, lace, paper, silk, steel, sugar, goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work, photography, pottery and porcelain, printing, tanning, telegraphy, watch-making, and other trades. Inquiries may be addressed to the Secretary of the Institute, Mercers' Hall, E.C. It is further worthy of record that the Guilds have endowed the chairs of Engineering and Mechanical and Chemical Technology in University College.

We have from time to time mentioned the experiments made on blast-furnace slag, with a view to apply it to useful purposes; and we are now informed by a technical Report that in certain important particulars the experiments have proved successful. In the neighbourhood of Middlesbrough, extensive works are in active operation converting slag into sand, into shingle, into bricks and into 'wool,' or 'slag-cotton' as it is sometimes called, by very ingenious processes. The sand when mixed with a given quantity of lime is shaped into bricks at the rate of twelve thousand a day: these bricks do not require to be burned in a kiln, for they harden in the open air, are ready for use in less than two months, and are

well adapted for interior walls, as they do not split from the driving in of nails, and have a uniform surface. It is found too, that when properly mixed with other substances, slag is convertible into cement, concrete, and mortar. With another transformation, it appears as chimney-pieces, window-heads, balustrades, and other articles described as 'artificial stone' for the use of builders. And in the iron district of Northampton, the slag, after suitable treatment, is fashioned into glass bottles, green in natural colour, and remarkable for strength. If strong glass bottles can be made, why not glass railway-sleepers? It was stated at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Liverpool that the slag-glass could be toughened, and that on trial it had borne heavy weights without breaking. Should this be confirmed on further experiment, it will settle the question, and the cumbersome heaps of waste slag will be moulded into imperishable sleepers. The successes thus achieved are perhaps the beginning only of discoveries which may lead to further useful applications of this hitherto intractable material. Thereat will the dwellers in the iron districts rejoice, for, as we are told, blast-furnace slag accumulates to the extent of eight million tons a year. Students of technology could hardly employ their time better than in finding out profitable uses for the at present waste and useless heaps of manufacturers' refuse.

Some years ago, certain lead mines in Flintshire, extending many miles underground, were abandoned because of the great inflow of water. The improvements recently made in machinery for boring and tunnelling led to the formation of a project for the drainage of those mines, and we learn from an official source that an adit level which was driven at great cost by an ancestor of the present Duke of Westminster, is now in course of extension by the Diamond Rock Boring Company; and that in six months, a tunnel eight feet square has been driven three hundred and forty yards through hard limestone. At this rate, the time required to carry on the work to a distance of twelve miles may be calculated. To 'unwater' a large metalliferous district is a worthy task for modern enterprise, to which we wish success.

At the last meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, a much improved rock-drill, described as the 'Eclipse,' was exhibited. The construction is simple; it is self-feeding, and may be worked either by steam or compressed air; and in the statement of its merits we remark that 'let the rock be hard or soft, or full of seams, whether the pressure be low or high, or whether the drill be fixed to any peculiar angle, and boring at the rate of two inches or twelve inches per minute, it does not affect the regularity and effective duty of the feed, and the perfect mechanical result of advancing the machine forward at precisely the rate of its progress into the rock.' Moreover, when once started, it 'may be left to complete the hole by its own action;' hence the man in charge may attend to two or perhaps three machines at the same time.

Messrs Jordan and Company point out that for quarrying or mining, hydraulic power is the most economical, and is to be found in the 'pump columns' of all deep mines. 'No deep mine,' they state, 'of any importance can be worked without pumps and a large pumping-engine; and this is

the source of power suggested. Therefore, in order to arrive at the cost of any power we may require for driving small hydraulic engines underground, we have only to determine the cost of pumping the quantity of water used through the head employed;' and they shew that the cost is much less than that of compressed air.

A prize offered for a method, mechanical or chemical, of making marketable, with commercial advantage, ores or minerals raised from mines in Cornwall or Devon, was gained by the Chudleigh Road (Devonshire) Patent Brick, Tile, and Pottery Company. Their vitreous pottery, made from clays hitherto considered worthless, occupied a deservedly high place among works of art exhibited at the meeting above referred to, and will probably compete for public favour with the now well-known Lambeth ware. The articles, whether bricks, tiles, jars, bottles, vases of various colours, are 'vitrified without any artificial admixture; while the burning, fixing the colour and enamel, are all done at one and the same time.' Not least among the merits of this novel manufacture is its economy; for the local land-owners and clay merchants had always regarded the top clays as useless, and in mining for the potter's clay found in that part of the county, had thrown them aside as waste and rubbish. 'Sanitary bricks' are made which withstand a crushing weight of three hundred and twenty tons to the square foot, and 'non-porous bricks' which effectually resist damp and the action of the strongest acids. In the production of these satisfactory results, the kiln, described as Carder's Patent Continuous Kiln, plays an important part. It contains 'a series of burning chambers, arranged in an oval ring, on the continuous principle, so that while the contents of some are being fired, others may be cooling, or filling, or being emptied; the distribution of the heat being governed by a series of dampers. The waste heat of the chambers which are cooling is either directed by gas drying tunnels, or allowed to flow on to keep the chamber in full fire, to supply it with heated oxygen. Day by day one chamber is filled, one drawn, and the fires are advanced a stage, until the whole circuit of the kiln has been made.' Meanwhile the process of drying is going on in the drying tunnels, the capabilities of the kiln being such 'that green bricks direct from the machines can be dried in the drying chambers or tunnels by the utilisation of the waste heat from the main flue, without the additional cost of fuel, labour, and separate buildings.' If these things can be done in Devonshire, why not in Cornwall, where waste clays are over-abundant, and where people are disquieted because of hard times and waning trade?

A new machine-gun, named after its inventor, the Nordenfeldt, has been tried with a view to use in the navy, being specially intended to repel the attacks of torpedo boats. It has four barrels placed side by side, each of which discharges a bullet of about half a pound weight, that penetrates steel plates from three-quarters to one inch in thickness, at a distance of one hundred yards. The cartridges are made of gun-cotton, and are fired by means of electricity in a way not yet made known outside the official precinct. But it appears to be demonstrated that the Nordenfeldt will take a formidable place among destructive appliances.

Mr H. Wilde of Manchester, whose dynamo-electric machines have been noticed in these pages, has succeeded in lighting a ship by electricity, with results that seem to settle the question as regards practicability and completeness of effect. Any one who has been on board a vessel of war knows how dark and dismal, notwithstanding oil-lamps, the lower decks are: henceforth they will be as bright as day, and even brighter in gloomy weather, for Mr Wilde can now divide the working-current without difficulty, and introduce as many points of light as may be necessary. Instead of pairs of carbons separated by plaster of Paris, he coats the carbon separately with a film of hydrate of lime, and mounts them in couples in such a way that when the current is passing they stand at the proper distance apart for producing a perfect light. An experiment made on board the *Inflexible* may be taken as the commencement of a change which will very greatly mitigate the discomfort of life in an ironclad. Four of Mr Wilde's improved lamps were placed in one of the engine-rooms, and, according to the official Report, 'when lighted up, the effect was most startling: the opal shades gave off so powerful and brilliant an illumination that the engine-room, which is considerably below the water-line, appeared to be filled with daylight, and the moving parts of the engine were rendered visible.' Apart from the abundant light, there is the advantage that neither heat nor smoke is generated, a very important consideration within the narrow limits of a ship; and it is not surprising that the Lords of the Admiralty, in whose presence the experiment was made, 'were warm in their expressions of surprise and gratification.'

On the Nature of the Fur on the Tongue is the title of a paper by Mr Butlin, F.R.C.S., read before the Royal Society, in which it is shown that the fur does not consist of epithelial cells, as generally supposed, but (1) of remains of food, and bubbles of mucus and saliva; (2) of epithelium; (3) of fungi, which attach themselves to the filiform papillae, are gray in colour, and, as Mr Butlin states, correspond in colour and appearance with the thin gray pellicle which forms upon the surface of bacterium-producing fluids. This pellicle when examined is seen to become whiter and more opaque as it becomes thicker, and the fur on the tongue behaves in a similar way with increase of thickness.

In order to ascertain the true nature of the fungus, Mr Butlin cultivated a small quantity from different tongues on a 'warm stage.' Free growth and development, he says, 'took place'; but instead of the expected single fungus, several fungi were found. Only two forms, however, were present in every instance—namely, *Micrococcus* and *Bacillus*; and from a comparison of the natural fur with the results obtained by artificial cultivation, he has little doubt that the fur consists chiefly or essentially of these two fungi.

Micrococcus developed itself in 'small spherical bodies, generally in pairs or groups of four, but often forming chains. Upon the warm stage, rapid multiplication took place, with the production of pairs, fours, long and short chains often twisted and looped, and small and large colonies. When these colonies reached a large size (which happened in the course of a few hours), they pre-

sented a granular appearance, and assumed a yellow or brownish-yellow colour, and all movement in them ceased.'

Bacillus, a rod-like growth, as its name indicates, moved actively about the field of the microscope, the rods forming short chains or pairs, but not forming colonies, though they sometimes congregated in large numbers in the *Micrococcus* colonies. In two instances, another kind, *Bacterium termo*, made its appearance, and 'developed with such rapidity that the whole of the fluid was crowded with these organisms to the exclusion of every other form.'

Mr Butlin is led to conclude from his observations, that while the two first-named fungi predominate, four other kinds are occasionally met with; and he remarks, 'the slime which exists around and between the teeth is composed of the same constituents as the fur on the tongue; all the organisms which are found in the one are found also in the other. *Bacillus subtilis* exists, however, in greater quantity in this tooth-slime, and the rods and filaments are usually much longer than in the fur, probably because they are not subjected to so much disturbance.'

The experimental cultivation on the 'warm stage,' allowing for local conditions, represents the growth of fur on the tongue. One conclusion is plain—namely, that cleansing of the mouth after every meal, as at the beginning and the end of the day, should not be neglected.

From facts and statements concerning the mouth, it is easy to pass to a question of food. Mr Ernest Hart writing in the *British Medical Review*, once more points out the 'extravagance of our people in their feeding, notably their extravagant excess in flesh-food, their ignorant neglect of nitrogenous vegetables and fish, and their carelessness and unskillful waste in cooking. The fallacy that meat alone can give strength for hard work, and beer alone give adequate stimulus to its digestion, are fallacies so deeply rooted, and which underlie so many extravagances and follies of the poor and the well-to-do, that a campaign against dietetic fallacies would be as patriotic as well-founded. The first step should be to lengthen our list of legumes, those immediately available being peas, beans of different kinds, including varieties from India, and rice and lentils; the second to introduce the pipkin and the stew-pot. Until the English housewife learns how wasteful is the roasting-jack, how costly the gridiron, and how unnecessary the "clear fire" and the blazing mass of coals, without which she can at present usually neither cook a cutlet nor boil a cup of coffee, the first lessons of household economy are still unknown to her.' Another writer declares that we have to overcome prejudice and learn to eat; that food is abundant and cheap, and might be cheaper if we were not the most backward people in Europe in the art of cookery. 'We are surrounded by water, yet fish is a luxury. We eat only one vegetable, except when we invade the domains of our cattle, and indulge in poorly cooked greens. Of peas, French beans, cauliflowers, and fruit, the majority of people are stinted, if not debarred. We complain of agricultural depression, chiefly or in great part because we have discovered that other nations can supply us with corn and beef cheaper than we can grow them ourselves; and yet we cannot get good fresh butter, pure milk,

new-laid eggs, and chickens, except at extravagant prices.

After all this, it may seem trivial to notice an improved nose-bag; but in behalf of horses we state that the improvement consists in dividing the bag, so that one-half hangs on each side of the head. The two halves are connected below with a perforated metal bowl or trough, into which the feed gradually descends. Special provision is made for breathing, and for the escape of hot air from the horse's nostrils while feeding: the food is always at one level, and can be eaten without any resting or tossing of the bag on the part of the horse.

EDUCATION BY POST.

In this *Journal* for 30th November 1878, a short notice was given of the system of *Education by Post* carried on by the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. Presuming that all our readers are interested in matters relating to education, we deem it desirable again to draw their attention to the movement, and to the extension of a scheme of which many have already taken advantage.

There is always a large class both of young men and young women in every grade of society who, after they have left school, desire to gain a clearer knowledge of the subjects there taught, and also to gain a knowledge of the higher subjects included in a university curriculum. Formerly, the only means by which such knowledge could be obtained by those whose sex or work in life shut them out from a university career, or even from the classes which sprang up in various places, was private study. The private student has two great difficulties to contend against. The first is, that the zeal is apt to be fitting, and the work consequently unmethodical. The next is, that even though there is perseverance and method, the student often gets up from the study of a subject with a head full of undigested facts, whose relations to each other have not been clearly thought out. The object which the Association has in view is to meet these difficulties, to stimulate the efforts of those who are seeking knowledge, and to help them to systematise their thoughts. With this object, tutors of acknowledged ability have been appointed for the various subjects. Before the opening of the session, plans of study, giving the subject of each paper, are prepared by them, and a copy is sent to the pupil. During the course of the session, examination papers are posted every fortnight, the answers to which are returned to the tutors, who correct and criticise them and explain any difficulties that may occur. The benefit to be derived from being thus educated to write clear and connected answers to the questions, can hardly be over-estimated.

In preparing the papers, the tutors have always in view the necessity of keeping the questions within the range of a mixed class of students. They also aim at drawing up the questions in such a form as to suggest a wide relation of facts, and thus force the pupil to think about them. The subjects of study being the same as those chosen by the Glasgow University examiners, the pupils are prepared for, and can if they choose present themselves at, the Local Examinations.

The high place taken by many of the 'corre-

spondence' pupils of this and similar Associations is a gratifying proof of the efficiency of a scheme which, beginning with the preliminary course of grammar, geography, history, and arithmetic, is adapted to the wants of those whose early education, from one cause or other, may have been stunted or interrupted; which provides the opportunity of carrying on the study of a wide range of subjects in remoter districts where instruction is not otherwise easily obtained; and which prepares students not only for the ordinary Local Examinations, but also for the 'Higher Examinations for Women,' which have this year been granted by the Glasgow University Examination Board.

The Secretary for the correspondence classes of the Association has received from many of last year's pupils, resident in all parts of the kingdom, letters expressing the great pleasure and benefit which they have derived from the session's work; and the success which has already attended the system has determined the Glasgow Association to open their classes to young men as well as young women.

One other important extension of the scheme remains to be noticed. The Irish Intermediate Education Act opens a wide field; and to meet the wishes of many of the pupils residing in Ireland, classes in the lines proscribed by the Intermediate Education Examining Board will be carried on.

Information with regard to all the classes may be had from the Honorary Secretary for the Correspondence Classes, Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

LOST.

In other years, when life was gay,
And I was young and knew not care,
I took a gem of priceless worth,
And idly placed it in my hair.
I marked not when the breezes wild,
That through my locks did rudely play,
Unloosed the jewel from my brow;
It fell to earth, and there it lay.

Time drove the roses from my cheek,
And dimmed the radiance of mine eye,
And then I thought me of the gem
That I had cast so lightly by.
I went to seek it where it fell;
And while I searched in vain the place,
I saw another maiden pass,
A vision fair of youth and grace.

And lo! upon her brow of snow,
I saw my long-lost treasure shine,
Far far less brilliant than of yore;
And yet I knew that it was mine.
I stretched my hand, and eager cried:
'Give back, restore what is mine own!'
She answering said: 'Nay; once 'twas thine;
But now 'tis mine, and mine alone!'

'I found the gem thou couldst not prize
'Lying unheeded in the mire;
I cleansed it with my love's pure tears,
And now 'tis all my heart's desire.'
She went her way; and I was left
To gaze into a cold blank life,
Of love and hope alike bereft.
A cheerless lot of toil and strife:

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THE MATRIMONIAL.

AMONG all sensible people, married life, as we understand it in this country, is considered to be an honourable and absolutely indispensable condition for the well-being of any rightly conducted community. Yet, it is surprising how many persons think of and speak of this condition with contempt, or at all events with indifference, and who sometimes go the length of cynically observing that 'to do the matrimonial' would be the last of their actions. We are going to chat a little about the 'Matrimonial' in different points of view. Though written about since the beginning of the world, the subject is far from being exhausted. We may even in a small way say something out of the usual track.

Of course we begin with a slight dash at philosophising. The reason marriage can be extolled is very plain. A man, his wife, and children constitute the primary element of human society. Without this rudimental institution things would go all wrong. Government would be a chaos. Vice and barbarism would be predominant. We have the best evidence that such is a likely result when we look at Turkey, drifting to ruin and extinction through the influence of polygamy, slavery, and superstition. A thriving civilisation is out of the question. Women are left uneducated, and generally lead an idle animal existence. Many of them are openly or covertly bought while young, and are ever after treated as slaves. They are certainly brought up without any sense of independence, and in point of fact are nonentities in the ordinary duties of life. The manner in which the higher class of these women live offers some curious particulars. From France, England, and elsewhere there has been a considerable export of elegant toys to amuse the idle hours of these unfortunate ladies. They take particular delight in the costly musical toy known as the piping bullfinch, musical boxes, miniature puppets dancing on wires, and other drolleries deemed to be valuable in killing time. Think of women kept in a degrading capti-

vity, and spending day after day in childishly laughing at a cuckoo clock or a jumping-Jack. That, however, is not the worst of a condition so deplorable. Where women are not educated, and not put in their proper position, it follows that children are only half taught. Their mother cannot instruct them in anything useful, and their intellect is accordingly dwarfed. No benefit is derived from visitors, because no man is allowed to intrude where there are females; and for the same reason there can be no promiscuous hospitality. The children, accordingly, see and learn nothing of the ways of the world generally. To expect any good to come out of this method of conducting domestic affairs is ridiculous. Progress is impossible. The tendency is to retrograde in spite of all propping up from without. The wealth of Europe could not keep the Turkish nation on its feet. Sooner or later, political dissolution is the natural and inevitable destiny.

It is tolerably clear that the faculties which stand us in good stead require a certain primary culture from father and mother. This is what we call fireside education. The child listens to all that is said. Friends call, and conversations ensue, of which the youngsters take advantage. The girls benefit by the talk of the boys, and the boys in turn are softened by the more gentle observations of the girls. Such is home culture, and it is all a result of a father and mother being united in matrimony; for then there is a common interest to improve the offspring. What a contrast between the debasements incidental to Turkish home-life and this wholesomeness in social arrangements.

We think there is something highly touching in seeing two young beings united in the acceptable and sacred bonds which are to last until severed by the death of either. It is a solemn occasion. We do not dispute that as a civil contract it is well enough; but by a kind of natural instinct, and looking to the importance of life-long obligations that may ensue, one feels that the ceremonial should be crowned with a becoming sanctity. We do not like to see the Matrimonial trifled with and reduced to a common-

with no relatives to admonish or advise her, she brooded on her fancied wrongs, was the victim of her own warped feelings and an imperfect sense of what was dutiful and proper. Ultimately, a curious kind of truce was effected. The pair lived separately in the same house. Holding no sort of intercourse, they fretted, pined, and died within a few months of each other. It was a distressing case of matrimonial infelicity; but was what might not unreasonably have been expected. When gentlemen of fortune are pleased to marry pretty barmaids or handsome stewardesses, they must not be surprised if they experience the fate of the luckless Tompits.

Why women are so often deficient in the art of accommodating themselves to a higher social sphere, is a question we do not stop to answer. Enough has been said in uttering the voice of warning on a matter that invites the most earnest foresight. Happily there are cases in which new and onerous positions are filled with a tact that is truly admirable. Though not of an exalted origin, some women may be said to be ladies by nature. They take kindly to any rise in the condition of their husbands. Much depends on the up-bringing. Jack Scott and Betsy Surtees set up in the Matrimonial with a cordial unison of feeling. Not particularly well off at first, they were for a time contented to sup on a pennyworth of sprats. When, by his talents, Jack rose in the world, Betsy rose with him; for she was of respectable parentage, and brought up with a style of good manners. Accordingly, when Jack was made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage, no one acquitted herself better than the Countess of Eldon.

If one class of women fall short in their tastes and habits, fully as numerous a class go so far in their attempts to exceed in dress, expenditure, and frivolity, as to damage the character of the Matrimonial. Men of moderate means are afraid to marry, lest they should be chained for life to women who might ruin them by their unregulated and costly indulgences. We are inclined to think that this dread more than anything else prevents men from marrying in early life, when they are as yet unable to encounter an expensive system of housekeeping. They are doubtless wrong in being so intimidated. Using caution in making their choice, and avoiding certain categories of social life, they need be under little apprehension. The whole sex are not to be confounded with beings with whom it would be dangerous to strike up an intimacy.

We cannot pass over an unfortunate source of unhappiness in married life. It is neglect on the part of husbands. They become absorbed in professional pursuits; often they are long absent from home; or they give themselves up to exclusively selfish amusements, just as if they were still bachelors. In such circumstances, their unhappy wives feel as if they had been tricked into a contract that has not been fulfilled. When the woman vowed to 'obey' the man promised to 'cherish,' which at least infers personal attention and honourable treatment. The husband plainly breaks his promise. He has fallen short of his duty. He may cheerfully pay all the money required to carry on the domestic concern; but that is only a simple obligation. It cannot be called cherishing. It demonstrates no affection; neither does munificence in pin-money. A

cheque on a bank is not equivalent to the love and kindness which were reasonably expected from the being to whom she had confidently resigned her independence. What a heart-breaking sequel to a youthful dream of felicity! We can hardly bring ourselves to picture the dissensions that frequently occur, with finally an unseemly and incurable rupture. Perhaps not quite finally. The Divorce Court, statements in which newspapers revel, and weeks of town-talk, may close up the rear, and add one more to the hideous stories of outrage on the decencies of married life.

There are other causes for regret from having impetuously rushed into the Matrimonial. Beyond all, on one side or other there may be serious constitutional infirmities. People take great care to match horses and other animals, in order to maintain a pure and vigorous lineage. Little or no care is taken on this score when contracting a scheme of matrimony. A young man heedlessly marries into a family known to be affected with some hereditary disease, never reflecting until too late on the consequences of his act. He forgets that in a physical as well as in a mental sense the sins of the fathers are apt to be visited on the children. With his eyes open, he takes to his bosom a wife who will in all likelihood end her days in an asylum, and whose progeny can scarcely fail to share in her deplorable infirmity. Where is the comfort in having a family defective in mental qualifications? You may endow them with the fortune realised by years of successful industry; but from the fatal taint we speak of, it is out of your power to bequeath to them brains or common-sense.

'Can troubled or polluted springs
A hallowed stream afford?'

Indisputably, they cannot, and the fact should be borne in mind in the matter of courtship. Let not the institution of marriage be charged with the calamity. Your own rash conduct in forming the alliance is at fault. We may be sorry for you in the trying circumstances, but the penalty of indiscretion is inevitable.

The mishaps that disfigure the married state afford no proper ground for throwing reproaches on the Matrimonial. After all that bachelors can allege in vindication of their celibacy, marriage on the whole constitutes the happiest, the most satisfactory and salutary condition in which either man or woman can live. Nature makes no provision for celibacy, which from necessity may be submitted to, and is not inconsistent with piety and certain peremptory calls of duty. What pleasant recollections of unmarried female relations who made endless sacrifices in doing good, and who merited, if they did not receive the liveliest tokens of gratitude. Looked at comprehensively, however, celibacy in either sex is a species of oddity, and is usually avoided where practicable. It is not well for man nor for woman to be alone in the world. The common destiny is to run in pairs, each of the two to help the other. Such is the rule to be fairly dealt with. We certainly know by experience that bachelors in their old age lead a helpless and cheerless existence, and generally die unmourned by any one—and the richer they are, the less is the lamentation. The Vicar of Wakefield tells us that he chose his

wife as she chose her wedding-gown, which was on the principle of selecting one that would wear well. If in the article of marriage you fix on a flimsy material, take the consequences, and blame nobody but yourself. The market is open. Do not be in a hurry. Yet, do not put off time because you happen to be unable to start on a high scale of worldly wealth. Early marriages may not be always commendable; but wait, wait, waiting to reach some imaginary standard, is—all other things being equal—by no means sound policy. Burns pathetically sings:

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not far from a market-town whose name I need not give. As my work would keep me from home several weeks, a good lodging was a most desirable thing; but although I tried to get accommodation in a private house, I failed, and was forced to lodge in the village inn, the *Lord Admiral*.

Amongst those who were in the habit of frequenting the aforesaid hostelry, was a man of singular habits and odd temper. His home was about a mile from the village, on the side of a lane leading to a couple of farms. His house, like himself, was a queer one. Originally it had been built for the storage of corn, the produce of fields at a distance from the farmstead. Somehow, it had ceased to be needed for that purpose; so its owner turned it into a dwelling-house, and as such, it was now occupied by the aforesaid strange man. It was divided into three apartments on the ground-floor, one of which, a very large one, was set apart and used as a kind of museum, its occupant being a stuffer of birds and small quadrupeds. When he had no work of this sort for other persons, he worked for stock, and this large room was his warehouse.

He was a man of ill-temper and loose habits, and for some time had borne a dubious character. When people were asked why he was suspected, they could not give a satisfactory reply. ‘He lives,’ they would say, ‘without doing work equal to his expenditure, which looks bad.’ As I got to know him, I found that he had an unamiable temper: was morose, sour, and at times passionate. He was also fond of display, given to betting, and like all such, led a loose uneven life, oftener loitering about than at work. So I did not wonder that well-meaning people did not like him.

He mostly came on wet nights to the *Lord Admiral*. As we became acquainted, he invited me to look over his collection of birds and quadrupeds. I was pleased with what I saw. He had indeed a good collection; and as well as I could judge, had done his work well. He had also a good assortment of butterflies and moths; and in a corner, close to the ceiling, had what he called a butterfly breeding-box, which he said belonged to his son, a young man of my own age, also given to bird-stuffing amusements.

But I was most taken up with two animals which differed from the rest. One was a beautiful dog, and the other a *busus natura*—a lamb with the rudiments of a fifth leg, and some other abnormal characteristic which I have forgotten. The old man said he had stuffed both for their original owners, who had somehow failed to take them away. They were placed at one end of the room, one in each corner, away from the window, and close to the wall, where, except in strong daylight, they could not be easily seen. The connection of these particulars with my story will be seen in the sequel.

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I pass over the next few days, as they brought forth no remarkable incident. The gardener had stuck to his contract with the landlord, and I had been enabled to get on with my work. The four men did not again visit us; but as I went on with my carving, I saw first one and then another of them pass my place. And once I saw them all in earnest converse in a retired lane.

After supper, one night, I took the gardener to the barn-like habitation of the old naturalist. As we went along, he asked me to take particular notice of the dog and the lamb; 'for,' said he, 'I was struck with the questions one of the men put as to whether "Bruce" and "Wonder" could take in any more "cotton" or "flax." And it is just possible,' he continued, 'that he has a way of taking out and putting in the stuffing after the skin has become set and hard: a thing worth knowing, I should think.'

When we got to the house, the old man came to the door, closing it after him. Being asked if he would allow the gardener to see over his collection of preserved animals, he at first seemed perplexed, and saying: 'I'll ask my son,' he went in, leaving us outside. Shortly he returned, and said: 'It is not convenient to enter the room to-night, as it is being cleaned and the contents rearranged; but if your friend will come to-morrow night, and come alone, he shall see over it.'

We agreed, and came away. I was at a loss to account for the condition imposed; but my companion was set up with the arrangement.

Next night came, and the gardener set off on his errand. I was all impatience for his return. But when he came back, he seemed unwilling to relate the result of his adventure, simply saying: 'I'm in no humour for talk to-night; I'll relate what I've seen and said, to-morrow.'

My friend had got on well with his gardening. His potatoes and onions, his turnips and carrots had been got in; and it was clear that if the next two days should prove fine, he would finish the job on the Saturday night.

On Friday night he came to me in the kitchen, in a corner of which I was reading, and asked me to take a short walk with him. I got up and went. The night was fine, but dark. We walked in the direction of the museum. He asked me if I could keep a secret for a day or two. Replying in the affirmative, he said he had a strong suspicion that the old naturalist or his son was no better than he should be; that he was sure he or they knew more about the late robberies than other folks; and that he believed if he had a few shillings which he could call his own, he could come at the truth, and concluded by asking me to lend him a sovereign for a few days. I agreed, for I had begun to feel an unaccountable curiosity growing within me.

We had not walked far before we met the naturalist's son, apparently by appointment; for my companion told him that I had promised him a loan, and that, therefore, he would be at his father's house next day and make a purchase. We parted and came home.

About the middle of Saturday afternoon he set off; and in less than an hour he came back, bearing a tolerably sized parcel. Giving me a signal as he passed me, I joined him in the back-yard. He said: 'I'm on the track of the thieves, I

believe. Last night but one, on reaching the house, and while looking over the museum, the old man said that his son was rather short of money; but having exchanged a frame of moths and a few birds for a lot of provisions, if I would buy some of the latter, I might sell them at a profit; or they would keep me in eatables for a while, and the sale would relieve his son. I agreed to buy if I could raise the money. Now, I am not without cash, but it would not have done to say so; hence I agreed to ask you for a loan. Well, I've got a lot of things to-day dirt cheap, which I really believe belong to one of the late robberies. I go hence to-morrow on the sly; but on Monday you may look for my return.' Giving me a playful dig in the side, he left me. His absence during the night and the day after surprised the landlord, but I said nothing.

I was all impatience until Monday came. It came at last. I was busy at my carving when I heard a well-known voice hail me from below. On looking down from my stage, whom should I see in the road beneath, snuffling all the face over, but my old friend the gardener in a policeman's uniform! The truth flashed through me in a moment. I went down. Grasping my hand, he said: 'The secret's out, you see! Come along with me and see the upshot.'

I was about to witness a *dénouement* I had not looked for. Up the road were a couple of policemen. My old companion was the chief, being a sergeant of police. He led the way to the museum, and was first to enter.

'Good-morning, old friend,' he said, on encountering the naturalist. 'I've come to take away a few more parcels of your cheap provisions.'

I saw that the old gardener was detected in the speaker, and that the game was seen to be up. The old man's son rushed to the door and scrambled off, only, however, to fall into the clutches of one of the officers who were on the watch. The old man was utterly helpless and almost beside himself. Sinking into his chair, he cried out: 'I'm not the thief; the thieves are *there*,' pointing to the door, and meaning, I could see, his son and his confederates, though they were not present.

We went into the museum. The first thing the old gardener—as I shall still call him—did was to take hold of 'Bruce,' while he desired one of his comrades to lay hold of 'Wonder.' On moving them, a noise of loose metal was heard. A moment's examination sufficed to reveal the secret. In the off-side of each animal, in the soft part, an orifice had been made by cutting the skin in such a way as to enable the operator to replace it with a little care. A part of the stuffing had been removed, leaving a vacancy just like a throstle's nest. This was filled with jewellery—watches, guards, ear-rings and finger-rings. A further examination of the museum revealed other and as singular hiding-places; for example, a game-cock was found put out of sight; on taking hold of it, a noise of clinking metal was heard. On lifting up the feathers over the crop, a small hole was seen, out of which rolled, when the bird was shaken, a number of trinkets.

Nearly all the proceeds of the two robberies of the jeweller were recovered; one watch and a few guards only being absent. And some of the property of the provision-dealer was also found stowed in the breeding-box, though most of it had been

used or sold. I scarcely need say that the parcel sold to 'the gardener' was a part of it, and had to do with the detection. My friend the sergeant informed me that he had been induced to assume the character which he had so well enacted, entirely on speculation. While making a survey of the neighbourhood a few days before he began to play his part, he had observed the backward state of the landlord's garden; and believing that he would readily catch at a chance of getting it finished off in a cheap way, and being a good hand at gardening, he had hit upon the scheme which had answered so well. He had believed that the robbers were not far from the locality of the public-house, and might come there now and again, and so could he lodge there without being known or suspected he might come at all that he desired. And as he had hoped, so did it come to pass.

The naturalist, who, it came out, had long been a receiver of stolen property, and his son, whose first burglaries these were, got each five years' penal servitude; one of the other men—who came from a distant town and were old hands—was likewise convicted and punished; but the fourth, for some forgotten reason, got off. My friend came in for the good reward offered in this case; and for the part which I had taken in the affair, the jeweller gave me a gold pencil-holder, which I treasure as a memento.

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

BEFORE it has ceased to excite wonder as a scientific novelty, the telephone acquires fresh interest from the modes in which it is now utilised for the practical purposes of business and private life. No longer regarded merely as an amusing toy, it enables persons to converse easily with any of a prescribed circle of friends, customers, or clients scattered many miles apart. In thus applying the invention to every-day uses, America has anticipated us; but the extent to which its advantages are being developed in our own country would surprise even those who are familiar with modern triumphs of the telegraph. At the recent soiree of the British Association in Sheffield, one of the most interesting features was a specimen of the contrivance by which electricity is made to serve as a medium of direct vocal communication between any number of persons whose premises are connected by wires through a central office. This system is largely adopted in the United States, where it has become well known as the 'Telephone Exchange.' In the city of Chicago there are as many as two thousand subscribers to one Exchange; whilst in New York an equal number of wires converge at the central station. Any subscriber can have a chat whenever he pleases with any other member, without either having to leave his room; and a large proportion of the entire number may be in communication at the same time. A brief explanation of how this is done may interest our readers.

Every subscriber to any Telephone Exchange is furnished with a copy of a printed list, wherein each is designated by a number. When one member of the association—who we will suppose to be in his own office—wishes to communicate with another, the gentle touch of an electric bell summons the attention of the clerk at the

central office, who is apprised of the name or number of the person to be communicated with. Thereupon the operator puts the two into immediate communication by connecting their respective wires. The two gentlemen can then converse without anything being audible to the intermediary, who, when a bell sounds as a signal that the speaking is finished, severs the connection by the simple movement of a pin or small pointer, fixed in front of what is called the 'switch-board.'

At each end of all the electric wires—which radiate, like the spokes of a wheel, from the head office—the requisite apparatus is provided for speaking and hearing—namely, the transmitter and receiver. The latter resembles a large button, and is held close to the ear for answers, whilst a message is being spoken through the mouthpiece of the transmitter. A private conversation may thus be freely carried on; and so sensitive is the instrument, that fainter sounds than the ordinary tones of the human voice can be conveyed some miles.

Hopes were at first entertained, as our readers are aware, that the telephone might be available for long as well as for short distances. It is, however, found that five miles is the distance within which conversation may be carried on with effective distinctness. Beyond this, the vocal sounds are somewhat weakened in transmission. Telephonic talk has nevertheless been successfully carried on between New York and Philadelphia. A similar feat has also been performed in England between London and Norwich; but it is chiefly for shorter distances, and within the narrower limits of business towns, that this latest development of the utility of the telephone is being made available. A moderate sum per month is paid by each subscriber for the privilege of using the wires. The actual value of the privilege obviously depends very much upon the number of persons who choose to bring themselves within the circle of communication; but in this respect there has been no shortcoming in its adoption on the other side of the Atlantic. So popular has the system become in America, that there, it is said, as many as forty thousand telephones are at work; indeed, there is scarcely a town of considerable size in the United States that has not its Telephone Exchange.

In London, too, telephonic inter-communication has now become an established fact. The completeness with which the apparatus fulfils all the conditions and requirements of practice was recently demonstrated before a company of scientific gentlemen, who anticipate a wide-spread application of the system in England. Still further proof of its growing favour may be gathered from the fact that local enterprise has already registered several companies for the early formation of similar Exchanges in the leading provincial towns. The first Telephone Exchange opened in the metropolis is situated in Lombard Street; and it was in connection with this agency that the experiments to which we have alluded took place. For the purposes of the trial, or rather opening exhibition, use was made of wires connecting the premises of nine subscribers, one at each end of Queen Victoria Street, and the others situated in the following localities—namely, Copthall Buildings, Old Broad Street, Suffolk Lane, Princes

Street, George Yard, Throgmorton Street, and Carey Street at the back of the New Law Courts. From the Mansion House Buildings in Queen Victoria Street, conversation was carried on easily with several of the other stations. The gentleman occupying the premises in Carey Street—the longest circuit—happened to be one of the company at the Mansion House Buildings, and was able to communicate thence with his clerk. In this instance, and also when the connection was next made with Copthall Buildings, the voice which responded to the call was recognised by subscribers standing a few feet from the instrument. Those who replied had spoken in a louder tone than was necessary, there being no need in ordinary cases to raise the voice above the usual pitch in order to make it perfectly audible to the listener at the receiving end of the wire. Not long ago a paragraph appeared in the *Times* which was dictated through the telephone, the instrument giving a perfectly correct reproduction of the transmitted subject.

A visit to the Exchange in Lombard Street gives an insight into the ease and simplicity with which the operator—who may be a mere boy—can 'switch' different wires into connection or shut them off, as required. Of course one station can be connected with only one other at the same time; but the coupling and uncoupling are effected so quickly that a person may communicate with many others in rapid succession. When the electric bell rings at the central office, the attendant, by a glance at the indicator, can see who calls for his attention. In some cases it is shown by a tiny shutter, which falls and discloses the subscriber's number; in others, a little red disc is moved by the bell current into a corresponding eyelet or circle upon the face of the switch-board. The wires are of steel, covered with an electromagnetic deposit of copper, which insures strength, conductivity, and endurance. They are very slender; so thin and light, in fact, that they do not require posts, but can be attached, without harm, to chimney-stacks and other parts of buildings, due care being taken with respect to insulation.

Almost simultaneously with the introduction of the Telephone Exchange system to the metropolis, several companies, formed on the limited liability principle, have been started in the provinces for extending the same idea. One of these is in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It embraces the towns of Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, and Halifax, in some of which a sufficient number of subscribers has already been obtained to encourage the early commencement of operations. The shrewd Yorkshire mind has not, however, waited until now before turning the telephone to good practical account. For a considerable time past the invention has been utilised in the West Riding, and other districts in the north of England, by private persons and business houses. A certain resident of Halifax is enabled by its means to hear in his own dwelling the sermons preached in the principal Dissenting chapel of the town. In order to permit of this, a telephonic receiver is ingeniously placed at the upper part of the pulpit. Another point in favour of this particular case is, that the pastor of the chapel in question, well known as a staunch champion of Nonconformity, has an unusually powerful voice and distinct articulation.

Clergymen in general are not likely to become enamoured of a system which might aggravate the grievance of absentee congregations; but the experiment shews at anyrate how, in exceptional cases, either the discourse of an eminent divine or the melodious notes of a *prima donna* may be heard with comfort at a distance of several miles.

In Leeds the telephone is largely used for more commonplace but not less useful purposes. Many manufacturing firms in that town daily experience its advantages in carrying on communications between their offices or warehouses and their suburban mills. The Tramways Company has also in operation a Telephonic Exchange of its own. One advantage of the system is that no skill or elaborate training is required to make use of it. After 'switching' on the proper wire, the whole thing is as easy as talking to any person in the same room. There is no need to shout loudly; nor is it necessary for the speaker to put his mouth close to the 'transmitter.' In testing the wires of the Leeds Tramway Company, one could for instance hear, despite the noises of street traffic in Boar Lane, every note of tunes played upon a piano in the house of the manager at Chapeltown, a suburb about three miles distant! In order to share the conveniences of the invention, some doctors are having electric wires laid from consulting-rooms in town to their country residences. Patients may thus consult their medical man without bringing him away from the enjoyment of home comforts in his rural retreat; and more explicit intimation of urgent calls can be conveyed without the loss of time which would occur in the older ways of sending a message.

During some recent experiments in Glasgow, it was proved that telephonic sound can be conveyed through a less facile conductor than the usual unbroken wire. In this case, a break in the wire was taken up by a small circle of ladies and gentlemen, who joined hands, and thus continued the electric current through their own bodies. The effect of interposing these human links was to diffuse and weaken the electric power; but the current was still sufficient to convey some audible reproduction of a song from the transmitting to the receiving end of a telephone.

A TERRIBLE SEA-VOYAGE.

It was my fortune many years ago to lead a wandering life as a marine engineer. Anxious from boyhood to see the world, I had taken every opportunity, when the time came, of changing from one service to another, not so much from ambitious hopes of advancement in my profession, as for the gratification of a spirit of adventure. Accordingly, having sailed for some years in the Mediterranean, I found myself about the year 186-, in the Spanish service as chief-engineer of a large ocean mail-steamers sailing between Spain and the West Indies. I had been summoned from the coast of Morocco, when the war between Spain and that country was concluded, to join this vessel; and as I went on board in one of the ship's boats, I had the opportunity of observing her build and general appearance for the first time. The ship was large, heavily masted, barque-rigged, and could spread a great

amount of canvas; not too fine in her lines; but apparently a good comfortable sea-boat, with, as I afterwards learned, engines of three hundred horse-power. The two days that yet remained before the ship sailed afforded ample time to find out that she was never intended and utterly unfit for a voyage within the tropics. The engine and boiler rooms were badly ventilated; little or no air-space over the boilers; and the two decks over the top of the boilers seemed to be a receptacle for spare stores, ropes, paints, oils, and wood-work of all descriptions. I remonstrated strongly against sending the ship to sea in that condition; but of course everything was to be put right—next voyage.

We sailed at length with a fair wind, and called at the Canary Islands for a few hours. From thus keeping well within the tropics, we caught the light breeze from the east; and day after day we sailed on over calm and peaceful seas, with just enough wind to lift the sails and barely keep them full. The drifting sea-weed, pieces of wood, and flights of strange birds—all lent a strong interest to a passage across the Atlantic in these latitudes. We reached Havana at length, and prepared for our return voyage to Spain. The rainy season was beginning, the precursor of heat, and of fever to Europeans. In fact there were rumours of yellow-fever having made its appearance in the island, and we were glad at the prospect of getting away to sea. During the voyage from Europe we had enjoyed unabated prosperity; but since our arrival our crew had given some cause—from their recklessness, and I may say a sort of sullen approach to disobedience—for anxiety. The truth is, they had been gathered together within a few days of sailing from Spain; and among the drifting population of a moderate-sized seaport the demand for a large number of men at short notice necessarily included a portion of a class to be avoided if possible. And now in the loading of the ship I began to be distrustful of the disorder, irregularity, and want of discipline on board; for the luggage of the passengers, the cargo, and ship's stores got mixed in indescribable confusion, and were stowed away below in any careless fashion; while the officers and crew lounged about smoking and chatting with their friends from the shore.

At length the hour for sailing had come, and as we took a more northerly route on our return voyage, to get the prevailing westerly winds of more northern latitudes, we proceeded to pass through the Gulf of Florida, and for two days we went along smoothly enough. There was no wind; the heat was intense. And with this, a new cause of apprehension came upon me. What made matters worse, we had, much against my inclination, taken on board a large quantity of bituminous coal, the use of which involves risk. We were, too, in the hottest part of the Gulf-Stream, the sea-water shewing by the thermometer 82° Fahr., and the sun's rays nearly vertical. Under these combined influences the heat accumulated rapidly in the engine and boiler rooms, until it had reached 146°. One or two of the firemen were disabled from duty in consequence. I encouraged the men to persevere, as we were getting well through the Gulf of Florida, and once through and into the Atlantic, the temperature of the sea and atmosphere would be much lower.

Meanwhile, I had made casual inquiry about

the fire-pumps, two of which were on board, and had been examined in the port we had left; but to my intense surprise, I heard they had been put in the after-hold out of the way, and were covered up with cargo. I then strongly urged on the captain the necessity of clearing the deck over the boilers and round the funnel; but the usual answer was, To-morrow. Everything was to be done to-morrow, so the opportunity passed away. We were now three days at sea, with no apparent change in the weather; and going on the top of the boilers, I saw, in the dull light from above, that the base of the funnel was very hot—a dark red. Such a condition is not absolutely alarming under ordinary circumstances with fast-burning bituminous coal; but the chimney-casing was made of thin iron and wood, with very little space between the two for the heated air to ascend; and the quantity of lumber between decks made it peculiarly dangerous in this instance, if fire broke out; but as yet there were no signs of ignition, and I was obliged to content myself with the hope of a speedy change in the weather.

Passing on deck, the grateful coolness of evening—not as it was—seemed to allay in a measure my uneasiness; the engines were working well, and we were making rapid progress. I lay down on a seat near the engine-room and fell fast asleep. In fact, all the passengers were driven by the intense heat below to try to find sleep and rest on deck. How long I slept I cannot say, but it must have been early morning when I awoke from a dream of horror in which I was fighting with a fearful fire. So strongly was I impressed with this, that I passed at once to the place, and found my dream in part realised; the woodwork round the funnel was charred and red inside, and at the point of bursting into flame. For a moment I stood appalled. I had seen a fire at sea, and knew from experience what a terrible trial we were about to grapple with; so passing quickly on deck, I summoned assistance as quietly as possible, to avoid causing alarm. To attach the hose to the pumps from the engines was the work of a few moments; and yet I was unwilling to resort to the use of water, unless fairly forced to do so; for the cold water falling on the boilers was sure to condense the steam inside; the speed of the engines would thus be reduced, and a full supply of water from the pumps rendered impossible. There was also the fear of the heated water falling on the firemen below, and driving them from their furnaces; but clearly there was no time for hesitation, and prompt action was required. The preparations alarmed the sleepers on deck; and as there were now dense clouds of smoke rolling up from below, concealment was no longer possible. The scene that followed was beyond description. It wanted yet some time from sunrise, and in the darkness, the terror and despair of the passengers was heart-rending. Meanwhile the smouldering woodwork had burst into flame, and in a very few minutes, the whole ship was lighted up, the fire spreading out and leaping upwards, seemingly determined to destroy the vessel and all it contained.

The officers and men were in a state of panic; and in the time lost by contradictory orders and the want of a good leader, the fire grew apace. It was a scene of extreme incapacity and ineffectuality. In vain I urged the necessity of confining the fire

within as small limits as possible, by removing the woodwork and stores, &c. round the fire; and as I had foreseen, the engines were nearly brought to a stand from the cold water falling on the boilers. I demanded that the fire-buckets should be used. It was all of no use; and at last I went in search of the captain of the ship. I found him forward in such a state of bewildered excitement that I looked at him in amazement. I asked him to come with me and restore order; but lifting his hands in an expressive way, as if to say it was of no use, he resumed his hurried and frantic promenade. I looked round, and daylight as it does within the tropics, was springing into existence. Observing some of the crew proceeding to unfasten the boats in order to leave the ship, I saw at once that for want of a good leader, the ship and many lives were about to be cast away. Seizing the captain by the arm, and pointing to the crew, I asked him if he was going to stand by and allow such scandalous work. He was aroused at last; for he proved himself a brave man, but wanting in the coolness and presence of mind necessary for such an emergency as we were called to encounter. With his assistance, some order was obtained, and I could explain that the fire looked more alarming than it really was. It only wanted the efforts of the men properly directed to get it under in a short time; and by cutting away the woodwork near the fire over the boilers, the danger of spreading was lessened; but the military officers who were passengers on board demanded that the ship be turned towards the land, and if necessary run on shore.

We were about forty miles from the coast of Florida, and I was sure that with well-sustained efforts, we could get the fire out before we reached land. My fear was that these efforts would slacken when the men saw that the ship was put about; and that fear was realised. Still we got the fire out after five hours' hard work, and just when we were approaching land. But over where the fire had been, there was a large open space, black and ugly, not pleasant to look upon; and when I thought of the long distance we had before us, over stormy seas, with the ship in such an exposed condition, I confess it was with no small degree of anxiety I regarded the future. The passengers clamoured loudly for the ship to return to the nearest port, a course strenuously resisted by the captain and myself; and after a strong protest from them, we proceeded seaward, and were once more homeward bound.

Exhausted though we all were, there was no time for idling or delay; for it was imperative that the decks should be got into a condition of safety at once; so after infinite labour, a quantity of planks was got from below, and the unsightly open space covered up, and tarpaulin fastened above all. It was not a minute too soon.

During the eventful night we had passed, the lightning had been gleaming behind the clouds on the horizon, lighting them up and showing their jagged edges every few minutes; and now when we were beginning to breathe more freely after the hurry and excitement, there could be seen the portents of a coming change in the weather. It was still oppressively hot, and the sea and air absolutely calm; but the barometer, from being steady at 30 inches had fallen within two hours to 28.1 inches, and was still falling rapidly.

Now and again came a low moaning sound, as when the wind sweeps the telegraph wires. Light puffs of air began to come from all quarters, while the smoke from the chimneys ascended high into the air in a vertical column, but with a curious swivling motion. We had not long to wait. Nature in tropical regions effects changes and rectifies disturbances with a rapidity unknown in more temperate latitudes; even the sea-birds seemed to know a storm was at hand, as they sat on the water heedless of our proximity.

The sea and clouds on the horizon appeared to approach each other, until the distinctive features of each were lost in their union; and now the clouds around us seemed to descend like a pall, hemming us in on all sides. The yellow sun blazed fiercely over us, his rays as if concentrated in a focus on our devoted heads. Far up in the air a dark mass of cloud bore swiftly forward, and as it crossed between us and the sun, its black edges were lighted up as if it was lined with burnished silver. At once, and as if by magic, it appeared to sweep away the daylight before it, and we were left in that mysterious darkness which often precedes a violent storm in these latitudes. We waited in awe-struck expectancy, as for some terrible calamity. Then came a rush of wind, with a flash of lightning so vivid and appalling from its apparent proximity to us, that it appeared like a flash from the sword of the Destroying Angel. A sudden calmness followed, then a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the ship. The lightning then flashed and played around us incessantly, lighting up the gloom with a pale-blue radiance. And now, in the pauses between the rattling of the thunder, came the rushing sound as of mighty wings, and the storm burst upon us with irresistible fury, driving us before it at tremendous speed. The sea had not power to rise; the force of the wind kept it down; but swept the spray from its surface and filled the air with a heavy rain. The barometer had now fallen to 28 inches, and as we flew before the tempest for hours, the thunder and lightning never abated during all that time. To add to the confusion, the wind catching some of the sails, tore them from their fastenings and flung them far away to sea.

We had as yet experienced no great inconvenience except from the thick darkness and blinding spray; but the wind suddenly veered round to the south-east without losing its force; and then came a tumbling, boiling, dangerous sea. It soon rose with frightful rapidity; and in dread that a sea breaking on board of us might burst through the frail barrier we had erected on deck, and fill the ship, I spent hours of anxiety, that even now, after the lapse of years, is not a pleasant recollection. Yet in that terrible cross-sea the brave vessel kept her head well up; and though she rolled her gunwales under water, yet up to this time there came no heavy or destructive 'green water' on board, and I began to breathe more freely as I saw her behaviour in the trying position we were in.

Not, however, in this direction as it appeared lay our danger. The storm of wind and rain had passed, and the sun had again shone out in splendour; but now the sea began to rise in long rolling waves, outstripping us in speed; and this

is always a trying time for the engines in a steamship, for the propeller is sometimes buried deep in the sea, as when a wave overtakes a ship, lifting her stern, and then as it passes on, still bearing up the stern, leaving the screw out of the water. The resistance being thus removed, the engines "race" with tremendous velocity; and the screw being suddenly immersed, all the moving parts of the engines are subjected to an abnormal strain, resulting in a break-down, unless great care and watchfulness are exercised. At the same time, the propeller losing its efficiency, the speed of the ship is decreased, and a following sea is liable to break over the stern—usually the most dangerous sea that can strike a ship. Again the wind drew round towards the west, increasing the height and velocity of the waves, and we received two or three sharp blows, which made everything quiver visibly. The day was now drawing to a close; the clouds swept wildly across the sky, and as the sun dropped suddenly below the horizon—"at one stride came the dark." But still the ship held bravely on before the wind and sea, rolling, pitching, and quivering like a frightened creature who tries to escape a deadly pursuer. A long night followed. A few seas came on board, sweeping the decks, to the intense discomfort of those passengers who could not trust themselves below—a night of dread and anxiety to every one. At sunrise the wind again freshened, and the barometer, which had risen during the night, began to fall ominously. A wild morning, with dull heavy clouds sweeping the sky. The sea was again rising fast, and long rolling waves, tipped with white crests, followed in rapid succession, tumbling the huge vessel about as a child sports with a plaything. The shocks from the waves came more frequently, and now and again a minute sea fell on board and swept forward. I urged the captain to put on more sail, as I could do no more than we were doing, with the engines. And now while we were talking, a huge black mass of water, rising far above the stern, came rushing on, striking us on the quarter, and then the green sea came pouring forward, sweeping everything before it. We had only time to grasp the rigging and hold on for our lives as the wave swept past. The engines seemed to stand still for a moment, and then went whirling round with inconceivable rapidity; the blades of the propeller were broken clean off, the engines were useless; while the sea was pouring into the ship like a cataract through the burnt decks.

I clambered towards the engine-room; but one glance to the stern shewed the ship had lost her power of steering, and was falling off into the trough of the sea. Had we at last reached the climax of a hopeless case, and was the supreme moment of our lives come? flashed across my mind. I managed to get to the engine-room, and at once started the engines to pump the water out of the ship, using the water from the *inside* of the ship for condensing the steam, instead of taking it from the *outside*. By this means a very large quantity could be ejected, and by this means only. I had a dull feeling that it was all of no use; but there was work to be done, and it kept the men employed. Yet I knew it was useless work. As the ship was rolling fearfully, the water rushed past the pumps from side to side, drowning out the fires in the boilers at each side. I clambered

on deck to see what our condition was. One look was sufficient. The sailors, roused to a sense of immediate danger, at the risk of their lives sprang into the rigging as the ship swung round, and made gallant efforts to get the fore and aft sails on the ship forward. One after another of them were bruised and disabled; but they persevered manfully, and at last two of the fore-sails were got to draw, and the ship came slowly round. It was the work of hours, and had been a service of great danger, bravely accomplished. We read of a ship being struck by a sea; but how few know the terrible meaning the words convey. Unable to rise with the waves as they came rushing on, the water fell on the decks like solid masses, but chiefly on the stern, where the bulwarks remained. Sometimes she lay down on her side as if unable to rise, and then slowly fell away in the opposite direction. The shocks the hull of the vessel received were terrible. In such a case the water does not yield, as might be supposed; it really gives a solid blow, though not localised, as when a ship strikes a rock, but spread over a large surface; and unless this were so, no vessel could be constructed strong enough to withstand the heavy shocks experienced in a severe storm.

The scene on deck was appalling. The hand-rails were bent and twisted as if they had been made of wire. Bulwarks, deck-houses, boats, and everything intercepting the sweep of the sea, had gone overboard. Providentially, the planks we had fastened down over the open space left by the fire remained firm, the strong tarpaulin serving to bind them together. The quantity of water which had got into the engine and boiler rooms was enormous, but comparatively little anywhere else; so by opening the sluice-ways in the bulk-heads, communicating with the hold, the water was lowered by being spread over a larger area, and we could once more light the fires to pump the water out. We had now got all sails on the ship; and as there was no drag from the screw, the ship steered well, and was making ten knots an hour. But as if "unmerciful disaster" was to follow us through this voyage, a new cause for anxiety awaited us. As I have said, we used the engines for pumping the water out of the ship; we worked all through the night, but yet the water got no lower; and as we were now running pretty steadily, we could see from a mark that it remained nearly always at the same point. On the following morning I stopped the engines to see if there was any increase, and in the course of an hour it had risen three inches. We examined all communications with the sea—that is, pipes and cocks, and found that the water while rolling had broken one of the sea-cocks off from the hull of the ship, and the sea was pouring in through the break. It was impossible to repair it at sea; there was no help for it but to keep the engines working to enable the ship to keep aloft.

I had just made this discovery, when I was summoned to the saloon to meet the captain and a number of the military officers. I saw from my reception that I was about to be blamed for a good deal of our bad fortune. "Why did I insist on proceeding on the voyage after the fire?" "Why had I prevented the ship being run on shore?" And a host of questions were rapidly put to me, which could only have their origin in the unreason-

ableness of extreme terror. What could I say? As matters had come round, perhaps there was some excuse for the absurd questions. At length I replied: 'Surely they could not imagine I was going to throw away my own life and that of others from a feeling of pure obstinacy? How could I or any one foresee the storm we had passed through? And were it to do again, I could not say I could decide differently from what I had done. We were now well clear of the land; and though we had not steam to help us, yet we were a sailing-ship with a fair wind, and not quite a disabled steamer, since the propeller was no longer a drag on the vessel.'

My reply seemed to restore a better feeling, if not to have a reassuring effect. After long discussion, we concluded to proceed by the Azores, and if necessary put in at Fayal. Meanwhile it was thought expedient to put every one in the vessel on half-rations, in the fear that we might have a protracted voyage. The barometer remained without much variation at 29 inches, and with a fresh breeze we kept up a steady speed of ten knots per hour. How our hopes rose and fell with the barometer or with the wind! We passed the Azores in the night with a strong breeze, and then came light winds, calms, and again a fresh breeze. At length, after forty-two days from starting homeward, we were off the coast of Spain, and soon arrived safely at our destination; thus concluding a voyage memorable for disaster, chiefly through want of preparation, forethought, and a reasonable amount of care in sending the ship to sea; conditions so essential and necessary in all that relates to ships and those who go to sea. How much is due to Mr Plimssoll for his energetic and forcible appeals, only those whose business it is to go 'down to the sea in ships' can fully know and appreciate.

MARGARET SEFTON'S SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

'COLONEL SEFTON, sir,' one afternoon announced my office-boy, as he threw open the door of the room with a bang, and raised his hand to his forehead with what I presumed he intended to be a military salute; for Arthur has a greater admiration for the army than for the desk. I cordially welcomed my old friend, whilst I secretly wondered at his appearance in my office, as, having a wholesome dread of the law, he but seldom troubled the realms of tape and parchment with his presence.

Colonel Sefton, an old East Indian, had comparatively late in life married a beautiful girl. Despite the disparity between their ages, it had been a genuine love-match, for youth does not monopolise all the love in the world. The ripe manhood of middle age can inspire as deep a passion as the more youthful heroes of life. One brief year of happiness followed, and then a life was given and a life was taken, and the bereaved husband was left to mourn the girlish mother, whose short life had closed in giving a son to the world. Devotedly attached to the memory of his wife, he never allowed another to take her place; although many

were the candidates who were eager to act the part of consoler to the handsome widower.

Two years after Mrs Sefton's death, the Colonel returned to England, bringing with him his motherless boy, a bright-faced golden-haired little fellow, who, with his mother's fair complexion, had inherited his father's handsome features, but without their severity. They were softened by a bright winsome expression, which awoke fond remembrances of the mourned-for mother, left to sleep her last long sleep in that distant land where friends are few and strangers many. The Colonel had been home but a few months when a distant relative died leaving an infant daughter and her fortune of nearly eighteen thousand pounds to his care.

The motherless boy and orphan girl thus thrown together had been brought up as brother and sister. I, once, had laughingly suggested to the Colonel that perhaps some day a closer tie might exist between them. 'Heaven forbid!' he had cried warmly. 'I would disown Walter, sooner than such an event should happen. He will have nothing but his brains to depend upon when I am gone. My income dies with me; and I have not saved much. No, no; it shall never be said that I secured Margaret's fortune for my penniless son. I have no fear of such a result,' he continued with a smile as he regained his composure. 'Walter is soon going to college; and in another year Margaret will have made her first bow to Society. They will never think of each other than as brother and sister, so long as no restraint is placed upon them.'

There was a certain amount of wisdom in the Colonel's idea. But who can control the wayward fancies of the youthful heart? A short time before my story opens, Walter had sought his father's permission to pluck the forbidden fruit. Treating the matter lightly, the Colonel had tried to chaff him from his purpose; but finding that he was serious, had grown angry. A stormy scene ensued, and bitter words were spoken between father and son—words springing from the heat of passion, and not from the heart, yet with equal, if not greater power to open a rankling wound, that scarce a lifetime's repentance can heal. Opening the door, the Colonel passionately bade his son leave his presence, and never return until he had learnt the respect due to a father. Walter was my godson, and I had a great affection for him; and so, at the risk of offending my old friend, I—while taking care not to under-rate parental authority—assisted the lad to obtain suitable lodgings, and bade him welcome to my table at all times.

At first he was very bitter against his father, and declared that nothing should separate him from his affianced wife; and strong measures were threatened, in which elopements and secret marriages took a strong part; but after a few weeks he rather suddenly dropped the subject, and seemed to acquiesce in his fate. I was surprised at this unlooked-for change, and, knowing his impetuous fiery disposition, I ought to have had my suspicions aroused; but with complacent self-conceit, I set down the cure to my fatherly arguments and admonitions. I soon succeeded in obtaining for him a very good berth in an Insurance office. To my great relief, he settled down quietly and steadily to work; and as Margaret uttered no murmurs, I indulged in the hope that it had been

but boy-and-girl love, and that the restoration of the family peace would be only a question of time.

Colonel Sefton, when ushered into my office, as indicated at the commencement of this story, rather pompously seated himself, and unbittenly his coat, stretched out his hand towards me. 'Congratulate me, my friend,' he said in a self-satisfied tone—'congratulate me.'

I accepted his proffered hand, and begged to know why he was to be congratulated.

'A husband for my Margaret,' he replied—'a man every way worthy of her; of the highest principle; and her equal in fortune, in position, and birth—at least—that is—ahem—he is most accomplished, and will be to Margaret an affectionate husband, and to me—in my old age—an affectionate and dutiful son.'

The stress on dutiful was intended as a rub against me for my friendliness to poor undutiful Walter.

'It is true,' continued the Colonel, 'that old Mr Mainwaring was in what might be called trade; but that is no disgrace to the son. If the father did sell iron behind the counter, the son now digs it from the mines bought with that parent's honest earnings; and surely the possession of wealth is not incompatible with that of merit! In these days of School Boards and advanced civilisation, social prejudices must go to the wall, and merit and talent will make their way to the front.'

I did not dissent from the truth and morality of these aphorisms; but I was rather surprised at the amount of protestation and argument in this lengthy hurrahe. The Colonel at first spoke nervously, but gradually his tone got warmer as he grew excited with his theme. It seemed as if he were answering objections before they were raised. Colonel Sefton was a warm-hearted impulsive man, and rather apt to take strong prejudices. Blinded for the time being to all other considerations save the paramount object, his conduct was not without a taint of selfishness—a fault not uncommon with self-willed people. Like others of his temperament, he was inclined to deceive himself and others—almost unconsciously—by representing facts not as they were, but as he would wish them to be.

I saw that he was seized with some unexplained prejudice in favour of Mr Mainwaring's son. I was afraid to say very much, as my old friend seemed to be in a somewhat testy and irritable mood. I simply asked the gentleman's name and position. 'Owen,' came the answer—'Owen Mainwaring, iron-master and mine-owner. Half the mines in North Wales belong to him.' The Colonel was at times rather prone to exaggerate, so I took the boast for what it was worth. 'He is distantly connected with several influential families,' he continued. 'He is such a perfect gentleman—so refined and polished. I wish that my poor misguided boy were more like him. In fact, I think I am extremely fortunate in securing so desirable a match for my little girl.'

I did not quite relish the uncalled-for sneer at Walter, for he certainly answered to my ideas of a thorough gentleman. It was not, however, for me to object, if the young lady loved this manly paragon, and he had her guardian's approval; so I confined my remarks strictly to business. The

marriage was to take place that day month. It was rather soon; but, as the Colonel explained, somewhat apologetically, Mr Mainwaring was not a young man, and he was eager that there should be no delay in providing his home with a mistress and himself with a wife. They were to go to Paris for a short honeymoon; and on their return, Mr M. intended purchasing some large estate a short distance from London, where they would reside. Notwithstanding his boasted wealth, he objected to settle any of it on his intended wife; but was quite willing that the whole of her fortune should be secured to herself. He promised, however, to make a will providing for her handsomely in the case of his death. It was not so good as a settlement, for a will can easily be revoked or altered; but as the Colonel was satisfied, I had to acquiesce in the arrangement. We agreed that a deed should be prepared settling Margaret's fortune upon trust for the benefit of herself and any family she might have. The Colonel, on account of his failing health, felt reluctant to accept the responsibilities of a trusteehip. I was nearly the same age as he was; but at his special request I consented to undertake the office—an old merchant of tried stability being my co-trustee.

'By-the-by,' said the Colonel, rising to leave, and helping himself rather nervously to one or two copious pinches of snuff, 'I suppose you will tell Watty—Walter, I mean, correcting himself as the old pet name inadvertently fell from his lips. 'Not that it matters at all. I have quite done with him—quite.'

'I am sorry to hear it,' I replied gravely. 'I was hoping that the past would now be at an end. I really believe that Walter has conquered his feelings with regard to Margaret, and that the day which sees his hand again clasped in yours will be one of the happiest in his life.'

The Colonel hesitated a moment, and I think underwent a sharp mental struggle; but pride, that dire enemy to all peace and happiness, overcame the natural promptings of his good sense, and stifled the yearning impulse of the father's heart. Ignoring what I had said, he buttoned his overcoat and slowly walked towards the door. Pitying the old man, I said nothing more on the subject, but intimated that I should like to meet Margaret's intended husband. 'Oh, of course—of course,' he rather hurriedly assented. 'Come round some evening. He is sure to be with us.' The invitation was not given very warmly, and for the moment I felt slightly nettled; but, for Margaret's sake, I smoothed my ruffled feathers, and resolved to see this model of perfection that was about to take poor Watty's place.

'The draft of the settlement will be ready by Monday,' I cried after the Colonel as he left the room; 'and I will look in with it after dinner. Margaret will give me a cup of tea, and we will have one of our old quiet rubbers.—Mr Mainwaring can take Watty's place, you know,' I added, somewhat maliciously.

'Do so, by all means,' sharply replied the old man, without noticing the innuendo, as he left the room. 'We shall be pleased to see you.'

'Margaret may,' I said to myself as the door closed; for I felt assured of her welcome, if I was doubtful of that of the others.

I suppose it is the nature of my profession which makes me suspicious. I often wish that I

could be more trusting, and not so much given to weighing each word and deed. Apart from impulse, there is always to be found some motive or main-spring behind each action in life. Once discover the motive, and you have the key to the position. As soon as Colonel Sefton had left me, I began puzzling my brains for an explanation of the unwonted restraint in his manner towards me, also for his anxiety to convince me of the desirability and advantages of Margaret's marriage with this Mr Mainwaring. I felt uncomfortable; for the Colonel was apt to become very blind when riding a hobby-horse. His ward's marriage was evidently the steed he was now riding; and I greatly feared lest, in his eagerness to reach the goal of his desires, he should neglect the precaution of ascertaining whether the steed was properly shod, or that the curb was well in hand. Continuing these unsatisfactory cogitations, I prepared to leave the office.

Sending the boy for a hansom, I stood on the door-steps awaiting it. Facing me—on the other side of the road—was a large shop, a hosier's. It was brilliantly lighted from the outside. I was looking in its direction, when suddenly the door opened, and Colonel Sefton appeared, arm-in-arm with a tall middle-aged man with small red whiskers. He wore a large gray Inverness cape, and a white muffler covering his mouth. I had a good view of his face, for he stood directly under the gas lamps, and the light fell full upon it as he moved his muffler aside to hail a passing cab. I watched them get into the dingy vehicle, which, like the rest of its species, slowly crawled away. While I was watching them, Arthur appeared with the hansom for which I had sent him. Before, however, I had time to walk down the steps, a strange man who, unobserved by me, had been standing on the edge of the pavement just in front of me, sprang into it, and pointing to the slowly vanishing four-wheeler, in excited tones promised the driver double fare to follow it at a short distance and not let it get out of sight. Away bowled the hansom, and Arthur and I were left shivering in the cold, discomfited and cabless!

For the moment I had been too much astonished to assert my prior claim to the hansom; for I had recognised the strange man by his voice and features. It was Thomson the detective!

IRISH BULLS.

'WHAT is an Irish bull?' was asked one day by an ignorant person desirous for information. 'Oh! everybody knows that,' was the rather contemptuous answer of a mixed company. But like a great many of those things that everybody knows, it proved a knotty point, which could not be solved without a little trouble and reflection.

Miss Edgeworth in her essay on *Irish Bulls and Blunders* lays it down as a principle that the essence of a bull must consist in a laughable confusion of ideas. But this hardly goes far enough. A bull is this undoubtedly, but it is something more; for a laughable confusion of ideas does not always result in a bull. Not only must there be a laughable confusion of ideas, but this confusion must result in a contradiction of meaning—one

part of the sentence must be such as utterly to contradict the other part. The statement must not only be absurd; it must be impossible. If the thing alleged were as it is stated, it would have ceased to be what it is alleged to be at all, but would have become something else totally different, and quite at variance with the rest of the sentence. For instance, the man who on tasting an apple-pie with some quinces in it, burst out with the exclamation: 'How delicious an apple-pie would be if it were made entirely of quinces!' gave a good specimen of an Irish bull; for if the pie were made entirely of quinces, it would not be an apple-pie at all, but a quince-pie. So also the sailor who had taken a dislike to a ship, when he was told that he might safely trust himself to her, and that she was finely copper-fastened, answered: 'Thank'ee sir: I would not sail in her if she were coppered with gold;' thus making a genuine Irish bull. Here we have in perfection a contradiction of meaning; just as in that amusing newspaper announcement which tells us that the 'temporary works round Hassell are intended to be permanent;' and in that passage in a certain book of travels which informs us that in some French inns the 'maid-servants are all men.'

Those who make bulls are always blissfully unconscious that they are doing so. In fact, one reason why the blunder occurs at all is that the perpetrators are in such a violent hurry to express themselves, that they do not stop to weigh their words, but bring them out topsyturvy, pell-mell, any way that comes first. They know very well what they mean themselves. They are like a child running to catch a ball; in their speed they fall down and trip; but they have caught the ball safely in their own hands, and only wonder what the bystanders can see to laugh at. Those who indulge in metaphors and impassioned language of any kind are on ticklish ground; poets of every age have given us figures of speech which if not bulls *per se*, trespass very closely to the dangerous border-land which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. We often find the cart put before the horse, and statements made so needlessly strong as to be absurd, in some even of our best authors. Juvenal, for instance, informs us that poor Codrus had nothing and yet withal he was robbed of that nothing; and in the *Timon* of Lucian the following dialogue occurs:

Quinto. I will summon you before the Areopagus for injuring me thus.

Timon. Stay but a short time, and you will have the opportunity of accusing me of your murder too.

In Milton, there are a great many flights of expression which will hardly bear to be pulled to pieces. For instance, his well-known line in *Samson Agonistes*:

The deeds themselves, though mute, speak loud the doer.

We know quite well what is meant—we do not care to pull the expression apart—but there is certainly a contradiction in words. If the deeds were really mute, how could they speak loud? So also when Satan describes his dreadful feelings and says:

And in the *lowest* deep, a *lower* still,
That threatens to devour me, opens wide.

Here the poet's daring imagination has lifted him out of ordinary every-day expression; he has snatched a grace beyond the realms of common-sense. If strictly analysed, his words could not mean literally what he says. Of course, we allow for this; we call it poetical license, a figure of speech, fine bold imagery; but if used in ordinary language, it would sound so exaggerated as to be absurd, and we might begin to whisper of the objectionable 'bull.' Irish people being specially smart in their speech and metaphorical in their language, are peculiarly liable to the droll blunder.

To trace the word from its earliest origin is no easy matter. Some suppose it to be derived from the old German word *bollen*, to speak foolishly; hence comes *bols* or *bull*. In support of this derivation, we find that Chaucer uses the word *bols* for blunder or bull.

There is a curious passage in the works of Taylor, the Water-poet, which shews that in 1630, though the word bull had not become identified with the Irish people, yet that the power of making this special order of blunder existed among them in full force. 'Nowe,' he says, 'that Irelande doth give birth to strange sortes of men, whose too greate quicknesse of thought doth impede their judgements, this storie which I have heard will shewe. A wealthie lord of the countie of Corke had a goodlie faire house new built, but the broken bricks, tiles, sande, lime, stones, and such rubbish as are commounlie the remnant of such buildings lay confusedlie in heaps, and scattered here and there. The lord therefore demanded of his surveyor wherefore the rubbish was not conveyed awaie. The surveyor said that hee proposed to have a hundred cartes for that purpose. The lord replied that the charge of cartes might be saved, for a pitt might be digged in the grounde, and so burie it. "Then, my lord," said the surveyor, "I pray you what will wee doe with the earth which wee dig out of this said pitt?" "Why, you coxcombe," said the lord, "canst thou not digge the pitt deepe enough to hold rubbish and all?"—This would indeed have been a practical bull, only equalled by that of the man who sat before a looking-glass with his eyes shut, in order that he might see how he looked when he was asleep, reminding us of a characteristic title of an old Irish jig, 'I'm asleep and don't wake me!'

But to return to the rise and progress of bulls in the United Kingdom. Most of us know how one of Dryden's plays was condemned by the

severity of the Duke of Buckingham's witticism on the line:

My wound is great, because it is so small.

To which the Duke dryly replied:

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all.

There could hardly be a more delicate play on words by which the Duke made the bull in Dryden's line at once startling and ridiculous. In *Tom Jones*, Fielding says: 'I have heard it remarked by a friend, that when a child is doing nothing, he is doing mischief.' Therefore we see that bulls were perpetrated in England by the greatest masters of the English language, though the expression itself was as yet scarcely received into the regular army of accepted words, or become identified with the Irish people. Dean Swift in a letter to Pope says that he is thinking of writing an essay on English bulls and blunders; so that the word was even then hovering about in a transition state, without a local habitation. It was only towards the end of the last century that the word 'bull' had become common, and was handed over by universal consent to the Hibernian people as their peculiar property. The most notorious bull perpetrator was Sir Boyle Roche, who was elected member for Tralee in 1775. He had a regular blundering reputation. He was known upon one occasion, after a withering exposure or patriotic denunciation of government, to say, with solemn gravity: 'Mr Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes!' Or if the subject of debate was some national calamity, he would deliver himself thus: 'Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater.'

Sir Boyle Roche belonged to the ancient family of De la Roche of Fermoy; he was created a baronet in 1782, and was married to the eldest daughter of Sir James Caldwell, but had no heir. He used to account for his lack of progeny by saying 'that it was hereditary in his family to have no children.' Another of his blunders was made when speaking of the fish-hawkers. 'They go down to Ringsend,' he observed, 'buy the herrings for half nothing, and sell them for twice as much.' A letter supposed to have been written by Sir Boyle Roche during the Irish rebellion of '98, gives an amusing collection of his various blunders. Perhaps he never put quite so many on paper at a time; but his peculiar turn for 'bulls' is here shewn at one view. The letter was first printed in the *Kerry Magazine*, now out of print.

DEAR SIR—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the blood-thirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; I can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whisky. When we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter, I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end; and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present, there are such goings-on that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning—indeed, hardly a

mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the mail-coach from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been very judiciously left behind, for fear of accidents, and by great good-luck, there was nobody in the coach except two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday, an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colours nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different—chiefly green. After the action was over, we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security.—Adieu; I have only time to add that I am yours in haste.

B. R.

P.S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you write and let me know.

No one has ever been found exactly to fill Sir Boyle Roche's place as blunderer-extraordinary; but the most amusing instances of bulls do constantly crop up on Irish ground, and shew that their legitimate resting-place is the Green Isle. Take, for example, the following genuine notice on an Irish church-door: 'This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk.'

Here is another kindred specimen: 'NOTICE.—The churchwardens will hold their quarterly meetings once in six weeks, instead of half-yearly, as formerly.'

In the April of 1806, the following bill was struck up: 'This house to be let for ever, or longer if required.' Such a house would quite match the gown mentioned by Miss Edgeworth, 'which would wear for ever, and might be converted into a petticoat afterwards.' Another peculiar garment is described in one of Lady Morgan's earlier novels as being composed of 'an apparent tissue of woven air.'

It is strange, when we come to think of it, how many errors which partake of the nature of bulls have become mingled with our daily speech. We speak of 'lighting the fire,' when it is not the fire, but the coals and kindling which compose the materials for it that we light. We speak of boiling the kettle, when it is not the kettle which we boil, but the water that is in the kettle. If every word were strictly analysed, we should often find that even the wisest of us are not entirely free from that species of blunder which is conveniently known by the name of an Irish bull.

A CURIOUS RELIC.

A curious relic of one of the expeditions which sailed to the West Indies under the command of Columbus has, it is stated by a Martinique journal, recently been discovered. On the 4th of August 1498, a small squadron of three vessels under the orders of Christopher Columbus was anchored off the south-western extremity of the island of Trinidad. Late at night, Columbus, it is related by Washington Irving, suddenly saw a wall of water approaching towards the fleet from the south. His own vessel was lifted up so high by the oncoming wave that he feared it would be either submerged or dashed on shore; while the cable of one of the other ships parted under the strain to which it was subjected. The crews of the vessels gave themselves up for lost; but after a time the wave—which it is surmised must have been caused by an exceptionally large body of water coming suddenly down one of the rivers flowing into the Gulf of Paria—ebbed back again. This sudden rise of the waters of the gulf is mentioned by Columbus's son Ferdinand, who adds that the fleet suffered no damage save the loss of one anchor. It is this anchor which has now been found; and strangely enough, it was dug up from a depth of six feet below the surface of the ground, at a spot three hundred and seventy-two feet from the nearest point of the coast-line. The land, it is well known, is gaining upon the sea along the shores of Venezuela, so that where once ships rode at anchor, gardens are now planted. The anchor itself is of simple form and comparatively rude manufacture, the stock being eight feet long, and round, with a ring at one end one foot in diameter to which to make fast the cable, and with flukes five feet long, the whole weighing eleven hundred pounds.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

On foreign flower of love, who set
Within my plot thy seed,
That I with bitter tears must wet,
Through painful days must heed?

What benediction thrice bestowed,
What secret care and toil
Hath made my field so waste, that shewed
For thee a fitting soil?

Why dost, with subtle choice and care,
Thy growing fibres feel
With odours of the earth and air,
With juice of withered weed?

The thorns that hedged my garden sown,
Thy growth hath pushed aside,
And all the land once called my own
Lies open, fenceless, wide.

O Love, strike deep thy living root!
If all for thee I give,
Thou givest all, if of thy fruit
I take, and taste, and live.

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LIFE IN A HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S FORT.

THE Hudson Bay Company is a corporation of traders (chiefly in furs) who in the time of Charles II. were granted the exclusive right of trading in all the lands which poured their waters into Hudson's Bay or Hudson's Straits. For over a century their operations were confined to the territory bordering on the coast, when the keen rivalry of the French led them to make advances towards the interior. Under the name of the North-western Company of Montreal, a rival society was established in 1783, planting stations beyond the Rocky Mountains, and exciting a violent contest for supremacy until the year 1821, when an amicable settlement was accomplished. An extension of their powers was then secured, and up till 1859 the corporation had the entire possession of the greater part of British North America. In 1869 their territories were annexed to the Dominion of Canada, three hundred thousand pounds being paid as indemnity. Important stipulations were, however, made on the part of the Company, that they should retain all their forts, with ten acres of ground attached to each, and one-twentieth of all the land from Red River to the Rocky Mountains. The Canadian government we are glad to state have latterly entered into amicable treaties with the Indians, which leaves the red-skin free to deal with the pale-face.

The Company's territory is now organised under three divisions: Manitoba with its rich grain-producing soil; Kewatin, lying east and north of Manitoba; and the North-west Territory, embracing all the region between these and British Columbia. To give the reader some idea of the traffic, it may be interesting to state that the proceeds of furs and other materials sold during 1876 were £291,566, and that of this sum over ninety thousand pounds stood for profit.

The following notes will give an insight into the practical working of the Company and the social life of its servants.

The people resident in a Hudson Bay Company's post form a community of themselves, more or less gregarious, as the establishment is designed for trading purposes, a depot of supplies, or merely an isolated stockade for the accumulation of provisions for the use of the larger forts. But of whatever character the place may be, a regular business routine, demanding certain times for the performance of special duties, is strictly observed. Every member of the community, from the factor or clerk-in-charge to the cook, is expected to be, and almost invariably is at his post of duty at the time designated for its special performance. To this system is due the close economy with which the affairs of the Company are conducted and the perfect understanding of the petty details of every branch of its business on the part of its employés. For example, a clerk in the service, in the great majority of cases must remain a simple clerk for a term of fourteen years before he is considered as being in the line of promotion. During these long years of service, he must perforce gain a thorough practical knowledge of the duties, and even of the most trivial details relating to his station. From long custom he falls into the beaten channels of the trade, its manner of executing business details, and identifies himself with its traditions. So, when he assumes charge of a post or district, he carries with him, to assist in the discharge of his new responsibilities, that punctuality, method, and careful regard for the little things of his position which he has so well learned in his apprenticeship.

The real life of the fort may be said to begin at the breakfast-hour, which is as regularly appointed as those for the despatch of business, the nature of which we shall presently explain. The breakfast-time with the lower class of employés, the nature of whose duties demands early rising, is about six o'clock in the winter and five in the summer season. These servants mess by themselves, drawing rations at regular intervals through a steward, much after the fashion of army-life. A cook is appointed from their number,

who performs his duty alone, and is responsible for the provisions, quantity and quality of food, &c. A short season, generally devoted to pipe-smoking, is allowed after each meal, when the servants separate to their various duties.

The arrival of a traveller from the outer world is the greatest episode in the monotonous every-day life of the post. The community find in him an inexhaustible fount of enjoyment; and if he be of a communicative disposition, his store of news and narrative will do service in payment of his weekly board-bill for an indefinite period. To such a one, much more than to a passing officer from another fort, the hospitalities of the fort are extended in the most liberal manner. An apartment is assigned him for his sole occupancy during the period of his sojourn. He is free to come and go when and where he listeth, means of locomotion being furnished on demand. His companionship is eagerly sought by all; and the fortunate individual who secures his preferred acquaintance excites at once the envy of less favoured ones. Nothing is left undone to prolong his stay, and when he finally departs, he is sent upon his journey freighted with the good wishes of the isolated post, and is certain of the same cordial treatment at his next stopping-place.

The mess-table has, too, other attractions than those of sociality, and of a more substantial kind. The officers of the forts are all good livers, and although accustomed to rough it on short allowances of food when necessity requires, take particular care to have the home larder well stocked with all the delicacies afforded by the surrounding country. The viands are of necessity composed for the most part of the wild-game and fish in which the prairies and waters abound. But they are the choicest of their kind, being selected from an abundant supply. One gets there the buffalo-hump, tender and juicy; the moose-nose, tremulous and opaque as a vegetable conserve; the finest and most savoury water-fowl; and the freshest of fish—all preserved by frost instead of salt. True, the supply of vegetables at many mess-tables is woefully deficient, and a continuous diet of wild meats, like most other things of everlasting sameness, is apt to pall upon the appetite. But the list of meats is so extensive, and each requiring a particular mode of cooking, that a long time may elapse without a repetition of dishes. Then, too, the climate favours the consumption of solid food; and after a short residence, the appetite becomes seasoned to the quality of fare obtainable. Bread, as an imported article, is in many cases regarded as quite in the character of a luxury; the few sacks of flour which constitute the annual allowance of each officer being hoarded away by the prudent housewife as carefully as the jams and preserves of her more fortunate sisters. In such cases it is baked into small cakes, one of which is placed beside each plate at meal-time; the size of the cake being so regulated as to afford a single one for each meal during the year. The more common vegetables, such as potatoes and turnips, can be successfully cultivated in some places, and wherever this occurs, enter largely into the daily menu.

The business of the post, with the exception of the necessary employments of the lower servants, is transacted between the hours of nine in the morning and six in the evening, with an interval

of an hour between two and three o'clock for dinner, when the offices and stores are closed. During the hours of business there is much to be looked after, especially in the summer season. When the bell announces the opening of the fort-gates, the inclosure soon fills with Indians and traders, who besiege the counter of the trading store, or lounge idly about the yard—picturesque vagabonds in motley attire. The clerks in charge are busily engaged in measuring tea, sugar, ammunition, &c. into coloured cotton handkerchiefs unwrapped from greasy aboriginal heads for their reception; in examining furs, and paying for them; in measuring off the scanty yards of blue cotton prints that are to clothe the forms of dusky belles; or causing howls of delight by the exhibition of gilt jewellery to be sold at ten times its original cost.

Outside the stockade the *voyageurs* are loading whale-boats in the adjacent stream with bales of fur for transportation to depot forts, or discharging cargoes of merchandise destined for wide-spread distribution. Over this process an accountant keeps careful watch, as he does over everything involving a representative value, for which he will be held to account. All is bustle and activity; but there is no haste. The careful attention to details exhibits itself in everything, and the minutest watch is kept over all.

A Company's fort is seldom free from its complement of hangers-on. As the day advances, the arrivals at the fort increase in number and importance. Sometimes a large band of Indians will ride rapidly up to the stockade, and turning their ponies loose upon the prairie, enter upon the barter of small quantities of skins to supply their immediate necessities. Again, the band will encamp about the stockade, displaying for trading purposes the results of a long and successful hunt, and making the days and nights hideous with their heathenish festivities. Their camp-fires light up the plain round about with a fitful glare; their green-and-yellow-painted visages and blanket-attired forms assume by degrees a certain individuality, and even the more importunate beggars become familiar objects to the sight, when presto! they are gone, only to be replaced by others of a like description. There is, too, much bustle created by the arrivals and departures of officials from other forts of the service, *en route*, in charge of boat-brigades for distant points, who stop but for a few hours and are off again. Should the season be winter, however, the business hours are to a certain degree merely formal, and the time is occupied by those petty details which are to be found in any occupation.

At six o'clock in the evening the labours of the day terminate, and the members of the community are at liberty to do as they list. And these are the hours which drag most wearily upon each individual member. In the summer season, recourse is had to athletic exercises during the long twilights—rowing upon the rivers, pitching quoits, equestrian exercises, &c. being in vogue with the younger and more hardy clerks; others are attracted by the pleasures of the chase, and prolonged forays with dog and gun are made upon the wild-fowl in the neighbouring water-courses. But this vernal season is brief, and the time soon comes when the attractions of indoor life must supply the mental pabulum. With the officer in

charge, the long evenings are generally passed in the society of his family and in writing up the log-book of his post. This latter work, if he be a man given to composition, soon becomes a labour of love. In it he chronicles all the petty incidents of the day—the arrivals and departures, the principal receipts and expenditures, the health of the little community under his charge, &c. There may be added the general reflections of the writer on subjects pertaining to the service, and such suggestions as seem to grow out of the events noted. He may even wander to a limited extent outside the bounds of strict business matters, and indulge in little flights of composition on subjects irrelevant to the trade. It happens sometimes that short poems of greater or less measures of excellence, and short prose sketches of fair diction and vivid imagining, appear scattered among the bones of dry statistics. But it must be said of the majority of log-books that they smack only of weather-reports, the deficiencies of the frozen-fish supply, or the accumulation of peltry.

With the younger portion of the community—the clerks, apprentices, and postmasters—conversation and the peaceful pipe occupy a prominent position in the passage of time. Games, too, are in great demand, and every apartment possesses its well-thumbed pack of cards, its rude cribbage-boards, and sets of wooden dominoes. Reading men find abundant leisure to pursue their favourite occupation during the long winter evenings. Books, however, as private property, from the difficulty in transporting them, are more scarce than might be expected. To atone somewhat for this, the Company has established extensive libraries for the use of the officers and servants in many of the larger stations in the north, from which supplies for the adjacent smaller posts may be drawn, so that the diligent reader may command new supplies from time to time. Then, too, there comes once or twice during the winter season a red-letter day upon which the mail arrives, bringing a great budget of letters to be answered and periodicals from the outer world. In the answering of letters considerable difficulty is experienced from the absence of anything new to write about. To obviate this and produce the requisite novelty, the writer generally succeeds in composing a single letter having the desired degree of spiciness. This he copies, and sends to all those friends whom he is desirous of placing under the obligation of an answer. Thus, for many days after the arrival of a mail, occupation for the long evenings is easily found, until the returning dog-train bears his correspondence away, and with it that method of passing time.

Parties not studiously inclined often pass their spare hours in exercising their skill upon one of the musical instruments. Of these, the violin is most ordinarily selected; and the votary, after a series of years passed in sedulous practice, usually attains a certain ghastly facility of execution. So common an accomplishment indeed is fiddle-playing in the service, that violin strings are annually forwarded as a part of the regular outfit for sale in the northern districts. Under the inspiration of this instrument, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the few holidays of the year, and frequently the long evenings also, should be enlivened with dances, in which all the dusky maidens within hailing-distance of the fort parti-

cipate. It is in the enjoyment of this pastime that the wearied clerk 'snatches a fearful joy' as he jigs and reels the hours away to the measures of monotonous and oft-repeated tunes. On such occasions the company is cosmopolitan to a striking degree, and all grades of employes mingle on terms of the most democratic equality.

With such simple pleasures and in the discharge of such duties, the life of the isolated community glides uneventfully away. If its amusements are few, they are at least innocent and improved to the utmost. Few temptations to wrong-doing are presented to their solitary lives. Each succeeding year adds to the accumulations of the last, until, in the early afternoon of life, the Company's officer finds himself possessed of sufficient means to pass the remainder of his days under more genial conditions. But strange to say, it almost invariably happens that his old life has so grown upon him, so entirely possessed him, that the charms of a higher civilisation have no power to attract. Many bid a final farewell to the inhospitable regions where the best years of their lives have been spent, with the purpose of returning to their early homes to pass the decline of life; but one after another they drift back again. The change is too abrupt. They have outlived their former friends; their ways of life are radically different; in short, the great busy world moves all too fast for their quiet and placid lives.

MARGARET SEFTON'S SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD just finished dinner, and, with bachelor freedom, had discarded the frock-coat and walking boots of public life for the dressing-gown and slippers of domestic ease. I felt at peace with all mankind, for my dinner had been well cooked. It is a private opinion of mine that one half the troubles of domestic life can be kept in check by a well-regulated kitchen. Pulling my chair to the fire, I lit my favourite pipe, and settled down comfortably for my usual perusal of the evening paper. A ring of the bell and approaching footsteps warned me that my peaceful feelings were about to be put to the test. I dreaded the advent of a restless client—not one of the best of aids to digestion—for they sometimes bring their troubles to me, even at my private residence.

'Mr Sefton, if you please, sir,' and Walter was ushered into the room, thus considerably relieving my apprehensions.

'Ah! Watty, my boy, glad to see you!' I cried, throwing down my paper, with a mental groan at the interruption to its perusal, and giving him my hand. 'Draw your chair to the fire, and make yourself comfortable.—A glass, George, for Mr Sefton.—I think you will like that Scotch whisky, Watty. I can warrant it having the correct subdued mellow flavour that age alone can impart to the genuine article.' I rattled on joking and talking in a random way, for I felt rather cowardly about telling him of Margaret's engagement. My stock of small-talk becoming exhausted, I, at last, summoned up courage to break the news to him. 'Margaret is going to be married,' I said suddenly after a pause.

'Is she?' he remarked in a cool indifferent tone as he lit his cigar. 'So am I.'

'What!' I cried, fairly starting from my seat with surprise. 'You going to be married?'

'Yes; why not?' he asked, calmly looking me unflinchingly in the face.

I was too indignant to answer his question. All my sympathy for the poor discarded lover had been thrown away. Human nature is full of contradictions. Up to this time I had thought that, for the sake of peace and happiness, nothing could be more desirable than that Walter and Margaret should be weaned from their untoward attachment; but now all my feelings were abruptly overthrown. Margaret having so readily entered into another engagement, had increased my commiseration for Walter; but now he too proved forgetful and faithless. What did it mean? I sighed to myself as I gave it up in despair. How generations do alter! Love was not so ephemeral in my youth.

Walter deftly parried my questions as to his future bride. He laughingly refused me his confidence, under the imputable pretext that he would not burden my conscience with keeping a secret from his father. With the touchiness of age, I felt annoyed at his conduct, and shewed it by answering him sharply. Perceiving my annoyance, he dropped his bantering tone, 'Dear old friend!' he cried in a moved voice, while an honest flush spread over his bright sunny face as he affectionately placed his strong young hand on my shoulder. 'My secret is not my own, else I would tell it to you. Only trust me, and I will not disappoint you.'

'Well, be it so then Walter, my lad!' I cried, softened by this display of affection. 'Promise me that you will not marry any one to whom we could reasonably object, and I will try to be satisfied.'

He readily gave the required promise, adding that he would guarantee that his choice when known would have my warmest approbation.

Olden memories came thronging to my mind as Walter took his departure. 'Ah! Mary, it was not to be,' I sighed to myself as I entered my solitary chamber, and took from my desk an old faded miniature and a soft golden curl. 'Forty years have passed away; but I have not forgotten!'

The draft settlement, which was to make Margaret custodian of her own fortune, was soon prepared, and on the Monday evening I took it with me to Harlowe Crescent—where Colonel Sefton resided—to discuss its provisions with him. The house was one of those comfortable, old-fashioned, roomy, square-built mansions, so rarely met with in this present generation of stucco and pseudo-art. Their day is past; yet many a sweet remembrance flits around their quaint portals for us who, though now in the acre and yellow leaf, once were young.

A pretty sight met my view as I entered the front drawing-room. The heavy dark maroon curtains which divided the front room from the back were only partially drawn aside, allowing but a glimpse between their graceful folds into the room beyond, which, as being the more comfortable of the two, was generally used by the family in preference to the other and larger one. I stood for a few seconds to watch the picturesque scene, without being observed, for I had come up

the stairs alone, having told the servant—who knew me and my ways of old—that I would announce myself. A bright wood-fire was burning in the grate, its flickering ruddy flames throwing a cheerful glow over the dark carvings of the antique and somewhat sombre furniture. A small card-table stood in front of the fire; and two handsome pink-shaded lamps on the mantel-piece cast a soft pleasant light on the three players who were seated round the table. Save for the fluteful fire-gleams, the rest of the old-fashioned, low-ceilinged room was in that state of semi-darkness which is so refreshing to the tired eyes when no especial call is made upon their powers.

Margaret was sitting with her back to the fire, the seat opposite to her being vacant; while Colonel Sefton sat to her right, facing me. A tall wiry-looking man occupied the fourth place; but as his back was turned towards me, I could not see his face. The Colonel's handsome features were shewing strongly the ravages of Time, the relentless destroyer of all earthly beauty; and the hand that off at his country's call had wielded a stalwart sword, now trembled with the weight of a few pieces of card-board. Margaret had chosen for her seat a curious old carved ebony arm-chair, its quaint high back serving as a screen from the heat of the fire, and forming a dark framework for her beautiful Raphaellesque face. She was dressed in a dark ruby-coloured velvet dress, fitting tightly to the soft outlines of her graceful figure; and around her neck and across her shoulders, a costly kerchief of soft cobwebby lace was knotted with careless grace. The wrists of the close-fitting sleeves were fringed with ruffles of the same beautiful material, and from out their soft folds a small shapely hand was gracefully dealing the cards. Her silky black hair was drawn back with an almost imperceptible wave, so as to shew the contour of her well-formed head, and was fastened in a small coil at the back with a platu gold comb. Framed against the grotesque and weird carvings of her ebony chair, against the darkness of which her lustrous dress and classic-cut features stood out in rich relief, she appeared like a living portrait by one of the old masters.

In the old days, when Walter's bright face and joyous laugh gladdened the place, Margaret had been wont to take the Colonel as her partner, leaving me to link my fortunes with those of the youth. To-night, the positions were changed. The stranger was joined with Colonel Sefton; and Margaret was sitting where I usually sat; the place opposite, which I supposed was intended for me, being vacant. They were evidently trying to while away the time until my arrival by playing that dreariest of all dreary games, dummy whist. I broke in upon them as Margaret was in the middle of her deal. She proceeded with her task without stopping, whilst I was greeted by the Colonel. He rose from his seat and shook my hand warmly, as if he were pleased to see me; and then with a little nervous hesitation in his manner, he said, with a forced smile, as he turned towards his partner, who had risen from his chair as I entered: 'Allow me to introduce to you'—

'The knave of spades!' abruptly interrupted Margaret, as with a flourish she turned up that gentleman at the end of her deal as the trump-card.

'Nonsense, Margaret,' testily exclaimed the Colonel, for the moment taken aback and disconcerted at the awkwardness of the words; whilst Mr Owen Mainwaring—for it was he, and whom I recognised as the Colonel's companion on the evening when Thomson the detective had appropriated my cab—grinned uneasily as I offered him my hand.

'I think we already know each other—at least by name—although we have not met before,' I said, bowing politely as I turned to Margaret. Helping myself to a cup of tea from a side-table, I drew my chair to the fire, so as to sit between Margaret and Mr Mainwaring. As they were nearly at the end of the rubber, I begged that they would finish it before I joined them, so as to give me time to rest myself and finish my cup of tea.

Margaret seemed in a very perverse and wayward mood. Her spirits were high and, at times, almost boisterous. A strange determined expression hovered round her mobile lips. From her behaviour, a stranger might have formed an unpleasant estimate of her character; but I, who had known her from her earliest childhood, and loved her—at first for the sake of that bright young mother, whose memory, since a hard fate had made shipwreck of our love, had been shrined in my heart as its most priceless jewel, and then for her own sake—for the little motherless girl soon won her way to my affections—knew the sterling worth of that firm, strong, but loving spirit. I sighed as I stirred my tea; for it had always been a fond hope of mine that, despite the Colonel's prejudice, I should one day see Walter and Margaret husband and wife; and now my hopes were overthrown by some parvenu mine-owner—'Knave of spades!' I muttered to myself as I repeated Margaret's ominous words.

Walter's amiable and pliant, although somewhat impetuous disposition required a little ballasting. There was undoubted good in him; but it required a steady and skilful hand to develop and utilise the latent powers—a task which I considered Margaret would be thoroughly competent to undertake. They seemed formed for each other. Their two characters would have fitted together like pieces in a puzzle. Apart, but two disjointed fragments; but together a perfect whole.

I watched, with some curiosity, the successor to poor Watty. He might have been thirty-eight or forty years of age, or even still older, for his face was one of those which stand the onslaughts of the enemy without shewing the scars received in the battle. His figure was tall and thin, and not otherwise than well made. The hands, however, were peculiarly long and narrow, and without being fat, were well covered with smooth flesh of extreme and almost unnatural whiteness. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a handsome antique cameo, which he displayed rather ostentatiously. His face was peculiar. At times it seemed quite handsome, and then some sudden change or unpleasant expression would cross it, destroying the illusion, and making it appear positively ill-looking. The features on the whole were well shaped, but each one had some counteracting influence which destroyed their effect. The nose was thin and rather long, and the outlines of the mouth well drawn; but their good points were marred by a restless habit that

he had of constantly biting his under-lip and expanding and twitching his nostrils. The eyelids, with their long thick fringe of almost white hair, drooped over the large pale greenish-gray eyes, and by their shadow made them appear of a much darker colour. The eyebrows were pale in colour, and bushy; but the long fringe of lank hair which surrounded his bald head and his small neatly trimmed whiskers were of a dull gravelly red. He was well dressed; but his clothes sat uneasily on him, and despite the excellence of their fit, shewed to considerably less advantage than the old Colonel's well-worn and tumbled-about suit; but Colonel Sefton was one of those whose birth and breeding were so effectually stamped on every look and movement, that the adjuncts of costly clothes were not required to proclaim the position of their wearer.

I could hardly recognise Margaret, she seemed so changed. There was a reckless, defiant, and almost flippant ring about her behaviour that was strangely at variance with her usual lady-like demeanour. She appeared to take a malicious pleasure in saying the most outrageous things. The Colonel was decidedly puzzled to know how to control her; and the unfortunate betrothed, against whom most of the pointed sarcasms which fell from her lips were hurled, seemed certainly the reverse of comfortable. I had a difficulty in restraining my smiles at some of her sallies, for they were aimed well, and by the way their recipient winced, must have struck home. Colonel Sefton once or twice tried to check her, but without effect; in fact his efforts seemed rather to stimulate her to attempt still higher flights.

Mr Mainwaring had but an imperfect knowledge of whist, and he was so put out with trying to parry Margaret's attacks, that he could not give proper attention to the game. 'Why don't you keep to your own place, Margaret?' pettishly growled the Colonel as his partner trumped his trick. 'You know I am used to your play, and don't like changing my partner.' Margaret had always been his *vis-à-vis* in all the old rubbers. It was a whim of his that it should be so, and Walter and I had always humoured him, waiving our right to cut for partners; but I now learned that Walter's old seat was always left vacant, and Mr Mainwaring, instead of Margaret, coupled with the Colonel.

'Don't grumble, dear!' she cried soothingly as she lovingly stroked his withered old hand; and then turning to me with a mischievous laugh, she cried: 'It is quite fair—is it not, Mr Woodroffe? I have my dummy, and papa has his.'

The game after this proceeded quietly. Mr Mainwaring dealt and turned up a heart as trumps. Margaret and her dummy partner were ahead of their opponents, and only wanted the odd trick to be up. I thought she shewed a little anxiety to win. A bright carmine tint lit up her cheeks as she scored each trick which led her the nearer to victory. At last Colonel Sefton, whose turn it was to play, led with the three of spades, and Margaret followed with the five. 'This trick will be mine, I think,' cried Mr Mainwaring, looking at Margaret with a concealed smile as he played the knave.

She made no reply, but quietly took up the top card of the two belonging to her dummy partner,

knowing as she did that these two cards must be trumps, and that he was reckoning on victory too hastily. 'The king of hearts trumps the knave of spades,' she said, as she played that gentleman. Her tone was quiet, but it was not utterly void of a ring of triumph. She rose from the table, and throwing down her last card, scored another trick with the queen of hearts.

'You've beaten us in point of numbers, Miss Sefton,' Mr Mainwaring cried, throwing himself back in his chair. 'But I think honours are divided.'

'I think you are mistaken,' she replied with careless contempt, as turning back to one of her dummy partner's cards, she displayed the ace.

'Right, Margaret, my girl!' cried the Colonel, laughing good-humouredly at his partner's discomfiture. 'Fairly won. You've snatched the honours from us. Hearts are sure to win!—Eh, Mainwaring?'

Mr Mainwaring did not seem pleased at his defeat or at the Colonel's joke. The colour went from his cheeks; and there was a sudden savage gleam in his pale eyes as he glanced at Margaret, which augured but ill for her domestic peace, if ever she gave him the right to call her wife.

As Margaret complained of being tired, the game was not continued. We sat for some time in awkward silence. A strange restraint seemed to have fallen over us, destroying our ease, and making us feel uncomfortable with each other.

I observed with regret that Mr Mainwaring had apparently obtained a great influence over the Colonel, who appealed to him in everything. With an uncharitable spirit, born of my loyalty to Walter, I set down his fulsome deference to the querulous old man as hypocrisy. Margaret's face was in the shade; but once or twice, when a fitful fire-gleam shot across it, I saw her fine lips give a scornful curl. Mr Mainwaring also observed it, and again that cold glitter came into his eyes, that made me tremble for her future.

Notwithstanding my desperate attempts at conversation, the evening proved dull. A cloud hovered over us which we were unable to disperse. It was so different from the merry old times, before the unhappy severance between father and son! Unable to fight against the miserable dullness, I made an excuse for leaving earlier than I usually did. Colonel Sefton rose to accompany me to the door. Margaret also rose from her seat. 'Then I shall go to bed, for I am very tired,' she said; and coldly giving Mr Mainwaring the tips of her fingers, prepared to leave the room.

'Nonsense, girl!' cried the Colonel reprovingly, as she kissed him. 'Won't you stay with Owen? It is still quite early.'

'If he particularly wishes it,' she replied carelessly, repressing a yawn, without taking the trouble to glance at him.

After such a show of indifference, he could scarcely ask her to stay; but her conduct stung him. Skillfully concealing his annoyance, he uttered a few polite words, and taking up the evening paper, sat himself by the fire as if to read it; although I think that his attention was rather given to what was taking place at the other side of the room, than to the paper he held in his hand.

I opened the door for Margaret. She placed her hand in mine in silence, and looked at me with bright glistening eyes; and then with sudden

impulse she put up her hands and drew my face to hers. 'For the sake of old times,' she whispered as she pressed her soft warm lips to my cold withered cheeks, and flushed their shrivelled folds with the memory of the past. 'Ah, Margaret, lassie,' I murmured to myself, 'I am thinking that your heart is still sound;' for it seemed to me that the kiss was not for me, but for the brave laddie who held so warm a place in my affections.

Colonel Sefton asked me to go with him to the library; and there told me of his great anxiety to see Margaret married and settled comfortably; for he knew that his days were numbered, and that he should not be with her much longer. He had felt his health slowly breaking for some time past, and had had threats of paralysis, which his medical attendant had told him were not to be neglected. He had kept all this to himself, until he now told it to me. His great trouble was for Margaret to be married to Mr Mainwaring before he died, so as to satisfy the cravings of his morbid punctilious pride that he had not husbanded her fortune for his own son; for he still felt distrustful of them if left without his care. He spoke very warmly about the good kind husband that he had secured for his little girl, as he called her; and my heart smote me at his infatuation, for I felt certain that he was mistaken in his estimate of the man's character; and that the day which witnessed her marriage with Mr Owen Mainwaring would set the seal to a lifetime of cruel misery and unhappiness.

The oily fellow had, apparently by means of fulsome adulation and hypocritical deference, warped the old man's now somewhat enfeebled mind, over which he had obtained such power that my endeavours to turn him were almost waste of time. He accused me of prejudice, and stopped the argument abruptly by telling me that Margaret could trust to his judgment, and would do as he bid her. He seemed very restless and nervous, as if he had not said all that was agitating his mind, but lacked courage to give full utterance to his thoughts. I bade him good-night in the library; but he followed me to the front-door, and notwithstanding that the night-air was raw and cold, he stood on the steps for a few minutes talking upon indifferent subjects. As we opened the door, a miserable-looking female figure rose from the lowest step, on which she had been crouching, and gazed eagerly at us. The face was young, and once had been beautiful; but the cruel ravages of want and disease—and perchance vice—had preyed on the bright looks, and obliterated their loveliness. As I met her gaze, the eagerness disappeared from her face. With a look of disappointment, she shook her head despairingly, and muttering to herself, drew her thin, worn shawl round her poor wasted figure and walked slowly away, her hollow cough—her young life's death-knell—awakening the slumbering echoes of the almost deserted street.

The Colonel's supply of small-talk at length became exhausted, and I turned to leave him. Placing a detaining hand on my arm, he said: 'I am anxious that the marriage should take place as soon as possible; for then—then'—the words faltered as the father's heart overcame his pride, and gave utterance to his wishes—'I might have Watty—my boy—home again!' The bright moon—

beams fell on his venerable head and feeble figure as he slowly re-entered the house. I stood at the corner of the street watching him until the door had closed, when I was startled by an arm being brusquely linked in mine. 'God bless him!' exclaimed an honest manly voice with earnest feeling in its tones.

'Ay—and you too Watty, my lad!' I cried, as I recognised my unexpected companion.

ROCKS AND THE WEATHER.

'As hard as stone' is both a familiar and an applicable proverb. There is perhaps no substance to which we more readily apply for a comparison in point of durability and hardness than stone, or the rock-materials of which the crust of the globe is composed. But hard and durable as stone may be, the scientific study of building-materials has revealed certain very remarkable exceptions to the proverbial expression, and has shewn us that in some cases, stone is one of the most perishable of substances. Man's attention to this matter is chiefly attracted and directed by the decay of the materials he uses in the erection of buildings. A short experience shews the builder that all stones do not possess the same power or quality of withstanding the assaults which the 'weather'—including under that term a combination of influences—is continually making upon it. The soft sandstone which is readily and cheaply dressed, may prove a costly bargain in the end, when, in a comparatively short space of time it is found to be wasted, or 'weathered' by the elements.

From the experience of the effects thus made visible in our building-stones, the builder has come to exercise a wise selection of his materials, and to choose those rocks and quarries from which stones may be procured which will most successfully withstand the 'hand of time' with its destructive fingers, in the shape of frost, wind, rain, chemical action, and the like. It is thus obvious, that in the consideration of the effects of weather on rocks and stones there are two chief aspects in which the question may be regarded—namely, the composition of the stone, and the forces that effect its destruction.

Possibly no better illustration of the effects of an apparently trivial circumstance in preventing the wasting of rocks by the weather could be found than in the benefits which accrue to rocks from the presence of a thin layer of vegetable matter. A layer of moss covering a rock-surface will be found to prevent in the most effectual manner the wasting of the rock, by absorbing the rain which otherwise would beat directly on it, and by shielding the rock from the destructive action of frost. Chemical action, that *déte nôte* of the builder, is thus also prevented, and the influences of the outer world are in a manner defied by the unostentatious growth of very humble forms of plant-life. Thus it may be shewn that the lowliest lichen which coats an old wall, and the mosses which delight the eye of the artist and satiate our sense of beauty as they coat rock and crag with verdure, serve an important purpose in the economy of nature, and preserve the mate-

rials of our globe from the action of destructive rock-wasting agencies. It is the absence of even this superficial layer of vegetation which tells so heavily against the preservation of rocks in the arctic regions of the world, and in the northern regions generally, where rock-waste proceeds to its fullest extent.

The consideration of the chemical composition of the stones used in building forms an important item in settling the durability of any particular rock-material. Of all stones used for building-purposes sandstone is by far the best known and most popular. It is a plentiful stone moreover, and one as a rule easily quarried; considerations which naturally result in its wide employment in building. But under the common name of 'sandstone' very varied substances are included. Thus some sandstones are perfectly worthless for building-purposes, owing to their soft friable nature. Others again, are so hard, that the cost of hewing them detracts from their value as building-stones. An example of a stone which decays very rapidly under the influence of the weather, and of the chemical surroundings which are especially prevalent in towns, is the well-known 'Bath stone,' which at first possesses a light colour, and looks exceedingly attractive, but which, in a comparatively short period of years, shews decided traces of being 'the worse for wear.' A notable stone on the side of durability, on the other hand, is the sandstone obtained from that most famous of quarries, Craigleith, near Edinburgh. The composition of this latter stone reveals the presence of a large quantity of flinty material, well calculated to resist the 'weathering' action of the elements.

Variations in chemical composition may thus be shewn to lie at the root of the decay or preservation of stone. Geologists inform us that the most porous stones are those most readily affected by the weather; and this for the reason that porosity implies the absorption of water. When moisture of any kind once enters a stone, the disintegration of the stone is simply a matter of time. Like an insidious and secret enemy, the water percolates through its substance, and if aided by frost, the destructive action becomes very apparent and greatly intensified. Every one knows that when water freezes a large amount of expansion takes place; and the result of a hard frost on porous stones is simply to convert the contained water into ice-crystals; the water in the act of freezing undergoing expansion, and chipping off numerous small fragments of the stone with slow but certain effect. Even the outside surfaces of stones may be seen to be markedly affected by frost in this way. Layer after layer will be peeled off, or converted into a fine powder, which may be dislodged from the surface by a touch of the finger.

Stones formed of lime in any of its numerous forms are perhaps the most liable to suffer at the hands of the weather. Rocks which are formed of chalk or carbonate of lime are singularly susceptible from their soft nature, of being affected by the action of rain and frost. But even the hardest limestones give way under the powerfully solvent action of the gas known as carbonic acid—a gas widely diffused in nature, which is given off from the breathing organs of all animals, and which in its turn forms one

of the chief items in the food of plants. This gas has an especial affinity for lime. When it attacks limestone rocks and unites with them—wasting their substance in the act—it forms carbonate of lime or chalk, and thus renders the rock-materials soft, and readily broken down by other agencies. The destructive work that chemical action begins, is in fact continued and finished by frost, rain, and the like. Such a destructive action as that just mentioned, takes place with especial rapidity in towns, where it is materially assisted by other substances which the rain washes down from the atmosphere, and of which ammonia and sulphurous acid are good examples. And hence limestones naturally became tabooed as building-stones; and, taught by experience, builders wisely reject the softer and readily-worked varieties even where a strong temptation to use them may exist.

The oxygen-gas of the atmosphere is an agent which also exercises a strong and potent sway over the fate of stones and rock-materials, by attacking various substances contained in rocks, and thus softening them and rendering them more readily attacked by other destructive forces. Nor must the effects of mere changes in temperature be lost sight of in their influence upon stones. The labours of the stone-mason in making tight and exactly fitting joints in masonry are sometimes greatly impeded by variations in temperature. It has been shewn that in America the variations in the expansion and contraction of stones—the annual range of temperature being over 90° F.—are of very marked kind, and result, not merely in stones but in rocks themselves, in the splitting of the stone into layers. Livingstone observed that the sudden cooling of rocks in Africa at night from a day-temperature of 137° F., resulted in fragments being split off, varying in weight from a few ounces to two hundred pounds.

The effects of the destructive action of the weather on stones is nowhere better seen than in cemeteries and graveyards, where monuments are completely exposed to the action of the elements, and where the rapidity of the action may be often accurately calculated from the dates on the monuments. The marble records which are so much in vogue will be found to last a comparatively short period of time; the lime entering into their composition being, as already remarked, singularly liable to the attack of gases. Even the hard sandstones, most durable of all monuments, may be seen in old churchyards to have their inscriptions completely obliterated after the lapse of a century or so; and it would thus seem that even the record of frail mortality borne by the enduring stone itself is doomed to perish and fade in the grasp of the all-destructive hand of Time.

An action which is peculiarly destructive to any exposed stone-surface on which it has leave to exert its force, is that of loose sand driven by high winds. Few persons save those who have practically investigated the subject, have any adequate idea of the destructive power of wind-blown sand. The innumerable sharp particles of flint and other minerals blown with great force against even the hardest rock, will speedily make their power apparent in the roughened and scratched surface which the rock will exhibit. 'Sand-scratches' are amongst the valued evidences of the geologist in shewing him the

prevailing direction of winds at past periods of the earth's history, and in affording information regarding the former exposure of a rock-surface which may now occupy a position removed from all external influences and destructive actions. And no better illustration of what wind and sand may together accomplish in the work of destroying substances even more brittle than stone may be mentioned, than the well-established fact, that at Cape Cod the prevailing and long-continued gales have, by driving sand against the windows of houses, actually succeeded in drilling innumerable fine holes in the glass.

The present subject would hardly be regarded as having been treated even in a cursory manner, without a reference to the celebrated case of stone-decay presented by the Houses of Parliament. These buildings of world-wide fame were built of magnesian limestone or dolomite, a rock, usually regarded by mineralogists as having been formed by the gradual 'metamorphism' or slow change of common limestone, the carbonate of lime being replaced by carbonate of magnesia. The decay of this stone—part of which was obtained from a quarry other than the originally selected source of the stone, the supply from the original quarry having failed—attracted much attention in London and elsewhere; and a Commission was appointed some years ago to investigate into the causes of the destructive action, with the view of proposing a remedy therefor. It was pointed out, however, that a magnesian limestone might withstand the air and influences of London perfectly well, the building illustrating this fact being the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, London; and hence one opinion at least laid the blame of the destructive action on the selection of a bad limestone, and not on the unsuitability of magnesian limestones generally for building-purposes.

The prevention of the process of decay and destruction of the Houses of Parliament soon became a subject which attracted the attention of experimenters. According to Professor Ansted, all paints containing oil, or other matters derived from animals or plants, are perfectly useless agents in the preservation of stone. Experimentation therefore proceeded in the direction of the discovery of some fluids which from their chemical nature would serve as efficient preservatives of stone. A preservative fluid of this nature was the 'water-glass' of Dr Fuchs—the silicate of potash—first produced in 1825, which was proposed as a compound capable, when mixed with pigments, of insuring the indestructibility of paintings. Mr F. Ransome of Ipswich, many years ago experimenting on the production of artificial stone, succeeded in manufacturing such a product, and was thereafter led to devise a solution which would protect stone from the corroding action of the atmosphere. This compound he obtained in the 'silicate of lime,' and as mentioned in a notice of Mr Ransome's process which appeared in this *Journal* for April 1876, the solution was painted on part of the river-front Houses of Parliament in 1856, with complete success. Since that period, as far as we can learn, no solution has superseded the silicate of lime, although compounds innumerable, of very varied composition, have been proposed. Mr Ransome has also succeeded in producing an artificial stone

of extreme hardness and durability, by processes allied to those through which his preservative solution was obtained.

The subject, however, is by no means exhausted, and it may be said to present one of the highest triumphs of art, when, aided by scientific knowledge, it converts useless into useful material, and successfully combats the forces of Nature which mould and destroy the world around us at will.

THE OUBLIETTE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

September 1479.—The sun had set two hours ago, and the gates of Plessis les Tours had been closed for the night. But a sudden and imperative summons in the King's name caused the drawbridge to be again lowered, and the portcullis raised to admit a military guard of the Royal Archers. That fact alone would have been sufficient to attest the high rank of the prisoner who rode in their midst, even without the accompanying signs of rich dress and noble appearance. The Captain in command handed to the governor of the fortress a warrant, of which the following is a translation :

BY ORDER OF THE KING.

THE LOUVRE, PARIS, September 7, 1479.

M. Lamarque, Governor of Plessis les Tours, will be responsible for the safe keeping of Claude d'Estrelles, otherwise Marquis of Clair-marais, until the further pleasure of the King be known. Surveillance without rigour. (*Signed*) LOUIS.

The Captain of Archers received from M. Lamarque a receipt averring that his duty was faithfully performed, took a courteous farewell of his prisoner, and then departed as rapidly as he came. Claude d'Estrelles stood for a moment listening silently to the rattle of the drawbridge chains, and the sharp ring of the horses' hoofs passing over and dying away in the distance; then, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, he followed the governor in the direction indicated.

One glance at his charge had been enough. M. Lamarque dismissed the warders, and spoke pleasantly to the young Marquis, whose mood certainly did not shew much reciprocity in the way of conversation. They crossed the courtyard, ascended some steps, and stopping before a door, heavily ironed it is true, M. Lamarque threw it open, and ushered his prisoner into a room—not a dungeon. A warder arrived with lights and wine; other refreshment was proffered, and curtly refused; then with a kindly 'Good-night,' the governor departed.

Claude heard the key turn in the massive lock, and clenched his hands fiercely as he strode up and down his ample chamber, digging at every turn his heel sharply into the floor, as though he thereby crushed some noxious reptile to death. When absolute weariness took possession of him, he sank upon his couch, and sat there motionless, staring at the ground, his fair hair ruffled, his

brows contracted, and in his deep blue eyes a look—a concentrated look of intense wrath and hate. It would have gone ill with his enemy, whoever he might be, had they met at that moment face to face. And as thought deepened, the Marquis's hand went swiftly to his side to encounter only an empty dagger-sheath. It was not the custom to leave dangerous steel playthings at the service of Louis XI's captives. Claude had for the moment forgotten that fact, and grinding his teeth with an angry 'Bah!' he threw himself back, and finally slept—slept well too, as men often do in their worst extremity.

The sunshine of a bright autumn morning awoke him, and with a certain philosophy which already made things look less gloomy than they had done some hours before, he inspected his new abode, and took to himself a certain consolation thereby; for it was not so bad as it might have been. Not luxurious by any means; but still nothing resembling those cells of Plessis les Tours, concerning which tales so grim and dreadful were extant. There was a certain amount of furniture. His sleeping-pallet was tolerably comfortable; there were air and sunshine and space. The window, strongly barred certainly, was low and broad, and the lattice of it opened inwards, admitting the fresh wind, the sounds of humanity, and the songs of the free birds. Free!

The Marquis d'Estrelles leaned against the easement and gazed over the fair fields of Touraine to where the rushing Loire sparkled in the sunshine. He thought of his stately home upon the banks of that same river; of the broad lands that called him lord; of the dead father and mother who had transmitted to him such a noble heritage with their unstained name; of the fair sister, to whom he gave, as yet, the only love of his heart—that sister of whom he was so proud, his only near tie on earth; then, with darkening brow, of that day, that black day when Louis, out on a hunting expedition with his infamous favorites, had halted at the Château d'Estrelles, and Tristan's evil eyes had first fallen on the Lady Rénéa. And because he would not give that fair and noble sister in marriage to one who has been justly termed the executioner of Paris—he had refused with horror and mad words the insult—this was come upon him—this! And Rénéa in her lonely home!

Claude shook the iron bars in impotent fury. Then with calming influence upon his troubled spirit came the reflection: 'He cannot take her by force. Rénéa will know how to guard herself. She is my father's daughter. And for me—ah well! All is not ended, yet.' The gay French spirit was reasserting itself.

Soon came the governor and breakfast. And M. Lamarque informed his prisoner that within certain limits he was free to walk about as he pleased. 'I am rejoiced, M. le Marquis, to find that my instructions permit me to treat you with lenity and grant you many privileges. And when you know that any infringements by you of the boundaries laid down will cause most unpleasant results, you will, I am sure, spare both yourself and me annoyance, by being submissive and patient. Mine—here the worthy governor's voice altered—mine is not an easy—not a delightful task. Do not make it harder for me, by getting yourself into a worse plight.'

It will be seen that M. Lamarque was a kindly man; and though a soldier and a faithful guardian of the fortress intrusted to him, still he was made of softer stuff than quite befitted a servant of the merciless Louis, and the ruling power of such a place as Plessis les Tours. One needs to be of marble when one has to do the work of a M. Lamarque.

Plessis les Tours! Who that reads the history of those times shudders not at that well-known name? A prison-palace, in whose dark corners horrors untold existed. Above, splendid chambers, where Louis, withered, lean, and pale, with an executioner and barber for his constant companions, was wont to feast royally, and to pray hypocritically; where courtiers, fearing their dreaded master, bowed down to him with a reverence that hid their hate! While below—too far for their groans and cries to reach the upper air and intrude unpleasantly upon the hearing of those who made merry above them—lay chained and dying men, cut off for ever from light and liberty—below, yawned the noisome dungeon, the torture-chamber, the oubliette. It is computed that during the reign of this diabolical Valois, fifteen hundred people perished by the oubliette alone. The Bastille was rent stone from stone by an indignant people; but Plessis les Tours yet looks upon the rushing Loire, that river which bore so often the freight of a floating shapeless sack, inscribed with the legend, 'Laissez passer la justice du Roi.'

Months went on, and as yet no worse luck than detention had happened to our Marquis, who spent a good deal of his time in the governor's apartments, cultivating the acquaintance of Madame, a motherly Normande, and Léonie, her fair and stately daughter. That was the one bright thing in the château of Plessis—the presence of Léonie Lamarque. How often, winning the consent of her father by the pleading ways he found it so hard to resist, she carried comfort into the dark and miserable cells where languished the hapless prisoners! How often they passed away blessing the fair face that shone upon them in their hour of need! A lovely and loving woman, would not every soldier in the garrison have done impossible things to win a smile from her? Notably, poor Gustave Chapellier, commandant of them all, young, brave, and handsome, who worshipped her with a love exceeding great; and laid his honest heart at her feet with the satisfaction—if indeed it were any—of knowing that slowly but surely, day by day, Léonie was giving hers away to the noble and accomplished captive; that the devotion of years was accounted as nothing to the acquaintance of weeks with the courtly, perhaps frivolous Marquis—that Léonie would not hear his sighs nor notice his desperate unhappiness, while finding her heaven in the deep blue eyes for which the Estrelles were famed. Nor could anything be done; remonstrance would be idle; Léonie was free to choose, whether she chose wisely or not. Again, poor Gustave! add to this that neither father nor mother had the least idea of how matters stood with their daughter and the Marquis. Truly, Gustave's predilection was, as it ever is with a Frenchman, patent enough to any beholder who cared to notice it. And it may be that the elders of this household were content to let him win their Léonie if he could, while caring not to

lose too soon the idol of their hearts. As to the Marquis, he was in everything charming; but his rank was too far above them for inquietude; any day the capricious king might restore him to liberty and favour, when they would see him no more.

Winter came and went. It was Louis's custom to give no warning of his visits to Plessis, thinking, probably, that it enabled him more easily to discover any lapses of duty on the part of his governor or subordinates. Nothing delighted him more than to seize an offender in the act, and for that, it was of course necessary to pounce unexpectedly upon the delinquents. M. Lamarque, quite well aware of this trait in his amiable master's character, circumvented it by posting trusty watchmen in the vicinity, who by a given signal warned the inmates of Plessis les Tours when the king's stealthy approach was detected. That signal came one April morning when d'Estrelles and Léonie were on the ramparts. Acting upon the governor's friendly hint, the Marquis betook himself to his own apartment; and not long afterwards Louis, attended as usual by his favourites Tristan and Olivier le Daim, entered smilingly the gates where his coming brought always death and misery. As he descended from his litter, a shrunken shambling figure, wearing the black velvet hat adorned with its coarse leaden images, how many shivered as they caught his furtive glance and the sinister expression of his pallid lips. He was in a gracious mood that day—a mood that always boded ill to some unlucky wight, and was therefore more to be feared than even his spasmodic wrath. For some hours he amused himself by inspecting the fortress, visiting some of the dungeons, and witnessing the torture of one man, whose life mercifully departed during the process; then, having one way or another settled the fate of half-a-dozen human beings, the king went to dinner with great complacency. When that was over, the Marquis of Clair-marais was summoned to his presence.

Spite of his bravery and gay philosophy, Claude's heart gave one fierce throb as the hangings were lifted and, followed by two guards, he stood within the royal presence. More, a gleam of hatred lit his eyes as they fell upon Tristan, who, richly dressed, stood by the window ostentatiously gazing out into the courtyard below. Belonging to the dregs of the people, low, hideous, and brutal, yet raised by the caprice of a king to riches and honours, the name of Tristan blots the page of history. It is impossible to comprehend what attraction so degraded a being could have for one who came at least of a royal race—the race of magnificent Francis, and learned gracious Margaret, and courtly Henry. The fact alone remains. It is at least a trivial consolation to know that nothing marks the spot of earth which at last received his remains; the king's once powerful favourite has shared the fate of many nobler men, a dishonoured grave.

With a look and a wave of his hand, Louis dismissed the guards.

'We are happy to see you again, Monsieur le Marquis; and we trust that the time given you here for reflection has been profitably spent, and the result is that you are now willing to accede to our wishes, expressed to you some months ago.'

'I regret, Sire, that your hopes are vain. My views upon so detestable a subject have not altered, nor are they likely to do so.'

'So!' The king leaned back in his chair, biting his nails, and stealthily eyeing his rebellious subject. 'That is much to be regretted—the more especially as, unfortunately, your determination is likely to produce very unpleasant results, if persisted in. Our people know how much our royal heart inclineth always to the side of mercy; and nothing grieves us more than when insolent obstinacy compels us to punish, when we would so much rather reward.'

'You are far too lenient always, Sire!' murmured the hypocrite at the window.

Claude had stood with firmly closed lips and upright mien during the king's speech. At Tristran's words a look of deadlier resolution, mingled with contempt, came over his face.

Louis noted it, and turning to the executioner, said mockingly: 'I fear, worthy Tristran, that our foolish young friend does not confer upon the family the honour that you would confer upon the family of Estrelles. He ventures to scorn you, faith of a king! and thinks doubtless it were fitter we should find you a brute among your people in the Quarter Notre-Dame!'

Tristran paled with smothered wrath. Like other favourites of tyrannical masters, he often had himself to bear in silence the sting of Louis's glibbing tongue, which pierced alike his friends and foes.

After a moment's silence the latter turned again to Claude. 'We had hoped, Monsieur le Marquis, to take you back with us, restored to your home and position in society, also to what is, of course, a trivial thing, our royal favour. We ask you once again—and think seriously before you reply: Are you prepared to tender us your entire submission, and give us the consent which we could well do without' (Claude shivered), 'but which it suits us to demand of you as a loyal subject? Speak! It is your last chance for some time to come.'

'Be wise, Monsieur le Marquis,' said Tristran, turning to him; 'and do not reject the kindness of so gracious a lord. Let me implore you, for your own sake.'

Utterly ignoring both the speaker and his words, Claude drew a long breath, and answered Louis in a steady voice: 'The king is my master—but he has had my answer. There can be no other.'

'It is your final decision? Think of the cost once more!' And Louis's eyes glittered ominously.

'Sire, I have spoken.'

Grasping the arms of his chair, Louis rose quickly, and his pale lips quivered as he exclaimed viciously: 'Enough! Be it so. We can see easily how misplaced has been our kindly consideration for you—how foolish we have been to make your residence here so pleasant to you, and stoop to ask when we could more fitly command. There are means of taming those who are mad enough to defy us. Let us see how you will relish the bread and water of affliction!' He struck fiercely a bell upon the table, and the guards re-entered with the governor of Plessis. 'You have already received your instructions, M. Lemaire. The Marquis of Clair-marais sternly refuses our clemency. We bid him farewell for a season of repentance. And'—taking off his hat, he placed it upon the table, then sank down

upon his knees before it—'we will pray Our Lady and the holy Saints that the punishment which he has brought upon himself may be blessed to him!'

BIRDS AND FRUITS.

A GREAT deal has been written of late years on the relations between insects and flowers, and many careful observers have shewn good reasons for believing that the exquisite colours of our roses and our tulips depend ultimately upon the slow selection of bees and butterflies. But very little attention in comparison has been given to the equally curious subject of the relations between birds and fruits; and yet fruits are objects of far greater practical importance to mankind than the beautiful blossoms whose origin Mr Darwin and his followers have so often explained to us. Nay, more, though the ordinary uses of apples and pears blind us in great part to their beauty, it cannot be denied that flowers themselves are scarcely more lovely than the glowing oranges, the crimson cherries, the soft-bloomed peaches, and the purple plums, which owe their bright colouring to the appreciative eyes of woodland or tropical birds. It may be well worth while to glance for a moment at the manner in which those pretty and sweet-flavoured seed-vessels have been produced.

It may here be stated that a fruit, in spite of all its other uses to men or animals, is really only a seed-vessel. We now know that no part of any plant or animal has been created solely for the use of other species: every organ, however necessary for the life of external kinds, has a duty of its own to perform in the economy of its possessor. A few years ago naturalists might have asserted that honey was put into the nectary of flowers simply for the sake of the bee who gathers it, and that a soft pulp was placed around the stone of the blackberry simply for the benefit of the bird which swallows it. Some people would even have gone so far as to assert that the honey and the blackberry, the bee and the bird, were all alike created solely for the ultimate enjoyment of lordly man. But nowadays no wise thinker would venture to maintain such an opinion, in the face of recent discoveries and observations. It is now quite certain that every portion of every living thing has a definite function to perform for the benefit of its own species. If the luscious clover is gifted with honey to attract the bee, with sweet scent to draw it on in its quest, with purple petals to allure its eye from afar, it is primarily because the clover needs the aid of the bee in fertilising its perfumed heads. If the currant coats its berry with the self-same sweet juices, and relies upon the self-same attractions of rosy colouring, it is primarily because the currant-bush needs the aid of the bird in dispersing its seeds through the surrounding fields. The bee, the bird, and man alike make use of the advantages they find ready prepared for

them in the world around; but in every case each species performs its own work for its own sake. The plant stores honey for the plant's behoof; the bee lays up in hives for its winter support; and man uses it for his own pleasure. But the object of the bee is no more the supply of honey to human tables than the object of the farmer in sowing wheat is the supply of soft nutriment for the weevil.

Fruits, in the sense which we ordinarily give to the term, are seed-vessels which specially rely for the dispersion of their seeds upon the voluntary aid of animals. A botanist, indeed, would call a poppy-head or a pod of peas a fruit; for in botanical language the seed-bearing apparatus of a single blossom always bears that name. But ordinary unscientific people mean by the term a sweetish, bright-coloured, succulent, and pulpy mass, though of all these characteristics, sweetness and bright colour are least essential, since many recognised fruits are sour or acrid, and a few are dull and sombre in hue. Nevertheless, the popular idea is a fairly good and accurate one, answering to a real difference of habit in the plants to which it refers. Just as the bright blossoms, which alone are known as flowers to unscientific eyes, really answer roughly to those which depend for fertilisation upon insects, so the succulent fruits, which alone are known as such in every-day language, really answer roughly to those which depend for the dispersion of their seeds upon voluntary aid from birds or other animals.

Voluntary aid, we must say, because some seeds, like burrs and other hooked kinds, get themselves dispersed by means of sheep and cattle, to whose coats they cling against their will. Indeed, there is no end to the devices which Nature adopts to insure that seeds should be carried to fitting spots for their germination. Some, like thistle-down and cotton, are provided with fluffy tails, which carry them through the air on the wings of the wind; others, like the maple, have regular wings of their own, on which they fly in the same manner as a kite. The balsam bursts open its capsule with a sort of explosion, and scatters its seeds around it in every direction: the grasses simply drop their little round grains upon the bare soil beneath. But there are two kinds of seed-vessel specially liable to be eaten by birds and other animals, and these two kinds differ diametrically in the way they comport themselves towards their devourers. They are commonly called nuts and fruits.

The nut is a hard-coated seed, whose kernel or germ—with its accompanying stock of nutriment—the squirrel or monkey eats whenever he can get it. This, of course, kills the young plant, and so defeats the whole purpose of the seed. Accordingly, nuts are purposely made in such a manner as to escape the notice and baffle the hungry attempts of their enemies. They are generally green as they grow among their native foliage, and brown as they lie on the bare ground beneath. Thus they never attract attention by their colour or brilliancy. Then, again, they are covered by a hard shell, often so hard that even man finds it no easy task

to break through the outer coat and get at the nutritious kernel within, as we all know in the case of coco-nuts, Brazil-nuts, and the American hickory. And furthermore, they very frequently have a nauseous bitter husk, like that of the walnut, or are covered with little prickly hairs, as in the filbert; all of which devices combine to prevent animals from discovering, cracking, and eating them. As though all this were not enough, they not uncommonly contain bitter juices, and sometimes finish by poisoning the aggressors. Clearly, nuts are a kind of seeds which do not lay themselves out for being quietly eaten up. They defend themselves to the very last by every possible device in their power.

A fruit, on the other hand, adopts exactly opposite tactics. To use the language of ordinary life, it *wants* to be eaten; or in other words, it is so devised by Nature as to offer every inducement to various animals to eat it. The means which it employs for the allurements of birds are exactly like those which flowers employ for the allurements of insects. It has sweet juices, perfumed essences, red, blue, or purple colouring. From a distance, the scarlet hips and haws or the orange rowan-berries, strike the eye of the bird; the bright hues seem to act as an advertisement of the food. The pulpy covering is evidently intended for the bird's use, and the sweet taste for its pleasure. Clearly, the fruit is a kind of seed-vessel which means to be eaten if it can only get any one good enough to perform the duty.

But what good can the plant derive from having its fruits devoured? If the nut is so anxious to escape detection and to avoid animals, why should the fruit take so much trouble to excite attention and to commit a voluntary suicide? Simply because the bird is of as much use to the plant as the plant is to the bird. It is, in short, a case of mutual accommodation. Just as the bee, in sucking honey, carries the fertilising pollen from flower to flower, so the bird, in devouring fruit, disperses the seeds which pass undigested through its body. Though the pulp is always soft and sweet enough, the actual seed is at heart a nut. In the plum-stone and peach-stone we see this truth clearly enough, for there the resemblance has gone to such a length that even the most careless observer could not overlook it. In the cherry and the orange it is less immediately obvious, but still quite recognisable when we look at the question closely. In the strawberry and raspberry, however, the separate seeds are so much smaller that we scarcely notice their presence, and therefore we quite forget their essential identity with the nut. It is thus evident that a fruit is really a seed-vessel which has turned its outer coat into a soft pulp, while its inner part still contains one or more hard nut-like seeds.

Of course this description must only be accepted in the most general sense, for fruits belong to an immense variety of types. Some of them are simple like the plum, which may be looked upon as analogous to the simple flower of the dog-rose; while others are compound like the fig, which may be considered in the same light as the compound flower-head of the daisy. Some, again, indulge in still wilder vagaries, like the strawberry, which is in reality not a fruit at all, but a collection of fruitlets, standing upon the outer surface of a raised red receptacle; and the whole

colony may therefore be compared to the white arum or Ethiopian lily, which is not one flower at all, but a little family of flowers collected upon a raised yellow spike or spadix, and surrounded by a beautiful sheath, which acts as the attractive portion for the insect guests. But whatever may be the particular form of the fruit, its object is always at bottom the same, to insure the dispersion of its seeds by the aid of the birds, whose assistance it invites with its pulpy covering.

The simplest form of fruit, as in the plum or cherry, consists of one seed, containing a central kernel or embryo, and surrounded by a hard shell and a soft outer coat. These we generally know by the name of stone-fruits, because their single seed is usually big enough to attract our attention very forcibly. Other moderately simple fruits, like the currant or the grape, have several little seeds inside a single pulpy lining. The raspberry has a separate pulp for each tiny nut; while in the pomegranate the whole mass of scarlet-coated seeds is inclosed in an external rind which secures them from attention till the moment they are ripe. The berries of the spindle-tree are some of the prettiest and most instructive of all, for they are shut up within a hard but brilliant orange-coloured shell, which bursts asunder when they are ripe, and displays the beautiful soft little fruits within. Not less lovely are the seed-vessels of the common yellow flag or iris, which similarly fly open in the autumn, and allow the bright golden seeds in regular rows to peep through the green seams of the inclosing capsule.

But we must observe at the same time, that fruits are not at all stages of their growth prettily coloured, soft, and sweet. They begin as hard, sour, green knobs, and only acquire their external allurements as they slowly ripen. Of course this is quite necessary if the plant is to carry its point and get its seeds dispersed in a fit condition for sprouting; for its whole object would be defeated if birds were to eat the seeds while they were still young and green. Hence the colour is only added at the moment when the little embryos within have become fitted for an independent existence. So, too, the sweet juices replace the sour acid of the green fruit, and the hard pulp grows soft and yielding. This is just like the change which comes over all insect-fertilised flowers in the bud; and the stages in that case may be most easily seen in the tulip or the garden hyacinth, where there is no green cup or calyx to hide the coloured portions as they slowly acquire their brilliant hues.

In a thousand ways, then, we see that succulent fruits have been specially adapted to the senses of birds. Only those fruits which rely upon the fowls of the air for dispersion are sweet and pretty, and even they only at the exact moment when dispersion will benefit them. So that here again we find one of those minute relations of dependence between animal and vegetable life of which so many instances have been forthcoming of late years. The more we look into the balanced economy of life, the more does it appear, as Sprengel long ago pointed out, that 'the wise author of Nature has not created even a hair in vain.' And whether we regard the mode of creation as direct or as indirect, by a pure exercise of volition bringing forth an orderly universe through one design, or by slow adaptation of every part to

every other through natural selection, it is equally true that every portion of every plant and every animal is instinct with meaning for those who patiently try to read it aright.

NICE DISTINCTIONS.

THERE are plenty of casuists who are at all times ready to satisfy the inclination without wounding the conscience. The distinctions which they draw are so ingeniously fine as, at times, to be all but imperceptible.

For instance, an old Highlander, reproached by his pastor for absenting himself from church one Sabbath morning, denied the charge, repeating the denial so emphatically that the puzzled minister asked him if he would offer his oath that he was there that morning. 'To be sure,' was the unabashed one's answer; and the minister said no more. A friend of the false-speaking Highlander told him it was awful to hear him offer his oath to such a lie. 'Hoot, toot, man,' quoth Donald. 'Isn't there a great difference between offering a thing and giving it?'

It is oftentimes convenient to be able to discern such differences. When a party of Paisley weavers, anxious to cross the Clyde from Greenock to Dunoon one Sunday morning, desired the captain of a Rothesay steamer to take their boat in tow, as they did not care to profane the day by using their oars, the captain wanted to know where was the difference between employing their oars and employing the steamer's paddles. 'The difference!' exclaimed the spokesman of the conscientious crew. 'There's a great difference between rowing by the power o' man, who must answer for what he does, an' a wind-turning engine; a steam-engine's not a moral being, an' is therefore not an accountable agent.' A specious argument certainly; but one much more easy to answer than that advanced by a farm-servant, willing enough to milk her master's cows on the Sabbath, but firm in refusing to feed them on that day. Drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are and are not works of necessity, the shrewd lass said: 'The cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity; but let them out to the fields, and they'll feed themselves.'

When Captain Robinson was surveying the west coast of Scotland, the Grand-Duke Constantine came on board his ship for a few days. Anxious to shew his royal guest as much as lay in his power, Captain Robinson steamed over to Lona one Sunday, to give the Russian prince an opportunity of examining the antiquities there. The tunity of examining the antiquities there. The custodian of the ancient church flatly refused to open its doors. 'Do you know whom I have brought with me?' inquired the disgusted officer. 'He's the Emperor of the Russians, I ken by the flag,' responded the keeper. 'But had it been the Queen herself, I wadna gie up the keys on the Lord's Day.' The Lona keeper, however, was yet not invulnerable, for Captain Robinson asking him if he had any objection to drinking a glass of whisky with him upon the Sabbath, he replied: 'That's a different thing entirely!'—The Count—seems also to have been aware of whisky-imbibing did not come under the taboo. When the waiter at a Dumbarton hotel informed him he could not be supplied with hot water from the

Lord's day 'for sic a thing as shaving,' the Count did not press the demand, but remarked that he would take some toddy, if the waiter would bring him the materials. Here was a reasonable proposal, and one that at once commended itself to the conscientious waiter, who drank the whisky, but left the hot water to the Count. The distinction was a fine one.

Dr Wardlaw, finding the six-mile walk between his house and his church in Glasgow too much for old legs to compass comfortably, enlisted the services every Sunday of a sturdy pony. One day a meeting was held to protest against railway companies running trains upon Sunday, and the Doctor declaimed eloquently against the threatened desecration. When he had done, somebody in the crowd urged a request that he would repeat the Fourth Commandment. The unsuspecting Doctor did so; and then the same voice inquired if the law did not apply as much to the pony as to the ox and the ass. The inference was too palpable to be ignored, and the next two Sundays the Doctor walked to church; but the third saw him astride his pony again. He explained that, having consulted the early Fathers of the Church and the divines of Geneva, he had come to the conclusion that the institution of the Lord's Day, as observed by all Christian churches and sects, applied to mankind only; and that, in appointing the first day of the week to be the Sabbath of the Christians, instead of the seventh, which was the Sabbath of the Jews, the intention was to leave the Sabbath of the brute creation as it originally stood—therefore he had again taken to the pony, which of course he never worked on Saturdays. The worthy Doctor's faith in his own argument is paralleled by that displayed by the Missourian Baptist minister who while always impressing upon his family and flock that it was needless for them to take care of their lives, since the moment of their death was fixed before the foundation of the world, nevertheless took especial pains in putting his rifle in order when bound on a frontier mission. His wife one day ventured to suggest that his practice scarcely accorded with his preaching. 'Your view, my dear,' replied he, 'is a very proper view; but see here—suppose I should meet an Indian and his time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with me, what could he do? My dear, we must all contribute our part toward the fulfilment of the decrees of Providence.'

When the Custom-house officials at Basle demanded the payment of duty on the first consignment there of some Eau de Lourdes, the importers resisted the demand on the ground that the liquid was not a medicament, but merely water, to which the mystical power of faith alone gave medical properties. The authorities, however, insisted that the intrinsic worth of the water did not in any way concern them; it was sent to Switzerland to be used as a medicine, and was therefore liable to duty as other medicines.—The theory that things conducive to the same end necessarily come in the same category, found no acceptance among the good people of Draperstown. Under the influence of Father Mathew's eloquence, these worthy Irish folks renounced their favourite potation; but one day, alas! somebody introduced a bottle of ether into the place, telling them that a mere thimbleful would raise the

spirits, and that they might indulge in the new drink without violating the pledge; and ether has ever since been in vogue there as a cheap and efficient substitute for the tabooed 'cratnr.' The once popular 'Father' had only scotched the snake. Like the down-east minister who felt proud of having converted a notorious Sabbath-breaker, until, happening to ask an old farmer if he did not find a great difference in his neighbour since he had joined the church, the latter replied: 'O yes. Before, he used to carry his axe on his shoulder when he went fence-mending on Sunday; now he carries it under his coat.'

When John Dalton was a lad, Elihu Robinson invited him to join a young man named Alderson in studying at his house of an evening. A dispute arising between the two students as to the working out of a difficult problem, Alderson clinched his argument by offering to bet Dalton sixpence he was right. Objecting to betting, Mr Robinson vetoed the proposition; but suggested that whichever proved to be in the wrong, should find candles for both during the winter season; although where the difference lay, save that the stake involved was larger, we fail to see. An ability to comprehend such nice distinctions is very comforting to conscientious people. A Michigan divine discovering that his son had been investing his pocket-money in a lottery ticket, wrote to the seller: 'I do not approve of lotteries, regarding them as no better than gambling. My son bought number five in your drawing. If it drew anything, don't send the money to him. Send it to me.' He held himself above the law he would lay down for others; like the good man who favoured an American preacher with a letter of six pages rebuking him for not having attained a state of sinless perfection; while by folding the epistle in a newspaper wrapper, he contrived to defraud government of a couple of cents.

One of Brougham's earliest appearances as an advocate was in behalf of a man accused of stealing a pair of boots. The evidence as to the theft was conclusive; but Brougham contended that his client must be acquitted, the articles stolen being half-boots, which he argued were not boots any more than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. Lord Esckgrove knowing his man, guessed that he was being played upon, so without asking the prosecuting counsel to reply, he at once over-ruled the objection, saying: 'I am of opinion that "boot" is a *nomen generale*, comprehending a half-boot. The distinction is between a half-boot and half a boot. The moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half-moon.'—A more serious contention was raised in the Court of Chancery not many years since. A testator left property the disposition of which was affected by the death of 'either' of two persons. One learned counsel strenuously insisted that the word 'either' meant both, and quoted Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, Richardson, Webster, and the Scriptures in support of his view. The court held that though the word might sometimes be used in that sense, its proper meaning was one of two, as in Maccheath's well-known affirmation:

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away.

Common-sense, however, does not always regulate legal decisions. A Neapolitan tax-collector, proved

to have appropriated the public moneys to his own private use, was acquitted on the ground that being one of the public, he was part-owner of the money, and could not steal what was his own money, and could not steal what was his own money. The son of a wealthy German out-running his allowance, obtained a loan from a banker. On his allowance, a thief lightened him of his pocket-way home, a thief lightened him of his pocket-book containing the borrowed notes. When the banker demanded repayment, the debtor laughed at him; and he was compelled to take legal proceedings before the Imperial Tribunal of Commerce, to have the pleasure of hearing that court decide he had no grounds for the action; no loan contracted by a minor being recoverable unless he derived actual benefit from the money; which, thanks to the thief's intervention, the borrower in this case had not done.—On the same principle did a London magistrate deal with a journeyman baker who had spent twelve pounds of his master's money in buying religious tracts, which he gave away while going his rounds. He was dismissed with the caution that it was a mistake to take money dishonestly even for a religious purpose.

Distinctions of an exceptionally fine nature are occasionally made. An English lady holiday-keeping in a fishing village in Normandy, struck one day by the downcast appearance of a pretty damsel, asked her why she was so sad. It was the old story: her sweetheart found no favour with papa. Knowing the young fellow to be good-looking, honest, and industrious, the lady inquired what was the objection. 'Ah, madame, said the weeping girl, 'my father is proud; and his family is not in our station; they are people who only have cotton sheets.'—The distinction of class, founded upon the possession or non-possession of linen sheets, reminds us of Nicaragua, where, Mr Boyle tells us, there are only two classes—those who wear boots, and those who do not. So thoroughly is this distinction recognised, that no one claiming to be booted will ever make a public appearance barefooted, even though his boots be mere upper leathers strapped over the instep. On the other hand a barefoot will not don a pair of boots unless he sees a probability of emerging permanently from the lower classes. The prices of admission to public entertainments are regulated accordingly—so much for boots, half-price for barefoot; and no one ever dreams of saving half the cost of his pleasure by removing his boots before entering.

Parvenus are proverbially blessed with conveniently short memories. A wealthy glass-blower settled down at a midland watering-place, the 'society' of which is largely composed of retired business-men. After much debate, the new-comer was pronounced eligible and elected a member of the Club affected by the bigwigs of the place. A few months later, one of the partners of a noted sance-making firm purchased some property in the neighbourhood, and sought admission into the Club. He was duly proposed and seconded; but found himself excluded by one black ball; and it did not take him long to discover he owed that to the glass-blower. He forthwith waited on that worthy, and asked for an explanation. 'I think it rather hard lines,' said he, 'that you, of all people, should black-ball me.' 'My good sir,' replied the glass-blower, 'I was very sorry to do it, but I felt it was my duty. In a place like this, you see it

is necessary to draw the line somewhere, and I felt it ought to be drawn at sauce.' The visitor rose, saying: 'Thank you. I am obliged for the explanation. But allow me to point out, that whilst you are so wonderfully quick to remember who made the sauce, you seem quite to forget who made the bottles!'

THE HOSPITAL MONTE DELLA MISERICORDIA.

We are indebted for the following very interesting particulars to a correspondent residing in Naples:

Some two hundred and seventy years ago, a number of Neapolitan gentlemen agreed to have a picnic at Posillipo, then, as it is now, one of the most beautiful and charming of the environs of Naples. Each of the party agreed to bring a cooked dish for the dinner, and everything was duly prepared for the feast. The day appointed turned out to be a downpour of rain, and thus the original object was frustrated. A happy suggestion was however made—that the viands should be distributed to a selected number of poor; and such was the gratitude evinced by the recipients, that it occurred to those who had originated the idea of utilising the unused dishes of the abandoned feast, that a yearly offering on the same day should be made in similar manner, to commemorate the event. This was carried out with great regularity and success, so much so, that it led to the formation of the *Società del Monte della Misericordia*; which was afterwards sanctioned and duly incorporated by the state. The main objects of the Society were to visit the sick, to relieve prisoners, to shew hospitality to strangers, to help the poor, and bury the dead. The Society pursuing this career of usefulness, conceived another idea, which was duly carried out, and stands to this present day a practical and prominent proof of the good which it has done. I allude to the *Hospital de la Misericordia*, in the town of Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, which I had recently the pleasure of visiting, and which, for the object it carries out and the manner in which it is worked and managed, deserves especial notice and commendation.

Ischia, long famous for its thermal springs, and within twenty miles from Naples, was wisely selected by the 'Misericordia' as a place where the poorer classes might receive the benefit from the use of the waters; and accordingly, a large Hospital was erected by the Society. The one actually now in use, a very spacious building, was built in 1778. Within its walls are seventy-seven marble baths, all in one long *salle*, and in direct connection with the hot springs of Gungitello, the water of which is about one hundred and forty-four degrees Fahrenheit. These baths, all open, are ranged at each side of the central passage of the *salle*, somewhat like stalls in a stable. The Hospital is entered from the road by a flight of steps leading to a vestibule; and then there is a large quadrangular court, at the four sides of which are the several sleeping-wards and other rooms for the accommodation of the patients. On turning to the right after entering the court, there is a spacious door, leading to a gentle paved incline, down which patients are carried daily, in specially planned chairs, to the bath-

room. At the time I visited the Hospital, at about 9.30 A.M., all the patients, with very few exceptions, were in the bathing *salle*—the greater number of them in the baths. The *salle* is thoroughly well ventilated. I particularly noticed the tenderness and care shewn to the sufferers by the attendants, who had in many cases not only to help them into the baths, but to undress and dress them. I saw all sorts of chronic rheumatism, swollen and stiff joints; some of the patients were afflicted with paralysis, others with diseases of the bone, some with old gun-shot wounds. The good which these baths were doing was strongly marked in the expression of the faces. After remaining some time in the bathing *salle*, I visited, before going up the incline, the rooms devoted to the use of the medical attendants, who are supplied with every modern medical scientific assistance.

The bathing season only lasts from July until September; and the management at Naples first send women patients, who are treated exclusively, occupying the Hospital for about forty days; and then they leave, and are replaced by the same number of men. The patients are sent over free of all expense from Naples to Casamicciola, and back again in a special steamer. The trustees, and the trustees alone, give admission to this valuable institution, from which no foreigner is excluded so long as personal application is made in Naples, and who, after medical examination, is certified to be a proper subject for relief. I was accompanied in my visit to the Hospital by a medical gentleman, a native of Ischia, who has long practised in the island, and who introduced me to the resident doctor. He was good enough to shew me over the establishment.

The sleeping-wards are spacious and well ventilated. The beds are large, and kept scrupulously clean. At the head of each bed is a card, detailing the nature of the case treated; and it can be well understood what valuable medical statistics can be learned and compiled by studying the cases. Several wards in the upper part of the building are devoted to children; and here one has an opportunity of witnessing the ravages which scrofula makes on the poor little sufferers. It is impossible to speak too highly of the care shewn to the children by the attendants, and particularly by the Sisters of Charity who are attached to the Hospital. At the left side of the court of the quadrangle there is a general *salle* in which the patients dine; and adjoining the *salle* is a spacious kitchen. On the opposite side of the court is the chapel. The food which was being prepared was excellent; and this, combined with the general salubrity of the Ischian air and the careful administration of the baths, goes a long way in effecting cures. Over four hundred are annually sent to the Hospital from Naples.

At the other side of the road, opposite to the entrance of the Hospital, are the *stuves* or vapour-baths, which are used largely. There is a round room in which are sixteen niches, sit the patients, who enjoy the vapour, which is let in direct from the spring. There are also means for applying cold-water douches; and the mud from the springs, impregnated as it is with the main compounds of the water itself—namely, salt, soda, carbonic acid, and sulphur—is applied with much success in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and gout.

Gurgitello is the name of the spring which supplies the Hospital; but there are several other springs in the neighbourhood which have repute, such as Capponi, &c. These waters are taken internally, and being strongly alkaline and antacid, are eminently useful in cases of stomach complaints.

There are two public establishments of baths at Casamicciola, both well managed. Here may be seen daily during the season the numerous strangers who visit the island for the baths. Attached to some of the hotels (notably the *Bellevue*) are also to be found mineral baths. There is a fairly well organised steam-service between Naples and Casamicciola—two boats each way every morning and evening, the trip lasting three hours; stopping to embark and disembark passengers at the town of Ischia, and also at Procida, the adjoining island.

The sail along the coast from Cape Misena, passing Baja, Pozzuoli, and Posilipo to Naples, is replete with interest. To the east, Vesuvius always prominent; and to the south the towering Monte St Angelo, with the towns of Castellamare di Stabia, Vico, Meta, Sorrento, and the Isle of Capri. The excursions inland and coastwise at Ischia are all charming. One of the most attractive is that from Casamicciola to Barano on the south side. The drive up the valley by an excellent recently constructed road puts one in mind of English woodland scenery. The lava stream of 1302 is crossed; and the volcanic crags mixed with luxuriant vegetation add much to the beauty of the scene. Then again there is the drive from Casamicciola to the town of Ischia, passing by the royal park and casino, and the picturesquely situated modern harbour, formerly the Lake of Ischia, which was once an old crater. About a mile from the harbour is the town of Ischia itself, with its famed old castle on an isolated rock, so often made the subject of a picture by artists of repute.

IRISH LULLABY.

The following pretty lullaby is culled from a volume of Irish verse entitled *Songs of Kilmarney*, by Alfred Percival Graves, published by Ishister & Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

I'd rock my own sweet child to rest in a cradle of
gold on a bough of the willow,
To the sho-been sho of the whirl of the west and the
sho hoo lo of the soft sea billow.

Sleep, baby dear,

Sleep without fear,

Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet child to sleep in a silver boat
on the beautiful river,

Where a sho-been whisper the white cascaules, and a
sho hoo lo the green slugs shiver.

Sleep, baby dear,

Sleep without fear,

Mother is here with you for ever.

Sho hoo lo to the risg and fall of mother's bosom 'tis
sleep has bound you,

And O, my child, what cozier nest for rosier rest could
love have found you?

Sleep, baby dear,

Sleep without fear,

Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

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PARSIMONIOUS PEOPLE.

It is the duty of every one to be thrifty; but it should be kept in mind there is a difference between thrift and mean parsimony. Some people who are at ease in their circumstances make themselves ridiculous by shabby attempts at saving. We once knew an old Scotch lady who, though she had a considerable sum of money left her, was parsimonious to an extraordinary extent. As she grew old she grew more miserly, until she would not allow herself milk for her tea or meat for dinner. Bent double with rheumatism in her old age, she would not pay any one to wash or clean her house, but with infinite labour accomplished these tasks for herself. She never would send for a doctor, for she pithily remarked: 'They cost a power o' siller, and did no good.' On bitter winter days we often found her shivering over a single handful of fire; a small piece of hard cheese and a cup of tea with mouldy bread, her only dinner. When she died she left about eight hundred pounds, besides various moneys in silver, copper, and bank-notes, which she had stuffed into drawers and various secret recesses. All her money went to a couple of nephews, who never paid her the least respect, and who even grudged the necessary outlay for her funeral!

An old clergyman of very mean habits got married when far advanced in life, to the great surprise of all his acquaintances, who wondered at such an act of extravagance. Upon inquiry, however, it was found that he had married entirely from motives of economy. The lady of his choice was the widow of a respectable schoolmaster, who after her husband's decease was in the habit of lending him the clothes of the defunct; so, thinking that marriage would put him in possession of the remainder of the said garments, he proposed, and was accepted! His stipend was, with glebe and other things, about two hundred pounds per annum, yet by dint of sheer niggardliness he died leaving many thousands. He made a point of picking up and taking home anything he could find—a piece of coal fallen from a passing cart,

an old lucifer-match box, pieces of stick from a neighbouring wood—anything to save outlay in his own house. He never wrote on a new sheet of paper, always using blank pages of other people's letters, and turned all envelopes outside in, so as to make them available for his own use. After his death, a drawer full of turned envelopes, gummed together in a very ingenious way, was found. On one occasion he gave a dinner, which consisted of a sheep's head minus the trotters, which were to be kept for next day's dinner.

A very wealthy gentleman of respectable family became heir to still more money from the death of a brother, also a rich man. The increase of wealth made him more wretchedly mean than formerly. He entered upon his new possessions by wearing his brother's clothes; and as his brother had been a rather meagre personage, while he himself was stout, people soon observed the sparseness of his garments. He sometimes gave presents, but only from interested motives. He dined out as often as possible, that he might save buying food; and turned his back upon all benevolent schemes. Yet, strange to say, when he died he bequeathed considerable sums to certain hospitals and charities. This was probably from motives of vanity, as he had never been known in the remembrance of any one to do a really benevolent action.

There was a Thomas Pett who died in Clifford's Passage, London, in 1803. He was a native of Warwickshire. He came to London at the age of ten with one shilling in his pocket. As he had no friends or relations in the city, he was indebted to the kindness of an old woman who sold pies, for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself employment. Some time after, he was engaged as errand-boy by a tallow-chandler. Mrs Dip—the chandler's wife—being 'a lady of London mould,' could not endure his rustic manners and awkward gait; so she sent him off one bitter winter's night with the remark: 'Your master hired you in *my* absence, and I'll turn you off in *his*.' The good husband did not desert Tom however; he found him out, and sent him

as apprentice to a butcher in Southwark. For the first five years he had twenty-five pounds a year and meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expense were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to three heads—lodging, clothing, and washing. For the first he fixed on a back-room in the second-floor, with one window, that occasionally admitted a stray sunbeam. Of his dress every article was second-hand. Nor was he choice in the colour or quality; sagely observing, when he was teased about his garb, that according to Solomon there was nothing new under the sun; and that as to colour, it was a mere matter of fancy. Concerning washing, he said that no man deserved a clean shirt who could not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed upon soap. There was one expense however, that always weighed heavily on his mind, and often robbed him of a night's rest, and that was shaving. He often lamented that he had never learned to shave himself. He used to console himself under this affliction by hoping that one day beards would become fashionable. He made a promise to himself that as soon as he had amassed a thousand pounds he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to treat himself till the additional duty was laid on porter; he then reduced his portion to half a pint once a week. If he heard of an auction anywhere near, he ran quickly and begged a catalogue, as if anxious to buy, and after he had collected a number of these he sold them for waste-paper. When he heard an accidental rumour that the bank in which his money was had failed, he shook from head to foot and took to his bed, refusing to eat until he was assured that all was right. He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room, or go to bed by candle-light. He loved good cheer—at the cost of another. 'Every man,' said he, 'should eat when he can; an empty sack cannot stand.' Once on a time he was prompted by the demon of extravagance to purchase a whole pint of small-beer; but after buying it, was so overcome by remorse that he locked it in his closet; then threw the key out of the window, that he might not be tempted to make too free with it.

Thus lived Thomas Pett, whose pulse for the last twenty years of his life rose and fell with the funds; who for forty-two years lived in Clare Market as journeyman butcher; who lodged for thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened up with coal or candle light or the face of a visitor; who never treated man, woman, or child to a glass of any kind of liquor; who almost never ate a morsel at his own expense; who never said a civil thing to a woman; who would not trust a laundress with a pocket-handkerchief; who considered all must be mad or foolish that did not pile up gold; and who tried to bargain for his coffin half an hour before he died. He left two thousand four hundred and seventy-five pounds to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or written to. The following list of his wearing-apparel, taken by a wag in the neighbourhood, runs thus: 'An old bald wig. A hat as soft as a pancake. Two

shirts that might pass for fishing-nets. A pair of stockings darned with every colour. A pair of old sandals. A bedstead. A toothless comb. A very old almanac. One old chair and wretched table. A small looking-glass. And a leathern bag with one guinea in it.'

A miser of even more penurious habits than Mr Pett was Mr Daniel Dancer, who was born in 1716, and was the eldest of four children. His father lived on Harrow Weald Common, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he possessed property to a very considerable amount, which his son Daniel, by a most determined and whimsical abstemiousness, increased to upwards of three thousand per annum. The childhood of Daniel Dancer passed without anything remarkable. It was only when he attained his majority that he began to display a 'saving knowledge' perfectly incredible. He had a sister whose disposition agreed perfectly with his own, and as they lived together many years, their stories are necessarily connected, and would furnish the most melancholy and degrading instance of the infirmity and folly of human nature.

Mr Dancer's wardrobe might justly boast more colours, textures, and substances than the garments of a company of strolling players, and yet notwithstanding all his curious patching, his garments often failed to cover his skin, though he strove to keep all together by a strong hay-band round his waist. Linen was a luxury to which, in spite of his avarice, he was not wholly a stranger; for at an early period of his life he used to buy two shirts every year; but for some time before his death he never allowed himself more than one. After this shirt got into his possession, it was doomed to hang upon his back till it fell off in rags, never being either washed or mended. After his sister's death, a pair of sheets as black as soot-bags were discovered upon the beds; but these Mr Dancer would never suffer to be removed; and when they were at length worn out, they were never replaced; so that after that time he relinquished the use of linen to sleep in. He never would allow any one to make his bed; and at the time of his death, it was observed to be filled with sticks which he had stolen from different hedges. His room was not swept for many years.

Mr Dancer's ingenuity in concealing his money was most wonderful: his bank-notes were usually deposited with the spiders; they were laid among the cobwebs in the cowhouse; and his guineas were placed in holes in the chimney and about the fireplace. The house, or rather the heap of ruins in which Mr Dancer lived, and which after his death Captain Holmes succeeded to, was a miserable decayed building, dreadful in its external appearance, for it had not been repaired for more than half a century. But though poor in outward appearance, the ruinous fabric was rich in the interior. It took many weeks to explore its contents. One of his richest escotiores was found to be a dunghiep in the cowhouse, from which a sum little short of two thousand five hundred pounds was disinterred; and in an old jacket, carefully tied and strongly nailed down to the manger were found, in bank-notes and gold, five hundred pounds more. Several large bowls filled with guineas, half-guineas, and quantities of silver, were discovered at different times in searching the corners of the house, and various parcels of bank-

notes stuffed into old cushions and chairs. In the stable, Captain Holmes found some jugs of silver money. The chimney was not left unsearched, and well repaid the trouble; for in nineteen different holes, all filled with soot, were found various sums of money, amounting to more than two hundred pounds. And to finish up with, six hundred pounds in bank-notes were found in an old teapot. Thus living wretchedly, and dying with not one vestige of comfort, Daniel Dancer and his miserly sister furnish to all future generations an illustration of the extreme of penuriousness.

An extraordinary character lived some twenty years ago in a small Scotch town on the Firth of Forth. His name was Joe Taylor. He occupied a miserable hovel, and wandered abroad over the country buying rags, old bones, &c., bundles of which were carried by a poor starved ass, the sole living creature belonging to him. The only food he allowed this wretched quadruped was the grass that grew at the side of the roads in their many wanderings, or a bundle of forage abstracted from some farm-place. Taylor's food consisted of whatever he could beg, borrow, or steal—a few turnips lifted from the fields, some mussels or other shell-fish laboriously gathered on the shore, broken victuals from houses of the rich, old cabbage-stalks, anything in short that would stop the cravings of a naturally healthy appetite. Living near the shore, Joe made a point of watching for wreckage of any sort, and it was a happy day for him when any floating cargo made its appearance on the beach. One day great excitement prevailed among the fisher-people. The surface of the waves was covered to a considerable distance by quantities of apples, probably part of some wreck. The inhabitants plunged into the sea, securing as many as they could, but were outdone by Joe, who with greedy eagerness managed to clutch a peck or two, which he sold next day in the town. After his death, which was hastened by a violent cold caught in an unusually long ramble, his hut was searched, and in various holes and corners money to a considerable amount was found—not less than eighty pounds in all. In a corner of the hovel, under a stone of the uneven and broken floor, were found no fewer than three dozen silver spoons, of all sorts and sizes, discoloured with damp and marked with various initials. It was thought that Joe in the course of his many years' depredations must have carried off a stray spoon every now and then, and so accumulated these, of which he never made any use, and which he was probably afraid to sell. It was quite possible that in Joe's visits to the kitchens of the neighbourhood he might have helped himself to what he saw lying about, while the cook brought her dish of broken scraps from some back-kitchen or cupboard. Hence the mystery of the spoons.

The instances of people in large towns living miserably and dying of starvation, while all the time hoards of money are hidden away in bundles of rags, under boards, &c., are frequently to be met with, and furnish sad proofs that the 'greed for money is greater than the love of life.' Examples of this kind are every little while recorded in the newspapers; and we sadly contemplate the fate of those who fully perish in the midst of plenty. A wise frugality is widely different from an unnatural meanness, and we do

not know anything more melancholy or degraded than the sight of old age grasping eagerly every coin in order to save, while all the while the poor attenuated body is sinking for want of needful food, clothing, and comfort.

MARGARET SEFTON'S SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER III.

As the wedding-day approached, Colonel Sefton's anxiety increased rather than diminished. The sharp cold of winter seemed to be sapping his life. He was, palpably, growing weaker day by day, and it was in vain that Margaret begged that the wedding should be postponed, so that she might nurse him. He was inexorable in his resolution to see her provided with a husband before his death should expose her to a renewal of Walter's suit. Margaret, at last, gave way to his wishes, and preparations were made for the marriage, she stipulating that there should be no honeymoon, as she would not leave him to the care of others; and to this both the Colonel and Mr Mainwaring had to agree. Owing to the failing health of the master of the house, it was decided that the event should be as quiet as possible; the only strangers who were to be present, besides myself the best-man, being two old spinster ladies at whose school Margaret had received her education, and for whom she had a great affection. The settlement was accordingly prepared for the signatures of the trustees and of the betrothed couple, and everything was in readiness for the eventful occasion.

It was a bitterly cold day at the end of November, and, late in the afternoon, I drew my chair before the fire for a good warm, before leaving for my solitary bachelor home. Lulled by the dreamy warmth, I lost myself in a reverie, in which the past was mingled with the future. 'Poor boy!' I said to myself as I thought of Walter, whom I had not seen since the night that he had met me outside his father's house. Memories of the blank in my own life stirred my heart with compassion. Was he so indifferent as he had represented himself to be? For the time, I had been deceived; but now a mournful conviction came that it was but bravado, and that he felt Margaret's desertion more poignantly than we had guessed. My fears ran in a new channel as I thought of what he had told me about his own wedding. In a moment of anger and disappointment, he might be led to throw himself away upon some worthless object, and by an ill-considered act mar the happiness of his whole after-life. Filled with these dreary reflections, I put on my overcoat, and was just about to call my head-clerk to give him directions about the morrow—when I should be absent from the office, as it was the day fixed for the wedding—when the door was pushed open and a warmly clad female figure entered the room. 'Hallo, Margaret!' I cried in a surprised tone, for it was she. 'Whatever brings you here at such a time? The Colonel is not worse, I hope?' I asked anxiously, for I began to fear that perhaps he had had another seizure of the dread disease that had laid siege to his existence.

'O no,' she replied, sitting down and unfastening her warm fur-cloak. 'I think he is a little better to-night; but he is rather anxious about the settlement, so I have called to ask you for it. Is

it ready?' There was a little nervous hesitation about her voice as she looked at me with a slightly anxious look.

It had been arranged that I should take the deed to Harlowe Crescent with me on the morning of the wedding; but knowing Colonel Sefton's morbid anxiety about the matter, I did not feel surprised that he should want to have the deed in his own possession. My co-trustee had already signed the deed, as a family bereavement had taken him abroad for a few weeks, so that he would not be able to be present at the wedding.

'Yes; here it is,' I replied, as I drew the deed from the tin box in which it was kept, and handed it to her. Her hands trembled as she took it from me and placed it on her lap, while she slowly removed her gloves.

'What a lot of writing, and how nicely it is written!' she cried, as she untied the pink tape which was fastened round it and slowly unfolded the unwieldy parchment. 'I am so nervous about to-morrow, Mr Woodroffe,' she said, after one or two attempts to read the contents of the deed. 'I want you to tell me all that I shall have to do. Must I sign my name where Mr Jamieson has signed his?'

'No,' I replied, as I pointed out the two seals intended for her and Mr Mainwaring, and showed her where they would have to sign their names. 'You can sign it now, if you like,' I said, thinking that perhaps it might relieve her anxiety about the morrow.

She accepted my offer with avidity, and I accordingly called in one of the clerks as a witness. As soon as she had signed her name, I, as the remaining of the two trustees, signed mine.

'There!' I cried, while the old clerk was attesting our signatures; 'there is only one more now to sign, and that is Mr Mainwaring; and as you now know all the formalities to be observed in executing a deed, you might get him to sign it to-night; so that there will be nothing to do to it to-morrow. I will mark the place with a lead pencil where he is to write his name, and any of the servants who can write will do as a witness.' I pencilled his name carefully on the deed—'Owen' one side of the seal, and 'Mainwaring' the other.

Margaret watched me closely. 'How strange it all is!' she remarked as I laid down the pencil and refolded the stiff parchment. 'I suppose you have to be very careful in preparing these deeds?' she continued musingly. And then, as if struck with a sudden thought: 'What do you do if there should happen to be a mistake in the writing?' she asked. 'Does it spoil the deed?'

Old men like talking and explaining, and more especially when the auditor is a pleasant, intelligent young lady; so I at once entered into a learned explanation of deeds and documents of like importance. She listened to me very patiently for some time; but at last finding that her particular question had not been replied to, she abruptly checked my learned dissertation.

'Yes, yes!' she said somewhat sharply; 'but I asked you what you did when there was a mistake in the writing that it was absolutely necessary to alter.'

'Well,' I replied, 'if the alteration is an important part of the deed, we make those who have to

sign the deed, and the witnesses, write their initials by the side of the alteration, to show that it was done before, or at the same time that the deed was executed.' To illustrate my explanation, I shewed her a deed where a name had been written wrongly, and had been altered in the way I had described to her.

She seemed satisfied with my explanation, and placing the settlement in a small bag that she had brought with her, she rose from her seat, and stood silently putting on her gloves. Her cheeks flushed once or twice, and the lips half parted as if she were about to speak. I was in hopes that she was about to confide in me; but my expectations were disappointed, although I fancied that she suppressed a sigh as she took my hand at parting, and asked me to be at Harlowe Crescent on the morrow as early as possible, as she was afraid of the effects of the excitement of the day upon the Colonel, if left too much to himself.

CHAPTER IV.

The wedding morn rose cloudy and overcast with a biting easterly wind, that chilled one through and through with cruel blighting force; but about nine o'clock the wind veered round to the south, and the heavy gray snow-laden clouds rolled their threatening darkness from the sky's bright face, and unveiled the sun's generous warmth, thawing the stony hardness of the frost-bound earth. A troublesome client who had followed me to my private residence detained me for some little time, so that I was about half an hour later than I had promised to be when I drove up to the house in Harlowe Crescent.

As soon as I entered, I saw by the scared look of the old butler who opened the door to me that something was the matter. 'Oh, Mr Woodroffe! Such a dreadful thing!' And he shook his head and groaned dimly as he assisted me in taking off my overcoat.

'What is the matter, William?' I asked in an alarmed tone. 'Is your master ill?'

'No, sir,' he sighed in reply. 'Worse—worse! My poor dear young mistress!'

'What about her? Tell me, man, quick!' I cried, as, impatient with his slowness, I grasped his arm roughly.

'Gone, sir, gone!' And tears stood in the faithful fellow's eyes, for he had known and loved his mistress from her earliest childhood, when first she had helped to fill the dull old house with brightness.

With diffidence, I managed to extract from him the information that on the arrival of the old ladies who had been Margaret's governesses, they had gone to seek her in her room, but, to their astonishment, had found it deserted. The house had been searched all over for the missing bride-elect, but without a trace of her being found.

I hurried past the old man, and opened the dining-room door. The table was laid for the breakfast, that now in all probability would not be needed; but no one was there; so I rapidly made my way to the drawing-room, where I found the whole household assembled in a terrible state of confusion. The two old ladies and the Colonel, dressed in their wedding finery, were cross-questioning Margaret's maid about her mistress; but the girl either knew nothing, or if she did, would

not say anything to throw a light on the mystery. From her calm self-possession and the deliberate answers that she made, I felt convinced that she knew more of the matter than she was telling us.

It was hard to find out what had really happened, for as soon as I appeared upon the scene, every one commenced talking at once in a state of the greatest excitement. The poor old Colonel alone was silent. He seemed dazed, and too much overcome by his grief to be of any use. He moaned feebly when I spoke to him, and wrung his hands with a piteous helpless movement as he listened to the confused stories and wild conjectures the others were pouring into my tortured ears. One thing, however, was very plain, and that was, that Margaret was not to be found in the house. Upon inquiry, I found that she had not been seen since just after her early breakfast, when she went for her usual morning visit to Colonel Sefton's room, as he never got up till after that meal.

Kneeling beside the bed, she had taken his shaking hand in hers, and raising it gently, had placed it on her head. 'Bless me, dearest father,' she had said in a strangely moved voice. 'You have been father and mother to me, and I dare not do what I have to do to-day without your sanction and blessing.'

'Why—sanction, my girl! you know you have it,' he had replied; but she, with earnest persistency, had made him repeat the word as, with uplifted hand and holy reverence, he blessed his beloved adopted daughter, and solemnly committed her to the all-protecting care of the one great Universal Father. Greatly agitated, he had risen from her knees, and throwing her arms round the old man's neck, had passionately kissed him, and, in tearful silence, left the room.

According to the maid's statement, her mistress had told her that she preferred dressing herself, and would ring for her when she needed her assistance to put the final touches to her toilet.

Miss Percival and her sister had arrived about half-past ten, and notwithstanding that Margaret's maid threw every obstacle in their way, had, with the tenacious fussiness of age, forced their way up-stairs, claiming as a right the privilege of entering the chamber of the motherless bride, who owed so much to their careful training. The girl sulkily threw open the door for them; but it was too late—the cage was there, but the bird had flown.

By my advice, a messenger was at once despatched to the church, to break the news to the expectant bridegroom of his bride's disappearance, and to seek his assistance in solving the mystery. Uneasy as I felt at Margaret's flight, yet I could not suppress a feeling of exultation at the thought of his disappointment. I was in hopes that she had repented at the eleventh hour, and in a moment of despair, had fled from the house, and taken refuge with some friend, from whom doubtless we should soon hear as to her safety; nevertheless, I could not help feeling rather piqued that I was not the friend to whom she had flown. The church where the ceremony was to have taken place was not very far from Harlowe Crescent, yet the few minutes that William was gone seemed almost a lifetime to our excited and impatient minds. He quickly returned, but with such a

scared look of consternation on his benevolent face, that we, at once, felt sure that he was the bearer of ill news. In short gasps, for he was out of breath with running, he told us that he had been to the church; but no bridegroom was there; nor had he been seen that morning by the astonished clergyman and sexton, who had been waiting for the bridal party since eleven o'clock. Mr Mainwaring's apartments were within a few minutes' walk of the church, and William had gone there before returning to us, in the hope of finding some clue to the fast-deepening mystery; but without success, for, in answer to his inquiries, he was told that Mr Mainwaring had left the house at eleven o'clock dressed in his wedding clothes, and with a flower in his button-hole. He had driven off in a cab with two strangers, who had called a few minutes before, and had been asked by the landlady into her lodger's sitting-room, where they waited until he came to them from his dressing-room. The three had got into the cab together, and seemed very friendly. She had not heard any directions given to the driver as to the place to which he was to drive them, but had supposed, as a matter of course, that the church was their destination. With the loquacity of her class she had volunteered the information that the bridegroom had looked very pale; but—to quote her words as reported by William—in her opinion that was nothing. It did credit to his feelings, poor dear man; for it was only proper that a man should be a bit overcome and nervous on his wedding-day.

Instead of clearing, the mystery was thickening. What did it mean? The clergyman was waiting; the church was ready, and so were the guests; but the bride had flown, and the bridegroom disappeared. It was like trying to play *Hamlet* with the characters of the mad Dane and his ill-fated sweetheart omitted!

But now another element was about to be added to our surprise. The fat cook bustled into the room bursting with information. From the torrent of words with which she deluged us, we made out that the butcher's young man, with whom she 'kept company,' had just called on his morning round, and in the course of conversation had told her that about ten o'clock that morning he had seen Miss Sefton, dressed in a long ulster cloak and a hat with a thick veil, walking hurriedly along Langton Street, and that at the corner she had been met by a tall young gentleman with a brown curly beard, who had placed her arm in his, and walked away with her in an opposite direction to Harlowe Crescent. He knew that it was Miss Sefton whom he had seen, for as she passed his master's shop, she had raised her veil to read a letter which she was holding in her hand, and he thus had had a good view of her face.

I felt now that it was getting serious. I began to be more alarmed. My fears deepened, for this last account looked strangely like an elopement; and it was with difficulty that I could control myself sufficiently to soothe the apprehensions of the crushed and heart-broken old man, thus doubly bereaved of his children. Hurrying down-stairs, I hastily summoned a cab, and drove at once to the house of a sharp and trustworthily detective to whom I was well known. Fortunately I found him in. I rapidly put him in possession of all the facts of the case, and anxiously awaited his opinion. 'Well, sir,' he replied thoughtfully, after I had

finished my tale, 'this certainly is a queer affair. I don't know anything about the young lady; but wherever she is, she will be better off than as the wife of Mr Owen Mainwaring, as you call him. He's safe enough, for we nabbed him this morning a few minutes before eleven, just as he was going to start for the church.'

'Nabbed him!' I cried, astonished and incredulous. 'Nabbed Mr Mainwaring? Surely you mistake.'

'Not at all,' he replied dryly. 'We are not often caught tripping. For some weeks past we have been on the look-out for Mr Owen Mainwaring, alias Brooke, alias Dundas, alias 'Foxy Bill,' and alias a dozen other names, who has long been wanted for forgery, coining, and a few other genteel employments. We had our suspicions of this gentleman, and have been watching him for the last month; but we did not know that he was the one we wanted until last night, when the mother of some wretched girl he had ill-used, hearing that he was about to be married to an heiress, revenged her child's spoilt life and early grave by betraying him to us; and we nabbed him just in time to stop him from doing any more mischief.'

The detective's story at once recalled to my remembrance the afternoon when Colonel Sefton had first told me of Margaret's engagement and approaching marriage; and how he and Mr Mainwaring had been followed by Thomson in the cab that had been intended for me. I was rather surprised at the time, but had set it down to some mistake, as detectives are not infallible. I had therefore said nothing about it, and until now it had escaped my memory. I also remembered the hollow-eyed, delicate girl I had seen crouched on the step of the Colonel's house on the night of my introduction to the scoundrel who had so craftily ingratiated himself with poor Walter's father, and who, I doubted not, was the poor victim who had thus, by the irony of fate, become the means of her destroyer's destruction. The man's object now was plain in not objecting to Margaret's fortune being settled on herself. It would thus have been protected from his numerous creditors; and doubtless he had intended to live on its proceeds—or as much thereof as he could have extorted from us by means of his wife—in some happy continental country where extradition treaties are unknown. I afterwards learned that the earlier years of his manhood had been devoted to mining, till a long course of failures had driven him to seek new pastures for his villainies nearer the great metropolis. Well indeed had the prophetic cards proclaimed him knave of spades, as many a poor widow and orphan child had learned to their bitter cost!

Starting the detective in search of our poor Margaret, I hurried back to the Crescent, my heart filled with conflicting feelings—deep gratitude to a merciful Providence for thus rescuing her from the degradation of an ill-fated marriage with a criminal, and anxious forebodings; for I knew not what fatal or irrevocable step the unhappy girl might have taken. 'Heaven help us!' I murmured fervently, as I placed my reluctant fingers on the bell-handle, for I dreaded the open door and the ill news that might be in store for me. Remorse and reproach lent a leaden weight to my heart. I had presumed too hastily in believing that Margaret was a willing

bride. I should have made stronger efforts to have gained her confidence. My old eyes grew dim, and I felt very aged and weak as my hand rested on the bell-handle. I was afraid to pull; and I thought of my silent vow, when news was brought to me—years ago now—that she my soul had loved was no more, that I would be as a father to her orphaned girl. O Mary! can I meet thee again and say I have been faithful to my trust? When thou shalt ask me for thy little one, what answer shall I give thee? The sun may shine again, but dark and dreary is the chill interval while the passing storm-cloud veils his brightness. Passing! Yes; there lies our comfort. Passing—it cannot last for ever. Hope still finds a refuge in Pandora's box. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

CONCLUSION.

I had just rung the bell, when a hansom suddenly dashed up to the house. Some one threw back the doors with a noisy bang and sprang out, with a light step, on to the pavement. I turned round with a nervous start, for I dreaded the advent of fresh sorrows, and to my joyful astonishment recognised Walter.

'O Watty!' I cried, 'I am so thankful to see you. We are in such trouble. Margaret'—The words were arrested on my lips with glad surprise, for he was deliberately assisting the dear lost girl to alight.

'My father first,' she exclaimed in a kindly tone, as I went to take her in my arms; and walking quickly past me, she entered the house, for William had just opened the door in response to my ring.

Walter hurried after her, anxiety stamped on his face; and William and I, too much astonished to speak, followed them up-stairs to the drawing-room. There was a general burst of exclamations as we made our appearance. Walter linked Margaret's arm tenderly in his and led her to his father. There was a wistful yearning look in his bright blue eyes, and his honest manly face grew pale with emotion, that to my partial eyes imparted to it an added beauty. 'Father!' he cried in low earnest tones, as they stood before the old man—'forgive her. I alone am to blame.'

There was a pause; and my heart beat in rapid throbs, with the anxious feelings which almost overpowered me. Colonel Sefton half-rose from his seat and made one or two efforts to speak. Pride and offended dignity may have been struggling for the mastery, but love proved stronger than either. He turned to Margaret and held out his arms. Not a word was spoken; but with a glad cry she threw herself into his loving embrace, and nestled her soft cheeks against the old warrior's weather-worn face.

Walter stood silently watching this scene. At last he spoke. 'Father!' he said, with a subdued pathos, 'have you no word to say to me?'

Afraid to trust himself to speak or to look at the bright young face looking so pleadingly at him, the proud old man turned his head aside and put out his hand, as if motioning him away.

Margaret saw the repelling movement and averted looks. Hastily rising to her feet, she

stood by Walter, and placed her two hands on his arm. 'Then you can have nothing to say to me,' she said, and her clear young voice spoke the words with firm decision as she drew herself up to her full height with stately dignity.

Colonel Sefton started at the sound of her voice. 'Come back, Margaret!' he cried in angry tones. 'What right have you to leave me, without my consent?'

'The right of a wife to stand by her husband, whatever may befall him!' The brave words rang out; and her pale cheeks flushed, and her eyes flashed and then filled with tears as she drew herself still closer to her husband's side.

'Wife—husband!' gasped the old man, as if he scarcely could take in the meaning of the words. 'Then you are married!' The words came suddenly, as if he had only just comprehended what had occurred, and then he threw himself back in his chair, and with a groan buried his face in his hands.

'I thought that now the time had arrived for me to speak. In a few short telling sentences, I related the result of my visit to the detective, and did not fail to make good capital out of the merciful escape which Margaret had had from being linked for life to a felon.

Colonel Sefton kept his face covered with his hands, nearly the whole of the time that I was speaking, only shewing by an occasional groan that he heard what I was saying. The father's heart was yearning towards his boy, and the hard pride which had caused the estrangement between them was fast melting. As I finished my tale, the ice disappeared, and once again the stream of affection was set flowing. He held out his hand, trembling with the feebleness of age, and with loving force it was grasped by the strong hand of youth, as with tears glistening in his eyes, the long pent-up feelings of the young generous impulsive nature burst forth, and the unhappy past was bridged over, and father and son again were one.

I turned hastily from the scene, and pretended to look out of the window, for my work was done; but I could not see anything, for a dewy mist came before my eyes and obscured my sight. At last the ill-omened word 'money' struck upon my ears. As that had been the first cause of the quarrel between Walter and his father, I began to fear a fresh unpleasantness, and that I had been premature in thinking my work completed.

'Don't trouble, father,' Walter was saying. 'Margaret's money is all settled on herself. I cannot touch a farthing of it.' As he spoke, he drew from the pocket of his overcoat the deed of settlement that I had given to Margaret the preceding afternoon.

I hastily seized and opening the deed looked at the place where I had marked 'Owen Mainwaring' in pencil. The pencil-marks were obliterated; but in their place was written, in the bold dashing characters that I knew so well, 'Walter Sefton.' It was properly signed, and duly witnessed by no fewer than three witnesses.

'Am I not a good pupil, Mr Woodroffe?' laughing asked Margaret as she pointed to the different places in the deed where the names of Owen Mainwaring occurred. I was obliged to confess that she had indeed been an apt pupil. The obnoxious names had been nearly ruled

through, and over each place the more welcome ones, 'Walter Sefton,' had been written in Margaret's fine Italian hand. Following my instructions, each alteration had been written by the side of the initials of Walter and Margaret as well as those of the three witnesses.

I could not help laughing at Margaret's ingenuity in pumping me for information, and duping me out of the deed; for the Colonel had not sent for it, as I had imagined from what she had said to me, although with womanly sophistry she denied having told a fib, as she had only told me that the Colonel was anxious about the deed—which was the truth—and not that he had sent her to me for it. Walter had declared that he would not be married without her fortune being secured to his wife; and after much cogitation and many schemes for carrying out the project, it had struck Margaret that the deed which had been prepared for her marriage with the wretched man the Colonel had chosen for her, might, with a little alteration, be made to do just as well for her and Walter. The difficulty, however, was to obtain possession of it, and with this view, she had called at my office, as already related, when her efforts had proved more successful than she had anticipated.

They had been afraid to trust me with their secret, lest I should have warned the Colonel about it, or advised them against running counter to his wishes. They needed not to have been so distrustful; for if Margaret had confided her troubles to me, I would have done all in my power to have saved her from a disastrous marriage. Yet I did not feel quite sure that I was free from blame in the matter, as I could not hide from myself the fact that Margaret's repugnance to the match had been shewn rather plainly on the night of my visit to Harlowe Crescent; but as she had made no complaint to me—and she had had several opportunities at different times for doing so—I had thought that she had at last grown reconciled to her fate; and that as Walter seemed quite quiet about the matter, it would be better that I should let matters take their course, than, by an ill-timed interference, again wake discord.

I had long passed the days of youth, and was in the sere and yellow leaf, when riches began to lose their charm. A successful life had enabled me to amass a large fortune, and I always had intended that Walter and Margaret should share it when the green grass waved over my head, it was no self-denial for me to give to my godson Walter as a wedding gift that which made his fortune equal to his bride's. It still left more than enough for the comfort of an old bachelor during the few years that he will have to walk this earthly pilgrimage.

My determination relieved Colonel Sefton from the nightmare of pride which had been caused by his dread of its being thought that he had secured Margaret and her wealth for his son; and although he protested against it, yet I saw that he could not quite conceal his pleasure at this happy ending of his difficulties. I maintained my right to do as I pleased with my own; and his protestations were abruptly brought to a close by William, who with praiseworthy zeal for our creature comforts, threw open the door, and in a loud voice proclaimed that the dèjètner was served. His announcement

created a pleasant diversion; and the bride and bridegroom leading the way, I offered my arm to Miss Bridget Percival, and the Colonel followed with the elder lady. And thus we gathered round the table, a subdued happiness filling our hearts as, with brimming glasses, we pledged the happy pair, and sought to forget the past in the brightness of the future; for the king of hearts had indeed trumped the knave of spades. Hearts had won, and Margaret had scored the honours.

'Ah, Walter, you artful dog!' I exclaimed as the blushing bride was cutting the cake, 'I now know what you meant when, on the night that I told you of Margaret's engagement, you informed me that you were going to be married, and would guarantee that your choice would meet with my warmest approbation.'

Owen Mainwaring, alias Brooke, alias Dundas, alias 'Foxy Bill,' was tried and convicted for forgery—the other charges not being pressed, and a heavy sentence pronounced against him. His crafty and scheming spirit, however, could not rest quiet in durance, and he planned a desperate escape, in which he was nearly successful; but a bullet from a warder's gun, as he was disappearing in the thick fog which enveloped the prison on the night of his attempt, closed his mortal career, and sent him, without a moment of warning, before the great Judge from whose dread verdict there is no appeal.

Colonel Sefton has long been gathered to his fathers; and I must soon shuffle off this mortal coil and join the ranks of the Eternal; but I am content to go, for Margaret is the cherished mistress of a fond and happy home; and secure in her husband's love, she can spare the poor old bachelor, whose life's romance no one, but himself and Margaret's sainted mother, ever knew.

ORATORIO MUSIC AND ITS INFLUENCES.

No form of music so soon takes deep hold of the contemplative mind as that which is applied to Scriptural topics. Inspired writing, when presented to us in musical allegory, impresses the mind with greatly increased force, as any one will admit who has listened to Handel's magnificent choruses in the *Messiah*, or to the lovely melodies or recitatives by which the leading incidents in Christ's advent are told in that remarkable composition. Were we to inquire into the history of the oratorio, we should find it of comparatively recent date, although Old Testament writings leave no doubt that music on some well-devised system was the great medium for worshipping the Creator in the earliest times. In listening to sacred music well performed, men and women for the time forget the troubles of every-day life. The pleasant excitement caused by thrilling harmony is designed to have this effect, and any reader may be asked if he has not experienced such feelings during the performance of grand choral works? Does not an auditor, during the progress of the music, leave mundane things behind, and feel something like a foretaste of the employment of good men in a future and better world than this?

It is an undoubted fact that the salutary impressions produced by good oratorio music tend to the well-being of society, and ought to be encouraged. A modern example of such music

may be preceded by a brief allusion to what took place when Haydn the author of the *Creation* was about to take his leave of this world. Haydn had reached his seventy-eighth year when it was determined that his oratorio should be performed once more at Vienna, near which city he resided in a snug little villa. 'A hundred and sixty musicians met for the purpose. The audience numbered more than fifteen hundred people, filling the palace of Prince Lobkowitz, in which the concert was held. The poor old man insisted, notwithstanding his weakness, upon once more seeing that public assembled for whom he had laboured so much. He was conveyed in his arm-chair into the magnificent saloon, where every heart was affected. The Princess Esterhazy, and Madame de Kunitzsch, the friend of Haydn, met him. The flourishes of the orchestra and still more the agitation of the spectators, announced his arrival. He was placed in the middle of three rows of seats, occupied by his friends and the principal persons in Vienna. Before the music began, Salieri the director of the orchestra came to receive Haydn's orders. They embraced. Salieri then hastened to his place, and amidst the general emotion of the assembly the orchestra commenced. The effect produced by the sacred music, added to the sight of its great composer on the point of quitting this world, may be conceived. Surrounded by the nobility of Vienna and by his friends, by artists, and by lovely women, whose eyes were all fixed on him, listening to the praises of God which he himself had imagined, Haydn bade a glorious adieu to the world and to life. So much glory and love frequently caused him to weep, and he found himself much exhausted at the conclusion of the first act. His chair was then brought in; and as he was about to leave the concert-room, ordering those who carried him to stop, he first bowed to the public; and then turning to the orchestra with real German feeling, he raised his hands to heaven, and with tears in his eyes blessed the former companions of his labours.'

In this brief reminiscence of Haydn we see how he was loved, and how his inspired composition was the centre of that love, sending out its rays in every direction; sometimes in vocal beauties, and at other times in grand instrumental representations of creative wisdom. Who has not experienced the thrilling effect of the well-declamed recitative, 'And God created man, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,' followed by the unsurpassed melody, 'In native worth,' and further where the descriptive sentence seems prolonged, to listen to the musical emphasis, 'To Heaven erect and tall—he stands—a man—the Lord—and king of Nature all.' How sweetly also, vocal and instrumental music blend in the description of man's higher intellectual faculties, thus, 'And in his eyes with brightness shines, The soul—the breath and image of his God.' And then the grandeur of this individual creation is acknowledged in the magnificent chorus, 'Achieved is the glorious work.'

While, therefore, the veneration which all lovers of music feel for Haydn is as fervent now as it was at the time to which we have alluded, and about which people read as though it was an event never to be repeated; it is most pleasing to know that England has a living composer, whose most

recent work evoked an ovation akin to that which Haydn experienced. There are many talented composers of secular music in the kingdom; but we are simply alluding to oratorio music, and England may be proud of the man who produced the oratorio *Joseph*, first performed at the Leeds Musical Festival in September 1877. The soul-stirring grandeur of the composition, and the completeness with which it was rendered, must increase the conviction that the United Kingdom holds its own in point of musical composition. Professor Macfarren, the author of the oratorio, holds the distinguished position of head of the Royal Academy of Music. The Professor composed the oratorio at the request of the Festival Committee; and in submitting the work to the immense representative audience then gathered, the music went direct to the hearts of the people. From beginning to end there was breathless attention; music and words alike commanded the deepest sympathy. That undercurrent of conversation which so often mars the enjoyment of music, was entirely absent. Old and young both listened with appreciation. Many eyes were brought to tears of enjoyment, and many cheeks quivered with that excitement which music alone can call up.

It is not intended here to give a detailed description of the oratorio, but just to indicate the success of the first performance. The Biblical narrative of Joseph is full of incidents susceptible of fine emotional music; and Dr E. J. Monk of York Minster, who arranged the text, knew well the highly sensitive mind and heart of the composer—his brother-in-law. The first part of the oratorio is laid in Canaan, and the second in Egypt. The chief characters are Jacob, Benjamin, Joseph, Benjamin, and Pharaoh. Then there is a semi-chorus of the Nine Brethren, and choruses of Shepherds, Ishmaelites, Egyptians, and Wise Men. The orchestration is more elaborate and effective than can be found in almost any previous work whether sacred or secular. In its general effect the music is pastoral, reminding one of the tent-life of the Patriarchs. The choruses are all grand and highly descriptive, whether they are sung by Shepherds, Ishmaelites, or Egyptians, and they are all associated with characteristic instrumental music suggestive of antiquity. As an instance of fine melody we may mention Jacob's opening song, "I dwell in the land wherein my father was a stranger; By faith he sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country; &c. More inspiring melody can scarcely be imagined. And then the melody becomes a duet, or dialogue between Jacob and Joseph. Jacob rejoicing in his song, declares that he loves Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, hence he had made him a coat of many colours. Joseph responds, rejoicing in such loving favour. These are the first vocal numbers of the oratorio, and they bespeak for the whole work an interest which does not flag in a single note. Chorus, song, and dialogue follow for a couple of hours with unabated interest, and that interest is bound up with delightful instrumentation. At times it is bold and martial; at other times soft and diffusive.

Many novel effects are of course imported into Ishmaelitic and Egyptian music by the aid of instruments which are not found in common use. The harp too is employed with remarkable effect, and chiefly in the melodies. At the close

of the oratorio the audience gave way to their pent-up feelings of admiration in an ovation, which increased as the Professor was led to the front of the orchestra by his brother, Mr Walter Macfarren, who conducted the performance. The Professor, it will be remembered, is blind; and the scene which now presented itself was one that can never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of participating therein. The audience included men eminent in science and art; and as the fair sex graced the palace when Haydn bade adieu to the world, so did it constitute nearly half the audience in the magnificent town-hall at Leeds, and share in the emotion of the hour. They saw before them the composer of a work which appealed to their sympathies and evoked the highest feelings of their nature—a work rendered as nearly as possible perfect, by the artists engaged in its delivery, and notably by the exquisite voices of Santley and Poli.

An elevating tendency is thus the mission of oratorio music, and as such is a species of public recreation which it would be well to promote.

WILD SPORT IN PATAGONIA.

AMONG the many curious types of semi-civilised man to be found on the continent of South America, not the least remarkable is the ostrich-hunter, who roams over the territory extending between the fortieth and fifty-third degree of south latitude, between the Cordilleras and the sea. Let the reader picture to himself a perfectly desolate region, shut in by the forbidding Patagonian coast; a long line of black rugged rocks, whose Magellan and his brave followers landed in 1580, and Drake some sixty years later; a desert extending for about seven hundred miles, with an area of twice the extent of that of Great Britain, consisting only of immense arid plains, with here and there a glittering salt lake, and broken occasionally by deep ravines or cañons, with their scanty patches of alluvial soil. For thirty or forty miles at a stretch nothing is to be seen but this sombre landscape; a few straggling stunted bushes being the only shelter from the fierce winds which sweep continually over these apparently boundless wastes.

Nature must have made Patagonia last of all her works; and the horn of Plenty from which an abundance of rich gifts had been poured over the rest of the world, was well nigh exhausted when that country's turn to be endowed came round. So says a writer who has lately visited it. And yet this same writer, Mr Beerbohm, confesses to having experienced that strange fascination which is cast by this singular region over all who care for a time to intermingle with its necessarily sparse population. Here are to be found at certain spots encampments of the Tehuelche Indians, who, notwithstanding their decided physical and intellectual superiority over the greater part of their race, have been gradually driven southwards by the more warlike tribes; and here too, joyfully casting aside the fetters of civilisation, and facing a life of hardship and privation, dwells the ostrich-hunter. The man who adopts this peculiar vocation may be very frequently an Argentine gaucho with a dash of Indian blood in his veins; but just as often he is a being of European nationality, whom accident has trans-

ferred to these regions, and who has adopted the life with as much enthusiasm as one 'to the manner born.' The whole equipment for the profession consists in a few horses and dogs, a lasso, a pair of bolas—the use of which we shall presently describe—a hunting-knife and steel, the riding accoutrements (which serve for a bed), and the indispensable capa or robe of guanaco fur. Without this latter it would be impossible to brave the biting winds and hail-storms, or to ward off the pitiless rain, which will pour down at certain seasons for days together without intermission. The dress of the ostrich-hunter consists of a shirt, a jacket, a chiripa or kind of kilt, fastened by a broad leather belt, in which he sticks his knife, revolver, pipe and tobacco-pouch; and a pair of petro boots, made in simple fashion from the skin of the leg of the horse taken off whole, softened patiently by hand, and adapted by wear to the shape of the foot. Most of his requirements are furnished to him by the guanaco—a species of alpaca—with the hide of which he makes his lasso, reins, bolas, and shoes, the flesh being also his main food. His other necessities, prominent amongst which are his tobacco and his maté or tea, he obtains by selling his ostrich feathers at Sandy Point, in the Straits of Magellan.

It is usual for two or three hunters to join company, to assist each other in their difficulties and dangers; to cheer the nights by the camp-fire, or the days of forced inaction by story or song; for the hunter is an easy-going vagabond, free alike from regrets for the past or cares for the morrow, who bears with philosophical indifference whatever fate may have in store for him.

There are two kinds of ostrich in Patagonia—the *Avestruz moro* (*Rhea Americana*), which is found in the north, near the Rio Negro; and the *Rhea Darwinii*, a smaller bird, that frequents the southern plains. Neither is equal in value to the African ostrich; the feathers, which are gray in the *Avestruz moro*, and brown and white in the *Rhea Darwinii*, being sold at the low price of from one to two dollars per pound. The latter bird is extremely shy, possessing very acute powers of vision, and requiring an exceedingly swift dog to bring it down.

When closely pressed, the ostrich will double like the hare; and thus often escapes the hounds, which are unable to stop suddenly in their impetuous course. Should the hunter be near enough to do so with effect, he swings his bolas two or three times round his head, and flinging them at the bird, brings it to the ground. These bolas—round stones or pieces of lead sewn up in the hide of the guanaco, and united by thongs of leather—are used with the greatest precision by one who is accustomed to them; a skillful man will throw them, for instance, at a refractory colt at full gallop, and pinion his hind-legs without doing him the least damage. But as it is immensely difficult to gain this art, which requires great confidence and nerve, the novice will frequently find himself throwing the bolas in precisely the opposite direction from that intended.

The Patagonian ostrich makes its nest by scooping a hole in the ground under the shelter of a bush, and placing in it a few wisps of grass to make it soft for the chicks. From ten to forty eggs may be found in a nest, twenty being, however, the usual number; and it is the male bird that takes

upon itself the duty of hatching the eggs and looking after the young. Contrary to received opinions, he is a most exemplary parent; and during rainy weather will patiently sit upon the nest for many days at a stretch; and although in fine weather he will graze for an hour or two in the evening, he will never wander to any distance, for fear of the foxes, which are always prowling about. It is said, however, that should one egg be broken or taken away, the bird will immediately miss it, and becoming furious, will dash the remaining ones to pieces.

After the hatching period, the ostrich will lay anywhere about the plains; and these eggs, which the natives call 'henatchos,' will keep good for as long a period as six months, and are consequently very valuable to the hunter, when his other provisions become exhausted.

The yerba maté, the leaf of the *Ilex Paraguayensis*, dried and reduced to powder, is in fact the tea of South America; and from its power of resisting damp and exposure, as well as from its stimulating and refreshing properties, is exceedingly valuable to the traveller. But indeed the maté bowl is perpetually in demand at all seasons and with every class of people in South America, while yerba forms an important article of export from Paraguay. At Sandy Point the ostrich-hunter, as we have already stated, sells his feathers and obtains his supply of maté, tobacco, rice, and biscuit; and as his visits to that distant spot are few and far between, it often happens that he is denied even these. On such occasions, although the amount of meat which he consumes is something astounding, he is nevertheless tormented with an almost insatiable hunger, and his strength diminishes perceptibly; indeed, but for the ostrich eggs, of which, notwithstanding their indigestible character, he contrives to eat an immense number, the Pampas-hunter would be reduced to terrible straits.

The flesh of the ostrich, of which the best bits are the gizzard and the wings, is said to be not unlike that of the turkey, and some of the hunters having attained to no slight skill in Pampas cookery, serve it up in various ways. The menu is varied by a fat guanaco, or by a puma when in season, as well as by the small armadillo and several kinds of birds. The armadillo is considered quite a delicacy, and the puma is also much prized. This animal is the enemy of the ostrich and guanaco, being able to kill one of the latter, even when full grown, by a single blow of its paw.

It is, however, very cowardly, and will scarcely defend itself when attacked by man. If taken young the puma can be easily tamed, and makes a playful good-tempered pet, becoming much attached to its master and extremely fond of notice and caresses.

Guanacos are generally found in herds of from one to two hundred, although occasionally an old male may be found roaming alone. They inhabit Patagonia in immense numbers, and are fond of wading or standing in the salt lakes. The head of the animal resembles that of a camel, while the body is somewhat like the deer; the wool of a reddish yellow mixed with white. These creatures always post sentinels at some distance from their main body, which give warning of the approach of danger by a shrill cry not unlike the neighing of

a horse. It is from the skins of the young ones, when not more than three weeks old, that the Indian women form the caps, sewing them together very cleverly with their rude bone needles, and using guanaco sinews instead of thread. The dowry of a Tehuelche maiden consists very frequently of three or four new guanaco mantles; while the price paid for her by her lover will probably be six or eight naves, with the addition of some sugar and biscuit, or anything he may be able to obtain; and it is from amongst these people that the Patagonian hunter, if he goes in for such a luxury, will in most cases select his bride. If, however, matrimony does not prove agreeable to him, he will without ceremony return the recalcitrant fair one to her father's tent; and indeed, as a rule the hunter prefers to lead his wild life without being bound by ties of any kind.

He is, as has been seen, an exceptional character, his distinguishing traits being a love of liberty and an aversion to everything conventional. From the Indians he has learned the art of taming wild horses, some men being wonderful adepts in this line. Bravery, watchfulness, endurance, and sharpness of vision are the special qualifications for success, and in none of these is he found to fail; and so fascinating is the mode of life which the Pampas-hunter has adopted, that he scarcely ever exchanges it for any other. Indeed, it would seem impossible to him, after having tasted the delights of unbridled freedom and intimate communion with nature, to ever again resign himself to what he considers the annoying shackles of civilised existence.

THE OUBLETTE.

PART II.—THE SECRETS OF PLESSIS LES TOURS.

LIFE has gone hardly with the Marquis of Clairmaris since we beheld him last. Before leaving Plessis les Tours, Louis had seen with his own eyes his 'instructions' carried out; and in one of the dungeons of which Claude had until then only heard, he had leisure to learn at what cost one braves the whims of an autocratic king.

What, compared with his now dreadful abode, was imprisonment in the comparatively pleasant gateway tower—with dainty food, space, and air, the sound of human voices, the society of Léonie? Let us look at the unfortunate Marquis as he sits in his dreary abode many months later. It is a vaulted cell, close to and below the moat. The massive stone walls are green and slimy with damp. Slimy also are the crevasses that crawl over them. As to furniture, there is a ponderous oaken table, fixed to the floor; a rough block of stone for a seat; and a bench, also of stone, jutting out from the wall and covered with a straw pallasse, dirty and foul in odour. From the roof, suspended by strong chains, hangs an iron lamp. Upon the table are a pitcher of water and a lump of black bread partly eaten. The only light and air that enter this wretched place come from a narrow embrasure high up in the wall, so high, that even by standing upon his couch, Claude fails to reach it with the tip of his finger.

Twelve months of this existence have wrought

a woful change in our once gay Marquis. The king's discipline has done its work, aided by the despair to which Claude has now abandoned himself. He sits by the table, his head bowed down upon his thin white hands. One solitary gleam of sunshine comes through the loophole, and falls tenderly upon his fair hair, now tumbled and uncreased for, lighting it up for a time with a shadow of its old glory—that golden hair which caught the heart of Léonie Lamarque in its silken meshes. For so long the lonely captive has been debarred the sight of sunshine, that he has ceased to look for it, and does not notice it now. In motionless apathy, that apathy which is born only when hope dies utterly, he awaits whatever may yet befall him. Perhaps just now he sleeps, and dreams of freedom!

One may perhaps wonder why the kind-hearted governor of Plessis does not ameliorate, as we imagine he could, the rigours of Claude's miserable life. But Louis had taken care of that. Whether he had cause to suspect undue leniency on the part of M. Lamarque, or whether it was dictated solely by the distrust inherent in the king's character, he had announced, before his return to Paris, that for the future the governor should visit no prisoner except in the company of two warders, chosen by himself—Louis. He condescended to explain that it was unwise to expose so valuable a life as that of his trustworthy servant, M. Lamarque, to the chance of an attack from a perhaps desperate prisoner, and therefore it was needful that assistants should be at hand; which assistants he provided. Spies, these undoubtedly were—men only too glad to report any dereliction of duty to the tyrant Louis—men only too glad to rise upon the governor's fall. In those days, the hand of so-called Justice was swift, the distance from prison to grave short!

When the unlucky Marquis of Clairmaris was first removed from the gateway tower to the dungeon, Gustave Chapellier was inclined to congratulate himself thereupon. It seemed to his benighted mind that the fact opened a straighter road to Léonie's favour. 'She would,' he said to himself, 'forget her passing fancy when she saw its fascinating cause no more'; proving by that foolish remark how utterly ignorant he was of a woman's heart. Time brought him wisdom. Claude was gone certainly, if that was any consolation to an unappreciated suitor; but was that suitor's case advanced thereby? Alas for Gustave! he found, to his disgust, that Léonie Lamarque was further from him than ever. She tolerated him before; she utterly avoided him now. If he ventured to join her on the ramparts or seek her in her mother's room, she treated him with a cold indifference. If he spoke to her, she seldom answered; but the brown eyes gazed straight before her into vacancy, into a region where Gustave was not! And the light had faded from those weary eyes, with their now constant far-away look, for they 'were with her heart,' and that was in the cell of Claude d'Estrelles. Not in idle sorrow only. Of what avail is that to those we love? But help—practical help—how could Léonie give it, as brave and faithful women had given it before to those men who were dear to them? That was the thought which day and night wearied the brain of the governor's fair child; which was with her,

imperative though almost hopeless, in her daily duties, her solitary walks round the moat, her prayers.

Like nearly all unmarried French women, Léonie was *dévot*. Having been educated in a convent near Plessis, it was her custom to go there at least once a week for the purpose of visiting the good nuns, who gladly welcomed her, and in whose charge she frequently remained all night. On these expeditions she rode her own black horse Haroun, accompanied by her own particular page Silvain, a lad devoted to his young mistress. And as no one would have been bold enough to molest the daughter of so powerful a man as the governor of Plessis, Léonie's rides were taken when and where she chose. Of late, these visits to the convent of Sainte Marguerite had been almost daily. She prayed earnestly for guidance from heaven; she vowed offerings endless and rich to her patron Saint Léon and to the Blessed Virgin, if assistance were given her in this hour of need.

At length the maiden's prayers for aid in behoof of her hapless lover were apparently heard; for falling asleep one night with Claude's name upon her lips, Léonie dreamed a strange dream. She was in the old chapel of the castle, when a panel in the carved reredos behind the altar flew open, and a shadowy hand pointed into a gloomy passage. She stepped into the passage, through which a shadowy form guided her steps, and a voice sad and faint, coming apparently from far away, seemed repeating to her: 'The secret way is here.' Then by one of those transitions so easy in our dreams, from an actor she became only a spectator. She saw the Marquis of Clair-maris in his dungeon, pallid and woe-begone, and sought to approach him, but could not. A something held her back, while still the same voice murmured in her ear: 'The secret way; look! the secret way.' And behold, the massive stone wall opened, and a semblance of herself, carrying a lamp, which flooded the dungeon with its light, came through. The vision approached the Marquis, and taking his hand, drew him to the dark opening. There seemed to be some words of joyful parting; then Claude disappeared; the wall closed, and the figure slowly vanished where it stood, the light dying out as the vision passed away.

'The saints have heard me!' was the young girl's joyful exclamation as she sprang up, while yet the dew lay upon the fair fields around Plessis, and threw herself down before the little oratory of her room in passionate thankfulness.

That night, when silence and sleep fell upon the fortress, Léonie, noiseless as a ghost, visited the chapel in that portion of the old building which yet remained after Louis XI. had built himself a palace whose stones were cemented with blood. Fortunately, the way to it was easy and the risk of detection not great. No restless priest kept vigil there. The tapers burning day and night before the Virgin's shrine, gave light enough for the work in hand; and commending herself to heaven, Léonie searched long and patiently upon her knees for a secret spring in the beautiful oaken reredos. For a long time—so long that the tapers were growing dim in the gray dawn—that search was made in vain. But success came at last. A

click—a small panel flew open, and disclosed—what? Alas! no passage, but a little cavity about two feet square, in which lay some dusty papers. Léonie swept them impatiently on to the floor, and examined carefully the opening—to no purpose. The stone wall was everywhere impenetrable; there was no sign of anything which could be used as a secret spring; and indeed had there been any, it was impossible that even Léonie's slender form could have pushed itself through the opening, still less the broader shoulders of a man. Weary and sick-hearted, the governor's daughter leaned against the altar. Of what avail were her prayers? The dream had only mocked her after all. The bitterness of this disappointment taught her how much she had hoped, and how foolishly.

The light growing stronger, warned her of the danger of being found where she was; and mechanically picking up the papers, she closed the panel and fled away to her room. Fate befriended her; she met no curious inquirers. And concealing the papers, she lay down to rest, baffled, but not conquered.

That evening, just before sunset, Léonie stood at her casement with the papers taken from the chapel, in her hand. She turned them over, having first secured her door, and looked at them idly. They were old and musty. Records of the unhappy men who had been incarcerated at Plessis, disappearing finally from human ken by means known only to the initiated; warrants, accounts, letters, such things as governors might accumulate during their regency. Disheartened, she gazed at them without interest. They did not bring her nearer to Claude. One scroll of vellum rolled off the table to her feet, and picking it up, she glanced at it carelessly before pushing it aside with the others. The glance was sufficient, for Léonie held in her hands a plan, clear and distinct, of the secret passages of Plessis les Tours! And so the blessed dream had not been all in vain. For a while she studied the plan intently, dismissing from her mind as impracticable many ways of which the approaches were too hazardous, too closely guarded; when suddenly she went swiftly to her bedside, where a carved wooden wainscot rose to meet the tapestry hangings, and sought a particular group of flowers. Therein, according to the scroll, lay a spring, and beyond it a passage leading to the dreary cell, wherein Claude was slowly lingering out his days.

Some time elapsed before Léonie could move the spring, stiff no doubt from long disuse. But finally it yielded; the panel creaked upon its rusty hinges, and there was the passage, gloomy-looking as a grave. The hour was favourable for exploration. Madamie had gone into the town; the governor was occupied in compiling reports; and the maiden was safe from interruption for a while. Lighting a lamp, she passed into the opening. The way was narrow, dusty, and utterly dark, but supplied with air from one or two narrow slits in the wall, which was evidently the outer one of the castle. She shaded her lamp, that no gleam might betray her to any unfriendly eyes, although the chances of such a thing were small. Presently she came to a flight of steps; after that, another level. Then again steps, and these were green and slippery; the walls also were stained with moisture and moss-grown. The air that came through the apertures was chill and dank. Léonie shivering

in her thin white dress, shaded more carefully the lamp, which flickered in the strong draught. And now, suddenly she came to a stand-still. Her further progress was barred by an impenetrable wall of stone. It rose before her, massive and unyielding, with no sign of panel or door on its sullen face. She raised the light, and studied eagerly its polished surface; the ponderous stones covered with patches of moss, dripped with moisture, and were stained a dull red and brown by the action of time and damp. Presently her hand came in contact with a small iron bolt; and setting down her lamp, Léonie sought with all her strength—the strength of love and devotion—to move it. At length the stubborn bolt gave way, and one of the ponderous stones revolving upon a secret spring, fell back, leaving an open space. The strong will had at last won the way; and with a beating heart Léonie stepped into the dungeon of Claude d'Estrelles!

It was past sunset. At any moment the wardens might be expected to make their usual rounds; and the governor's daughter remained only long enough to whisper hope and comfort to the captive, promising to return later on, when they would be safe from spies and interruption. And so they met night after night, discussing plans, possible and impossible, for Claude's deliverance; while strengthening food and wine, procured for Léonie by the faithful Silvain, soon wrought a healthful change in Claude's pallid cheeks and sunken eyes. He dared not trim his ragged locks and beard, or seek to improve the appearance of his soiled garments. Suspicion's quick glance would have detected the change. But, steadily, surely, he gained strength as the days went on. And the mother and father rejoiced to see that Léonie grew brighter than she had been for many weary months, dreaming little of the hidden cause.

Grave and momentous were these interviews between the lovers; and though a beginning had been effected, how much remained to be done, before the Marquis of Clair-marais should see the outside of Plessis les Tours' grim walls! One scheme was pondered and discussed often. Its very simplicity was a recommendation; by that bold simplicity it might succeed. And so it was finally accepted and decided upon. And the 10th of June—one fortnight from that day—was fixed for the attempt which must make or mar the captive's fortunes and the fortunes of his abettors.

The time arrived. The 10th of June rose fair and bright. Léonie saw in it an omen of good fortune. But unknown to the lovers, it also lighted on his way the death-messenger from Louis! Impossible to say what caused this sudden decision on the part of the king; but so it was. Claude's sentence had gone forth. Death in its most secret, cowardly form—death by the oubliette.

A miserable man was the governor of Plessis when that warning was placed in his hands by the envoy from Paris. It was hard enough to work the will of a merciless despot in any case. But the Marquis! the gay, pleasant young noble, who, twelve months before, had been so intimate a companion at his table—that he should be hurled to his death at midnight by pitiless hands, unhonoured, unshriven! The thought stopped the beating of M. Lamarque's kindly heart, and paled his cheek

with sickening horror. All that day he went about mechanically—like one who sees a ghastly vision, denied to other eyes. Léonie, pallid and thoughtful also, noticed her father's curious pre-occupation; but he avoided all questioning with a stern moroseness unusual with him. He heard, however, gladly, that Léonie intended visiting the convent of Sainte Marguerite that evening.

'Yes, yes; go, my child. Remain all night, and remember to pray earnestly for all unfortunates.'

'I will, my father.'

The governor shut himself up in his private apartment, thankful that the maiden would be away from Plessis' evil precincts when that unholy deed was done.

Just before sunset, Silvain brought the horses to the lodge-door. His companion mounted, and rode slowly down the court-yard, returning gravely the salutes of the soldiers who were on guard or loitering about, Silvain engaging in a laughing war of words with one of the wardens standing by the great gate. After a trifling delay, the portcullis was raised; the drawbridge chains rattled as the ponderous apparatus fell clattering into its place, and the riders passed out, steadily walking their horses until a turn of the road hid them from view.

When it grew dusk, and the time came for changing the outer guard, the drawbridge was lowered once more, to permit the exit of the night patrol. With them passed out a Sister wearing the dark-blue robes and large coil of Sainte Marguerite's convent. A black muslin veil was thrown over her coil, partly shading her features. 'A good-night to you, my Mother,' said the porter, respectfully removing his cap. The Sister murmured something in return. The soldiers quickly made way for her.

'Who is it then?' said a new-comer of the guard to his comrade.

'Mother Angélique of Sainte Marguerite's,' replied the other, who was busy tightening the girths of his horse. 'She comes often to visit our ladies. She has stayed late to-day talking with Madame, no doubt. A good woman, the Mother Angélique, they say.'

'They are all good, these religious ones,' returned the other. 'But name of grace! 'tis but a dull life, it seems to me, for a woman, unless she's old and gray.'

And so talking, the men went out into the dusk, and the quiet Sister passed out of their sight.

Ten o'clock struck. M. Lamarque resolved to look once more upon the young Marquis, whose minutes of existence were so cruelly numbered, and whose murder was already arranged with those whom Louis had selected for that evil duty. His chosen wardens had visited the prisoner that afternoon as usual, carrying him his ordinary allowance of bread and water, and had themselves looked the door which was never again to open for him. Eluding for once the vigilance of those wardens, the governor went stealthily to the northern tower.

'Pray heaven he sleeps,' whispered he, as quietly opening the door, he raised the lamp and glanced into the cell. Claude d'Estrelles, his miserable coverlet thrown over him, lay upon his pallet. His face was turned to the wall. He never stirred. For a moment, during which he uttered a voiceless prayer, the governor gazed sadly upon the tangled

fair hair on which the lamp-light gleamed. Then reverently closing the door, M. Lamarque retreated with a heavy heart. Midnight came. The emissaries of Louis went to their appointed work. Swiftly and silently the well-oiled bolts were withdrawn. The floor opened. There was a crashing fall as the pallet and its occupant went down, and then the hideous trap closed again over its hidden prey.

SOME STRANGE GASTRONOMIC EXPERIENCES.

THE Chevalier Morelet, travelling in Central America, took up his quarters at an inn in Campeachy where the best fare the country afforded was to be obtained. On sitting down to his first dinner there, he saw, occupying a conspicuous place on the table, a dish, of the nature of which he felt extremely dubious; and seeking enlightenment from the cook, learned it was the flesh of the cazone, a creature of which he had hitherto never heard. Strolling along the beach the same evening, M. Morelet observed a fisherman towing behind his boat some sort of sea-monster, which he instinctively connected with the mysterious dish at the inn, and asked the man what fish he had got there. 'Don't you see they are cazones?' was the answering query. 'Cazones!' retorted the Frenchman; 'they are sharks!' 'Why not?' quoth the fisherman; and the murder was out. Anxious to avoid shocking the susceptibilities of strangers, the good people of Campeachy have banished the word 'turberon'—Spanish for shark—from their vocabulary, and serve up the cruel sea-monster as 'cazone,' eating it fresh and salted, roast, boiled, or fried, with such gusto that the Chevalier declares the cazone ought to be ennobled in the arms of the city.

M. Morelet apparently lacked courage to taste the delicacy beloved by Campeachians, forgetting that a traveller should be above gastronomic prejudices, and ready to accommodate his appetite to any exigency; as his countrymen contrived to do during the siege of Paris. When lean chickens fetched eighty francs, a small rabbit fifty, and elephant went at eighteen francs a pound; cat, dog, rat, and mouse were about the only meat within the reach of folks of moderate means.

The dire necessity that made the Parisians acquainted with such strange meats passed away, but not the taste so created. Not only has horse-flesh become a recognised food, but many another dietetic dainty undreamed of in the epicurean philosophy of Paris before the siege, finds favour with citizens with strong appetites and poor purses; and doubtless the enterprising caterer who sought the suffrages of *gourmets* without prejudices, by opening a shop for the sale of badgers, weasels, ferrets, foxes, jays, rooks, owls, crows, magpies, and *gibier des gouttières*—that is, cats, rats, and mice, has been amply rewarded for his pains; and will be able to retire from business long before the directors of the Jardin des Plantes

have succeeded in acclimating the edible dog of China.

Some score or so of contributors to a French sporting journal dined one day upon the ham and heart of a lion, killed by Constant Cheret in Algeria. The flesh of the lion was found to be particularly firm and close-grained, like that of a horse; but although pronounced palatable, it only achieved what is termed a *succès d'estime*; while the heart, skillfully prepared, with truffles, was unanimously voted tough and indigestible. In fact, the French journalists were not much better pleased with their fare than was Bruce the traveller, when the guest of the Arab tribe of Welled Sidi Bojanim, 'the sons of the fathers of the flocks,' bound by vow to eat lion's flesh once every day; for the traveller found male lion-meat lean, tough, and musky in flavour; lioness-meat a trifle fatter and more palatable; and whelp-flesh the nastiest of the three.

Mindful that an unlooked-for pleasure is thrice welcome, Frank Buckland did not advise his guests on a certain occasion that they were about to enlarge their gastronomic experiences; but when the soup had been disposed of, asked a famous gourmet sitting near him how he liked it.

'Very well indeed,' was the answer. 'Turtle, is it not?' I only ask because I did not find any green fat.'

Buckland shook his head.

'I fancied it had a somewhat musky taste—peculiar, but not at all unpleasant,' remarked his neighbour.

'All alligators have,' replied the host, 'the cayman especially—the fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been discussing.'

Half-a-dozen of the suddenly enlightened diners started to their feet, two or three slunk from the room, and the rest of the meal was enjoyed by only a portion of the original company.

'See what imagination is!' said Buckland. 'Had I told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would have been none the worse. I tell them it is alligator soup, and their gorges rise at as good a dish as ever a man need have!'

Forewarned, and therefore forearmed, were the gentlemen who lunched on octopus at the Brighton Aquarium, trying it in turn boiled, broiled, and cold. They found it excellent eating, resembling skate, but not so tender as might be. The verdict would probably have been still more favourable had the octopus been boiled first and then roasted, as is the way in Corsica, where the monster is esteemed a great delicacy.

A traveller returning to Tallahassee from a hunting excursion in Florida, was being paddled along by the shore about sunset, when suddenly a strange, grave, and prolonged sound struck his ear, and seeing nothing, he asked the negro boatman what it could be. 'O massa,' said he, 'dat is de fish dat sings. Some call it siren or mermaid fish, and others musice.' As the canoe went farther the chorus of strange voices increased in volume, and the negro was requested to throw a net in the water. He obeyed orders; and soon laid at the bottom of the boat a score of little fish about two inches long, resembling the gray mullet

in outward form. 'Dese be mermaids, massa,' said the black; 'but for de lub o' mussy, don't eat dem! They hab de lub poison. Yes, massa; when you eat one of dese fish, you fall so deep in lub you can neber get out again.' This extraordinary information did not prevent its recipient having his muscous fried, and finding himself no worse for supping than Agassiz did for breakfasting on strange fish. In the case of the latter, the experiment was made involuntarily. While pursuing his ocean researches on the coast of America, Agassiz had occasion to visit a friend's house, and took with him a copper barrel filled with alcohol, in which he had placed a number of undescribed species of fishes, some of them entirely unknown to science, to preserve them till he had leisure to examine them. For safe keeping, the barrel was put in the basement; but his friend's cook, of her own discretion, or rather indiscretion, emptied it of its contents, and fried the precious collection for the great naturalist's breakfast!

Exceedingly fishy, in more senses than one, is the Chinese menu. In 1867, Sir Charles Macdonald gave a Mandarin supper at Hong-kong to the Duc de Penthièvre, the Comte de Beauvoir, and some other French gentlemen; and here is what appeared on the board.—Bird's-nest soup, lily-seed soup, shark's-fat soup, shark fins in gelatinous sauce, sturgeon gills in *compote*, whale nerves with sweet sauce, fish-roe in caramel sauce, croquettes of fish and rat, stewed sea-snails with tadpoles, hashed dog with lotus sauce, cakes of coagulated blood; a sweet compound of fish-fins, fruit, ham, almonds, and essences; the feast finishing up with lotus and almond soup, warm arrack, and medicated wine. We think we would rather dine with Bishop Bompos, of the diocese of Athabaska, in North America, although that worthy prelate's dietary be confined to white-fish, pemican, moose nose, squirrel stew, deer's tongue, roast lynx, and roast beaver; with stewed rat now and then by way of a treat, and the occasional luxury of cake made of seaweed, poplar bark, herring spawn, bitter berries, seal-oil sauce, and the grease of the oilkun fish.

The Athabaskan larder is not too sumptuously provided; but the Bishop is hardly to be pitied perhaps, able as he is to indulge in stewed rat and squirrel; seeing how enthusiastically a well-known naturalist labours to convince us that the last named is a most delectable dish, while rat-pie is so good that it ought to appear at every man's table. If Buckland could only make the multitude of his way of thinking, the much-to-be-desired cheapening of butcher-meat would come about more quickly than it is likely to do.

There are people who hold the butcher's trade to be altogether unnecessary. Mr Lawson, of Blennerhasset, Cumberland, one Christmas-day provided a spread for all comers, at which the usual concomitants of a Christmas feast were conspicuous by their absence. The holiday fare consisted of raw turnips, boiled cabbage, boiled barley, boiled wheat, shelled peas; oatmeal gruel enriched with chopped carrots, turnips, and cabbage; salads of the same vegetables covered with linseed jelly; and potatoes—the only hot dish on the table. There were no condiments of any sort; and for dessert each guest had to be contented with an apple and a dry biscuit. The banquet did not give the satisfaction its provider expected.

Too many cooks may spoil the broth; but one, if insufficiently instructed, will suffice to effect that untoward consummation. By simply neglecting to boil it in a cloth, Lord Malmesbury's French chef converted his plum-pudding into that Christmas dainty's progenitor, plum-porridge. Prince Metternich becoming acquainted with the merits of rhubarb tart in England, had the plant grown in his Austrian garden; and when it came to its proper growth, gave a dinner-party, in order to introduce rhubarb tart to Austrian gourmands. Unfortunately, the Prince, instead of specially instructing his cook, merely ordered him to serve the rhubarb up dressed as it was in England. Knowing nothing of English usage, the cook, selecting the largest leaves, served them as spinach, causing many wry faces to appear at the board, at which the English dish never again appeared.

Equally unlucky was Mr Peabody when, having received a gift of ten ears of green maize, he determined to renew the recollections of his youth, and at the same time delight his American, and astonish his English friends by having it served in American style. Plates of butter and salt were set before each guest, and the host announced he was about to treat them to a most delicious American dish. Then entered the butler, bearing a large covered dish, which he solemnly deposited in front of Mr Peabody. In another moment he had whisked off the cover, and the expectant diners beheld a pile of corn-cobs. The banker gazed for an instant in mute horror and dismay, ere he found voice to summon the cook—a man who had never seen an ear of Indian corn in his life before—and demand an explanation. He maintained he had followed his master's instructions to strip off all the outside before boiling; the truth being he had bettered those instructions by taking off not only the husks but the kernels as well.

An English travelling party, passing, some hundred years back, through Charlton, Massachusetts, gave the landlady of the inn at which they put up some coffee and tea to prepare for breakfast, the former underground. The dame had never set eyes on either till then, but was not inclined to acknowledge her ignorance; so, when the travellers called for their tea and coffee, she astonished them by announcing that the 'yarbs' were done, but the 'beans' would not boil soft.

Anything one eats or imbibes with pleasure to the palate, followed by no unpleasant after-sensations, should be taken for granted. It is courtng discomfort to pry too curiously into its composition. Some forty years ago, the ship *Governor Endicott* arrived at Salem, Massachusetts, from India; and there landed several missionaries, who departed at once for Boston to report their arrival to the Missionary Board, leaving their belongings at the Lafayette Hotel. There they attracted the attention of a custom-house clerk, who, noting the presence of a cask, suspected an evasion of duty, and reported the matter to General Miller, the collector of customs. That official at once ordered baggage and cask to be sent to the custom-house for examination, and requested that the missionaries would give him a call as soon as they returned to Salem. The suspicious cask was taken into the custom-house yard, the bung knocked out, a proof-glass inserted to find out what kind of liquor was inside, in order to fix the duty on it. They all

tasted—collector, deputy-collector, naval officer, inspector, clerk, and a tribe of hangers-on. They drank it neat, they drank it with water, with sugar, with biscuits, with cheese, but could not agree what kind of liquor it was. Bets were made; and it was finally agreed to leave the knotty question to be decided by two absent inspectors—Captain Bill L— and Captain Steve R—. At last they came. They tasted. Captain L— said he would stake his reputation that it was old London Dook brandy, vowing 'he had not tasted such liquor since General Crowningshield launched Cleopatra's barge in 1818.' Captain R— declined 'to put a name to it'; he said it had a flavour different from any liquor with which he was acquainted.

The next day the missionaries arrived at the custom-house, to have their baggage passed, all save the cask of liquor. 'That must pay duty,' said the General. 'Would they inform him what spirit the cask contained?' The amused missionaries complied by telling him that when they left India they brought with them a pet orang-outang, which, dying after thirty days' experience of sea-life, had been put in a cask of rum for preservation. An explanation accounting for the peculiar flavour that had puzzled so many experienced tasters.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

A REMARKABLE FACT.

A PIGEON is not generally looked upon as a romantic bird, nor does it often exhibit an indifference to its fate when in the presence of its natural enemy—the cat; but such a thing *has* happened, and in so extraordinary a way as to induce the author of this paper—who was himself a witness of the scene—to make such a fact known as widely as possible.

It was the winter of 1863—the Christmas time when the genial Thackeray was found dead in his bed—that a wedding in which the writer took a principal part, was about to take place in St John's Church, Waterloo Road, London. On the eve of this event, the family were surprised by a strange, fluttering noise at the parlour window; and on proceeding to ascertain the cause, it was discovered that a pigeon had entered the room. It was a fine bird, and did not seem at all frightened by the number of strange faces that were gazing upon it. Suddenly it walked from the apartment, and hopped down the kitchen stairs, where, with the utmost *sang-froid*, it passed by the favourite old black cat, and proceeded to establish itself upon the kitchen mantel-piece.

In addition to the cat, there were children present, and the cook was busily engaged in preparing for the morrow's bridal feast. But the strange visitor paid no heed to either cook or children; and more astonishing still, the cat did not make any attempt to resent the intrusion. The children were, of course, delighted, and suggested that 'the poor thing was hungry'; and the next instant all kinds of delicacies were brought forth and placed before the welcome guest. It eagerly partook of them, and after an hour or two had passed away, it got so used to the inmates of the house that it actually ate out of their hands.

On the following morning—the wedding-morn—the pigeon was missed; and on seeking for it, it

was discovered standing on the steps of the door leading to the yard. In the yard itself there were three strange cats watching every movement of the bird, and evidently seeking an opportunity to pounce upon it. Here was an awkward dilemma, for though everybody was taking an interest in the wedding preparations, all were anxious that the unbidden guest should not be done to death in the midst of the universal joy and on the very day itself. But just as the chance of the poor bird's escape was becoming an impossibility in the eyes of the wedding-guests, the difficulty was solved in an unexpected and thoroughly *coel* manner. As the cats in question were posing themselves for the death-spring, the feline favourite of the household suddenly darted forth from the kitchen window and dispersed the enemy, who flew howling over the wall into the churchyard. The rescued guest then returned to its accustomed place in the kitchen, where it remained for several days after the wedding, and disappeared on the morning when the bride's mother, who had come from Portugal to be present at her daughter's marriage, also took her departure. No trace of the bird was ever found afterwards, nor did it ever revisit the scene from that day to this.

It was suggested at the time by a believer in the doctrine of transmigration, that the bird was really the spirit of the mother of the bridegroom, who had died in the same house about two years previously; but without going so far as this, we may observe that it was a very remarkable and noteworthy occurrence; while it should be stated with reference to the above-mentioned theory, and as a curious fact, that the mother of the bridegroom, when on her death-bed, had actually expressed her regret that she should not live to see his marriage, and had caused a room to be cleaned out and prepared for the reception of a bride, who had not then been definitively chosen!

The following lines were written on the wedding-morn:

THE WELCOME GUEST.

Hail, messenger of peace and love!
Unbidden guest, most welcome thou,
Who com'st from regions far above
To seal our marriage vow.

The form thou bearest is Divine,
The chosen medium of His will,
Who turned the water into wine,
And bade the seas be still.

Thrice welcome on our wedding-morn,
O sweetest harbinger of peace!
May joy within our hearts be born,
And concord never cease.

Sweet dove! we take thee for a sign,
An indication bright and sure,
That Heaven our souls doth now entwine,
And that the union shall endure.

Nearly sixteen years have passed away since this incident took place, and the wide ocean separates some of those who were present on the occasion. The little sketch may remind them of as strange a visitor as ever blessed a wedding with its presence.

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JUDGE BATHGATE'S EXPERIENCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our previous sketch, little was said of the mode of acquiring lands in New Zealand. This being a matter of importance to intending emigrants, we shall go into some specific details for their guidance. In his lectures, Judge Bathgate proceeds to say that to the inestimable blessings of a fertile soil and a healthful climate, the settler can add the benefit of a simple land-law, altogether free from the intricacies and technicalities with which the feudal system and the skill of lawyers and conveyancers have loaded titles to heritable property in England. All the public land in the colony was originally acquired by purchase from the Maoris, except that which was the property of the rebel tribes in the North Island, and confiscated at the conclusion of the war, partially to compensate for its cost. The lands in the hands of the government are termed the waste lands of the Crown. They are under the general administration of one of the Ministers, designated the Secretary of Crown Lands, and the local administration of Commissioners of Crown Lands, one of whom acts along with a Board in each of the ten land districts into which the colony is divided.

There are three classes of land—namely, Town Land, Suburban Land, and Rural Land. The first two classes must be sold by public auction, the upset price of the town land, not being less than L.20 an acre, and the suburban land not being less than L.3 per acre. The town sections are usually each a quarter of an acre in extent. Competition for corner sections or others favourably situated, is sometimes very keen, and frequently L.50 for a good section is realised. Good suburban land will fetch at auction from L.5 to L.30 an acre. Suburban sections are generally ten acres in extent. The upset price of land varies in each provincial district. In Canterbury there has always been free selection at forty shillings per acre. All

good agricultural land there has been picked up long ago. In Taranaki, land might be selected in blocks specially set apart for that purpose, at twenty shillings per acre for bush land, and forty shillings per acre for open land. In other districts, twenty shillings an acre used to be the price; but nowhere now, where land is open for selection, can land according to the Crown Lands Act (1877) be bought from the government at a less price than L.3 per acre. In such districts, however, land of any agricultural value previously proclaimed open for selection has been years ago taken up. There are still, however, many fine blocks yet to be sold.

In practice, the Land Boards now almost invariably dispose of the lands by public auction, and they fix the upset price, which by statute shall not be less than L.1 per acre, with due regard to the situation and quality of the land, and also to the fact that the value of all land has been enhanced by the construction of the public railways. It therefore happens that when first-class land is offered for sale, there is always a keen competition, and from L.3 to L.10 an acre, and sometimes more, is given, according to position value, and other circumstances. In Auckland, blocks of land are occasionally set apart for occupation on the homestead system, under which a family of four persons may secure a farm of 200 acres, subject to continuous residence and certain conditions as to cultivation for five years.

In Otago and elsewhere, blocks of land are proclaimed from time to time open for sale on deferred payments. The price is L.3 per acre, payable in ten years by half-yearly instalments, without interest. Good sections are sure to have more applications than one made for them, and the consequence is, that the land is put up to auction, the bidding being limited to the applicants. In this way the upset price is sometimes materially increased. Indeed it may be said that the cheap prices for land current in early times are altogether past. But it may be added that present prices are by no means commensurate with the productive value of the land when in the

hands of those who have means and skill to work it properly.

The only other mode of acquiring land is by purchase from private owners, many of whom having acquired their land at a nominal rate in past years, are willing to dispose of their farms at current prices, and realise their profit. Some owners of large tracts of country selected in early days, are finding it to their advantage to subdivide their estates into small farms and sell them. There have been numerous transactions where prices varying from L.5 to L.30 an acre have been recently paid for sections of land. It must not be imagined that these prices have attained to their maximum.

Judge Bathgate says very truly that in every prosperous country, land, of whatever kind, is always increasing in value. New Zealand has been no exception to this rule. In many instances, land in the cities has acquired a fabulous value. Sixteen thousand pounds have been refused for a quarter of an acre in Dunedin, which cost thirty years ago L.12, 10s. Similar values prevail in Christchurch and Wellington. In some parts of the latter city they are even exceeded. These prices are not fanciful. As a rule, whenever land is all taken up, then the value rises with the demand, which constantly increases in a young and progressive country. Although high prices have been paid for urban land, sometimes as much as L.200 for the foot of frontage, there is no reason to believe that the maximum has been attained. First-class agricultural land, as that of New Zealand is proved to be, fenced and improved, and conveniently situated, must be regarded as low in price estimated at L.20 an acre. L.3 per acre per annum of clear profit from the proper cultivation of such land is under the average. We are informed of an instance of a settler purchasing 200 acres improved land at L.15 an acre, and clearing his whole purchase price from his first crop. But taking the low average mentioned, it is highly improbable that good land will remain at its present value. As society progresses in population and wealth, and as new branches of industry develop and prosper, so will the value of land steadily increase. As has been well observed, land is the natural deposit bank into which all the savings of the community gravitate. Every improvement of a public nature in the way of harbours, roads, and railways, goes to add to its value without effort on the part of the owner. There is every reason to expect that land in New Zealand will touch a far higher price than has yet been dreamt of. There is a speciality in the land which ought not to be overlooked—the area is limited in extent. There is no boundless back country such as exists in the neighbouring colonies or in North America. No part of New Zealand is above 100 miles from the sea-board, in the Middle Island 75; and when the Crown shall have parted with the last acre of its waste lands,

then the value of freehold throughout the colony will rise with a bound, to an amount to which it is difficult to assign a limit.

A number of particulars are presented explaining methods of buying lands from public companies, by paying instalments annually over a period of ten to twenty years. It is stated that those who acquire land in this manner often do well, which we do not dispute. We only suggest as a precaution, that the purchase of land by postponed payments is very much in the nature of a mortgage, and to be avoided if at all possible. The commendable method of acquisition in New Zealand, as elsewhere, is to go into the market with ready-money, and to buy only as far as means at disposal will admit. On no account should land be bought with borrowed money. Interest on loans is high in the colony, and it may with truth be averred that borrowing is only the beginning of ruin. Some sad cases of disaster from this cause could, we understand, be offered. A small capital judiciously laid out will go farther in the colony than in the home country. It is not necessary for a farmer to keep up a large staff of men and horses. Farmers, if they please, can get their operations carried on by contract. Many of the settlers lay themselves out for this business; which resembles that prevailing in some of the vast arable plains in the United States, where contractors with a large staff of men, horses, and machinery will undertake to plough, sow, and harrow the land, reap and thrash the crop, send it to market, and pay the amount less the expenses incurred. This is what may be called doing business on a great scale. It is the latest development of economic science in connection with agriculture, and meanwhile leaves the costly old-fashioned practices immeasurably behind.

We ascertain from the lectures before us that almost all the early settlers in New Zealand have done well, notwithstanding the difficulties that had to be encountered. He cites as an example the case of a shepherd from Roxburghshire, who arrived with his wife and eight children in 1860. Finding that the best land about Dunedin had been taken up, he visited Southland. There he bought sixty acres at L.2 per acre. Struggling manfully, he made money by selling his butter and eggs at the high prices current in consequence of the rush of the gold-miners. He was not one of your thriftless wretches who spend as fast as they make. Soon, out of his savings, he bought an additional sixty acres at L.2, 6s. per acre, and continued to make purchases though lands were rising in price. He and his sons, who are settled near him, now possess 2628 acres of freehold, worth at least L.25,000. This man is a type of many of the Scotch settlers. The last time he was heard of he had thirty cows, and was famed as a breeder of stock. His beef and mutton command the highest prices in the market. Had he remained in Scotland, he would still have been living in a mean cottage among the hills as a servant to a store-

farmer. By his enterprise and industry, along with professional skill, he is now a wealthy landed gentleman, with sons rising to distinction.

Judge Bathgate speaks hopefully of New Zealand as a field of emigration for farm-servants and others willing to work for wages. There is a steady demand for the able-bodied men and women who wish to get on in the world. He says it has been gratifying to notice the prosperous career of many of these immigrants, who had arrived friendless; to see how soon their children were able to add materially to the family income; and to observe how often it happened that those who began colonial life as hired servants speedily became masters, giving employment to others. Ordinary labouring-men work eight hours a day, have plenty of the best to eat, plenty to do, with an agreeable sprinkling of holidays, and receive eight shillings a day as wages. A single man can board luxuriously for eighteen shillings a week; and if he be sober, and industrious, and blessed with health, he cannot fail in a short time to realise a few hundred pounds. One of the leading grocers in Dunedin, a man of substance, came out to the colony a few years ago, and immediately engaged himself as a farm-servant at £50 yearly with board. Having a good stock of clothes, his whole expenditure during his first year amounted to one shilling. This left him £49, 19s. as a nest-egg; continuing to save, he improved his circumstances, and now with a flourishing business is independent.

Female domestic servants, if well trained, get high wages, from £30 to £50 a year, and with great care can save a heap of money. The cook in our household, says Mr. Bathgate, went home to Scotland as a saloon passenger last year to see her mother, and the old haunts which she treasured in remembrance. In one respect the long journey was not successful. She arrived in November, and never saw the land near the home of her youth. It was covered with snow. Her patience being exhausted, she returned to New Zealand, after spending three months in Britain, intensely dissatisfied with her native climate. Her trip must have cost her £100, but she thought nothing of it. Young women of this class may get married if they please; but colonial marriages are sometimes too hastily entered into. There is one comfort for any young woman who has the misfortune to be deserted by a profligate husband. Protected by law, she has no difficulty in gaining a respectable livelihood by her own exertions. A sense of this renders wives more independent than a similar class at home.

All circumstances combine to render New Zealand a suitable field for the exertions of capitalists large and small, besides those who depend on hand-labour. The younger sons of landed gentlemen who are unable or unwilling to undergo competitive examinations for employment under the Crown, and who might dislike following any mercantile pursuit in the home country, would here find scope for their latent energies, provided they laid aside notions of gentility, and went earnestly to work as assistants in the first place to store-farmers. The young men of this class, we understand, who emigrate to the colony, too frequently break down from self-indulgent habits, and have to be shipped home to their friends. Others among them, however, shew an

extreme anxiety to overcome early difficulties, and consequently, as they deserve, rise to fortune. We have been told of one of these youths, who, though brought up in elegant style at home, gave himself up thoroughly to his duties as a stock-keeper in the colony, and is esteemed for his good behaviour. As an evidence that he accommodated himself to his new position, he one day stated to an old acquaintance whom he had fallen in with, that 'he could now kill a sheep.' That young fellow will inevitably get on. We do not doubt that in less than twenty years hence he will be an esteemed and wealthy man. How much more creditable is his behaviour than that of the pampered young ne'er-do-weels who lounge away existence, sponging on parents, perhaps consuming their means at the bars of restaurants, or at those still more dangerous resorts, the gambling-tables in club-houses!

Enough has been said to shew that New Zealand has much to recommend it as a field for emigration for different classes. The way is long; but a few weeks more or less is not of much consequence when the change has to be for life. There is, at all events, the pleasing prospect of landing in a country which in many respects resembles that which is left, and which to a fine climate enjoys the blessings of a peaceful government under the beneficent sway of Queen Victoria. Wherefore, emigration in this case seems only like a transfer from one part of the home country to another. When the work of Judge Bathgate, now preparing for publication, shall be issued at no distant date, much additional information may be obtained on the subject we have but imperfectly treated. Notice of the publication will be given in these pages.

W. C.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was written, we have seen by the newspapers that in several parts of England, attention has begun to be drawn towards New Zealand as a fitting field for emigration by farmers suffering from the agricultural depression that now unfortunately afflicts the country. We copy the following from the *Times* (October 21) as exemplifying this newly awakened interest: 'A correspondent writes: "A remarkable movement is in progress in Lincolnshire. Over five hundred farmers and landowners, who occupy or own in the aggregate considerably more than one hundred thousand acres, have signed a requisition to two gentlemen, requesting them to proceed to New Zealand, in order that, after personal inspection, they may report upon the colony as a field for emigration for farmers possessed of means and capitalists, with special reference to such as have had experience of farming in Lincolnshire. The gentlemen whose services have thus been requested are Mr. Grant, of Healing, near Grimsby, and Mr. Foster, from the neighbourhood of Louth. Both are practical farmers. They sail to-morrow in the steamship *Norfolk* for Melbourne, and propose to spend several months in New Zealand, returning to England in the course of next summer. Should their report be favourable, there will probably be a considerable exodus of emigrants of a superior class to New Zealand, especially from Lincolnshire."

The only remark we would make on the above, is to say that it is almost a pity the farmers of Lincolnshire should have incurred the expense,

trouble, and delay incidental to sending a mission of inquiry to New Zealand. Here is Judge Bathgate just returned on a leave of absence, after an experience of sixteen years in the colony, full of the information required, which he is not only able but anxious to impart. To save time, the best thing any body of farmers or others contemplating emigration can do, is at once to communicate with Judge Bathgate. His present address is 'Peebles.' w. c.

THE OUBLIETTE.

PART III.—THREE YEARS AFTER.

A FAIR morning sun was shining on Touraine. It glittered in myriad sparkles upon the dancing Loire, brightened the distant turrets of Sainte Marguerite, and lit up even the sombre walls of Plessis les Tours. In the breeze there was freshness, and the mingled scent of roses and hawthorn, as it swept across the green fields where the lark carolled over its nest. There were merry voices everywhere. The market-women, in their picturesque attire, chattered gaily with the soldiers lounging at the gates of Plessis, which now stood open all day long. It seemed that a something of gloom and depression was lifted from the place—a something of terror gone. And the change discernible in Plessis was the change which had resuscitated France throughout its length and breadth. Crushed so helplessly under the iron heel of a tyrant, it rose in renewed beauty at the beck of a gentler master; for Louis XI. was gone to his rest with all his sins upon his head, and his son Charles reigned in his stead.

One of the first acts of the new king had been to open the prison doors of those captives whom Louis had left alive, and to seek by kindly compensation to atone for the cruelties practised by his predecessor. He invited back also those nobles who by timely flight had put the sea between them and their oppressor. And in a short time the court at Paris was gay again with the beauty and chivalry of old France.

On this sunshiny morning, a man standing upon the ramparts of Plessis, leaned against a corbel and gazed listlessly, sometimes at the distant river with its barges, sometimes at the pigeons circling fantastically over his head, their snowy plumage shewing clear and white against the intense blue sky. He is worn-looking, stern, and gray. A man aged apparently more by some terrible sorrow than by years, a man to whom smiles are an infrequent visitor. We have seen him before. It is M. Lamarque, still governor of Plessis les Tours. And few mention his name without a sigh of condolence and pity. His people stand aside respectfully when he passes, the father of lost Léonie Lamarque!

It is becoming an old story now—how that one summer evening, three years ago she rode away with her attendant Silvain to visit the convent of Sainte Marguerite, and from that ride returned no more. She had never reached the convent. The eyes that watched her cross the drawbridge were the last that had beheld her. Days, weeks, months went by, and brought no clue to her strange disappearance. Léonie, Haroun the well-known black horse, Silvain, all vanished as if

obliterated from the face of the earth, and left no sign.

Frantic at his loss, the father appealed for aid to Louis, who condescending to interest himself for his faithful servant, caused strict inquiry to be made; but without avail. And then a rumour crept about—as rumours will, one knows not how—that Gustave Chapellier, ordered with his troop to a distant part of the country, had not gone alone, but that with him went a veiled and masked woman; further, that that woman was Léonie Lamarque. We know at least that was not true; and Gustave, summoned to Paris, denied sorrowfully and indignantly the vile assertion. The story of his honourable love, related by himself to Louis, convinced even that sceptical monarch that Gustave was evidently innocent.

The blow struck down the unhappy mother. Loss, mystery, and disgrace did speedily work; and the governor has been wifeless and childless for two years when we meet him again. He thinks of all this as he stands there, a lonely weary man, and the look of stern suffering deepens on his face. So absorbed is he in these reflections, that he does not notice the arrival of a horseman by the Paris road. Summoned before long to receive a visitor, M. Lamarque descends slowly the winding stair, and enters with his new habitual gravity the strangers' lodge. A fair young man was there, stately and noble-looking, at the sight of whose deep blue eyes a cold thrill shot to the heart of M. Lamarque; and at the sound of whose gay voice, the governor stepped back as though he would have fled, his cheeks paling and his breath deserting him.

'Welcome, old friend, at last!' cried the stranger, coming forward eagerly, and extending both hands in cordial fashion.

Taking no heed of the proffered hands, M. Lamarque still gazed—a man turned to stone.

'Speak to me, commandant, for the love of all the saints; don't stand and glare at me like that, as if I were a ghost.'

A ghost indeed! to the horror-stricken governor.

'Ah,' continued the other, 'I suppose that I don't deserve to be noticed after my ingratitude in remaining silent so long; but come, forgive and forget my sins. I have come back, you see; won't you say a word of kindly greeting to your old friend, Claude d'Estrelles?'

'But,' gasped at last the governor, 'you are dead, M. le Marquis; you must be dead!'

'Dead! not I, faith of a gentleman! Although certainly I should have been very speedily had I remained much longer in that cheerful hole of yours in the northern tower. But thanks to love and luck, that demon of a Louis was outwitted, as of course you very soon found out. Come, M. Lamarque,' continued the Marquis, laughing, 'sit down and have it all out fairly. First, you shall give me the history of my decease, which you so oddly insist upon; and then I'll give you the history of my escape, which I certainly insist upon.'

The governor sank mechanically into a chair, passing his hand across his brow, as though to clear away the mist from his brain and eyes. But it was all real. There before him sat the smiling Claude d'Estrelles, twisting his sunny moustache.

'Come, commandant, begin!'

'It was upon the 10th of June, M. le Marquis, three years ago'—

'I have reason to remember it,' broke in the young man joyfully—'the day of my deliverance.'

The governor heaved a sigh of perplexity. 'On that day I received a special envoy from the king, bearing your death-warrant'—

'Kind attention on his part, very!'

'You were decreed to die that night by—the oubliette. I had no choice but to obey, terrible as obedience was. Grieving for you more than you can comprehend, M. le Marquis, I visited you that evening, and quietly opening your cell-door, I gave you a farewell look and prayer, for you were sleeping peacefully, and never stirred.'

Claude smiles oddly to himself.

'At midnight the emissaries of Louis did their work, and it was sure. They heard the crash of the falling pallet upon which you lay, and'—

'Apparently the days of miracles are not past,' says Claude, laughing; 'for here I am sure enough, and none the worse! Remarkable; isn't it?'

M. Lamarque does not know what to make of this young man, who, risen up from the dead, treats with so much levity a story which, as regards the governor himself, has helped to whiten his hair and sadden his life.

'You astonish and bewilder me, Monsieur le Marquis. Your jesting words are incomprehensible to me.'

'Ah! forgive me,' says the Marquis; 'my own heart is lighter to-day than it has been for some time. I have come back to confess my sins and be absolved. My greatest creditor has already remitted my debt; you can't wonder that with a glad face I seek her father and ask him to receive and welcome me. For it is against her—his voice changes—her, that I have sinned so grievously by my thoughtless silence and neglect.'

One allusion in Claude's speech has altered the expression of M. Lamarque's countenance from amazement to distress. What has this man to say of Léonie, the very thought of whom evokes a miserable memory in her father's heart, and sets the flood-tide of his troubles free? The governor sighs wearily, and leaning his head upon his hands, says: 'Tell me what you will, Monsieur le Marquis, and pardon my strange manner to you. I am confused. There are things you do not know. Pray speak. I listen.'

And so Claude, in his gay bright fashion, tells the story of his escape.

It was, after all, like many great strokes of genius, simple enough. The greatest difficulty was surmounted when Léonie discovered the secret way. Ladies in 1482 wore a curious riding costume, a sort of cloak or domino with a hood, and a black velvet mask. The mask had become an institution among the noble dames of Paris, ostensibly to preserve their complexions from the sun, and their faces from the rude looks of too inquisitive gallants, but in reality because it lent itself so conveniently to the service of intrigue. Like other fashions, it travelled speedily into the provinces, and soon became the recognised appendage of a lady either on horseback or in a litter.

Therefore, disguised in Léonie's apparel, with short locks, and attended by the faithful Silvain, Claude left Plessis les Tours on that memorable 10th of June. Still weak from his long imprison-

ment, how his heart beat with feverish pulsations as he mounted Haroun, knowing that at any moment he might be stopped and spoken to, even by the governor himself! There was a trifling delay at the great gate, a delay made on purpose by the clever Silvain to avert suspicion; but a delay which made the Marquis's heart throb more wildly, and his pale face flush beneath his hood.

Discovered!—now! when life and freedom were so near! At the thought, Claude's hand had clutched more fiercely the bridle-rein, while his teeth closed upon his white lip until it bled. But the drawbridge was lowered; they passed quietly over, and once out of sight, the young man thanked passionately God and his love.

Later on, Léonie, after placing in Claude's cell a lay-figure so arranged in his poor garb as to cheat a cursory inspection, passed out of Plessis in the attire of Mother Angélique, trusting to (what really happened) the impunity afforded by the well-known dress. No one dreamed of staying or interfering with her. It never entered the porter's mind to ask himself the question when she had come in, or indeed, to think anything about it. 'It was Mother Angélique. *Voilà tout!* A simple matter.' And as it was absolutely necessary for the success of Claude's venture that Léonie should disappear, she threw herself upon the kindly mercy of the Abbess of Sainte Marguerite, who kept the secret faithfully, even for her own sake. It was an ugly affair to meddle with any of Louis XI's little arrangements.

So free of Plessis's grim walls, by devious paths the Marquis and Silvain travelled on, avoiding all encounters with other people, resting by day in the thick woods, and riding cautiously by night, until they reached at length the Château d'Estrelles, where its lord was received as one risen from the dead. The Lady Rénée had long ago taken refuge in a convent, to escape the persecutions of Louis and Tristran, but not as a professed inmate, and the brother and sister soon met again. Faithful servants kept their secret. Naturally, there was no search made for the Marquis, believed by those in power to be buried in the silent vaults of Plessis; and soon gold smoothed their way to England, where they awaited better days. New friends gathered round him, new pleasures opened before him. Youth and wealth find small leisure for sad retrospection, and so for a while the memory of past horrors grew dim in the excitement of other interests that surrounded him. But with all this, as time passed on, the Marquis of Clair-marais became a restless man. Fair faces smiled on him and they delighted him not. The withery of bright eyes faded beside the steady gleam of those which haunted him always now—the far-away Léonie Lamarque, become at last, and surely, the one woman in the world to him!

When she came, a heavenly vision, into his wretched dungeon, proffering life and liberty, Claude caught at them as a drowning man catches naturally at a plank, unheeding for the moment that the salvation of himself may mean the destruction of another. But to do him justice in this matter, he imagined really that her risk was nothing. Louis would forgive a woman, the only child of his faithful commandant, to whom no blame could attach. And in the convent of Sainte Marguerite, Léonie would find a safe and happy refuge until events took a more favourable

turn. Yes, that was it. The evil of the day tided safely over, Claude's mind was not of that calibre which takes undue thought for the morrow.

Why then, should he latterly dream of her so often, and wake with a heavy heart, whose craving nothing satisfied?

And now we have to state a fact, unpleasant but true, a fact that Mousieur d'Estrelles would have been ashamed and sorry to confess lightly, even to himself.

In this game of hearts between the Marquis and the governor's daughter, the stakes, alas! had not been equal; and the heaviest—more the pity—lay with Léonie. A Frenchman of his time, readier with his jest and sword than steadfast in his easily excited fancies, Claude was more to Léonie than Léonie as yet had been to Claude.

The love-making, commenced in sheer thoughtlessness, to while away the dreary hours of confinement in Plessis, had deepened, it is true, into a nobler feeling on his part when the girl's faithful devotion won a way to him and opened his prison doors. But even then it was little beyond a grateful sentiment, a passing enthusiasm of admiration, that fell miserably short of the deep-rooted, abiding love which alone is worthy of its name. As regarded such, Claude's soul was still in outer darkness and asleep, when he went forth a free man again.

It was only distance and memory and remorse that awoke it at last in its real honest strength, when everything else, tried in the balance, was found wanting. He took his resolve.

As his acknowledged, honoured wife, her loving devotion, which he recalled with shame, should be rewarded, and his thoughtless ingratitude atoned for, Charles was king in his father's stead. Claude and Rénée were safe, and they returned to their ancient home. The Marquis speedily found that Mademoiselle Lamarque's mysterious disappearance had never yet been accounted for; she was still lost to the world of Plessis, and then he knew where to look for her.

When the death of Louis XI. cleared the social atmosphere of France, one might have expected that Léonie would have returned to her father's house, and so far elucidated matters; but in truth she dared not. Convents are pretty much *au courant* with all that passes in the outer world, and Mademoiselle Lamarque knew that her flight had brought her mother to the grave, and darkened her father's life with a sorrow that made him a man of note upon the tongues of gossips. How, if she shewed herself now, would he be likely to receive this erring daughter, the girl who for her lover had not scrupled to sacrifice her nearest ones? No; Léonie Lamarque had made her choice, obeying the command that bids a woman leave 'father and mother'; and grieving alone, she 'dread her weird' in Sainte Marguerite's, looking for him who, month after month so wearily expected, came not.

In utter silence the governor of Plessis heard Claude's disclosures; and when the latter ceased to speak, M. Lamarque raised his head slowly, and looking straight before him, with a curiously set and pale face, said: 'And Mademoiselle Lamarque—where then is she?' His voice had a strange, far-away sound, as though, while his words addressed

themselves to the listener beside him, his soul itself held commune with distant things, away beyond the world around him. For answer, Claude d'Estrelles rose quickly with an expression upon his face that would have been called 'nervous' in anybody but himself, and opened the door.

Two figures come in. One of them, in a nun's garb, is the Abbess of Sainte Marguerite. She draws forward a white-faced, trembling woman, who, silent also, sinks down at the feet of M. Lamarque. But speechless, she looks at him, and stretches out her hands appealingly.

With a start and gesture of wrathful aversion, the governor wards her off. There is neither mercy nor pity in his eyes.

'Who is this?' he asks, stepping back. 'What means this farce?'

She shivers at the unrelenting voice.

'Oh! my father, it is your daughter—your Léonie!'

'I have no daughter! She left me to sorrow and disgrace three years ago. Since then, I have seen her mother die, calling vainly for her lost child—the child that never answered—that made no sign!—Is it you, Madame?—and his voice took a fiercely scornful ring—' that tell me you are my daughter?—Go!'

The Marquis stoops quickly and raises the shrinking figure, holding it lovingly in his arms while he whispers words of courage, and tries to soothe the frightened girl. The Abbess puts her hand entreatingly upon M. Lamarque.

'My son! be merciful! Our Léonie has sinned, as many a loving woman has sinned before her. I do not extenuate her fault. I cannot wonder at your righteous anger; but her own heart has been for many long sorrowful days, and will be, its own punishment. Forgive a stricken, not a hardened woman. Leave vengeance to whom vengeance belongs!'

'Marquis de Clair-munis!'

Startled by the tone, Claude looks up boldly. M. Lamarque does not approach or turn his eyes upon Léonie, but he fronts Claude with a stern, white face.

'Have I understood aright that you are willing to marry this—one, named Léonie Lamarque?'

'Willing!' The Marquis's voice takes a tone of passionate tenderness. 'So willing, that I hope to atone with my whole life for the sorrows of my poor love here. Heaven forgive me for being the cause of them!'

'That is well.'

'It is only your consent we ask now, Monsieur Lamarque.'

'It is easily given.—I pray you, ladies, and you, sir, to excuse me for a brief period. Have the goodness to await me here.'

And walking with crested head but lagging steps, like a man in a trance, the governor goes out. Léonie leans on Claude's shoulder; her tears fall drearily. The sweet-faced Abbess tells her beads rapidly, and thanks our Blessed Lady that she has quitted a world where such terrible sorrows and passions have sway. The Marquis, to tell the truth, looks rather savage. He had not exactly reckoned upon the present performance. Things do not appear to be arranging themselves pleasantly. He gnaws his moustache.

The governor re-enters. Still haughty and cold, he requests them to follow him, and he leads the

way to the old chapel. It is partly filled with a crowd of retainers, new servants who have come in with the new régime, strangers who know not Léonie Lamarque; and they stare curiously at the chief actors in this strange and sudden wedding to which they are bidden as witnesses. The altar is ablaze with light. Léonie remembers with a curious wonder her midnight search and what she found there three years ago, a finding of which the result is—this! Awaiting them is a white-haired priest, who gazes pityingly upon the pale bride whom the abbess leads to him. It seems but a wild weird dream after all; an unreal phantasm to the three personages of our drama, when the words are spoken which alter so strangely the lives of those, long separated, who meet again to-day in Plessis les Tours, and Father Laurent, with solemn exhortation, joins the hands of Claude d'Estrelles and Léonie Lamarque.

It is not a very long ceremony; marriages and divorces were equally short affairs in those conventual days, and when it is over, all the assistants, previously warned, depart.

The Abbess sinks upon her knees before the high-altar. There has been no sign of any relenting in the father who, still and cold, gave just now his once-loved child into the keeping of the man for whom she has suffered so much. As a stranger doing a duty, he has done it. There are some wounds that rouse the gentlest nature into cruel retaliation, and the governor's heart has been stabbed by the hand he loved best.

Following a sign that he makes them, Claude and Léonie find themselves standing with him before a monumental stone, let into the wall. One glance is enough. Léonie turns to Claude, covering her face. M. Lamarque speaks with chilling distinctness: 'Marquis de Clair-morais, take your wife. What such a daughter may be as a wife, I know not. That is your affair, not mine. A memory of the dead rises up between me and this woman,—Madame d'Estrelles, your duty awaits you.—Sir, I pray you to excuse me; I would be alone.'

He turns away and sinks wearily upon a *prie-dieu* before the tomb.

'Claude, Claude! He casts me off. Ah! heaven help me!'

It is a bitter cry, and the Marquis's arm tightens round his sad young wife as he tries to lead her away. 'Come!' he says.

There is impatience as well as love in the tone. He is all she has now. She obeys him with lingering and faltering steps.

They reach the door. She stops, and turns to look again at the solitary bowed figure that leans upon the chair. Its desolation and forlornness strike to her heart.

'No, Claude; not like this!—not like this!'

She speaks in a fierce whisper, and breaks from him. In another moment she is on her knees beside the silent figure.

'Oh, my father—bless your child!'

Even so came the voice of Esau upon the ears of Isaac. He starts and shivers at the sound.

He pulls out his hand to wave her away. She holds it fast—so fast that he cannot withdraw, or prevent her lips from resting upon it.

Claude has drawn near.

The Abbess says her prayer to watch; then watching, prays again.

'See here, my father. You loved my mother. Was there never a time when, if terrible need had been, you would have done for her what I did for my love? She sees all things clearly now—she, whom I have most shunned against; and as I was dear to her on earth, she has forgiven me now. I know it! oh, I know it! My father, will you be less merciful?—O mother! speak to his heart for me!'

The pitiful, despairing voice rings out wildly through the chapel. There is a moment's silence. Then M. Lamarque stands up. There are tears too upon his sunken cheeks. And he looks at the memorial stone as he stretches out his hands over the head of his trembling daughter.

'For the sake of my dead love, and as she would bid me do—I forgive and bless her child, the child who bears her name.—Claude, Léonie, go in peace!'

And so those who had 'come out of great tribulation,' sailed into a pleasant haven at last. And this romance of Plessis les Tours was told over and over again to generation after generation who stood admiringly before the picture of Léonie, sixteenth Marchioness of Clair-morais, and read beneath it that she was 'Belle dame, vertueuse, et de loyauté très-rare.' That was Claude's doing.

THE POMPEII COMMEMORATION.

'THERE has occurred this year,' writes a Naples correspondent, 'a very remarkable and interesting event at Pompeii. On the 24th August 79, the great eruption of Vesuvius destroyed the city; and eighteen hundred years afterwards, that catastrophe has been commemorated under circumstances which will make Thursday 24th September 1879 a day to be recorded and remembered. The guardianship of the ruined city is in the hands of the Italian government, who have shewn an excellent spirit in celebrating in a becoming manner an occurrence of such historic importance. Special cards of invitation were issued; and not less than twelve thousand persons availed themselves of an opportunity of not only noting the progress which has been made in excavating the ruins and bringing fresh art wonders to light, but of hearing an authentic account of what has been done at the works from the lips of the Engineer Director.

'Those privileged persons found themselves on that day not only on the site of the city, disinterred from its silent tomb, but walking about its streets and exploring its houses, vivid with almost undimmed hues. "In its Forum were to be seen, when the city was first discovered (1750 A.D.), the half-finished columns as left by the workmen's hands; in its gardens the sacrificial tripod; in its halls the chest of treasure; in its baths the strigil; in its theatres the counters of admission; in its saloons the furniture and the lamp; in its triclinia the fragments of the last feast; in its cubicles the perfumes and the rouge of faded beauty; and everywhere the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that minute yet gorgeous machine of luxury and of life." Thus wrote Bulwer in his *Last Days of Pompeii*.

'I never was more struck with the value of these words than I was on the day of the commemoration. Like the American artist who, when asked what guide he took with him to Scotland, replied, "Sir Walter Scott," so I took Balwer with me to Pompeii.

'But to return to Thursday the 24th September. Shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, the roads leading to Pompeii were crowded with carriages; and the trains from Naples and elsewhere brought thousands. The principal entrance was by the Hotel Diomede, and thence by the gate at the western end of the Via Marina to the Basilica, where a tribune was erected, from which the Chief Engineer read an address, in the presence of men distinguished in position, in art, and science. There was to be seen the illustrious Commendatore Fiorelli, who for several years has superintended in a regular and methodical manner the excavations, and to whom we are indebted for the institution of a Museum and Library at Pompeii; for the dwelling-house erected for the students, which is entirely maintained at the cost of the government; and for several other practical and valuable administrative improvements. The great size of the Basilica, an oblong building two hundred and twenty feet long and eighty-two feet broad, prevented the learned Engineer from being distinctly heard; but the address was printed, and a few copies distributed. Then came forward Signor Quintino Quanciale, *Academie Socius*; and Signor Antonio Mirabilli, also *Academie Socius*, Professor of Latin, who in sonorous voices recited verses in Latin applicable to the occasion.

'As soon as the verses had been recited, the Basilica was emptied of the vast numbers which occupied it during the proceedings, and the Engineer accompanied by other Pompeian officials, proceeded to escort a group of the visitors through the Forum, through the Strada di Augustali to the Region and Island where the new excavations have been made.

'The city is divided by Fiorelli into nine Regions or quarters, which are subdivided into Islands, or what will be better understood by a block of houses bounded by four streets. Region IX., Insula V. and VI., was then examined, disclosing the pillars of a house only inferior in size to the house of the 'Fam,' the dimensions of which are two hundred and sixty-two feet long by one hundred and twenty-five feet broad. Near here, close up against the superincumbent mass of Vesuvian debris, were disclosed various objects—bronzes; a burnished metal mirror little used, and which will probably turn out to be the largest in the Pompeian collection; some skulls; three skeletons. There were also exposed to view some beans, hemp-seed—perhaps to feed the little bird of which the skeleton was found. Here too were discovered a drinking-fountain, a graceful candelabrum, and on a marble pillar a head of Silenus; three pitchers, a bell, a mould for a pie, many rings, handles of bronze vases, feet of furniture, pedestals for statues in bronze and stone, &c. With the examination of these objects ended the official programme of the day; and

then came a rush for luncheon in a large tent or pavilion, erected on the plateau over the last-made excavations.

'From this point the general view of Pompeii is very fine. The whole city of ruins is at one's feet, extending from the House of Diomede, at the north-western angle, near the Herculaneum gate, to the Porta di Nola on the east, and to the Amphitheatre on the south. While the giant Vesuvius—author of all the ruin—on the north, towers over the whole, sending forth by day and by night smoke and flame. "Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky, now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch, then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of its own life."

"As it was impossible," writes the Naples correspondent of the *Standard*, "to be at all the points of interest, ten new excavations being carried on simultaneously, I went, being advised by those most competent to judge, to Section No. 9, and there, in a small division parallel to that already numbered five, the curiosity of the spectators was soon richly rewarded. Almost with the first strokes of pick and spade, used, by the way, as only Pompeian diggers know how, there came to light a quantity of household objects, chiefly of those light and beautiful forms and delicate workmanship to be found in even the humblest Pompeian dwellings. A detailed list of the various articles in the order in which they were found fills six closely written pages of my note-book. There were bronze amphora lamps, brooches, bracelets, delicate vases, and one very large and elegant bronze candlestick, earthen vessels of various forms, fragments of glass, amongst which were the pieces of a lovely little glass vase of the most brilliant blue colour. The belongings of the upper and under stories of this little house were curiously mingled together, objects of mere ornament being mixed up with kitchen utensils. Then came some large tiles and fragments of a large beam of wood, shewing that the roof had been crumpled in on the lower stories. It is judged to have been the shop of a seedsmen, for besides some bronze scales and weights, several large heaps of small beans, grain, and hemp-seeds came to light, with portions of wooden casks and canvas sacks in which they had been kept. A piece of sacking which I had in my hand, still tied with a bit of strig, was wonderfully perfect, although quite black. In one corner were the bones of some small animal, probably some household pet; and stuck against the wall was a skeleton of a little bird, its breast pressed against the mortar, where it had clung in its fright and bewilderment. Several human skeletons were found in other parts of the city, and one very perfect piece of Mosaic pavement. One feature of the scene not to be passed over was the intense interest displayed by the plebeian portion of the crowd—an eagerness which sorely tried the almost too great patience and gentleness of the officials, and causing loss of time from too close crowding; but the applause bestowed when the custodians held up any object to public view, and the shouts of 'Bravo!' when it happened to be anything of real classic beauty,

were rather striking, in view of all that has been said of the Italians not feeling or caring for their own antiquities."

SINGULAR DISCOVERIES.

GIVEN inclination to undertake, and leisure to perform the task, any one who would hunt up records of unexpected finds, remarkable in their nature, or by reason of the circumstances under which they were made, might easily fill a goodly sized volume with the results of their researches. Pending such a compilation, we have made note of some things not generally known in the way of singular finds, and hope a little chat amuse them will prove acceptable to our readers.

An interesting discovery, at least from an archaeological point of view, was strangely brought about several years ago. Two men were tried before the Court of Assizes of the Basses-Pyrénées for a series of burglaries and highway robberies. The evidence against them was irresistible; but none of the plunder could be traced, until one of them, Rivas, gave a hint towards solving the mystery, which sent a commissary of police to a cavern in one of the mountains. To scale the precipitous sides of the mountain was no easy task; but the officer persevered, and was rewarded by finding an enormous quantity of stolen property. The commissary having shewn that the cavern was accessible, some savants soon found their way there, and exploring it thoroughly, brought to light the remains of animals of enormous size, flint hatchets, ornamental pottery, and a number of Roman medals of the third century. The advocate of Rivas tried to turn this to account, and asked the jury to look upon his client as a pioneer of science; but they did not see the force of the argument, and he and his fellow in crime received their deserts.

Londoners do not look to stumble upon strange reptiles on their way to business, or be startled by rare birds taking the air in the streets. Yet within the last twenty years a snake was found 'at large' in Fleet Street among some woodwork; a chameleon was rescued from death at the wheels of a Holborn omnibus; and a kingfisher captured in the courtyard of the British Museum—snake, chameleon, and kingfisher being as much out of their latitude as the poor pig that fell into the saving hands of the crew of a Lowestoft lugger, while battling bravely with the waves six miles from land.

A shark, eleven feet in length, which was caught off the Scotch coast was found to contain a whole ling, a man's bonnet, sundry remnants of fish, and a soda-water bottle corked and sealed. The bottle was quickly smashed, and a paper, signed Annette Gordon, was found. It ran thus: 'On board the *Beautiful Star*, Sunday, 1st September 1872.' We have crossed the line, and all's well. Last night the captain's lady had a pretty little boy.

Heaven bless the little stranger,
Rocked on the cradle of the deep;
Save it, Lord, from every danger,
The angels bright their watch will keep.
Oh, gently soothe his tender years,
And so allay a parent's fears—
A father's love, a mother's joy;
May all that's good attend their boy.'

How long a time it took for that communication to come to land, we are unable to say. Messages committed to Neptune's charge are apt to be long delayed. The *London* was 'lost in the Bay of Biscay in January 1866; it was not till near the close of the following year that a bottle was picked up in Exmouth harbour, containing a tailor's bill, on the back of which was written: 'Lost in the ship *London*, FRANCIS DAX. Advertise to my friends that I have three thousand pounds in the *London* and Westminster Bank.' Welcome as the information may have been to those concerned, there was probably greater gratitude felt for that conveyed in the slip of paper inclosed in a bottle cast ashore on the coast of Wexford: 'The finder of this is to tell ELIZABETH GRANTON, of Ashton Grange, on the borders of London, E.C., that the secret of her birth will be found behind the picture of the Earl of Warwick in the drawing-room; and receive the blessing of a dying man.'

The Bank of England has had no end of valuables committed to its keeping. The vaults of its establishment hold mouldering chests, deposited there for safety's sake, and apparently forgotten by their owners. In 1873 one fell to pieces from sheer rottenness, exposing to sight a quantity of massive plate and a bundle of yellow papers. The latter proved to be a collection of love-letters of the period of the Restoration, which the directors were enabled to restore to the lineal descendant of the original owner!

In 1875 a tin box was fished out of the Seine containing more than five hundred letters, addressed to divers persons in Paris. The box—set afloat miles above Paris—had been hermetically sealed, and was furnished with little metal sails, that it might catch the current of the river at every point; but it had failed to achieve a successful voyage, and lain at the river's bottom for years with its freight of letters for the besieged Parisians, some of whom, however, had the gratification of receiving them five years after date.

The betrothed of a young watchmaker, living at Prescot, had to wait even longer for one of his love-letters. He posted it at Coventry in August 1867; but the fair one did not receive it. Luckily, no mischief arose between the pair in consequence; the course of true love run smoothly for once, and they were soon afterwards married and settled, taking up their abode in the street in which the lady had lived before marriage. One day in 1873 a worn, crumpled letter came to her. It was the lost love-letter. It had slipped down a niche in a mail-van, and been discovered upon the condemnation and breaking up of that vehicle.

At Highgate, near London, stands a public-house, from the window of which a skeleton cat challenges the notice of passers-by. In its teeth it holds a skeleton rat, caught no one knows how long ago. Just as we see them now, cat and rat were taken from the chimney, when the house was undergoing alteration.—A more grisly chimney-find fell to some workmen a few years since in the old house in the High Street of Hull notable as the birthplace of Wilberforce the slave emancipator, for the skeleton they disturbed was a human one. A banking business was at one time carried on in the house, so the bones were set down to belong to a thief who, hiding in the chimney, either preliminarily to committing felony,

or to escape pursuit after committing it, had been suffocated.

Burglars and robbers do sometimes get into tight places, and fall a sacrifice to their evil ways. Nunez the Spanish banker had a strong-room in his bank at Lerida which was never entered unless some heavy payment in gold had to be made. To this there were originally two keys, but one of them mysteriously disappeared. One day it became necessary for the cashier to visit the reserve safe, and he was not a little startled at finding that there was a key already in the lock. He hurried to Nunez with the news; and the banker himself opened the strong-room door. Inside lay the body of a man—the corpse of a discharged bank servant. He had stolen the missing key, and availed himself of an opportunity to rifle the safe; but too eager perhaps to finger the coin, had forgotten that the door fastened with a spring, and letting it close behind him, had wrought his own punishment.

In January 1878 the soda-laden ship *Irvine* arrived in the Thames from Peru, and discharged her cargo at Rotherhithe. Imbedded in the soda was found the well-preserved body of a woman, supposed—we know not on what evidence—to be one of the victims of an earthquake occurring many centuries ago.—There was not such utter uncertainty respecting a wooden coffin containing a guano effigy of a man, discovered in 1845, some seventeen feet from the top of the guano mound of Icaboe; for although the coffin and its contents crumbled to dust after an hour's exposure to the air, the finders had managed to decipher all that remained of a rude inscription—namely 'bermann' and '639,' and to come to the conclusion that the remains were those of the carpenter or *tomberrmann* of a Dutch sealing-ship, who had departed this life in 1689.

The child of a Dutch farmer at the Cape was wont to spend his idle hours on the river-bank searching for pretty pebbles. One of the youngster's acquisitions attracted his mother's notice as something out of the common, and she shewed it to a neighbour curious in such things. He would have bought it; but Mrs Jacobs ridiculed the idea, and made him a present of it. He kept it a little while, and then as readily parted with it to somebody no wiser than himself, who passed it on to a friend having sufficient curiosity to post it in an ordinary unregistered letter to Dr Atherstone, a mineralogist in Graham's Town. The expert declared the boy's pretty pebble to be a veritable diamond; as such it was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and purchased by an English gentleman for five hundred pounds.

Some five or six years ago, a young man was traversing the mountains, cañons, and valleys of Esmeralda County, Nevada, prospecting for gold and silver. As he looked down on the valley of Teel's Marsh, he saw a vast bed of white sand or something like it, and was tempted to descend and examine it. He found the place to be the bed of a dry lagoon, five miles in length, and about half as wide; and what he had taken for sand proved to be a soft clay-like deposit, in which he sank ankle-deep as he cautiously walked over it. Filling his pockets with the curious stuff, he mounted his horse again, and rode to his home in Columbus. There an assayer pronounced the contents of his pockets the finest sample of crude

borax he had ever seen. The astonished prospector—one of the large family of Smiths—lost no time in making formal claim to his find; and that obtained, he and his brother went to work with tanks, boilers, crystallisers, and all necessary appliances, and are at the present writing, as the masters of an immense establishment, driving a very profitable trade, one likely to be as permanent as profitable, since the deposit of borax in Teel's Marsh reproduces itself every two or three years, so that Smith Brothers have no fear of the supply failing.

Wonderful reports have come of late from Arizona and Colorado of rich mining 'strikes.' Mr Chiles, the owner of the most valuable claim in the Globe District of Arizona, thus relates the story of its discovery: 'I was travelling alone over the Sierras in the fall of 1876, and had reached Pinal County on my way to the Globe District, where I hoped to find a ledge that would give better paying ore than the one I had recently abandoned. Being pretty near worn out with my three weeks' profitless prospecting, I was jogging quietly along on the back of an old jack, looking out for a quiet gully where I could camp for the night out of the reach of road-agents and robskins. Seeing a likely spot on the other side of a low ridge of rock I was then coasting, I made for it, when my mule stumbled over a blind cleft, and threw me head-first to the ground. My shoulder hit a loose bit of rock, and that saved my head; although it was some time before I could put myself together again. When I was able to pick myself up, I looked at the rock I had lit on, with a critical eye, and it was not long before I found it to be a solid lump of as pure silver as is to be seen on the outside of an assay office. It was a long brown mass, which shaled off when cut with my pocket-knife, and was considerably more than I could lift, although I can handle a two-hundred-pound bag of ore without any difficulty. It lay in a kind of split in the rock, and this split was the outcrop of a silver ledge, respecting which I concluded that I could not better my luck if I travelled till doomsday. I went to work, and set off at once as big a claim as the laws of the Territory would admit. Following the streak for some way, I came across several crevices of a like character to the first, all full of shreds of the same shaly stuff, known to miners as horn-silver. Every ounce of it was worth as much as a Mexican dollar. I slept there for the night, and early next morning covered up all traces till I could get force enough to hold my own. In fifteen days my two brothers joined me, and then we set about developing. The first lot of ore we got out I packed on the backs of seven mules, and started for San Francisco, which I reached in two months, and sold out for a clear gain of eight thousand dollars. Since then my brothers and one hand have taken out over sixty thousand dollars in cash; and I reckon the mine is worth a clear million just as it stands, and will sell for twice as much as soon as the railway now building reaches the district.'

A needy Australian had reason to be thankful for his want of pence. One evening, a tired, foot-sore traveller halted at a Bush inn in Bendigo, hoping to rest there for the night; but unable to satisfy the landlord of his ability to pay for the accommodation, that worthy referred him to arier

lodgings in the Bush behind the inn, to which he was fain to betake himself. Early astir the next morning, the wayworn man loafed aimlessly about, until something met his experienced eye that set him prospecting in earnest; the something being an aniferous reef; which upon his working it paid him so well that he was able in a very short time to buy out the churlish publican. After a while he disposed of a portion of his interest in the property to a Company, designated after him Wilson and Company, which within two months of the purchase returned two large dividends to its shareholders; and it still holds its place as one of the best-paying mining Companies in the district.

THE MACE.

THE mace, it appears, was originally a weapon of war; its recognition as a symbol of power and authority being of much later date. Kings, judges, ministers, and persons in official positions in most countries evince a liking for the mace in this character; and it is deemed fitting that the symbol should be a fine specimen of metal-work or carving or both. The sword of state and the mace carried before a great personage may be taken, the one as an emblem of judicial punishment, the other of governmental authority—the two functions combined in the same individual.

The serjeant at mace, or serjeant of mace, equivalent to mace-bearer, has for ages been a functionary invested with what may be called the ceremonial part of authority both in the House of Commons and elsewhere. The mace at one period, and in some parts of England, was a necessary adjunct or preliminary to the due execution of legal and judicial processes. For the royal maces we must go to the Tower of London; where, in the almost priceless collection known as the *regalia*, we find emblems of royalty in great profusion. Five crowns—one with the finest pearl in the world—the orb, the ampula or golden eagle for containing the anointing oil at the coronation, the curtain or sword of mercy, the sword spiritual and the sword temporal, bracelets or armille, the royal spurs, and—added during the present reign—the far-famed Koh-i-noor diamond, the 'mountain of light'. Lastly, there are the maces, sceptres, or rods. These comprise the royal sceptre with the cross, thirty-three inches in length, richly adorned with precious stones; St. Edward's staff, made of gold, four and a half feet in length, and weighing ninety pounds—with an orb at the top said to contain a fragment of the true cross; the sceptre of the dove, or rod of equity, having a dove with outspread wings above the orb; Queen Victoria's sceptre, with a richly gemmed cross; the ivory sceptre of Queen Maria d'Este (wife of James II.), surmounted by a dove of white onyx; and the sceptre of Queen Mary, wife of William III.

Who has not seen the Lord Mayor's Show, and the glittering mace which Mr Mace-bearer displays at one of the windows of the Lord Mayor's gorgeously ponderous state coach? This mace is a fine specimen of goldsmith's work of the fifteenth century—some parts much older. It is supposed to be the same which Stow wrote about in his *Annals* when describing Queen Elizabeth's process-

ion to St Paul's in 1568, to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. In modern times, whenever the sovereign enters the City of London in anything like state, the Lord Mayor presents the City sword but not the sceptre. The same functionary has for many centuries borne the sceptre at the Coronations.

The Lord Mayor's mace or sceptre, just mentioned as a symbol of civic authority, is a staff about eighteen inches in length, composed in great part of crystal, cut with lozenge or diamond-shaped facets, and encircled with gold bands. The channeling is filled with thin fillets of gold; and the golden divisions are studded at intervals with eight rows of large seed-pearls. The upper part is composed of four crosses and an equal number of fleurs-de-lis, and studded with three rubies, three sapphires, and six very large seed-pearls arranged in groups. The fleurs-de-lis are supposed to have been added in the time of the Plantagenets.

Details of a very curious kind have been collected respecting the maces and sceptres belonging to the corporate towns in various parts of the kingdom: information obtained in the first instance from the Reports of the Municipal Corporations Commissioners, with later corrections and additions from other sources.

The city of Canterbury, it appears, has a mace, and a sword of state displayed on certain ceremonial occasions. The sword was presented to the city by King James I. The original charter granted by Henry VI. empowered the mayor to appoint serjeants at mace to bear the maces before his Worship—for there were more maces than one.

The corporation of the city of York claim to possess a silver mace, a large sword of state, and another state sword of smaller dimensions. The mighty sword, made so far back as the year 1439, and presented to the city by the father of the queen of Richard II., is borne in ceremonial state on Easter Day, Christmas Day, and a few other occasions; but can only be carried without fatigue by a somewhat powerful man. The smaller sword, dated 1545, a gift from the Lord Mayor of London in that year, is more frequently used. The Cap of Maintenance—as it is called—worn by the sword-bearer on special occasions, is so dignified a symbol of civic authority that he doffs it to no one whatever, and may even wear it during Divine service in the minister or elsewhere.

The old city of Winchester has a record in the corporate books to the effect that, in the second year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a riot took place in reference to a disputed claim to the ownership of Padisham Marsh. One rioter named White was fined by Sir John Guildford for inciting the rest, and for 'contempt of the mayor and his officer bearing the mace'; and another was fined twenty nobles 'towards the remaking or making great of a new mace'—thus indirectly implying that though the wisdom might not necessarily be in the wig, the virtual embodiment of authority is in the mace.

Southampton has the honour of possessing two large gold maces and one of smaller dimensions; one of these is as old as the time of Henry VIII. It used to be the custom, when the mayor's lady went to church on state occasions, to bear one of these maces before her; she wore a scarlet gown

as a token of distinction. Southampton has also, among its relics of the past, a two-handed sword five feet in length—a formidable weapon which no puny mortal could wield; and an ear, which is borne before the mayor as a token of the Admiralty rights of that borough.

Hastings does not boast, so far as we are aware, of a corporate mace; but it possesses a monster punch-bowl, having a capacity of sixteen quarts. Associated with this bowl is a story to the effect that the barons of the Cinque Ports—that is, the members of parliament for Hastings, &c.—have the privilege of bearing the canopy over the sovereign at the coronation. When they had performed this function at the coronation of George II. and his queen-consort, they claimed the silver staves which had upheld the canopy; and this perquisite was acceded to. They, however, were not selfish in the matter, for they presented the staves to the corporation of Hastings. Banqueting rather than royal reminiscences was in favour with the borough authorities; they caused the staves to be melted down, and the silver used to make the Brobdingnagian punch-bowl.

Glastonbury possesses, or possessed a few years ago, a staff as a substitute for a mace; it was of silver, and could claim an existence of more than three centuries. This staff was borne before the warden or chief functionary of the corporation.

The city of Carlisle is especially favoured in the possession of a silver mace, a sword of state, a silver tankard, and a silver loving-cup, all the gift of the Earl of Carlisle in the time of Queen Anne.

At Folkestone in the olden time, on the election of a mayor, the townsmen were summoned to the churchyard by the blowing of a burghmote horn, before proceeding to church to hear Divine service. The outgoing mayor and jurats then gathered around the cross in the churchyard; the former delivered an address, and directed the townsmen to go into the chancel and elect a new mayor. This tells of very early times indeed, as does the name of the town itself—Folkestone. If the borough possesses a mace, it must have been of much later introduction.

Edinburgh has a handsome gilt silver mace, surmounted by a crown, and bearing national emblems, with the date 1617. As this was the year in which James I. returned to pay a visit to his Scottish subjects, this mace may be presumed to have been prepared for the occasion along with other civic paraphernalia still in use.

More than forty other towns, in addition to those above named, are known to possess or to have at one time possessed, a mace as the symbol of corporate authority. For instance, Dunwich, now a decayed old town in Suffolk, had at one time a small silver mace shaped like a thick bolt or arrow. Norwich has a sword of state and three maces; one of which was presented to the city by Queen Elizabeth, and another by Sir Robert Walpole. The university cities of Oxford and Cambridge possess silver-gilt maces, besides smaller maces for the town sergeants. Bristol is said to be favoured with the ample allowance of nine maces and four swords; one of the latter was presented to the city as far back as the time of Henry VI. High Wycombe had a silver-gilt rod or staff for the mayor to carry, while a mace was borne before him. Chard, although without a mace, possesses a corporate sword, two muskets,

and six helmets—rather warlike for so quiet a place. Loughor, in South Wales, which now thinks more about coal than of anything else, once had two old maces, made of wood, and ornamented; these were afterwards supplanted by four maces made of brass.

It may be remarked before concluding, that the maces of corporate bodies have sometimes been made to do double duty—as symbols of authority, and as drinking-cups on great occasions. According to the fashioning of the upper part, the cup becomes in some instances a tankard, in others a bowl. The top of the mace was made to screw on or fit into the lower part; and occasionally the lower part itself was made hollow, to serve as an additional reservoir of choice beverage. On great festive occasions a mace of such a kind, filled with wine, was handed round to the principal guests; it was then refilled with spiced ale, which the sergeants at mace and other minor officials quaffed off with great relish. Among other towns thus provided may be mentioned the borough of Bridgworth, which had two maces of silver-gilt, supported by twisted columns about twenty-four inches in length; when unscrewed, the upper part of each became a drinking-cup of about one quart liquid capacity. These symbols of civic dignity and banqueting were fabricated about two centuries ago.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'HAROLD!' There is something in my mother's voice that warns me she is about to branch an unpleasant topic of conversation; for she pronounces my name in a timid, deprecating manner, suggestive of— What? I inwardly run over a list of disagreeables peculiar to her sex—servants, new bonnets, match-making, and, last but by no means least, house-cleaning.

'Yes, mother,' I reply, as cheerfully as the circumstances will permit.

'What very settled weather we're having for April.'

I thought so—it is house-cleaning!

'It won't last, though,' is my unfeeling rejoinder.

'Don't you think so, dear? I am sorry for that. I thought it would be such an excellent opportunity for having the house cleaned and perhaps re-papered.'

'Oh! pray don't put yourself to the trouble of having it re-papered on my account, mother.'

'No, my dear. It is very considerate of you to wish to save me trouble; but Lady Haughton was advising me to have our rooms done like hers, on the "high-art" system.'

'Bother Lady Haughton!' I mentally ejaculate.

I pretty well guessed she was at the bottom of the mischief. It is she who has been giving my mother lessons in 'high-art.' Of course it is! Before she came into the neighbourhood, my revered parent was as 'art-less' as a new-born babe; now she is transformed into a true daughter of Eve.

I am an only son, and my mother is a widow. Before the advent of the aforesaid titled lady, a

happier pair than we two could not be found under the sun ; but since that ill-starred day when we were honoured by an 'At Home,' to which in an evil hour we responded, my domestic felicity has come to an end. Incessant visits are interchanged between the two ladies, who have conceived that violent liking for each other, incomprehensible to man, but a part and parcel of woman's composition. If Lady Haughton is not at our house, my mother is at hers. (N.B.—It is more frequently the former, for the rent-roll of the House of Haughton is far from long.) Then 'dear Mrs Gilchrist's little dinners are so admirably arranged,' and 'dear Mrs Gilchrist's carriage is so roomy, and rides so easily ;' in short, all 'dear Mrs Gilchrist's' possessions are so superior to 'dear Lady Haughton's,' that my misguided relative is actuated by the profoundest pity to lend every portable article in the house—including our French cook—to her less fortunate friend, and to work my favourite chestnuts almost to death. Can you wonder then, that my feelings towards this disturber of our peace are the reverse of amiable, and that my assumed cheerfulness suddenly vanishes at the mention of her name ? In fact I am afraid I look decidedly cross as I push back my chair from the table, and answer : 'Well then, mother, since you deem it a positive necessity to turn the house out-of-windows, I shall run down to the seaside for a week or two. I can't, and won't endure being hunted from one room to another to please Lady Haughton, and you know the abominable odour of paint always knocks me up.'

'Where do you think of going, dear?' asks my mother complacently.

'Oh, I don't know!' is my ungracious reply; and lighting a cigar, I stroll into the garden to meditate on a bachelor's woes; for had my mother been my wife, she would have been bound to obey me, not I her.

Hitherto I have entertained a profound horror of matrimony, founded upon the experience of sundry male friends—well, we'll say *blessed* with partners of the Haughton school; but since breakfasting my ideas on that subject have been undergoing a rapid change. A wife may be controlled; a mother, filial respect forbids to be. Fortunately—or unfortunately, whichever the case may be—I am by no means susceptible to the tender passion; in fact I pride myself upon my heart being perfectly adamant. When I hear that my voice is 'almost equal to Sims Reeves's,' that I waltz 'divinely,' that I am the best hand at croquet, badminton, lawn-tennis, &c. 'for miles round,' and when informed by my easily gulled parent that '*that nice girl Miss So-and-so thinks Mr Gilchrist the handsomest man she ever saw*;' I set it all down to the fact that I am heir-presumptive to a baronetcy, and in many other respects what is termed a 'good catch.' But putting aside that fact, the last assertion would alone have destroyed any Miss So-and-so's chance of ever becoming Lady Gilchrist; the fib was too palpable. I am not ugly; but I certainly am not handsome. You shall judge for yourself; then I shall not be accused of injustice towards 'Miss So-and-so.' As far as I can see I have a tolerably well-shaped head, adorned with closely cropped black hair, a healthy brick-dust complexion, a 'composite or mixed' nose, a pair of rather decent brown eyes—at least they would be if one were not short-sighted—a heavy

black moustache, and a herculean frame of full six feet four inches high—these complete my charms; so I think I am justified in saying I am not ugly, but certainly not unduly handsome. Of course my mother, blind where my unworthy self is concerned, thinks me quite equal to the Apollo Belvidere; indeed I am not quite certain if she were called upon to give her candid opinion as to the relative merits of that gentleman's physique and mine, whether her verdict would not be in my favour.

Under the soothing influence of a couple of choice Havanas—I am an inveterate smoker, perhaps that partly accounts for my being a bachelor at the somewhat mature age of five-and-thirty—my ill-humour vanishes; and I begin to think of my proposed exile with a certain degree of satisfaction. It is a long time before I can make up my mind where to go, but at last I decide on Brighton. So when I meet my mother at luncheon, I wear an air of such touching resignation to my fate, that it causes the dear old soul to propose putting off the house-cleaning for a few weeks, until the weather really *is* settled; but of this I will not hear, and announce my intention of starting on the morrow, wet or fine.

She takes me at my word, for that same evening I find my portmanteau packed and labelled, my rugs strapped up, and even my pocket-flask filled. So amid maternal warnings relative to damp sheets, wet feet, and staying out in the night-air, I depart en route for Brighton.

Arrived at London Bridge Station, I purchase the inevitable yellow-backed volume without which no British traveller is complete, ensconce myself in a comfortable first-class smoking-carriage, settle my body on one seat, my extraneous on another, tuck my railway rugs tightly round me, light a cigar, and open my book. No one seems inclined to disturb my peace; there are very few passengers, so most of them can follow my example and have a compartment to themselves. As one after another peers in at the window and passes by, I begin to congratulate myself on my good fortune, and to give myself up to a lazy enjoyment of my exceptionally fine cigar. But I am doomed to disappointment.

'Here you are, sir! Be quick!'

Before I have time to displace the extremities, the door is thrown open, two individuals shot in; a bang, a whistle, and we are off.

'How lucky we were to catch it, Charlie; some one pants.'

'Yes, indeed,' assents Charlie.

When I have had time to collect my scattered senses and my railway rugs, I steal a covert glance at the intruders. Charlie turns out to be a good-looking young fellow, attired like myself in a travelling ulster and tweed cap. And Charlie's—wife? Yes, I decide that at the first glance, more's the pity!—Charlie's wife is—*is* perfection. I have seen many beautiful women in my five-and-thirty years, but none to compare with Charlie's wife. I never was a good hand at describing female beauty; and as to dress—well, I refer you to my mother, and she is a partial judge. To describe Charlie's wife—or rather to faintly make the attempt—she is petite and graciously, prettily 'plump,' a perfect little Hebe, in short; and I should judge her to be from eighteen to twenty—not more, perhaps less. Her face is perfect in outline, small

and oval; the features so piquante that one forgets to notice they are not quite regular, and that the nose is decidedly tip-tilted, while the mouth is just a thought too large. But the dewy red lips that disclose a set of the prettiest little pearls it is possible to imagine, more than compensate for that very trifling defect, if defect you deem it—I do not. Her eyes are 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' fringed with long curling lashes, two or three shades darker than her pale auburn hair, and her complexion is dazzlingly fair. Coy little dimples lurk in all manner of unlooked-for corners in that bewitching face, whose greatest charm is its ever varying expression and constant animation. Allowing for my unpardonable stupidity in the matters of the toilet, suffice it to say Charlie's wife is dressed in navy-blue serge—I know the name of that material because I wear it myself—which fits her to perfection, and her hat is a saucy little felt deer-stalker to match. O Charlie, you are a lucky fellow! I feel in great danger of breaking the second clause of the tenth commandment!

What 'an awful nuisance they must think me. I hate being *de trop*; but it is not my fault; I am quite as much to be pitied as they are; so once more I bury myself in the pages of the yellow-backed volume, which like many others of its kind promises fair at first, but eventually proves a snare and a delusion. Of course my cigar was, alas! long ago doomed and cast to the winds.

For some time she keeps up a merry chatter, from which I principally gather that this is her first visit to Brighton, and that she prefers the country to London. There is none of the confidential whispering that I had dreaded, and very little love-making. Certainly I once saw her pull his long blonde moustache when she thought I was not looking, but beyond that their behaviour is most decorous. Somehow—confirmed bachelor as I am—I fancy that if I were in Charlie's place, I should not be quite so well-behaved as he is. How could any man resist those roguish blue eyes? How can Charlie? Most assuredly this is no honeymoon trip, for presently Mrs Charlie subsides into a yellow-backed volume like mine, and Mr Charlie into a nap; and who ever heard of a bridegroom indulging in forty winks at the very commencement of the tour? Instead of falling into the arms of Morpheus, I, for one, should prefer falling into the arms of my wife—that is, supposing her to be such another as Charlie's!

Evidently Mrs Charlie's book proves a snare and a delusion, for after glancing over the first few pages, she closes it with an air of impatience, and quitting her husband's side, she seats herself opposite him, and looks out of the window. By this time I have ceased pretending to peruse my yellow-backed friend, and am to all appearance engaged in contemplating the beauties of nature as seen through Charlie's window, not mine.

Meanwhile Charlie slumbers on, as tranquilly as though there were no such person as Mrs Charlie in existence, let alone sitting right before him in all her bewildering beauty. He does not even stir when she gives him a playful tap across his knuckles with her book and calls him softly by his name. With a comical little *moue*, she gazes from the window; and I begin to feel less

uneasy about violating the tenth commandment than I did at first. Such an ungallant fellow as this does not deserve such a dear little wife! I fervently wish there were no such thing as *les convenances* to be studied; then I could get into conversation with my slumbering companion's wife, which might cause her to feel less lonely than she does now. Whether intensity of desire brings the fulfilment of the wish, I know not; but this I do know, that when I see her take hold of the heavy leathern strap to let down the window, I am not at all slow in availing myself of the opportunity kind Fate throws in my way.

'Allow me!' I ejaculate, starting to my feet with an alacrity that seldom characterises my movements. (However much I may admire animation in others, I must confess to being rather addicted to taking it easy myself.)

'Thank you!' answers Charlie's wife, with a graceful little bow, and a smile that causes me to bungle most awkwardly with the strap.

'I am afraid you will find the wind rather cold,' I say, going back not to my former seat, but to the one next hers.

'O no! I think not. I cannot have too much air,' she returns with another of those dangerous smiles. 'I always think these first-class carriages are a great mistake; they are so close and ill-ventilated. For my part, I should infinitely prefer travelling third.'

'Indeed!' I laugh. The idea of Charlie's dainty little wife travelling third class is too absurd! 'I fancy you would soon alter your opinion, if you were to try the experiment.'

'Why?' she demands, lifting her pretty dark brows in disbelief.

'I'm afraid you wouldn't find the society quite so agreeable as the ventilation,' I answer.

'Oh; but I like to study life in all its phases, not only from an opera box or in a ballroom. I always envy Dickens his insight into human nature both high and low. If I were a man, I should do just as he did, go into all sorts of places and all sorts of company,' announces Charlie's strong-minded better-half; and I don't doubt that she would.

'It would be a good thing if there were a few more young ladies as sensible as yourself,' is my stilted response.

I am rather disappointed to find that bewitching Mrs Charlie is somewhat strong-minded. I like a 'womanly woman,' and have a lively horror of strong-minded females.

Does my fair companion divine my thoughts, that she hastily adds: 'You will set me down as a thorough "blue"; but I really don't deserve that epithet. For one thing, I am no believer in woman's rights.'

'Not even to the extent of allowing the window to remain open, just because it will be certain to give your husband an awful toothache, sitting as he is, right in the draught,' I slyly put in.

Charlie's wife gives me a quick, searching glance, then breaks into a little silvery laugh. 'Oh! poor boy. How thoughtless of me! Close it, by all means—if you will.'

'Shall I open the other? Perhaps you will find the smell of stale tobacco too much for you?' I hypocritically remark.

To tell the truth, I am dying for a cigar, and have been ransacking my brains for the last half-

hour as to the most delicate manner of finding out whether my fair friend objects to smoking. I don't like to put the question point-blank.

'O no; I don't mind it in the least; in fact I rather like it. You see I am used to it, for Charlie smokes from morning till night.'

'So do I,' I laughingly admit.

'And you have refrained from indulging in the pernicious weed all this time, in case its scent might annoy me?' she archly queries.

'Well—yes, I know a great many ladies object to smoking; I reply, pulling out my cigar-case, and extracting a choice Manilla. Then, opening my vesta-box, I find that I have already used the last match. 'What a nuisance!' I exclaim; 'I have omitted to supply myself with lights!'

'I can give you some,' laughs my neighbour's wife. 'Charlie is in the habit of forgetting his, so I generally carry a box;' and she passes me a natty little Russian leather fuses-case.

'What a boon it must be to have a wife to look after one's comforts!' I reply, casting to the winds any lingering scruples, and breaking the tenth commandment outright.

Charlie does not wake until we get into that abomination the tunnel; then he suddenly opens his eyes, starts up, gives me a suspicious glance, and his wife a reproving one, for we are in the midst of an animated discussion of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (Charlie's wife is wonderfully well read), and are laughing and joking as merrily as though we were old friends. We come to a dead stop, and my companion goes back to her former seat. Her jealous lord maintains a dignified silence all the rest of the journey, scarcely deigning to look at my side of the carriage; and finding her attempts at conversation only meet with monosyllabic replies, the poor little thing resumes her discarded book, and never once lifts her eyes from its pages until the train steams into Brighton Station. As she is leaving the carriage, she turns and gives me a little bow; then Charlie hurries her and the portmanteau into a fly, and they are driven away.

'Poor little woman; what a life she must have of it!' I mutter. 'That fellow is the greatest tyrant I ever came across, and yet she seems so fond of him! "Charlie dear," indeed! I'd "Charlie dear" him!' And savagely flinging away nearly half a Manilla, I too hail a fly, and am rattled off to *The Bedford* in no very enviable frame of mind.

CLAMEUR DE HA! RO!

CLAMEUR de Ha! Ro! What is it? What does it mean? We venture to assert that few generally well-informed readers know anything about the time-honoured but eccentric ceremonial which in our Channel Islands goes by this name. Originating in a feeling of romantic fealty to a powerful Duke of Normandy, a customary usage there when William I. brought these pretty and fertile isles as a part of his duchy to the English crown, strangely enough the formality is still as fresh and as vigorous, and serving almost the same purpose as it did under the régime of the Norman Conqueror. Why this tenacious vitality, is a question we are not disposed to enter into; suffice

it to say that it often forms a sensational prelude to proceedings at common-law, and that this is briefly its story.

An encroachment is being made on a worthy Channel islander's landed property. It matters not the exact shape or form the infringement is taking; a path may be in progress of cutting across his field, a wall or a building may be in course of erection on his domain, anything in short may be going on by which the rights of *meum* and *tuum* are forgotten or set at defiance. Possibly enough, but by no means imperatively necessary for the action which is to follow, the transgressing one has been warned of his tripping, but has failed to give heed to the admonition; and either through obstinacy or mistaken identity, continues to push on the encroachment. So the wronged landholder at once determines to bring 'Duke Rollo' to his aid, and by the infallible appeal to this long defunct but still omnipotent chieftain—by Clameur de Ha! Ro! in fact—to stop all further derelictions.

A disbelieving outsider of these islands might, naturally enough, run away with the impression that a writ emanating from a legal functionary would be a more effectual 'stopper' than any calling upon a dead and gone Prince; but the Guernsey or Jersey native thinks, indeed he knows, better. To him, the mandamus of the Lord-chief Justice of England, whatever authority it might carry in other matters, would not be half so summarily powerful as an appeal to Rollo. So he acts thus: He hastens to the spot where the trespass is being committed, and there, in the presence of witnesses, falling on his knees, he exclaims three times in a supplicating voice: 'Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! à l'aide, mon Prince; on me fait tort' (To my help, Rollo; they are wronging me). Why the suppliant uses the French language, when most likely he is thoroughly conversant with English, need hardly be said; it is well known that that tongue is the official one of the land, in which all deliberations take place and all documents are written. Why too he—rather disrespectfully—abbreviates his Prince's name from Rollo to Ro, is thus explained. The 'Ha' or 'Aa' is an ejaculation, 'the cry of one suffering'; and 'Ro' stands for Raoul or Rou, by which patronymic, rather than the more modern one of Rollo, the appealed to was generally known. The *clameur* thus made, who dares to disobey it? All work being effected in the encroacher's cause must cease instantaneously, or the workman himself becomes amenable to further proceedings in common with his employer. It does cease; and it so remains suspended until the right or wrong of the case has been heard before the legal tribunal of the Royal Court, and a judgment given thereon. Then it goes without saying that if the allegation is proved, the accused is mulcted in damages and costs, and is otherwise dealt with; but if, on the other hand, the charge is set aside, the accuser pecuniarily suffers for having invoked

Rello or Rou without good and sufficient cause. The Prince when alive was the prototype of equity, honour, and justice; his traditional might is still ready to uphold the right; but it is not to be called from the quiet of a tomb or clamoured for heedlessly; if so, it must be paid for.

There is more than one pretty tradition given of the origin of this strange practice; but the one generally accepted is, that it came into vogue somewhere about the year 930, while Rou, an ancestor of William the Conqueror, held the Dukedom of Normandy under fief to the French crown. Strange that this traditional usage should still be in use in these days of modern judicial improvement!

DOGS UNDER SURGICAL TREATMENT.

WE have a little dog, one of those beautiful creatures known as a 'King Charles,' on which it was found necessary to perform a surgical operation. With a heavy heart we took the animal, unconscious of what was to ensue, to the Royal Veterinary College, and was fearful as to what might be the suffering and its consequences. The operation occupied about a quarter of an hour, and though no doubt painful, was borne with a wonderful degree of quietness and patience. For an hour or two afterwards the patient was rather dull, but recovered his spirits, and is as lively as ever. On the remarkable degree of equanimity often demonstrated by dogs under surgical treatment, the *Lancet*, in a recent number, makes the following remarks:

'We have often been struck with astonishment while witnessing the patient submission of animals, especially dogs and horses, to surgical operations, and to the surgical dressings necessitated by them. A case in point has been brought under our notice. A fine pointer-bitch had a large hard fibrous tumour of the breast, with deep and far-reaching roots. The operation for its removal was very skilfully and effectually executed by Mr George Fleming, veterinary surgeon of the 2d Life Guards. During the operation, the animal displayed an amount of patience that would have been creditable in a human being. Even during the most painful part of the proceeding, that of inserting sutures, she never flinched. The same resignation was displayed when the time for dressing the wound came round. The patient received the surgeon with an air of preparation, and even put herself into position for being dressed. In the case of a similar operation on another dog some years ago, strong resistance was offered to the attempt to give chloroform; but the animal submitted to the surgical procedure as we have described above. Such facts admit of a partial explanation in the mental theory of pain, according to which suffering that is not anticipated and mentally apprehended is not pain in the acuter sense of the word. But we should be sorry to see this explanation carried so far as to deprive our dumb fellow-creatures of all credit for the submission they show under surgical treatment. We would go further, and say that they are vastly more sensible than many human beings in their estimate of the medical profession, and have instinct enough to see that even when pain is inflicted on them, it is for a good and kind purpose.'

R E S T.

WHEN thou art weary of the world, and leaning
Upon My breast,
My soul will shew to thine its hidden meaning,
And thou shalt rest.
When thou art eagerly, but vainly aiming
At some far end,
Thou knowest not thy pining and complaining
Have pierced Thy Friend.
My presence is around thee and about thee—
Thou dost not know—
But if thou knewest, thou wouldst ne'er doubt me,
I love thee so.
Thou art a very child, and needest guiding—
Thou wilt lead :
Another guide might be too quick in chiding,
Nor know thy need.

Lean on Me, child—nor faint beneath thy sighing,
With help so near :
I took upon Me all thy grief and dying
To heal thy fear,
When thou art resting in my secret dwelling,
Shadowed by Me,
Thou shalt not tire of listening—I of telling
My love for thee.
Thine eyes are bent upon each loving token
Sent by my hand;
With these alone thy spirit would be broken
In thy fair land.
Thou art a lover of all things of beauty
In earth and space;
Then, surely, 'twere thy pleasure and thy duty
Their source to trace.
Track the bright river of each much-prized blessing
Back to its source;
See all the blooming growth thy foot is pressing
Along its course.
See, gathered in thy storehouse of sweet dreaming,
Each glowing thought,
Which daylight, starlight, or the moon's sweet gleaming
To thee have brought,
All real beauty which thy heart is greeting—
In this fair earth—
All music which thy charmed ear is meeting,
From Me had birth.
But this will be revealed when thou art leaning
Upon My breast.
Thy soul shall comprehend my hidden meaning—
And thou shalt rest. JANET.

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SOME COMMON HOUSEHOLD DANGERS.

It is a healthy characteristic of the race that in these latter days increased attention is being paid both by technical men and by unscientific persons to those conditions which tend to improve the health and physical well-being of the individual and of the nation at large.

In a recent paper we directed attention to the common dangers which threaten us in our homes, and which arise from the presence of deleterious matters in one or more of our surroundings. Mr Jabez Hogg of London has well remarked for example, that 'the almost universal use of poisonous pigments in the arts and manufactures is known to be productive of a twofold noxious influence; first, upon the work-people employed in their manufacture; and secondly, on a very much larger number of persons who purchase them, and who being quite ignorant of their nature, adorn and surround themselves and their homes with the elements of disease.'

Take some common cases—constantly recurring in medical practice—of illness arising from contact with arsenic, in one form or another, and we may then be able to conceive of the numberless ways wherein we may be subjected to its influence. A member of parliament suffered from a painful eruption of the feet, traced at last to some fashionable socks, which were laid aside, with the result of ending his complaint. Some Californian miners died from the effects of poisoning produced by wearing boots lined with bright green flannel, the colour in this case being 'Schæele's green,' a well-known arsenical compound. A tradesman suffered from wearing a bright maroon flannel shirt. Paper collars glazed and stiffened with sized white-lead, and containing arsenic, have produced serious illness; and the same results have followed the wearing of hats lined with material containing arsenic, and from gloves and coat sleeves similarly treated. Five or six persons in a household were rendered suddenly ill by the matter exhaled from chintz window-curtains and bed-drapery; and green

Venetian blinds have been known in hot summer weather to give off particles of arsenic with deleterious effect. The green cloth-lining of a perambulator has affected its young occupants, and the colour from the green gas-shades in a composing-room of a printing-office has produced illness among the compositors. In the kitchen, arsenic has now and then been met with, when used to impart a green hue to dishes such as blanc-mange. In one case a gentleman was poisoned by partaking of a dish innocently enough coloured by an arsenical preparation which had been mistaken by the cook for an extract of spinach. And even in the exercise of the perfumer's art, it behoves us to be on our guard against using preparations for the hair coloured green by some compound of this substance.

We thus find that arsenic is most widely diffused around us, from the facility and above all from the cheapness with which a beautiful pigment and a favourite hue can be produced through its aid. It is undoubtedly in the form of colour in wall-papers that arsenic most frequently meets us. In paper-staining, more than one compound of arsenic is used; and in the manufacture of the beautiful aniline dyes, so extensively used, arsenic is also largely employed. One notable feature of this substance, and one also which gives it a special power of affecting us to our detriment, is the remarkable ease with which it becomes volatile. It may be readily diffused in the form of gas or minute solid particles, and is thus brought into close contact with us in our homes. Green is a very pretty colour on walls, but we would say, take care of it.

Another noteworthy remark is found in the fact that dangerous wall-papers may exhibit other than the green colours which excite our suspicions as to their healthy character. Arsenic has been detected in white, red, blue, mauve, and brown wall-papers; and of late years French pigments of well-nigh every shade of colour, and largely impregnated with the substance, have been imported into England for the use of paper-stainers. Even

the 'size' used to fix the colours on the paper may be arsenical, Mr Hogg tells us; and the apparently innocent-looking distemper-colour, used for walls and ceilings, is liable to contain its quota of this veritable 'devil's dust.' French grays and whites are largely arsenical, and we have the evidence of a paper-hanger himself, that disease follows those who work among gray papers more than any other class in the trade. And what shall be thought of the morality of the proceeding, described by Miss Osborne of the Sydney Hospital, who writes that a foreman-painter and decorator stated to her that 'confectioners often come to our shop for large quantities of colours, some of them harmless enough, others poisonous enough, for colouring lollies (sweets); and the quantity of those sweets consumed by young and old in the colony is something marvellous.'

It is by no means an uncommon thing to see bakers' shops, especially in the country, painted within of a bright green colour. The dangers incidental to such a choice of pigment are well illustrated by Dr Taylor's case in which a quantity of green pigment had attached itself to some loaves of bread which were supplied to his own household. This pigment on being analysed yielded fifty per cent. of arsenic, and had been taken off the baker's shelves by the heat of the new bread which had been placed upon them. Even the air of a room in which a quantity of stuffed birds were placed was found to be impregnated with this compound, the presence of which gave rise to symptoms of poisoning. Bird-stuffers use preservative preparations in which arsenic holds a chief place.

Enough has been said to shew the dangers by which we are surrounded in many ways—dangers these which like solid facts may serve as the beacon-lights of the wise amongst us. It is perfectly true that other ways and means of producing colour exist than those in which arsenic forms a chief ingredient. Science has been most successful in producing colouring-matters which are absolutely harmless. But so long as cheapness is an object to the manufacturer, so long experience seems to prove to us will deleterious substances which cost little be used to produce effects, the mere utility of which (as for instance in the case of confectionery) may be gravely questioned. Under the circumstances, and as a matter of public health and safety, there seems no resource but to indicate strict parliamentary legislation in these matters as the chief hope of the sanitary reformer. The public health is a matter over which jealous guardians appointed by the state should, and to a certain extent do, keep watch. But in such directions as those we have indicated there seems to have been little or no attempt made to sternly suppress the manufacture and use of noxious ingredients, which as we have pointed out, injure not merely the public health, but needlessly endanger the physical well-being of those engaged in the occupation. But a few years ago, the Adulteration Act struck at the root of a very base and nefarious proceeding. It is not too much to say that posterity will have cause to hail that legislator as a true benefactor to his country and race, who shall frame and carry into law an enactment forbidding the wholesale use of the very poisons from which in another way we are

protected by the legislation affecting the chemist's shop.

It would appear moreover, that other nations have, in this respect, set us an example we should do well to follow. In Germany the sale of arsenical wall-papers is illegal. In France also, no such papers are permitted to be sold; and as early as 1845 their manufacture was prohibited in Bavaria. It is, however, interesting to note that soon after the Bavarian edict was passed, a concession was made to the manufacturers of such papers, with the result of again permitting the practice. But abuses soon crept in; and a Commission of inquiry having declared that cases of arsenical poisoning were on the increase, the original law of 1845 was again put in force, with satisfactory results. In our own country, evidence of the highest order was adduced before a Committee of the House of Lords in 1857. The Sale of Poisons Act was thereafter framed, but this Act affects the pharmaceutical relations of drugs and poisons alone, and leaves as we have seen, the wholesale use of arsenic and other poisons in our houses, and in our food, absolutely unrestricted. The cry of hardship to the commercial world is one which is of no avail where death and disease exist as the plain alternative to the unrestricted use of noxious and commonly used substances. And were evidence required on this subject, and regarding the possibility of the presumed hardship and interruption to commerce being successfully combated, we might cite Mr Hogg's remark that the Messrs Cooke of Leeds do not allow arsenic in any form to be used in their manufactory.

The dangers by which we are environed are unfortunately not limited to those arising from the manufacturers' unwarrantable use of arsenic. A volume might be written with good effect and with more than sufficient reason on the dangers to health which proceed from such sources as lead-poisoning produced by the chemical action of water on the lead of pipes and cisterns. But there are common precautions known to every household which readily avert the possibilities of such contamination. Lead in other forms may affect us however. This metal in one form or another—most commonly in that of 'sugar' or 'acetate of lead'—is found in some of the hair-dyes and cosmetics with which the advertising columns of our journals and newspapers teem. In such a form, the presence of lead has been known to give rise to very serious effects—all the more to be deplored because of their thoroughly preventable character by the disuse of these foibles of the toilet-table. Of the dangers arising from the use of copper vessels in the kitchen much has been written and said. Chemical changes of injurious and poisonous nature are apt to result when copper is brought in contact with foods containing acids or oily or fatty matters, which oxidise the metal, and impart a green hue to the food. Therefore no food containing acid, or of an oily nature, should be prepared or be allowed to cool in a copper vessel. In a clean copper vessel, food may be prepared without danger, provided it is allowed to cool in another vessel of different material. The pickle-manufacturer has occasionally been known to use 'blue-stone' or sulphate of copper to colour his preparations. A familiar test for this most unwarrantable adulteration, is that of placing a steel needle in the suspected bottle of pickles,

when if copper has been used, the needle will become coated with a deposit of copper.

The list of common household dangers might be indefinitely prolonged, but enough has been said to draw attention to the character of the influences which may beset us even in these days of advanced civilisation and social luxury. If science has provided us with many deleterious substances useful in the arts and manufactures, it has no less clearly shewn us the remedy for their action, and has above all produced innocuous substitutes which may be employed in their stead.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

IN the course of our conversation I have discovered that Charlie is a doctor, that they live at Kensington, that they have come to Brighton for a fortnight because Charlie is done up with hard work, and that they are going to stay with some friends in Regency Square. I had hoped they would put up at the same hotel as myself; for somehow or other I am interested in my travelling companions. And yet, I don't know that I am particularly interested in Charlie! What man is particularly interested in any member of his own sex?

For two days I see nothing of either of them, although I am out from early in the morning till late at night, and keep a pretty sharp look-out for a navy-blue serge dress and deer-stalker hat. Such dresses there are in plenty, and I have had one or two disappointments in the matter of the hat; but a second glance at the wearer puts all doubt to rest, for Charlie's wife has a nameless grace that few of these fashionable fair possess. I begin to feel very bitter towards Charlie, who is evidently a thorough Bluebeard, and keeps his wife locked up in some back-room at Regency Square; for must I confess to having occasionally strolled by that quarter and scanned not a few of the numerous windows, in hope of catching 'only a smile as I passed?' However, on the evening of the third day I happen to be walking along the beach in the direction of Bluebeard's Castle, when suddenly I come upon Charlie, his wife, and a very stylish-looking girl, whom I instantly set down as one of the friends with whom they are staying. She is walking next to Charlie; and indifferent as my sight is, I can see how affectionately she is looking up into his face, and that evidently he is not repelling those amorous glances. His neglected little wife is gazing absently at the great foam-crested waves that come tumbling on to the shore, no doubt wishing that one would come and carry her far away from the man to whom she is bound soul and body. So 'wraapt in dismal thinking' is she, that I pass unnoticed. As for Charlie, he has eyes for nought else than the girl at his side. I turn and watch them out of sight, with an overwhelming desire to perform the part of that wave, for which (I imagine) she is vainly, sadly longing, and to snatch her up and bear her far away from her cruel faithless bondsman, to a home where she should reign a very little queen, and where Harold Gilchrist would be her most loyal and loving subject. 'Thou shalt

not covet thy neighbour's wife,' whispers that troublesome mentor Conscience; but I stoutly refuse to obey its dictates, and Mrs Charlie—by-the-bye, I wonder what her other name is!—plays a very prominent part in my dreams.

The following morning I stroll down to the beach as usual about half-past nine, take a dip, then ensconce myself behind a high shady breakfast-water, and prepare to enjoy my meerschaum and a novel, with a faint hope that the heroine of my dreams may pass this way. I have just finished my pipe when I hear a rustling on the other side of the breakwater, and presently some one begins to read aloud. It is a man's voice, deep but not unpleasant; he is reading the well-known tale of *Enoch Arden*. Whoever the reader may be, he certainly understands the art of managing his voice. Now it rises, now it falls, now it is sorrowful, now angry, now tender. Every inflection is perfect, especially the last, which leads me to suppose that his auditor is not his sister or his mother; and this opinion is soon afterwards confirmed. When the poem is ended, I hear a musical voice say: 'Poor Enoch!'

'Yes. Rather an awkward predicament—wasn't it—to come home and find your wife married to another man? What would you have done, Miss Fairfax, if you had been in the heroine's place?' queries the reader earnestly.

'I don't know, Dr Carington. I cannot imagine anything so dreadful as being married to one man and loving another,' answers his companion in a low awe-stricken voice.

'Or vice versa,' he puts in. 'And yet how often it occurs! How many men are drawn into marrying a woman for whom they have not one spark of real love! One half the marriages nowadays are mistakes.'

'Yes,' sighs Miss Fairfax; 'you have good cause to say so.'

'Mabel, don't remind me of my folly! It is a thing of the past now, and regret is useless,' he says in passionate low tones. Then his voice takes a dangerously tender inflection: 'Mabel, do you despise me for that mistake?'

I begin to feel that I am playing a dishonourable part in listening to a conversation evidently not intended for a stranger's ears; but something roots me to the spot, and I strain my ears to catch the girl's reply; it is almost inaudible, even though the parrot that divides us is very slight. 'You know I do not, Dr Carington.'

'Then why do you punish me for so cruelly? Can you not see that it is to you, and you only that my heart is given? That other poor girl—heaven help her!—knew nothing of what had gone before, or she would never have married a man whose life's love was given to another. Poor child! She never guessed that I repented my rashness, directly the words that sealed both our fates had left my lips. Mabel! have you quite forgotten those old happy days when we were all in all to each other?'

No answer.

'Have you, darling?'

No answer.

'Mabel, you torture me! Say, have you forgotten?' pleads the man in hoarse accents.

'How could I?'

'Then darling, by the memory of those by-gone days when no one had come between us—by the

love which has never died, and can never be overcome, I implore you to end my misery, and to break the foolish vow that keeps us apart! It is not only for my sake, darling'—

'But Charlie, your wife'—

'Charlie, your wife!' I wait to hear no more; but start to my feet, and one glance behind the breakwater confirms my worst suspicions. Reclining beside the girl with whom I had seen him walking on the previous evening, is my poor little friend's faithless husband. His false eyes are fixed on the dark face bending over him, with a hungry passionate love that quite transforms his somewhat apathetic countenance; and restraining an almost overpowering impulse to lay him dead at the feet of his guilty, heartless love, I stride wrathfully away, with a great unutterable pity at my heart for the pretty child who has been so ruthlessly betrayed. Of one thing I am resolved—that is, she shall not remain in ignorance of the intimacy existing between her wretched husband and her supposed friend. The blow may seem a cruel one; but better—far, far better that she should know their true characters now, than in the time to come, when her love would perchance have taken deeper root, and have become a part of her life. Poor little wife! Poor loving little heart! Will you thank me for tearing the veil from before your eyes, or will you rue the day when I first crossed your path? I know not; but whichever it may be, my purpose is unalterably fixed.

At first I think I will send an anonymous letter, to warn Mrs Carington of her husband's treachery; then I remember that I do not know their exact address. Moreover, I hate anything underhand, and it seems such a harsh, coarse way of awaking her from her brief dream of happy married life. I never doubt her love for the man whose name she bears. 'Charlie dear!' I hear the sweet fond voice repeating, and a strange mist rises to my eyes as I think that in a few short hours I must slay that trustful love with a relentless hand. And yet why should I? I am to them a stranger, as they are strangers to me. What right have I to interfere in what does not in anyway concern me? All the remainder of the morning and all the afternoon I wrack my brain as to whether I am justified in disclosing the sad truth; and still undecided, I wend my steps in the direction of Regency Square. I walk gloomily along, my eyes bent on the ground, and my mind all concentrated on the one subject. So engrossed am I, that when a silvery voice at my elbow bids me 'Good-evening,' I start as guiltily as though I had been planning a murder. Perhaps I have; who knows? Many women have died from broken hearts, and am I not about to break Charlie's wife's? Hastily I raise my eyes at the sound of that sweet voice; and I feel the hot blood rush to my shamed face when I find myself side by side with the object of my unhappy thoughts. How bright and pretty she looks, in her soft gray dress and rose-wreathed hat! The wind is blowing the soft yellow rings of her hair all about her lovely childish face, and her violet-hued eyes dance with happy content. Oh! Harold Gilchrist, your task is a hard one! No wonder you shudder when you take that friendly little hand in yours!

'I thought at first that you had forgotten me,

for you stared at me as though I were a spectre,' laughs Charlie's wife.

'Did I?' I query in a voice that I vainly strive to make gay as her own.

'Yes; even now you don't appear to have quite recovered from the shock.'

'How do you like Brighton?' I ask, anxious to change the subject.

'Oh, it is delightful! I am as happy as the day is long; and as for Charlie, he is already getting quite himself again. That fact alone is sufficient to make me love Brighton. We were all so anxious about the dear boy. He is so good and clever, that every one likes him; and his practice is increasing so rapidly that he is literally worked to death,' she answers, her lovely face aglow with fond pride.

'You love him very dearly?' I awkwardly stammer.

She looks up at me with such honest surprise in her innocent blue eyes!

'Love Charlie! Of course I do; better than any one in the whole wide world. What makes you ask me such a question?'

There is no trace of anger in her tones, only wonder that I should doubt her affection for him to whom she is bound by vows taken in the sight of heaven.

'I—I didn't know. One is apt to make a mistake, even in marriage,' I blurt out fiercely, tugging at the hirsute appendage on my upper lip in sheer desperation at the awkwardness of the situation. No; I can't do it! Better leave her to find out the truth by degrees, than let my mouth speak the daggers that will pierce her very heart's core. And yet—

'Did you think I had made a mistake?' asks Mrs Carington, looking up at me with a half-mischievous, half-triumphant, and wholly captivating smile.

I make one great despairing effort to keep back the cruel monosyllable that rises to my lips; but it will force its way through. 'Yes.'

'You did! Why?'

'Can you not guess?' I ask, vainly hoping that my task may be rendered easier by her reply.

'No; unless it was because Charlie was rather vexed with me for talking to you in the train, the other day; and you set him down as an unreasonably jealous tyrant. But I assure you he is not jealous, in the ordinary acceptance of the term; he is only very careful of me, and did not like my talking so familiarly to a stranger. Is that why you thought I had made a mistake?' she interrogates eagerly.

Oh! why can she not understand?

'Can you think of no other reason for my thinking so? My opinion was not founded on anything that occurred that day,' I add.

'But we have only met once since.'

'I saw him last night,' I announce so solemnly, that my companion breaks into a merry mocking little laugh.

'And what was he doing to me then—beating me?' she saucily queries.

'No; he was too much engaged other ways than to be paying his wife even that attention,' is my angry retort. I have taken the dreaded plunge now, and my suppressed passion breaks loose, regardless of control.

'You mean that he was too busy flirting with

my friend Miss Fairfax, to take any notice of me. Is that all?"

Can I believe my ears? Are those cool collected tones Charlie's wife's? I feel that I have made myself a fool, and that she is amusing herself at my expense.

'Is that all?' I echo scornfully. 'No; it is not; and heedless of the pain I may be—must be, if the girl has any heart at all—inflicting, I pour forth the story of her husband's faithlessness and her friend's treachery.

She hears me to the end without comment of any kind, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her lips tightly compressed. I see no signs of tears on the thick drooping lashes, no paling of the rose-tinted cheeks. Even when my tale ceases, she maintains that unnatural silence. It alarms me, this stony calm, far more than would any violent outburst of grief.

'Mrs Carington, for heaven's sake, speak, if only to reproach me for opening your eyes to the sad truth!' I exclaim, my voice wrung with sorrow.

No answer, save a curious twitching of the pretty coral lips and a smothered inarticulate sound. It cannot be a laugh, unless in my cruel awakening I have driven her mad. I feel my face blanched deathly white at the horrible thought, and cry in agony: 'For pity's sake, speak! You frighten me.'

Slowly the long lashes are lifted, and a pair of unmistakably sane blue eyes meet mine. 'Who told you Charlie was my husband?'

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at my feet, I should not have started more violently than I do at those few calmly spoken words.

'Why, yourself, madam!' I gasp, almost speechless with astonishment.

'Pardon me; it was you who gave him that title, not I,' she answers, her eyes demurely wrinkled.

'Then what, in the name of patience, is he?' I exclaim, half laughing in spite of feeling most uncomfortably 'small.'

'My brother.'

The ridiculous rôle I have been playing proves too much for my gravity, and I burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in which Miss—not Mrs—Carington joins.

'Why did you allow me to continue in my absurd mistake?' I ask, when our mirth has slightly abated.

'Oh, just for fun, you know. I told Charlie all about it afterwards, and he *did* laugh.'

'But after all, the fact of your brother's infidelity to his wife—whichever she may be—still remains,' I say, grown suddenly grave, and beginning to think our mirth somewhat ill-timed.

'You mean well, I see, but you do not understand. Poor boy! he has had a great deal of trouble, and we seldom talk of it. But it is necessary that I should vindicate his honour in this instance. When little more than a mere boy, he fell in love with Mabel Fairfax,' explains Miss Carington; 'and in course of time they became engaged. Shortly after their engagement, Charlie, being in delicate health, went out to Melbourne for a thorough change, intending that the wedding should take place immediately he returned; and Mabel left London on a visit to some friends in Hampshire. After she had been gone two or three weeks, reports began to reach

us that a wealthy Squire down there was paying her a great deal of attention, and that she in noway repulsed him; in fact our informant—who by the way was terribly jealous of Mabel—gave us to understand that she evidently regretted her promise to Charlie. This was quite enough for poor mamma; she had always been averse to my brother's early engagement, and thought this an excellent opportunity to get him to break it off. So she wrote and told him all she had heard; and by the next mail came a letter to say that he was married to a young lady whom he had met on the voyage out. Of course he had only married her to spite his supposed faithless one. Poor mamma did not long survive the news; she died in a fit of apoplexy; and as there was no one else to take care of me, and our property required looking after, Charlie and his wife came to live in England. But the poor girl was consumptive, and our uncertain climate soon killed her. As you may imagine, Mabel was almost heart-broken when she heard that Charlie had so readily believed the false stories raised against her, and had renounced himself by marrying a girl he had known but a few weeks. She was angry too, dreadfully angry, and vowed never to trust in man again. Many times since he has been free has Charlie asked her to marry him; but although he is as dear to her as he ever was, and although she has quite forgiven him, she will not break her vow; and until she does, the poor boy will never be happy.—So now, are you not ashamed of having so misjudged the very best brother on earth?' she saucily demands.

'What a fool you must have thought me!' I say shamefacedly.

'Rather,' she returns with a demure little smile.

'Will you forgive me, and promise, as a favour, not to tell any one of my absurd mistake?' plead I, feeling unaccountably happy without exactly knowing why.

'I will forgive you; but I don't know about not telling. The joke is too good to lose.—Talk of the angels and they are sure to appear!' she suddenly exclaims. 'Here come Charlie and Mabel. I will introduce you to my "treacherous friend" and my "faithless husband,"' she laughs.

'Be generous, Miss Carington,' I entreat; but the whole story comes out; and the principal actors in it having come to a very satisfactory understanding during the last few hours, I am readily forgiven my eavesdropping, and we spend the evening together very pleasantly. I discover that the Caringtons are very friendly with my *bête noire* Lady Haughton, and that they have met my mother at her ladyship's house on one occasion; moreover, I hear with curious satisfaction that Miss Carington thinks my maternal relative the 'nicest old lady' she ever saw.

'I say, Olive, I wonder if Mrs Gilchrist told a certain gentleman your opinion of him?' puts in Charlie slyly. 'Because if not, I think I will.'

'Charlie, if you dare utter another word, I'll box your ears!' threatens his sister, blushing to the very roots of her golden curls.

'One good turn deserves another,' laughs her brother. 'You told tales of Mr Gilchrist, so I tell tales of you.—You must know, Mr Gilchrist, that your mother and my worthy sister were looking

over Lady Haughton's album together, when they chanced to alight on "the portrait of a gentleman," which especially took Miss Olive's fancy—she is very impressionable, you must know. With all the enthusiasm of "sweet seventeen," she did not hesitate to pronounce him "the handsomest man she had ever seen;" and with extreme naïveté, turned to Mrs Gilchrist to know whether she was not of the same opinion. "You must not ask my opinion, my dear, for I am a partial critic; that gentleman is my son," answered your mother. I leave the rest to your imagination!

So I have discovered the perpetrator of that very 'palpable fib;' and Miss So-and-so turns out to be Miss Olive Carington! Harold Gilchrist, did you not once say that 'that fib alone' would have destroyed any Miss So-and-so's chance of ever becoming Lady Gilchrist?

Well, what if I did? It is not the first mistake I have made. Moreover, Miss So-and-so implores me not to put faith in Charlie's veracity. But I don't know about that; I am inclined to think he is telling the truth, and nothing but the truth.

We part at Regency Square, the very best friends possible, and as I hold in mine a certain little hand, I say to its fair owner: 'Do you know I have been guilty of a great sin?'

'What is it?' she queries, not withdrawing that dear little hand.

'Breaking the second clause of the tenth commandment: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife,"' I reply. Immediately the hand is snatched away, and Miss Carington runs indoors.

'Harold!'

'My darling!'

'I have some news for you. Charlie and Mabel are to be married on the 24th of next month.'

'Indeed, I am glad to hear it. Charlie is such a good fellow that he deserves to be happy.'

'You didn't always think him "such a good fellow,"' says my saucy wife of two blissful months' standing.

'No; there was a time when, as your favourite Macaulay says of Byron, I began to think it my duty to hate my neighbour, and to love my Neighbour's Wife.'

A NOBLE DEED.

AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

TWO-AND-TWENTY years ago a deed was performed which has scarcely any parallel in the annals of modern wars. The hero of it was a gentleman belonging to the Uncovenanted Civil Service of India, named Thomas Henry Kavanagh, whom we lately referred to in our article on the 'Two Crosses of Honour' as having been killed in battle; but who, we are glad to learn, is still living, and holding a high official position at the scene of his wonderful exploit. A generation having sprung up since the eventful times of the Indian Mutiny, we make no hesitation in recalling and offering to our readers the story of the exploit itself.

India—that brightest gem in Queen Victoria's crown—trembled in the balance; and the empire

was thrilling with horror over the terrible massacre of English women and children at Cawnpore, when the news came that a gallant little band of devoted men were defending themselves in the Residency at Lucknow against the hordes of a savage and relentless enemy. From the beginning to the end of this remarkable siege, Kavanagh—civilian though he was—appears to have figured conspicuously in the defence, for no sooner was the Residency invested by the mutineer forces, than he set to work to arm and drill all the civilians in the place; and in spite of much ridicule from the military men, ultimately succeeded in organising a corps of volunteers that did splendid service for the state. Tall and handsome, with an evident *empressment* for military life, Kavanagh proved himself the *beau-ideal* of a hero; and in a book published by him in 1890, entitled *How I won the Victoria Cross*, he describes the yearnings of his heart for distinction, and the feelings of exaltation with which, when he rose from a sick-bed in which he had been prostrated by a brief illness, he heard that the siege was not yet raised, nor the Mutiny over.

Two-and-twenty years is not a very long period in the history of a nation; but in these go-ahead and progressive times, when grand and important events are of frequent occurrence, the past becomes a dim perspective, in which names and scenes that were once as familiar to us as household words are relegated to an obscurity which they do not deserve. Such exploits as that which we are about to relate are, however, like hidden jewels, which ever and anon flash forth with greater brilliancy than before, exciting the increased admiration of all who gaze upon them. The siege of Lucknow put to the test all those qualities which Englishmen possess and exhibit in times of supreme necessity—namely, a sublime confidence in the midst of danger, a noble sense of duty, and an unselfish heroism; and the brave man who is the subject of this narrative seemed to have been endowed with them in an unusual degree.

The march of Havelock and his brave column to relieve the devoted band cooped up in the Residency was watched in England step by step with intense eagerness; but, through the losses sustained on the way thither by battle and disease, it became impossible to compel the mutineers to raise the siege; and even after the entrance of the relief column, it was conducted as vigorously as ever.

During five long months the little garrison was put to its wits' end to meet the constant and ever-recurring attacks of the enemy. Repelling sorties, mining and countermining, repairing breaches, &c., was the work that was always going on; and none was more willing and brave than the gallant Kavanagh, who, though wounded several times, was ever to be found at the post of danger. We should also mention here, as an interesting fact, that Kavanagh's wife was also wounded during the siege and laid up for several weeks. At length in November came the welcome news that Sir Colin Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—was advancing with a strong British force to the relief of the garrison; and on the ninth of that month Kavanagh learned that a spy had come in from Cawnpore, and that he was going back again to the Alum Bagh, with despatches for Sir Colin. Indeed it had become necessary that Sir Colin's

march should be hastened, and that he should be guided to the city by the least hazardous route. But who was to be the guide? Sir James Outram says in a letter on the subject, dated about a year after the event: 'The almost impossibility of any European being able to escape through the city undetected, and the certainty of his murder if detected, deterred me from ordering any officer, or even seeking volunteers for such a duty.'

A volunteer for this extraordinarily dangerous adventure did, however, present himself in the person of Kavanagh. He had sought out the spy, whose name was Kunoujee Lal, and finding him intelligent, he expressed his desire to proceed with him in disguise to the Alum Bagh. The spy at first hesitated; and urging that there was more chance of detection by two going together, proposed that they should take different roads, and meet outside the city. This Kavanagh objected to, and then proceeded to finish some business he had in hand, his mind, however, still dwelling upon the accomplishment of his object. At last he made up his mind, and proposed the enterprise to Colonel Napier, the chief of Sir James Outram's staff. The Colonel considered the noble offer of Kavanagh to be fraught with too much danger to be accepted, but promised to inform Sir James Outram of it, considering that such zeal deserved notice.

Outram was at once surprised and pleased by Kavanagh's offer; but he pointed out the extreme danger of such an attempt, and endeavoured to dissuade him from it, while at the same time stating how valuable such assistance would be to Sir Colin Campbell. Kavanagh was, however, so earnest in his entreaties, that the General at length consented, with the proviso that if Kavanagh should think the risk too great, and wished to withdraw from the enterprise, he was quite at liberty to do so. Kavanagh was, however, formed of the stuff of which heroes are made; and having made himself acquainted with Sir James Outram's plans, he proceeded to disguise himself for the journey. This he had secretly arranged, as he did not wish his wife to know anything of the undertaking until his safe arrival at the Alum Bagh should be signalled to the garrison.

A portrait of Kavanagh in his disguise forms the frontispiece to the book we have already mentioned, and he thus describes it himself: 'I was dressed as a budmah or as an irregular soldier of the city, with sword (tulwar) and shield, native-made shoes, light trousers, a yellow silk kowtah over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown around my shoulders, a cream-coloured turban, and a white waistcoat or kumrumbund. My face down to the shoulders, and my hands to the wrists, were coloured with lamp-black, the cork used being dipped in oil, to cause the colour to adhere a little. I could get nothing better. I had little confidence in the disguise of my features, and trusted more to the darkness of the night.'

To shew the thoroughness with which Kavanagh did this part of his work, it is only necessary to mention that the materials of which his costume was composed were borrowed piece by piece from separate natives. When the disguise was thus complete, he proceeded at half-past seven P.M. to the General's quarters, where he at once tested the genuineness of his metamorphosis. Nobody recog-

nised him until he made himself known, and then Sir James Outram himself put the finishing touches to his toilet. Placing a double-barrelled pistol in his waistband, and additionally armed with a tulwar, Kavanagh then took leave of the General and his staff, and proceeded with Kunoujee Lal to the right bank of the river Goomtee, running north of the intrenchment, accompanied by Captain Hardinge of the Irregular Cavalry. Here the latter bade Kavanagh adieu, after stating that he would have given his life to have done the same thing, and with the words, 'Noble fellow—you will never be forgotten!' left him to his adventure.

Kavanagh and his guide then undressed themselves, and began to ford the river, which at that point was about a hundred yards wide. Kavanagh owns that he felt his courage failing him as he entered the cold water; but seeing the guide walking quickly towards the opposite bank, he followed him. On reaching it, they took their bundles of clothes from their heads and dressed themselves again, at the same time narrowly escaping observation by a sepoy who had come down to a pond in the neighbourhood to wash. On finding, however, that they were not observed, confidence returned to them, and they proceeded straight towards the huts in front, where Kavanagh accosted a matchlock-man with the remark that it was a cold night. The man replied that it was 'very cold;' to which Kavanagh facetiously added that it would be colder by-and-by. After being questioned by a sepoy officer, who commanded the enemy's picket at the iron bridge over the Goomtee, Kavanagh keeping out of the light and allowing his guide to answer, they proceeded on their way along the bank of the river, passing a number of sepoy and matchlock-men, who were escorting persons of rank in palanquins, preceded by toroles. Recrossing the river by the stone bridge, and unobserved by the sentry who was on guard over it, but who was chatting with a native, they passed into the city of Lucknow, where Kavanagh jostled against several armed men without attracting attention, and only met one guard of seven sepoy, who were amusing themselves with some women.

From the city they passed into the green fields, which Kavanagh had not seen for five months, and he says that a carrot which he took from the roadside was the most delicious he had ever tasted. A further walk of a few miles was accomplished in high spirits; but they soon found out that they had taken the wrong road, and were in the Dilkooshah Park, which was in possession of the enemy. Here Kavanagh shewed his wonted courage by going within twenty yards of two guns, to find out the strength of the enemy. Kunoujee Lal was in great alarm, as he feared that Kavanagh would think that he was acting the traitor; and he begged him not to distrust him; as the mistake was made by his anxiety to avoid the pickets of the enemy. Kavanagh reassured him; and they then walked into the canal, running under the Charbagh, where our hero suffered much on account of his boots being hard and tight, they having skinned his toes and cut into the flesh above his heels. At length, after two hours' wandering, two women put them into the right direction, and they received further information on the subject from an advanced guard of sepoy, whose questions they

had first answered. At one place a man, frightened by their approach, called out a guard of twenty-five sepoy, all of whom asked questions, and here Kunoujee Lal became afraid for the first time, and threw away the letter intrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell.

After wading through a swamp for nearly two hours up to their waists in water, and being nearly exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, Kavanagh insisted upon having some rest, in spite of the remonstrances of his guide. After a halt of about a quarter of an hour, they again went forward, and passed through two pickets of the enemy, who had no sentries thrown out. This was about four o'clock in the morning, and Kavanagh lay down to sleep for an hour, although Kunoujee Lal again protested against it. Suddenly, they heard the pleasant sound of the British challenge, '*Who comes there?*' delivered with a native accent; and to their joyful surprise they found themselves within the lines of Sir Colin Campbell's camp, which they believed to be still many miles distant. An officer of the 9th Lancers conducted Kavanagh to his tent and gave him a glass of brandy, and he then asked the way to the Commander-in-chief's tent. Meeting an elderly gentleman coming out of the tent in question, Kavanagh asked him where he could find Sir Colin Campbell.

'I am Sir Colin Campbell,' was the quick reply. 'Who are you?'

'This will explain, sir,' replied Kavanagh, taking from the folds of his turban a note of introduction from Sir James Outram.

Sir Colin read it hastily, and glancing at Kavanagh with his keen eyes, he asked if it was true.

'Do you doubt me, sir?' asked Kavanagh.

'No, no,' replied Sir Colin; 'but it seems very strange.'

Sir Colin was anxious to hear his story; but Kavanagh, worn out with the strain upon his mental and physical system, begged to be allowed some sleep—a request which was immediately complied with, and the tent darkened for the purpose. Here the brave fellow poured out his thanks to God for his safety, and dreamed of the honour which awaited him from a grateful country. When he awoke from his sleep, Kavanagh was very cordially received at Sir Colin's own table, where, over a substantial repast—to which he did ample justice—he recounted to the Commander-in-chief and his staff the adventures through which he had passed.

In the meantime, the devoted garrison in the Residency had signalled, 'Is Kavanagh safe?' But the signal could not be read. Shortly afterwards, however, the preconcerted signal—namely, the raising of a flag at the Alum Bagh, told Sir James Outram that the hero was beyond the risk of further danger. Then Mrs Kavanagh was made acquainted with her husband's heroic act, and received the congratulations of all.

We have no space to give all the details of Sir Colin Campbell's march to the Residency; but Kavanagh, by his bravery and intelligence during that march, was certainly the man who, next to the Commander-in-chief, contributed most to the success of the attack. Indeed, never was a nobler act than that of Kavanagh's; and when he appeared again within the walls of the garrison which he had risked his life to rescue, and was thus the

first man to relieve it, the cheers and greetings with which he was received by its half-famished defenders must have been dear to his soul.

'Lucknow Kavanagh' he was named on the spot; but it was not until the year 1860 that Kavanagh received the reward which was the height of his ambition—the Victoria Cross. This was fastened on his breast by Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, in the presence of her body-guard and the members of her family; Kavanagh having been the first civilian on whom the decoration was bestowed.

TOLD IN THE FIRELIGHT.

WE were all gathered round the fire in the dining-room; Edgar close to papa, Jessie sitting on the rug, Fred nestling close to mamma, and I, as usual, at Aunt Edith's right side. It was a wild November night, with the rain beating pitilessly against the closely curtained windows, the wind whistling shrilly through the leafless elms outside, and playing mad pranks with the tall red chimneys of 'Garriok House,' as our home was called ever since Mr Garriok the famous player paid our great-grandpapa a visit. Before that, the house was simply 'The Elms;' and very proud we still were of the grand old trees from which it took its first and most appropriate name.

It was exactly the sort of night to make us all gather round the wide old-fashioned hearth, where the logs were blazing merrily, and to cause us to feel grateful for the blessings we enjoyed, and involuntarily to pity those who were less fortunate. The wind coming down the chimney in fitful gusts, made the candles flare and flicker so weirdly that Jessie proposed putting them out, and sitting cosily by the firelight. Books and work were neglected, the chess-board put aside, and pussy was making sad havoc of mamma's knitting without any one interfering. In fact, we were all in a delightfully comfortable indolent meditative mood, and it only wanted a story to complete our happiness. But Aunt Edith, whose resources in that respect fairly rivalled the inventive lady in the *Arabian Nights*, was silent and grave. Papa seemed grave too; and even our dear merry mother seemed to be thinking of something melancholy. We children, with that instinctive feeling of awe we sometimes experience, we scarce know why, glanced at each other in mute wonder and curiosity, expecting something to happen every moment. The day had been dull and oppressive, and the afternoon had been threatening a storm, when suddenly a loud peal of thunder seemed to shake the house to its very foundation.

'It was just such a night as this, Robert,' said aunt to papa with a little shiver.

'Exactly,' papa replied thoughtfully; 'and the same time of year too.'

'Suppose you tell the children all about it,' mamma said quietly; 'they look as if they wanted to know very much.'

'Well, since it is perhaps time they knew, I will tell you how Aunt Edith saved my life,' continued

papa, turning to Edgar the eldest of us, 'long ago, long before you were born, my boy!'

There was a little bustle as we settled more snugly into our places, a few moments' impressive silence, and then papa began.

'Aunt Edith and I were only brother and sister; ever so much greater cronies than you and Edgar are, Jessie, not only because we had but each other to love, but because we had to make common cause against an enemy, Jeffrey Lawson, our step-mother's son by a previous marriage. We lost our own dear mother when we were babies. Jeff was ten years older than I was; and after our father's death, which happened when I was eight and Edith six, we would have had a poor time of it but for Dame Turtle our dear old nurse. She looked after our interests, and fought all our battles valiantly whether we were in the right or the wrong. Our step-mother was so wrapped up in Jeff, that she bestowed little trouble upon us. I, especially, was no favourite, for she got a silly idea into her head that I stood between Jeff and the property of Garrick. He was a fine handsome fellow, as I remember him when I was fifteen, and he five-and-twenty; strong and daring, haughty in disposition and hasty in temper. I could see even then that he bitterly resented my being master, and himself as it were nobody; for all our servants had grown old with us, and were staunch and loyal to us children of the house.

'Our mother—we called her so, though she was "little more than kin and less than kind"—resented it too, and looked forward with very bitter feelings to the time when I would be twenty-one; for then, according to our father's will, she was to leave Garrick, and reside in a little cottage he owned in Wales. It would be a different position for her, as she had but a small jointure—all her own fortune had been spent on Jeffrey—and by some inexplicable chain of woman's reasoning, she blamed me for what she was pleased to call her unnumbered misfortunes. Each year that passed made matters worse between us. As I grew older, many things in the management of the property struck me as very unjust. The best of the timber was being cut down; the house allowed to fall into a state bordering on ruin, because my mother would not spend money on repairs which I alone was to enjoy the benefit of. Our family lawyer was dead. Jeffrey chose his mother's legal adviser, and neither Edith nor I knew where to look for advice or assistance. Things remained very much in this state till I was nearly twenty, when one day Jeff entered my room in a state of wild excitement, and showed me a will that he had discovered in some out-of-the-way corner. It was dated a few days before my father's death; and except that it bequeathed to Jeffrey the sum of five thousand pounds, and the reversion of Garrick if I died without heirs, it was substantially the same as the one already in existence.

'I had my doubts about the validity of the document, but I passed no comment; both the witnesses were dead, and I had not a shadow of proof to advance. Suspicions in such a case go for nothing, so I held my peace, the more especially as Judson our old steward was prepared to swear to my father's signature. So Jeff Lawson had his five thousand pounds.

'On the night of which I am going to tell you, there was a large part of the money in the

house. Jeff was going to London the next morning; and as he meant to start early, he said good-bye to us overnight, and went up to his room first, carrying the money with him. Edith and I remained in the dining-room a little longer, chatting on different matters; amongst others, of Jeff's departure, of a strange restlessness I had observed in his manner of late, of the possible date of his return; and somehow, quite unintentionally, I let fall a hint of my suspicions about the will, and discovered that they corresponded exactly with Edith's. At last, when the fire had burned quite out, and the candles were getting low in their sockets, we went up-stairs together. It was a wild November night, with just such angry impatient gusts of wind and vagrant thunder-claps as this. I occupied the west room; your aunt the one adjoining; and Jeff slept in the east room at the other end of the corridor; while his mother had her apartments in the south wing. As I bade Edith good-night, the clock on the stairs struck twelve, and she merrily wished me many happy returns of the day, for I had just entered on my twentieth birthday. In a few minutes more my light was extinguished, and I was cosily wrapped up. In less than half an hour I was sound asleep. Not so Aunt Edith. She was, she told me afterwards, restless and nervous, two most unusual things with her. All her efforts to sleep were unavailing, and she gave up the attempt at last and rising from bed, sat down by the fire to read. Twice she fancied she heard footsteps in the corridor, and opened her door to listen.—Your aunt was not afraid of the White Lady, our family ghost, nor Lady-anybody-else, girls.—Twice she threw herself on a couch with the intention of resting, since slumber was out of the question; but between the storm and the mysterious sounds through the house, rest was impossible. At length, about two o'clock, she fancied she heard some one moving about my room very cautiously; and nothing doubting but that I was as wakeful and restless as herself, she resolved to come in and speak to me. A sudden gust of wind in the corridor extinguished her candle, and she entered my room in the dark, save for a faint ray of moonlight which shone through the carelessly drawn curtains.

'As your aunt gently approached my bed, she saw a form advancing on the other side with uplifted hand, in which something bright gleamed in the moonlight. Quick as thought, without a moment's hesitation, her arm was thrown across my neck. The knife of an assassin descended with terrible force, and glancing off the bone, inflicted a long and jagged gash in her arm. The assassin, who had not seen or heard her approach, instantly fled, leaving his weapon behind; and I was aroused from my slumbers by Edith's shrieks, to find myself bathed in her blood. In a moment I was all awake. Binding my silk handkerchief round her arm tightly, to check the bleeding, I sent a servant—for the whole house was aroused by your aunt's shrieks and the violent ringing of my bell—for the nearest surgeon, and then proceeded to search for some traces of the murderous intruder. Mechanically I went first to Jeff's room, probably because I was astonished at not having seen his face amongst the wondering group gathered round my door. It seemed amazing that he should sleep so soundly through such a commotion. The

door of the east room (Jeff's) was open, so was the window; and *the room was empty.*

'I can never either forget or describe the sickly sensation of horror that crept into my heart as I looked round. Where was Jeff? Why had he gone so suddenly and mysteriously? Why the open window? I was all the more painfully perplexed, as the most careful examination failed to disclose any other means of exit by which the would-be assassin could have escaped. Every door was securely barred, every window except that of the east room was safely fastened. In the flower-bed underneath there were distinct tracks of a man's feet leading from the window, none whatever leading to it.

'These things made me terribly unhappy, and some suspicion of my thoughts must have crept into my countenance, for Edith divined them at once. However, she remained silent about the appearance of the man who had attempted my life, and I refrained from questioning her. At best there could be but a conjecture—the room was dark, the man disguised, and your aunt frightened. But the knife which lay upon my bed appealed with dumb but terrible force to us both. It was my pruning-knife, and that very afternoon Edith had seen me lend it to Jeff Lawson. Whether the knife had been in any way poisoned, or whether your aunt's wound had been badly dressed in the first instance, I do not know, but inflammation set in, and for weeks she was dangerously ill. For days her life was despaired of; and it was only saved at last at the expense of the brave right hand that had saved me so well from a terrible and sudden death.

'The matter made a sensation, which was something more than a nine days' wonder in our village; but as I kept my suspicions to myself, no one else ventured to express any, and Jeffrey's name was never mixed up in the matter. Indeed it somehow got circulated that he left Garrick the evening of the attempted murder, and no one contradicted it. The object of the attack, which was evidently robbery as well as murder, for every drawer and desk in my room was thoroughly ransacked, caused much wonder and discussion. It was pretty generally known that my allowance as a minor was scarcely adequate to my few simple wants. Being neither a landlord nor a prosecutor of poachers, I was not unpopular, and as far as I knew, I had not an enemy in the world. Altogether it was a most mysterious sad affair, and if in my secret heart I connected it with the new-found will of my father, and wronged any one by unjust suspicions, I hope heaven will pardon me. Appearances were strongly against one'—

'And appearances very frequently deceive, Robert,' aunt interrupted gently. 'Let us judge not, that we be not judged!'

'Heaven help the villain who cost Aunt Edith so dear, if ever I encounter him!' cried Edgar excitedly. 'I'll shew no quarter!'

'What became of Jeff Lawson, father?' Jess asked, with a stolen glance at aunt's face.

'From the night he said good-bye to us in this very room, thirty-one years ago, I have never heard of him nor from him. He disappeared in the most extraordinary manner. Doubtless he is dead; and as far as he is concerned, I have no hope of the mystery of that awful night ever being cleared up.'

'And his mother, papa?' Fred queried.

'Ah, his poor mother; she broke her heart over his disappearance, my boy. Mothers will do such things over the most worthless sons.—Well, Upton, what's the matter?'

'If you please sir, there's a gentleman wants to see you,' said our old butler, closing the door behind him, and looking mysteriously round. 'He says his business is urgent, but he won't give his name.'

'A strange gentleman, at this hour, and on such a night,' exclaimed papa, rising. 'He must be some belated traveller.—Shew him in, Upton.'

We all looked at each other, and glanced towards the door in eager nervous curiosity, as an elderly gentleman with very white hair and beard entered the room, made a courteous bow, which embraced everybody, and proceeded to unbutton an enormous travelling-cloak in which he was enveloped. For a moment or so his eyes wandered round the room, as if in search of something, and then he smiled sadly.

'You do not know me, Mr Neville,' quoth the gentleman, after what seemed an ominous silence, drawing more directly into the light of the fire, which blazed cheerily.

'I have not that pleasure sir,' papa replied, looking at our visitor more attentively.

'Ah! Yet my picture hung there once;' pointing to a vacant space amongst the portraits on the wall. 'My name is Jeffrey Lawson.'

'Jeff!' cried papa and Aunt Edith with one voice.

'Jeff!' we all echoed in amazement. Here was the sequel to the story, with a vengeance.

'You do not seem overjoyed to see me, Robert,' Mr Lawson said after another pause. 'Well, perhaps you are not to blame.—But you, Edith—after all those long years—might give me your hand.'

At that moment his eye rested on aunt's helpless right arm, and the most terribly awkward awful silence I ever witnessed ensued. Edgar was white with passion; Jess clenched her little hands defiantly; and even gentle Fred looked as if he could raise his voice and arm to avenge Aunt Edith.

Mr Lawson was the first to recover his self-possession. 'Forgive me,' he said, and there was a tremor in his voice. 'I did not know—I am sorry.' Papa remained stern and silent. I really pitied Mr Lawson, the odds were so fearfully against him. Not a single kind or encouraging glance met his eye as he looked round. However, he drew himself up a little haughtily, and continued addressing us all: 'I did you a great wrong once, Mr Neville. I have travelled many thousand miles to offer what reparation I can. That will by which I obtained five thousand pounds was a forgery. But I have come to pay it back, with interest.'

Papa bowed his head, but remained silent.

'Money was absolutely necessary then, for I had many pressing engagements to meet—my safety, my liberty, were at stake. I was desperate; but though my base trick succeeded, it was too late. Absolute ruin and disgrace stared me in the face, and I was compelled to fly like a thief in the night to escape the consequences of my folly. That night I secretly left the house, escaping by my bedroom window. Concealing all the money I had, I took passage for Australia, where by careful speculation and hard work,

A bright smile passed over Mr Lawson's face, altering its whole expression, as he grasped papa's hand; and I'm sure there were tears in his eyes as he bent down to kiss Annet Edith's forehead.

In another duel without danger, only one of the parties concerned was aware of the innocent character of the encounter. This was General Putnam, who being challenged by a young officer, proposed that each should sit upon a powder-keg, with a lighted fuse in the bung. As he would hear of no other terms, the General had his way. At the appointed time the belligerents took their seats; the fuses were ignited. The veteran watched the progress of the flame—as well he might—with unmoved countenance. Not so his opponent; he took intense interest in the fast-lessening match,

and when the flame got suggestively near the bung-hole, shewed his possession of the better part of valour by jumping off the keg and making for the open, till arrested by Putnam roaring out: 'Hold on, my boy; it's only onion-seed!'

With commendable discretion did some fun-loving rascals act when called upon to assist a couple of coloured gentlemen, of Monticello, Mobile, who agreeing to differ, determined to settle their differences white-man's fashion. In a very few minutes arrangements were made for bringing the affair off in the orthodox way. The seconds and surgeons stood in a grove hard by, and rifles loaded with blank-cartridge were placed in the hands of the bellicose pair. They presented a curious contrast, one being as cool as the proverbial cucumber, while the other was nervous and excited—a veritable black Bob Acres. When his eye caught the gleam of the rifle-barrel, he exclaimed: 'Look here, gemmen; dis'ere gun's too bright for me;' and tried to leave his ground, till brought to a sense of his position by an intimation from his second that if he attempted to stir he would shoot him down. Dropping his gun, the frightened fellow seized his second by the waist, and placed him between himself and the levelled weapon of the foe. The barricade quickly removed itself, and then the negro fled the scene at racing speed, followed by shouts of derision from the amused on-lookers.—When Egan and Carran met to decide their quarrel with the pistol's aid, the former complained that he might as well fire at a razor's edge as at his adversary's thin body, while he himself offered as fair a mark as a turf-stack; whereupon his ready witted foe declared he had no desire to take any undue advantage, and was willing to let his size be chalked out on Mr Egan's side, and agree that every shot outside the mark should go for nothing.

When General Shields challenged Abraham Lincoln, on account of a letter in a newspaper reflecting on the General, which Lincoln had avowed to save the real writer from the consequences; the latter having the choice of weapons, elected to fight with the broadsword. Not that he was skilled in its use, but because he had such a tremendous length of arm, combined with great muscular power, that he calculated upon being able to chop off his adversary's head before he could treat him to a scientific thrust. Lincoln was first on the ground, and when Shields arrived, was hard at work with a hatchet clearing away the bushes. It was decided to sink a plank perpendicularly in the ground, leaving four feet of it protruding from the earth—the combatants to fight up to, but not beyond it. Shields examined the sword, and then looked doubtfully at Lincoln's arm. Noting the look, Colonel Hartin told the pair not to make fools of themselves; and like wise men, they concluded they would not; but played a game of 'old sledge,' to decide who should pay the expenses of the trip; a pleasure that fell to Shields.

Two Western editors once made fools of themselves to an unlimited extent. It came about through the editor of the *Athens Democrat* declaring in a leader that the catfiff editor of the *Athens Whig* was a bigamist; and that gentleman resenting the calumny by pulling the libeller's nose in the public street. The mayor kindly undertook to arrange for the difficulty being settled in a proper

way; and the two editors were soon ensconced, rifle in hand, behind two trees in a wood. For two mortal hours they dodged and peeped, neither caring to fire, lest by missing he should leave himself at his enemy's mercy. Then the rain came down, and the *Whig's* editor discovered it had saturated his powder. 'Is your powder wet?' shouted he to his rival.

'No,' answered the other.

'Mine's beautifully dry,' continued he of the *Whig*.

But his adversary guessing how matters were, came boldly out of cover, with his weapon ready to come to the 'present.'

'Stop!' cried the appalled man—'stop! Let's have a parley! You are a darned good fellow; suppose, instead of shooting me, we go into partnership?'

'All right,' replied the *Democrat*; and they returned home together.

Of course the editor of the *Whig* had to set himself right with his subscribers, which he did by telling them his gun was wet and wouldn't go off. To which his new partner responded in his paper with, 'No more wouldn't mine.' Mortified as he was at having 'caved in' when there was no occasion, the *Whig* man congratulated himself that at anyrate the affair of his first marriage would be hushed up; but curious to ascertain how the other came to know anything about it, he asked him: 'How did you know that I had another wife living, besides Mary-Jane?'

'Oh, you have, have you?' was the astonished answer; while the disgusted self-betrayer muttered between his teeth: 'Fool, fool! to forget he was an editor, and judge him only as a common man!'

The Athenian journalist would have had no cause to abuse himself, had he displayed the forethought of the French critic Saint-Beuve, who having to meet M. Dubois on a wet morning, appeared on the ground carrying in one hand a sixteenth-century flint-lock pistol, and in the other a nineteenth-century umbrella, which he unfurled as he took up his position. M. Dubois, backed by both seconds, protested against the umbrella, but to no purpose. Saint-Beuve said he had no objection to being killed, but decidedly objected to getting wet through; so they let him have his way, and the duel went on, till each combatant had fired four shots without damaging anybody, and all parties were satisfied, especially Saint-Beuve, who marched off without a hole either in his body or his umbrella.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Does oxygen exist in the sun? is a question highly interesting to astronomers and physicists. Dr Henry Draper of the United States believes that it does, being led to that conclusion by years of experiment and observation. Making use of a twenty-eight-inch silvered glass reflector, he took a large number of photographs of the spectrum of the sun. These, however, could not be understood unless they could be compared with photographs of metallic and non-metallic spectra. By means of a Gramme machine, worked by a petroleum engine of one-and-a-half horse-power, the requisite electric light, equal to five hundred standard candles, was obtained. The efficiency of

the machine may be judged of from the fact that, in combination with an induction-coil, it will give one thousand ten-inch sparks per minute. Working alternately in his study and in his laboratory, Dr Draper made a large number of the required comparisons, and found, as he thinks, support for his conclusions. At a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society last June, he remarked: 'On the whole, it does not seem improper for me to take the ground that, having shewn by photographs that the bright lines of the oxygen spark spectrum all fall opposite bright portions of the solar spectrum, I have established the probability of the existence of oxygen in the sun.' And to convey some idea of the time and labour expended in the investigation, he made a statement of the production of electrical action that had been necessary. 'Each photograph demands an exposure of fifteen minutes, and, with preparation and development, half an hour is needed. The making of a photograph, exclusive of intermediate trials, requires, therefore, about thirty thousand ten-inch sparks; that is, thirty thousand revolutions of the bobbin of the Gramme machine. In the last three years the Gramme has made twenty million revolutions. The petroleum engine consumes a couple only of drops of oil at each stroke, producing two or three ten-inch sparks at each stroke, and yet it has used up about a hundred and fifty gallons.' Untiring, indeed, must be the patience and perseverance of him who devotes himself to scientific research. Astronomers generally do not agree with Dr Draper. We may therefore safely infer that he will not rest until he arrives at complete demonstration, or other physicists convict him of error.

Mr Maxwell Hall communicated during last session to the Royal Astronomical Society, a further instalment of his endeavour to determine whether there is a general movement of the sun and the stars, visible to us, around a central point. Some years ago, Mädler, a German astronomer, from a series of calculations, placed the remote invisible centre in the Pleiades; but Mr Hall, having more elements at command, finds reason to believe that it is near the double-star ϵ of the constellation Pisces. Near, is of course a comparative term, for the central point is too far distant to be seen by human eyes; but it is something to have indicated even provisionally its latitude and longitude. The time of revolution is estimated at twenty million years, and the total attractive mass of the stars engaged in the movement, as seventy-eight million times that of the sun, while the distance of the mysterious centre is thirty-one million times the distance of the sun from the earth.

To the captain of a ship it is of prime importance to know whether the vessel is steering on her proper course or not. His first question before leaving his berth in the morning often is, 'Steward, how's her head?' and many a passenger will remember the steward's early visit to the binnacle in order to prepare his answer. Mr H. A. Severn has devised a tell-tale compass which obviates the necessity for inquiry and the trouble of going on deck, and gives the captain the information he requires even in his own cabin. An electrical apparatus connected with a compass is fitted into a small box, which may be carried to any part of the ship; two adjustable index hands are placed above the card, and these with allowance for

deviations are set to the vessel's course. Unbroken silence indicates that all is going well; but let the vessel once overpass the limits of deviation, and an electric bell rings and continues to ring until the right course is again steered. With two bells unlike in tone, one for starboard, the other for port, it would be easy to ascertain the direction of the deviation, and thus lessen to some extent the risks of navigation in crowded seas or near a coast.

The flexible shaft or drill, an instrument invented in America for delicate operations on the teeth, has been shewn to be capable of doing heavy work, such as the boring of wood and iron. It is used also in the brushing of horses and cattle, cleaning and polishing plate-glass, finishing morocco leather, and in boot-cleaning. Great is the surprise of those who for the first time see the instrument at work: not a rigid bar, but pliant as a snake. As described by a machinist, it 'leads mechanical power into the more intricate ways and remote corners heretofore only approachable by the human arm, and it is apparent that manifold applications of the flexible shaft will be made in the future that are not now thought of.'

At Pittsburgh a method of burning petroleum as fuel for the heating of steam-boilers has been tried with encouraging results. Air, steam, and oil-spray are injected into a suitable fire-box, where, as is said, the spray is immediately converted into inflammable gas, yielding a bright, powerful, smokeless flame, and producing intense heat. On trial being made of the apparatus in a steamboat, it was found that in twenty minutes from the starting of the fire the safety-valve blew off steam at one hundred and twenty pounds pressure. To quote a local description: 'Here was a boat puffing through the water with no sign of smoke from her chimneys, no speck of soot in flues or fire-box, no fireman, no opening of furnace-doors, no dirt, no coal going in, and no clinkers or ashes to be seen anywhere. A turn of the hand regulated the terrible flame that seemed trying to overpower the limits of the furnace, and another turn of the hand brought the fire down to a quiet little flame, a foot or two long. . . . The space occupied by oil, as compared to an equal value of coal, is very much less, and this is gained for cargo. The wear and tear of boiler and grate-bars is less also, while the comfort of passengers is greatly enhanced. A tank of oil situated at a remote end of an ocean-going steamer would hold fuel sufficient for a double trip, and supplant the great coal-bunkers with their attendant dirt.'

An Automatic Coin Casher has been exhibited in Philadelphia, which, according to the description, is intended to 'facilitate making change, and consists of a series of receptacles for coin of the various denominations, standing at an inclination from the perpendicular, and having at their lower ends a slide, which, when moved to the proper position, allows one piece of coin to drop out.' Each slide is marked with the denomination of the coin which it liberates, and the required amount of change can be rapidly collected.

Among odds and ends from America we notice inserted teeth for circular saws; a new insulating material for electrical purposes compounded of cork and paper-pulp; a method of propelling a boat by air instead of steam; a furnace for melting brass or steel, which can be tilted, and the

molten metal poured out without disturbing the fire or the crucibles; a new lamp (the Hitchcock lamp), which by means of peculiar mechanism, impels a current of air into the flame, supplies oil to the wick, requires no chimney, and will burn fat or greasy oils, animal or vegetable; a steam-engine of one-sixth horse-power; and a boring-machine which bores a square hole. For detailed information upon the foregoing American items, we would refer our readers to the Secretary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, U.S.

A project for an aqueduct twenty-seven miles long to supply Philadelphia with water, is under discussion. The source is at such an elevation that the distributing reservoir, to contain a billion gallons, would be two hundred and forty feet above the city datum. There will be a number of tunnels; but these, in the opinion of the devising engineer, will cost less than an aqueduct of masonry. The Croton Aqueduct, forty miles long, by which New York is supplied with water, cost eight million five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

We hear that a miller in France has invented a steam-engine which heats itself; but as yet we have no particulars. A diving-boat in which work can be carried on under water at a depth of five metres, and in turbulent currents, has been described at a meeting of the Société de Physique, Paris; and from the same city comes word of the *densimeter*, an instrument for indicating the density of solid bodies. It is quick in its operation, and sufficiently accurate for all ordinary industrial purposes.

The discovery by a German chemist, which we mentioned some time since, that indigo can be produced in the laboratory by chemical operations, remains for the time undeveloped, no means having yet been devised for an economical application thereof. The discovery is, however, so important that its conversion at some time into a process of manufacture may be confidently expected. Twenty-five years ago, no one imagined that alizarin would one day be manufactured in quantities for the use of dyers, valued at nearly a million and a half sterling annually. Yet such is the fact; and the imports of madder have fallen from three hundred and five thousand hundred-weights to less than thirty-three thousand hundred-weights in the year. This success, in the words of Mr. Perkin, F.R.S., is 'the fruit of scientific researches in organic chemistry, conducted mostly from a scientific point of view; and while this industry has made such great progress, it has, in its turn, acted as a handmaid to chemical science, by placing at the disposal of chemists products which otherwise could not have been obtained; and thus an amount of research has been conducted through it so extensive that it is difficult to realise, and this may before long produce practical fruit to an extent we have no conception of.' Among the results thus predicted may be the manufacture of artificial indigo.

Mr Cosmo Newbery, after examination of the building-stones used in Melbourne, found that the soft kinds are most liable to decay during the summer months (December–February); while those that grow hard on exposure harden most in the same period. And further, that taking two portions of the same stone, saturating one part with water, and leaving the other dry, the wet

stone hardens first, the hardening taking place from the outside inwards. On analysis, the hardened surfaces shewed an excess of silica and distinct traces of ammonia. Different kinds of freestone were then treated with ammonia: some were hardened, others disintegrated. In the former, the cementing material between the sand-grains is not softened, but changes from a dull opaque or white clayey cement to a vitreous or quartz-like material, and eventually to a dense quartzite. 'I have to a limited extent,' says Mr Newbery, 'succeeded in changing clayey sandstones to hard silicious sandstones by causing them to absorb ammoniacal solutions in such a manner that the liquid was absorbed at one end of the stone and evaporated at the other, and obtained an outer surface hard and silicious like that found in nature.'

Dr Royston-Pigott, F.R.S., comes to the aid of microscopists with his 'Researches in High Power Definition,' in which, dealing with difficulties of microscopic investigation, he shews what can be done in the observation of objects having an individual diameter varying between the 1-80,000th and the 1-200,000th of an inch. The difficulties as stated are 'principally created by overlapping images, due partly to residuary aberrations spherical and chromatic; partly to the effects of diffraction, caused by brilliant illuminations of spurious disks of light; partly to the constant development of *eidola*, or false images.' Through these and other difficulties, the doctor offers guidance, and gives examples and methods 'of producing transcendent definition in cases found hopeless by a numerous body of observers.'

A few months ago, at the instance of the Royal Institute of British Architects, a conference was held in London on the subject of lightning-conductors, and the best means of protecting buildings from lightning-strokes. Meetings have been held, at which much information was gathered; but before proceeding to formulate what is already known, with a view to draw up a general code of rules for the erection of lightning-conductors, the delegates ask for more information, and on special particulars—namely, whether buildings struck by lightning had or had not conductors—of what size, shape and construction were the conductors—how attached to the building, or connected with the earth, and so forth. Persons in any part of the kingdom possessed of trustworthy information on any of these points would aid the work of the conference by communicating the particulars to their secretary, Mr G. J. Symons, 30 Great George Street, London, S.W., where a complete statement of the facts most in request may be obtained.

An account is given in the Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society of Mr Cruickshank's twenty-one years of observations On the extreme Limits of View along the Earth's Surface. The conclusions arrived at, being based on so long a term of investigation, deserve consideration. They are: That 'the mean daily distance seen is only 25 miles—the mean number of days in the year on which a distance of 50 miles can be seen is 90—the greatest mean daily distance seen increases for each month from January to July, and then decreases again from July to January, correspondently with the monthly decrease and increase in the humidity of the air—and last, there is no regular relation between the monthly varia-

tion in the mean distance seen and the mean monthly amount of cloud in the sky.'

It was generally supposed that the long-continued severity of last winter would be fatal to insect life; but we learn from an entomologist's communication to the *Scottish Naturalist* that 'moths and butterflies were more numerous during the summer than in the past few years,' that they appeared a week earlier than in 1878, and from two to three weeks earlier than in 1877, and that larvae which bury themselves survive the hardest frosts. It may also be noted that 'clouds' of certain species of butterfly, such as the Painted Lady, were observed in various parts of Great Britain. These are interesting facts for naturalists.

A work printed at the public cost deserves a word of notice. It is a catalogue of the very large collection of Persian manuscripts in the British Museum, prepared by Dr Rieu, whose skill and painstaking in dealing with such a mass of historical material are greatly to be commended. So well, we are told, has he done his work, 'that the mere perusal of the catalogue itself affords an admirable bird's-eye view of the history of the East,' and it may compare favourably with any similar work undertaken by the ablest scholars of Europe and published by foreign governments.

Intelligent readers will have much satisfaction in the fact that at last an arrangement has been come to for the uniform spelling of Indian proper names. Lists of names are to be furnished by the Indian government to the Royal Geographical Society: from these lists, a general list will be drawn up, and after revision by competent authorities, will be 'finally adopted as the Society's official guide for spelling.' Hitherto the anomalies have been bewildering; as Karachi for Knurrachee, Humums for Hamams, and a hundred others almost as astonishing as the corruption by the British soldiers more than a hundred years ago of *Surgajah Dowlah* into *Sir Richard Dowler*! It is a further satisfaction to learn that 'the same systematic treatment will be gradually extended to the spelling of proper names of all countries.'

We are informed that in our notice of the blasting of coal in mines by the use of compressed air (*ante* 622), the name of Mr Ernst Reuss, as the designer of the drill apparatus, should have been introduced. It may be that there are rival claims; but in any case the application is so important that it deserves to be fairly tried on its merits, and should it lead ultimately, by force of law or otherwise, to the setting aside of the use of gunpowder in mines, the mining folk will be relieved from much of the fearful risk to which they are at present exposed. We gladly assist in making the subject known, for it is one that should interest all classes of society.

Considering that prevention of colliery explosions, with their appalling consequences, is a paramount duty, the owners of mines are reminded that in the United States the telephone is used for signalling in mines with marked success. Instantaneous communications among all parts of a mine could hardly fail to render important service in a system of prevention. The Minister for Mines, New South Wales, in his last annual Report, strongly recommends it to the attention of the miners of that colony.

Cases at times occur in which it is important to have proof that a letter has been posted, and

suggestions have been made to shew in what way the evidence could be obtained. Mr Clifford Eskell (8 Grosvenor Street, W.) has published a pamphlet on the subject, with a specimen of the 'Proof of Posting' which he recommends, and pointing out the advantages that would follow were it generally taken into use. The proofs would be sold by the Post-office at one farthing each. The sender of a letter, book, packet, telegram, or newspaper would write any one of these descriptive terms in the blank on the proof, and write underneath the address written on the letter or packet; the proof then being stamped by the Post-office clerk, would be good evidence that a certain letter, book, packet, telegram, or newspaper had been posted. With this evidence in possession, it is obvious that inquiries for missing articles would be greatly facilitated; and we may fairly assume that persons employed to post letters would, knowing that they must carry back stamped proofs to their employers, discharge their duty honestly. The scheme appears to be simple: the best that can be desired is that it shall be freely discussed as a question between the public and the Post-office.

From a circular which we have received from the Secretary of the Mission to the Fallen Women of London—a truly beneficent institution—we learn that through the instrumentality of the missionaries more than ten thousand young women have been reached. Some of these have been placed in Homes, whilst others have been restored to their friends, or provided with situations. We also learn that though a small proportion have disappointed the hopes which had been formed concerning them, of many the most encouraging accounts have been received. The Mission, which is entirely wrought through female agency, is at present greatly in need of funds to enable it to carry on its philanthropic work. And such being the case, it will give us much pleasure to receive and acknowledge any sums that may be intrusted to our care for transmission to the proper quarter.—Ed.

NOTES ON THE IVY.

From the earliest times the ivy has been the theme of poets. As Washington Irving has well said: 'The ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support by clasping together the tottering remains, and as it were embalming them in a verdure.' The presence of this lovely creeper clinging about the ruined walls 'of cell and chapel and refectory,' does much to enhance the picturesque appearance of these stony relics of the past. The pretty foliage with its glossy hue, creeping over the gray old stones, and twining lovingly over broken windows and shattered tracery, is a sad but beautiful picture—the vigorous life contrasted with the decayed grandeur of the silent and deserted ruin, rich alone in the memories of bygone days. A child with its sunny hair, climbing on the knees of an old man whose locks are hoar with the winter of life, forms no greater contrast than the green ivy clinging to the buttresses of an old ruin.

More picturesque than useful, the ivy has, however, some reputed properties worth mentioning. The old physicians considered that a decoction

of its leaves was an excellent sudorific, and further that its berries were a preventive against the plague. But Pliny gives the ivy credit for having a far more useful quality. If he is to be relied upon, its berries taken before wine, have the effect of preventing intoxication. This notion most probably has some connection with the Bacchanalian fillet of ancient times, as well as with the more modern custom of using an ivy bough as the sign of a tavern. The plant is called the Bacchus-weed in old books of poems; for it seems to have constantly been associated with ale-houses and drinking. In the south of Europe and North Africa, the gum which exudes from the stem is considered to be a good remedy for toothache. But the use of this gum is probably attended with more satisfactory results as a bait for fish; for an old angler named Walker maintains that it proves a very attractive bait to the finny tribe; and we have ourselves heard that worms, steeped in 'ivy oil,' form a tempting lure, but are unable to give directions for its preparation.

When the stems of the ivy grow to a great size, wood is formed; but it is not of much value. Cut into thin slices it has been used in some places for filtering liquids; and the wood of the roots has been manufactured into knife-strops; but it is seldom found of sufficient size to be used for any other purpose. However, it is quite possible to carve or turn the large stems of the ivy, as it takes a polish which brings out very clearly the curious zigzag black lines which seem to be a peculiar characteristic of the wood. The writer has a pair of richly marked candlesticks turned from some ivy which grew round an aged elm.

Fortunately for lovers of ivy, it will grow almost anywhere; consequently many buildings can have their native ugliness most effectually concealed by the luxuriant foliage. But it is much to be regretted that those who love ivy and appreciate its decorative qualities are not more numerous. The comparatively small number of houses and walls covered with this cheap and unrivalled decoration plainly points to the fact that there are still many people who labour under the delusion that ivy renders a house damp. This is a common complaint brought against the plant; but a little reflection will shew, that so far from rendering a building damp, a rich growth of ivy-leaves is the best protection against wet. Nothing could form a more effective protection from the rain than the glossy surface and close growth of the plant. Unlike almost every other kind of creeper, it is always in leaf, always beautiful, and always a certain protection against wet. Moreover, ivy will often grow in situations where no other creeper can live. It seems able to thrive in secluded spots, where neither light nor sunshine can penetrate, and thus its value as a hardy evergreen is materially increased.

This property of adapting itself to circumstances is most strikingly illustrated by an incident related by Miss Strickland. The body of Catharine Parr, buried at Sudley, was disinterred, through curiosity, on several occasions. The last time the coffin was opened, it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself round the temples of the royal corpse. A berry had fallen there at the time of the previous exhumation, taken root, and then silently from day to day woven itself into this green sepulchral coronal.

'MY HEROINE.'

I'll introduce you to a girl I know.
'Pretty!' you ask.
Well, I'll attempt to sketch her portrait, though
No easy task.
I fear, however, you'll pronounce her 'slow,'
For nowadays
We vote a dash of fastness all the go,
(Excuse the phrase).

She's not accomplished—no, indeed, poor dear.
I dare assert
She does not know the latest slang—I fear
She's not a flirt.
She could not name the winner of the Oaks,
She does not bet;
I'm pretty sure she never even smokes
A cigarette.

A beauty? Well, she's not considered such—
You girls know best.
Her dearest friends do not abuse her *much*,
And that's a test.
Perhaps she has not Mrs L——y's eyes,
Or rose-leaf skin,
But still so sweet a face to criticise
Were downright sin.

She does not scream when skittish Polly rears,
Not she—and wait,
'Twould do you good to see the way she clears
A five-barred gate.
She cannot sing bravura runs and shakes—
She does not shine
When seated at 'a grand'—but then her *cakes*
Are just divine.

With high-heeled boots she cares not to distort
Her pretty feet—
Her lilies and her roses were not bought
In Regent Street.
And still more shocking, I regret to state,
Her want of taste;
She cannot be induced to cultivate
A wasp-like waist.

You would not in her hair a vestige find
Of 'golden' tinge;
She wears it in a simple knot behind—
No trace of 'fringe.'
Such pretty hair! so lustrous and so long—
A modest brown.
'Faise, I daresay!' Nay, ma'am, for once you're
wrong;
I've seen it *down*.

You horrid man! I've told you scores of times,
I won't again
Be made the subject of your stupid rhymes;
But all in vain.
'Tis quite too bad of you!—When next you err,
Look out for tears.
Or no; I'll prove you've wed a vixen, sir!
And box your ears.

Ah! then you'll change the burden of your song—
A truce to praise.
'Unruly wives' will be your theme—you'll long
For bachelor days.
You'll gravely say that matrimony brings
Domestic strife,
And add no end of nasty, spiteful things
About your wife.

G. W.

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A NEW HEALTH-RESORT.

Davos, or Davos-Platz, as it is sometimes called, is a new and very peculiar health-resort high up among the mountains of Switzerland. One often hears about it without a clear understanding of its character. Our curiosity being excited, we happily fell in with a gentleman who had been several times at Davos-Platz, and could give every requisite information on the subject. What he told us corroborates the statements made in one or two small works which profess to be a guide to invalids. Our present purpose is to make known what is confidently asserted respecting this out-of-the-way wintering-place for health-seekers.

The common idea entertained of a lofty hill-residence is that, from its exposure, it must be insufferably cold and disgusting in winter. There will be hideous storms of wind, rain, and snow. The ground will be plashy and wet. For warmth, you will have to sit constantly near a fire. Anything like comfort is out of the question. To go to such a place for the sake of health is to fly in the face of all experience, and little better than madness. Our own notions corresponded with ideas of this kind. We had frequently wintered at a charming spot in the Riviera, where at mid-winter are seen groves of orange and lemon trees dotted over with their yellow fruit in endless succession, and where the weather in December and January has usually quite a summery feeling. Surely, to persons of a delicate constitution, nothing as winter-quarters could be better than this? The conclusion so formed was perhaps hasty. Allowing for specialties, there may be two good things differing materially from each other.

We are all apt to form opinions on a narrow experience, and fail to recognise that there is no general rule for condemning places raised thousands of feet above the sea-level. In the torrid climate of India, the loftily situated residences on the Himalaya Mountains excel as pleasurable health-resorts. In our own mountainous country,

the real drawbacks in the climate as concerns invalids are damp and changeableness, to which, in all places near towns, may be added its contamination with soot, coal-smoke, dust, and a variety of foul odours. Comparatively few are privileged to breathe pure air. The greater number of people are inhaling an atmosphere partly composed of the breath which has done duty in the lungs of their neighbours. They have air at second-hand, or it may be third or fourth hand. Some for the sake of mutual warmth and convenience, gulp in air loaded with perhaps twenty per cent. of impurities. Public authorities are becoming quite aware of these deadly atmospheric conditions in towns, and are doing all they can to provide a remedy by substituting wide open streets for foul narrow lanes, and by various sanitary regulations.

There is one thing which neither magistrates nor doctors can set to rights, and that is the English climate, which has latterly become a queer jumble of the old-fashioned seasons, all mixed up in a way that defies calculation, and which science does not seem to be able to explain. Whether spring, summer, autumn, and winter will ever come round again as admirably depicted by Thomson a hundred and fifty years ago, no one can tell. Ordinary health-seekers with money in their pocket are able to shift about, a week here and a month there in the so-called summer months, whereby they contrive to rub on in spite of wind and weather, always hoping that things will be better next year. It is a very different matter with those who have the misfortune to be liable to complaints in the lungs or in the air-tubes, known as consumption, bronchitis, and so forth. For them the sudden atmospheric changes, in which cold moist air performs a principal part, are extremely dangerous, and often prove fatal in spite of every precaution that can be taken.

It is not the cold, but the damp, that is to be dreaded. The cold in a Canadian winter is enjoyable and harmless, because it is a dry cold, and the air is calm. The killing thing with us is damp associated with cold. There are some

places in Great Britain where the air is drier than in others, but these are exceptional. Persons of a robust constitution do not usually experience any annoyance from the damp, and would perhaps laugh at the idea of being injured. Those liable to suffer are the aged and the infirm, who are not strictly on their guard. A momentary indiscretion may finish them. The inhaling of a single breath in stepping over the door in a cold, damp day, especially after sunset, is apt to carry them off. Newspaper obituaries present melancholy instances of sudden deaths from this cause. It would almost seem as if the practice of going out to ridiculously late dinners had been contrived in the interest of undertakers and grave-diggers.

These few observations bring us to the subject of Davos. The climate of that health-resort is said to be entirely different from that of the British islands, or of the wintering-places on the Mediterranean; the leading peculiarities in the air being exceeding dryness and lightness. The worst thing that can be said of this Swiss mountain retreat is the difficulty of getting to it, though in these days of railway transit this objection does not amount to much. The chosen route to reach it from England is by way of Paris, Basle, and Zurich; then to Landquart, on the Zurich and Coire line of railway. At Landquart, diligences or hired carriages take the traveller to a certain height up the mountains, after which he may possibly be carried forward by carriages sledge-fashion. The time on the road from Landquart is seven and a half hours. At the ridge of Davos-Kulm, the first glimpse is obtained of the green pastoral valley in which the village of Davos is situated. There are other routes than that just mentioned. For all needful particulars we must refer to the handy guide, 'Davos-Platz, a new Alpine Resort for Sick and Sound in Summer and Winter, by one who knows it well' (Stanford, London, 1878). Consisting of only a mere hamlet a few years ago, Davos now embraces six or eight hotels, twenty to thirty villas and chalets, and shops, for the accommodation of strangers. The hotels act as pensions or boarding-houses, at a fixed rate per diem. Some of the villas ready furnished may be hired for the season. The village has seven or eight doctors, and religious services are conducted by clergymen of different denominations. There are daily posts and parcel expresses. Letters and newspapers from London are delivered on the third day. Telegraphic communication is established, but messages are costly. German is the native language, but French and English are spoken at the hotels. Literature being scarce, visitors should bring books with them.

The height of Davos above the level of the sea is five thousand one hundred and five feet. As this is six hundred and sixty-nine feet higher than the top of Ben Nevis, one is apt to have an appalling idea of the cold and stormy weather to be experienced. But, as already stated, altitude is not a safe criterion in judging of climate. Davos

is about ten degrees farther south than Ben Nevis. It is not an exposed mountain-top, but is well sheltered by heights from fierce gales of wind. Both from geological formation and distance from the sea, the climate is singularly dry. The great elevation of course gives lightness. That is a matter of immense importance to certain classes of invalids.

Mr John Mackenzie, the gentleman above hinted at as having given us some information on the subject, has in addition furnished the following account of his personal experiences:

'Having,' he says, 'been a great sufferer for many years from chronic dyspepsia, I tried to get relief in various places in England and Scotland; sometimes reaping more benefit in one place than another, but always in the doctor's hands, living for months at a time on farinaceous food, visiting hydropathic establishments, taking the usual course of baths, and following the regulations prescribed in these places. The only benefit I received was temporary, for as soon as I returned to the usual routine of everyday life in Edinburgh, all the old symptoms came back. About the end of the summer of 1876, while considering where I should spend the winter, I heard something of the wonderful hygienic properties of the air at Davos, in Switzerland. I wrote at once to Herr J. Coester, proprietor of the Hotel Belvidere at Davos, and received so satisfactory a reply, that I resolved to winter there, and left Scotland on the 1st November, accompanied by my wife and daughter.'

'I chose the route *viâ* Dover, Calais, Paris, Bâle, Zurich, to Landquart, which terminates the railway part of the journey; from thence we proceeded by diligence on the following morning as far as Klosters, which terminates the picturesque valley of the Prättigau. From Klosters the journey in winter is performed by one-horse open sledges; but there is always the large postal diligence, divested of its wheels to form a sledge, for delicate visitors, seats for which can be secured by telegraphing a day or two beforehand to the post-office. We had not applied for seats, so had to content ourselves with one of the open sledges, of which there are always a sufficient number. On this occasion there were ten; and the effect of these in single file winding up the steep roads and round the sides of the mountains, accompanied by the cracking of whips and the peculiar cries of the drivers, was very novel and striking.

'The greater part of the journey from Klosters to Davos is through a forest of stately pines; and in many parts the gradients are very steep, until the Davos-Kulm is reached, when the road descends through a belt of pine-forest into the Davos valley. When the lofty mountain-ranges which inclose this Alpine retreat come prominently into view, the whole scene forms a grand panorama of mountain and valley scenery, with the Landwasser flowing rapidly onwards from the little placid lake which forms a striking object at the base of the lofty pine-clad Seehorn, situated at the north-east end of the valley; while the south-west end is closed in by the high rugged-peaked Tönnhorn, about nine thousand feet above sea-level.

'Before noticing the usual routine of daily life amongst the majority of the visitors, it may interest those who have not been to Davos to know a little of the usual kind of weather which prevails during the winter months. All the way

from Landquart to Davos the weather had been remarkably mild, with bright sunshine, and an all but cloudless sky, although the winter season had fairly set in (13th November). From the 13th to 18th inclusive, brilliant sunshine, with one of the deepest of blue skies; followed, however, by a change to sleet and snow, which continued for two days, succeeded by frost. From 24th, to 26th, cloudy; 27th to 30th, six degrees of frost during the night; and on 1st December, eight degrees of frost during the night; while during the day the heat was like a fine summer's day in Scotland. During the whole of December the weather may be set down thus: Two exquisitely fine days for every three more or less overcast, which, notwithstanding, would be considered here fairly fine days, the air, although cold, being free from moisture. It is not uncommon during the winter to have a fortnight's continuance of the most glorious weather that can be experienced in the most favoured climate in Europe, the blazing sun, in which few can venture out without sun-umbrellas, giving the impression rather of a tropical than an Alpine climate, which idea is only dispelled by seeing the whole surroundings covered with dry crisp snow. Even during snowy days, patients in moderate health are to be seen taking their usual outdoor exercise, such as walking, sleighing, skating, &c.; the snow, from its dryness, appearing to fall off them as harmlessly, to use a homely expression, as water off a duck's back. The most striking features of this climate are its extreme dryness and absence of wind; giving at once a healthy tone to the whole system, provoking a keen appetite, and imparting a vigour and buoyancy of spirits that are often too apt to lead new arrivals to fancy that their ailments have entirely left them, and not unfrequently lead the incautious to overtax their strength; thus undoing the benefit they had gained. This is an evil that cannot be too carefully guarded against.

There are now plenty of interesting walks in the valley and along the lower slopes, where daily exercise can be taken without ascending the mountains, until the visitors get somewhat acclimated.

The hotels and pensions are all situated on the north side of the valley, and have the full benefit of the sun, and to most of the hotels are attached extensive verandahs, favourably placed; these are much frequented by invalids, as they form a protection alike from sun and snow.

The hotels and pensions are all most substantially built, with great thickness both of outer and inner walls, one measured being found over three feet at the ground-floor, slightly diminishing towards the upper floor; and all are provided with double windows. This substantial mode of building will readily explain how it is that the houses in these high altitudes are so easily kept warm and comfortable. The usual cylindrical porcelain stoves, so general over most of the German states, are now in use in all the hotels at Davos. In the public rooms the temperature is seldom below 60° Fahr.; and this warmth is so thoroughly diffused through the building, the usual risks from draughts and change of temperature are rarely experienced even by the most delicate.

Davos can now boast of numerous shops and

stores, where everything of a useful as well as ornamental description can be procured. There is one good chemist's shop, and a second expected to open this season, good grocery and provision shops, wine-merchants, bazaars, good tailoring, dress-making, and millinery establishments; indeed every useful craft is fully represented, including the boot and shoe making, which is one of the specialities of Swiss productions. This year two educational establishments have been added; shewing the progress in development of this village, and the energy displayed by the medical authorities and hotel proprietors in endeavouring to render Davos not only a health-resort, but a place where delicate parents can be accompanied by their children with the assurance that their studies need not be neglected. The only want experienced by the English-speaking visitors is a comfortable reading-room or club with a moderate supply of useful books, periodicals, magazines, and newspapers, the only circulating library there at present being incomplete in this respect. The introduction of such an institution would be hailed as a great boon by all visitors, and to any enterprising person would no doubt prove remunerative.

Nor are the spiritual wants of the visitors overlooked. At the present moment, active efforts are being made to raise subscriptions for building a small Episcopal church. Hitherto, divine service has been held in one of the large rooms of the Belvidere Hotel, conducted by clergymen appointed by the Colonial and Continental Church Society. This short account of my experiences would be incomplete without expressing my appreciation of the attention and comforts we met with during two winters' stay at the Hotel Belvidere. This hotel was built for English visitors; and from the fact of the proprietor, a German, speaking English fluently, and having a knowledge of English tastes and habits, accommodation there is, by many, eagerly sought for, and it is therefore desirable to secure rooms before the season commences. A large addition has during the past summer been made, increasing the accommodation by about double.

From the increasing interest evinced by many of the highest authorities in the medical profession in England and Scotland, with many of whom Dr Ruedi, the only English-speaking doctor in Davos, is in frequent communication, this Alpine retreat is destined ere long to become one of the foremost of the numerous health-stations on the continent for the cure of those diseases that formerly a southern climate, such as the south of France, the Riviera, or Italy, was considered better fitted for; for it is now demonstrated that in nearly all phases of consumption in its early stages, hemorrhage, dyspepsia, nervous derangement, prostration from overwork either physical or mental, Davos possesses advantages over these, not only in the peculiar dryness and invigorating properties of its atmosphere, but from its sheltered position, and consequent immunity from winds and other atmospheric disturbances which more or less affect every other part of Europe. Although the southern climate is perhaps equally favourable for consumptive patients, it lacks the great advantage of an Alpine climate in not bracing up and invigorating the system, thereby greatly increasing the danger of returning to our variable climate.

'Numerous cases might be given, did our space permit, of complete and partial cure of consumptive patients, and of the great benefit that has been derived by nearly all who have wintered in Davos. The most delicate need not hesitate to winter there, as the comfort of patients is so carefully and efficiently provided for, and every luxury readily obtainable. Hundreds each autumn arriving in Davos with comparatively shattered constitutions, return to their homes in the spring either completely cured, or at anyrate with invigorated health and spirits; all testifying to the pleasure of a winter residence in this charming retreat, not only from its wonderful salutary effects, but from the pleasant intercourse with the residents and the kindly feeling of their fellow-visitors.'

We cannot conclude our notice of Davos without an allusion to some painful circumstances lately developed in connection with the residence of strangers at Swiss hotels. We specially refer in the first place to the gross incivility, with unprovoked assault, by the landlord of a hotel on the top of the Righi; and secondly, to the shameful persecution of a Russian lady of rank and her son by the landlord of a hotel in Uri—both cases being reported by the London press as a warning to travellers. To make the matter worse, it does not appear that the Swiss police or judicial authorities do anything to check these unjustifiable barbarities. We have likewise heard of very arbitrary proceedings on the part of the Swiss postal authorities towards strangers. We cannot say that within our own experience while travelling in Switzerland we had ever the misfortune to experience any incivilities from hotel-keepers, or others. The circumstances just mentioned, however, would shew the necessity for visitors at hotels in that country being on their guard. Perhaps, in case of a lengthened residence, it would be safer for them to select hotels of which the proprietors are Germans or French.

W. C.

A SHADOWY STORY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '08.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE terrific outbreak in Ireland known as the rebellion of '08, seems to have attracted less attention from the students of literature than many other events of importance in our national history. Not only are the tales in connection therewith scanty; but it may be doubted, with all our spread of education, if an average school boy or girl could give anything like a connected or distinct account of this crisis, or could name a volume containing a full history of it. It is almost certain that these school-boys and school-girls would be found far better posted up about the Spanish Armada or the wars of Charles I. But for all that, it was a terrific outbreak, as we have said, and few countries have passed through greater trials than did England and Ireland then; and while anything at all bearing on politics or faction is utterly foreign to our story, yet the reader will pardon us for saying, and agree with us when we say it, that so fierce and sanguinary was the

struggle, so bitter the passions aroused on both sides, that so far from wondering at the jealousy which has certainly existed between the two nations until this day, it redounds highly to the honour of both, and speaks much for the intrinsic goodness of heart of both, that so much has been forgotten and forgiven.

The great struggle was over; the rebellion was crushed; all knew that whatever chance there might be of armed resistance in the future, it was hopeless now. The guerrilla-like strife which for several years disturbed various parts, was but the strife of desperate outlaws, and the Whiteboys and Rockites were only dangerous to individuals. The search for those concerned in the revolt was yet pursued, and martial law prevailed—or what was called martial law, which seemed to consist chiefly in the absence of all law, and involved absolute submission to the will of the nearest officer, or—if he were very scrupulous—to that of the most active magistrate in the neighbourhood who worked in concord with him. In every village in the disturbed districts, soldiers were quartered; and as money was freely spent, plenty of informers were found to betray the plans of their friends and the hiding-places of the fugitives. Some of the latter, however, appeared to possess charmed lives, and could not be captured. These were but few, it is true; yet on this foundation a sort of belief in the fidelity of the Irish populace has been reared, which has obtained a credence perfectly astonishing, when we recall the indisputable fact that every movement in Ireland has been accompanied with the betrayal of its chiefs, from the times of Lord Fitzgerald down to the latest Fenian scare.

At the village of Knock-na-boreen—to give it its full title; but commonly called, as it will be called here, Boreen—which was about fifteen miles from a small seaport, and situated in a 'proclaimed' district, a detachment of military was quartered, consisting of one officer of the regulars, with half a score of men from his own regiment, and some twenty militia; and owing to the scarcity of officers, his next assistant was his sergeant-major, a very steady trustworthy man. With the easy ways of such times, and the entire disregard of everything like private rights or feelings, this officer—Lieutenant John Westbury—was directed to make the house of one Mr Decroy his headquarters. This was not bad for the officer, as there was nothing in the shape of an inn to be found at Boreen beyond a couple of the poorest shebeen houses; but it was particularly unpalatable to the family on which he was thrust, as Mr Bernard Decroy was alleged to have taken a part in the rebellion, and to have fought more than once against the English troops. At anyrate he was a fugitive—it was commonly supposed that he had escaped to France—and a reward was offered for his apprehension. It will easily be imagined that an officer in the position of Lieutenant Westbury was not very warmly welcomed in the disaffected districts. Fear alone restrained the inhabitants from open violence; but the looks of all, women as well as men—the women perhaps even more than the men—warned him how little good-will was felt towards him by his unwilling hosts; and so it was in this case.

Mrs Decroy remained at the house with her elder daughter, a widow with two young children, and an unmarried daughter. There was also a son, but he was a surgeon in the Turkish service. When Lieutenant Westbury introduced himself with a brief apology for his intrusion, he felt that it would puzzle the best judges to decide whether Madam—as the country people called the old lady—or Mrs Claridge the widow, or Miss Kate Decroy, looked coldest upon him. There was no help for it, however, and they were obliged even to tolerate him at dinner, lest he should make an unfavourable report of them, and cause the government to hold them in still greater suspicion; quite an undesirable aggravation, as they were already ranked with the thoroughly disaffected. It was well for the inmates of Boreen House that Lieutenant Westbury was a quiet, grave, and kindly man; and in spite of his bearing a scarcely healed wound from a rebel pike, and in spite of his having a reputation for alertness and bravery, he knew how to make allowance for the feelings of those who had lost in the strife, and for the still keener feelings of their kith and kin. He was not the first officer who had entered the doors of Boreen House; but he certainly was the first who had ever thought it needful to offer a word of apology or regret at being compelled to intrude upon the family. Thus he had produced a good impression on his first arrival, although he was not aware of it.

At all hours of the day and at all hours of the night, mounted messengers were arriving and departing, so that at first the Lieutenant and his man Friday the sergeant-major, were much employed in receiving and writing reports; and although this had quieted down a little, there was still a sufficiency of such business. These patrols or messengers it need hardly be said were strangers; for there was no cavalry at Boreen, and the small party there served to act as an intermediate station between the larger towns and to sour the immediate neighbourhood. Although this latter was bleak and bare enough, and although there was some broken and rather hilly ground there, it was yet devoid of anything like woods or extensive mountains which could afford hiding-places to any large number of men.

Upon a certain night a horseman rode in with tidings which roused the Lieutenant, and sent off the whole force—save a small reserve in charge of a corporal—through a pelting rain, away out on the moors; whence they returned wet, weary, and splashed with mud from head to foot, about ten o'clock on the next day. The coldness which marked the slight intercourse unavoidably held between Westbury and his hosts, prevented the slightest inquiry on their part or explanation on his, had he felt himself at liberty to give one. But it was very well known in the village, and as a matter of course must have been known at the House, that the military had been out co-operating with other detachments, in the hope of surprising some criminals or patriots—the terms were exchangeable; and there was a vague rumour that Squire Decroy had not escaped to France after all, but was expected to be among the prisoners.

Lieutenant Westbury was evidently dull and weary at his post. Being a temperate man, he had not one very obvious resource too often sought by soldiers, and civilians also, in those days. No

library, no club, no society indeed, was there in Boreen; and, as explained, his attempts at intimacy with the other members of the House were most unsuccessful. Even the plan which almost uniformly succeeds failed in this instance, and although he made presents to the children, and sought to be friendly with them, he failed to conciliate their relatives; and the little book he gave to Miss Nora, and the puzzle he gave to Master Bryan, were each returned to him with thanks; and after this he felt the case was hopeless. It was soon after the expedition referred to, that Westbury returning from the village about twilight, and finding the hall door open, entered and saw Miss Kate talking to a woman of very poor appearance. She might have been a beggar, so tattered and threadbare was her raiment, yet she did not impress the Lieutenant as being a mendicant.

'I am very sorry, Biddy,' said Miss Kate, moving with a slight bow, to allow the soldier to pass.—'I am very sorry to send you away like this; but I do not think we have a penny in the House. The times are almost as bad with us as with yourselves. But come round in the morning, and our letters may bring us some remittances.'

She had spoken so openly that there was no reason whatever for any pretence on Westbury's side of not having heard her; so pausing, with a slight bow on his part, and a quiet smile—his smile was always quiet and grave—he said: 'I trust, Miss Decroy, will pardon me if I express a wish to prevent an incident which I am sure will annoy you. My purse is at the service of this poor woman, if you wish her to be relieved.'

'You are very kind, or no doubt mean to be so, sir,' said the girl haughtily and coldly; 'but Biddy can wait until the morning, and you, perhaps, would be less inclined to assist her, if you knew who she was.'

'I hardly think that would make any difference,' said the officer. 'As it is, I do not care who she may be, and merely wish to enable you'—

'The fact is,' said Kate Decroy, with dryness in her tone, 'her husband was a rebel, who was very properly shot by our gallant soldiers in the skirmish at the Bog of Drome; and having four children, all infants, Biddy is as badly off as she deserves to be—for she is a rebel too.'

'I do not war with women and helpless children,' Miss Decroy said the soldier, and the colour mounting to his cheek, shewed he felt the taunt in the young lady's words. 'She is in distress; you pity her.'

'I believe you speak the truth there,' said the girl, colouring in her turn, as she replied to the first part of his speech. The officer was fair and Saxon, although somewhat weather-beaten and sun-browned; the girl had that olive Spanish-like complexion, so often, so unaccountably often seen in Ireland; but her clear skin, dark as it was, shewed the mantling blood quite as distinctly as did the Englishman's lighter cheek. She continued: 'I believe you are a soldier, and not a savage. But Biddy can wait.—Can't you, Biddy?'

'An' shure me an' the childer can wait,' returned the woman; 'an' iv it's for a wake, we'll be continted, Miss Kate. It's as ye please intirely.'

The officer had taken out his purse, which was one of those long netted affairs at one time

so popular, and through which the money shone. Though it was not exactly a bloated purse, and though it contained more silver than gold, the glance which Biddy threw, in spite of herself, at the treasure was so painfully eloquent, and there was such a sad though resigned expression on her poor coarse face, that Kate—crimsoning more than before—said: 'Biddy only wants a trifle for something for one of her children, who—who she thinks is dying.' There was a little catch in the breath here, which in a less resolute person might have been turned into a sob. 'And it is very bitter to us to find'—

'Do not say any more,' exclaimed the soldier. 'Why be so unwilling to let me aid you in charity? I will give Biddy a trifle to help her.' As he spoke, the Lieutenant had moved the ring of his purse, and the quick eye of the girl saw that he was taking out a piece of gold.

'O no!' she said, with a little laugh; 'poor Biddy's idea is of something very different from that. Two shillings is what she craves, and if you really wish'—In her impulsive manner, she had stretched out her hand to stay the officer, and had touched his wrist. Recollecting herself, she drew back; while Westbury extracted the required amount and a trifle besides. 'Here, Biddy,' he said; 'here are four shillings. You need not mind taking them even from a soldier; pray consider the money as a gift from Miss Decroy, by my hand.'

'Sure, it's a kind thing for ye to do, anyhow,' said Biddy, with a profusion of courtesies. 'An' a good heart in a sojer, or a kind word from wan, bates me entirely.'

This grateful speech on the part of Biddy provoked a smile from both her hearers; and as Westbury turned and left the hall, he exchanged for the first time a kindly glance with Miss Kate Decroy.

As the Lieutenant entered his little room wherein was arranged his solitary tea equipage, his colour was higher than before, higher than even Miss Decroy's had been, and he smiled a half-pleased, half-versed smile as he dropped into his chair. 'Upon my word,' he muttered, 'I am making an absolute fool of myself here. And what is worse, I am doing it with my eyes open. A boy might perhaps deceive himself; but there is no excuse for me. Here is a girl, a most malignant Roman Catholic—as I am expected to term all such—and a bitter rebel, who would cheerfully lay her head on the block, if by so doing she could insure the decapitation of every man in my regiment; a girl who tells me every day, in everything but words, how she hates, how she abhors me and my country; and yet—and yet—and yet, hang me if I am not falling in love with her every hour of my life! Oh, it's too ridiculous; it's absurd!'

Aburd the position might have been, if the Lieutenant's own description were true; ridiculous enough, no doubt; but he might have taken heart, on reflecting that the sensation was by no means uncommon to mankind. His solitary tea equipage was set out, as already hinted; and the sigh with which he sat down was really in keeping with the lugubrious reflection he had just made.

The equipage referred to was not altogether in harmony with a modern arrangement, inasmuch as a bottle of whisky and another of brandy

formed part of the provision. Such additions were expected in those days; and it would not have told so much to the credit of Lieutenant Westbury then, as it may do now, to say that he did not touch either of them; although he could take his tumbler after a weary march across the neighbouring bogs, or after a long patrol in the rain which so often refreshed the vicinity of Boreen.

The room in which the Lieutenant was sitting was a mere slip of a place, entered from the hall, and lighted by one window which looked upon the road, if such a name could be bestowed on the waste land in front of the House. Immediately adjoining was his bedroom, which was exactly similar in size and shape, so that it was not a hazardous conjecture to suppose that one room had at some earlier date been converted into two by the simple expedient of running a partition down its centre. Excellent as this device might be, it had the effect of rendering the second room very dark, it being dependent entirely on the borrowed light which was afforded by a window in the partition which transmitted a portion of the rays from the outer window.

It was now almost dark; and so, in accordance with custom, a lamp was taken into his bedroom, the light of which shone through the partition window into the sitting-room; but directly afterwards Miss Kate Decroy entered, bearing the lamp by which the Lieutenant sat and read of an evening, and as was her wont, she inquired if he wanted for anything. Thus far the courtesy of the House extended; but Westbury had soon seen that it was almost perfect; there was no cordiality in it. It was commonly Miss Kate, or her sister Mrs Claridge, who made the inquiry, for in the 'bad times' which had come upon them, they and many others who were considered of some little importance in their neighbourhoods, were reduced to straits which oftentimes entailed absolute hardship. The Lieutenant made the stereotyped reply, and as he did so, thought with a twinge of envy of the fluent flippant tongues of his brother-officers, how they long ere this would have established quite a brisk interchange of compliments and smart sayings. And yet, he doubted it, as he covertly glanced at the composed face, high forehead, and arched brows of Miss Kate. For a wonder, she lingered for a few seconds after putting down the lamp—which was very different from her usual custom—and after a little hesitation, said: 'You could not have shewn me a greater favour, sir, than by compelling Biddy—or rather myself—to accept your loan to-night. She was my nurse, and my sister's nurse; so from infancy we have been accustomed to look upon her as one of ourselves; and even in these terrible times, nothing is so painful to us as our inability to'—She hesitated again here, and a suspicious brightness swam in the eyes, that were bright enough already.

Of course the Lieutenant laughed at the idea of his having conferred any favour at all, and hoped he should often have the pleasure of helping Biddy, whom he declared he had taken quite a fancy to.

At this Miss Decroy smiled and left the room.

Then the Lieutenant discovered—as it is common with men in such cases to discover—how excessively clumsy and ill-chosen all his words

had been; that he had better have used any set of phrases than those he had actually employed. And then too, he remembered that he had once had Biddy before him on a charge of hurling the most treasonable expressions at Corporal Chesley, who, with a file of men, was bringing in a suspected peasant. 'I never saw her look so beautiful,' was his concluding reflection. 'A heightened colour becomes her wonderfully.' The Lieutenant took a book; but he could not read; the print was too small; the light was too strong; the story was uninteresting; he had read it before; there was something wrong somewhere. So at last he decided he would get out his chess-board, and by the aid of a problem or two and his cigar-case, would pass as quiet an evening as his men would allow. 'Though,' he muttered, as he lighted his cigar at the lamp—the reader knows there were no lucifers or vestas or vesivians in those days—'I warrant I shall have first the sergeant-major, then the corporal, then the old major again, with the most important and exciting intelligence, directly I get comfortably settled.'

He moved the lamp to a distance, as its too close glare seemed to interfere with his train of thought; then arranging his board so that it was midway between the light from the inner room and that of the lamp he had moved, began his study. At first, with knitted brow, with eyes steadily bent on the board, he tried the solution of his problem, and moved and removed his pawns and knights and rooks, as a studious chess-player does; but gradually he fell off, and intervals of several minutes occurred in which he gazed thoughtfully at the opposite wall, and aided by the mild fumes of his cigar, meditated upon some subject which might have been interesting enough, but was not chess. From time to time he roused himself, and applied himself vigorously to the knotty problem, until again he leant back in his chair and gazed vacantly across the room.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of intense surprise, and glanced hurriedly, even alarmedly, round the room, and then up at the window of the inner chamber. All was silent, and but for himself, motionless. The light shone steadily through the window, as it had done all along, and not even his eager listening could detect the slightest sound. Yet the Lieutenant was aroused by something. Yet rose, and his sternly set features bore an expression widely differing from the abstracted air they had so lately worn. Stepping to a little sideboard at hand, he took from thence a brace of pistols, at the priming of which—flint and steel, then, we must remember—he glanced with habitual caution, then left the apartment. There was no communication by door between his sitting and his bed room; each was entered from the hall, through which of course he had to pass to reach the inner chamber. He threw a swift keen glance around him as he left his sitting-room, lingering for an instant with a special searching look on the lobby or passage which ran to the rear of the House, and up the broad flight of stairs which, with their massive but decaying rails, took up so great a space in the hall.

All was quiet. He could see distinctly around him, for a great iron lamp swung from the roof there, and flared away all the evening. He threw wide open the door of his bedroom; paused for an

instant, as though he expected some one to rush out upon him; then with a pistol in readiness, entered. All was quiet there also. The lamp burned on its table; his bed was trimly made; even a torn sheet of letter-paper which he had left on the table was undisturbed. He was certain of this, for he remembered, with a curious exactness, precisely how it had looked when he left it there. After a searching glance round the little room—it was so small, it required no considerable examination—he left it, and returned to his former apartment, the knitted sternness of his brow not relaxing until after he had replaced his pistols, resumed his seat, and again lighted his cigar.

'It is very strange,' he soliloquised at length. 'I suppose I must have fancied it. Perhaps I grow nervous, sitting here by myself. And yet, I don't know; I don't think I could have made a mistake. I swear I saw the shadow of a man fall across my chess-board in a direction in which my shadow could not possibly fall. It must have come from my bedroom window. Had I but had presence of mind enough to look up there at first! Yet there's not a man in the House but myself; and even if there were, what could he possibly want in— No! It is impossible. Of course I must be in error; I must have been half dozing. Yet, if I did not see a man's shadow fall across the table, I can never again trust my eyesight!'

The Lieutenant sat and smoked thoughtfully, until he had received the nightly report, and it was time to retire for the night. Enough of his previous discomposure hung about him to make him take his loaded pistols into his bed-chamber, and see very carefully to the fastenings of his door; and this having been done, he slept undisturbedly until the morning.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE IN BOMBAY.

No European who has visited Bombay can have failed to remark the peculiar and primitive way the Parsees have of disposing of their dead. It is admitted by all, that among the different nations of India this little community of enterprising and intelligent people are foremost in casting aside superstitions and uprooting prejudices. They have taken the lead of civilisation and enlightenment in India, and they are of all others the least fettered by mischievous prejudices and idle superstitions. It seems, therefore, quite surprising that they have yet persevered in a custom which is calculated to shock enlightened minds, and which no one can contemplate without a sense of horror. Surprising as it may be, it is nevertheless a fact that they expose the dead bodies of their co-religionists to be *devoured by vultures*. A glance at the ceremonies performed over the dead body of a Parsee before it is conveyed to the Towers of Silence, and the mode in which it is left to be devoured by these vultures, may be interesting.

It may be premised that the Parsees are the followers of the prophet Zoroaster, who flourished in Persia, and who, according to the Babylonian historian Berossos, founded the dynasty of the kings of Babylon two thousand years before Christ. At the present day the Parsees are erroneously

termed fire-worshippers; but the true spirit of the Zoroastrian religion is to worship the great Creator through his elements. The pith of their doctrines of faith consists in three words: *Manashni* (good thoughts), *Gavashni* (good words), *Kunashni* (good deeds). In no sense are they idolaters. At the same time many of their ceremonies are strange to those not intimately acquainted with their religion; those connected with the disposal of their dead being peculiarly revolting, though still defended by many upon certain sanitary grounds.

A corpse is considered by the Parsees a very sacred thing, and the touch of an ordinary mortal is supposed to contaminate it. Immediately after the vital spark has left the human frame, it is taken charge of by two *nassasálars* (a body of men who are specially ordained to perform funeral rites, and paid by the community at a fixed salary). By them it is cleansed and clothed in white unsullied garments, after which it is placed on two flat stone slabs on the ground. The female relatives and friends gather together in the hall where the remains, with all but the face covered, are laid. The male relatives, friends, and all those who wish to shew respect to the dead, clad in their white flowing robes, sit on benches on the verandah—and if the verandah is not large enough to accommodate all, on the sides of the street. When a Parsee of note dies, it is not unusual to see a whole street lined with co-religionists, sometimes three or four rows deep. They generally gather together about an hour before the time announced for the remains to be carried to the Towers of Silence. The women sometimes indulge in loud lamentations, particularly if death has overtaken a young person; but the men maintain a grave and respectful silence.

About an hour before the time for taking the remains away from the house, the *nassasálars* transfer the corpse from the slabs, and place it on an iron bier, which is usually quite new, except in the cases of very poor persons. After the transfer of the remains to the bier, two priests standing at the foot of the corpse commence repeating the funeral service, every one else maintaining the strictest silence. During two pauses in the service a dog is brought in and made to look at the face of the dead person. The reason or philosophy of this extraordinary performance is not very clear. At the end of the service, the priests make a very low obeisance and retire. The pent-up feelings of the women generally break out at this moment, and a scene of the most piteous lamentations ensues. The men outside then come in, and after looking at the face, make a deep and reverential obeisance; some men going down on their knees with the face touching the ground—most of them muttering prayers, subdued but fervent, for the soul of the dead. The face is now covered up, this being the last glimpse the female relatives are permitted to have of the dead. The bier is then lifted off the

ground by the *nassasálars*, and brought out of the house, where two others join them, and take each of the four ends on their shoulders. The men outside rise and remain standing, performing a reverential obeisance as the bier passes them. The mourners then fall in, and the funeral procession, led by the priests, moves on. After the cortège has proceeded about a hundred yards, the high-priest comes to a stop; but some other priests with the relatives and intimate friends of the family follow the funeral all the way to the Towers of Silence.

The highest hill in Bombay, on the Chopati side of it, is selected by the Parsees as the site of these Towers—the last resting-place of their fellow-religionists, the top of the hill being surrounded by a wall, within the precincts of which none but the Parsees have free access. (Occasionally a European is permitted to enter the gate; but he is not allowed to proceed further than a certain distance, and the view he obtains is a very indistinct one.) To facilitate the ascent of funeral processions, a flight of countless stone steps is built from the bottom of the hill to the very gate of the wall which gives admission to the ground. As one enters the gate, he is bewildered by the magnificence and the grandeur of the scene that bursts upon his sight. The whole of Bombay lies at his feet, and the most beautiful gardens imaginable lie in front of him. The distant view of the sea adds to the enchanting spectacle. The first thing that engages the attention is the 'Sagari,' a small stone building where the sacred fire is kept, and where Parsees often go to say prayers for the soul of their deceased friends or relatives. In the distance are visible the white walls of the seven different Towers, erected at irregular but considerable distances from each other. After the Towers are once consecrated, none but the *nassasálars* are allowed to enter; but when a new one is built, it is open to the Parsees for inspection; and the ceremony of consecration is performed in the presence of all those of the community who choose to attend.

On the top of the wall of the Tower which is being used for the time being, may be seen huge vultures to the number of from forty to fifty. Inside the iron door—which is on a level with the surface of the top of the hill—is a flight of a few steps downwards. The arrangement in the interior of the Tower is perfectly simple. There are stone slabs arranged—a little distant from each other—in three concentric circles; the slabs of the innermost circle being intended for the bodies of children, are smaller than the slabs of the second circle, which are exclusively used for the bodies of females; the outermost circle having the largest slabs, being intended for the remains of males. In the centre, is a well of immense depth; and the surface is built so as to slope gently from all directions towards the well.

When the funeral procession arrives at the summit, it proceeds straight to one of the seven Towers that is in use at the time. After a short halt, for the purpose of allowing the relatives to take a last look at the deceased, two *nassasálars* proceed slowly with the bier towards the iron door. One of them opens the door with a key, and they disappear with the earthly remains, and close the door after them. They then deposit the dead body on one of the

stone slabs, tear the garments in which it is enveloped with a hook; and issuing out of the same door with the empty bier, proceed to a place where they wash themselves, change their clothes, and undergo a purificatory ceremony. Directly the *nasasaldars* emerge from the iron door, the vultures on the top of the wall descend, and after about ten minutes reappear. Then everybody knows that nothing but the skeleton is left of the lifeless remains deposited within the walls only a few minutes ago. When the *nasasaldars* enter again with another funeral, they drag the skeleton and everything with a hook to the well in the centre; and so the bones of the members of this united and unique community mingle together in death. Of course, the height of the hill, combined with the height of the Tower walls, renders it impossible for any one else to obtain even the faintest glimpse of the inside of these Towers. The *nasasaldars* alone witness what must sometimes be a horrid and revolting sight inside this awe-inspiring place.

Meanwhile, the men forming the procession—immediately after the *nasasaldars* enter the iron door—turn their backs, and retrace their steps towards the 'Sagar,' where they wash and say their prayers, and return to their respective homes in carriages or bullock-carts, provided, according to their means, by the relatives of the deceased. It is popularly believed that the vultures are gifted with such fine instinct that they will not touch a body if there is the slightest spark of life in it, however latent that spark may be.

Some years ago, when the affairs of the community were managed by the *Punchyat* (five head-men), the *nasasaldars*, it is believed, had strict orders to kill any person who came to life again after being taken to the Towers. It is even believed by many that some murders have in this wise been committed; the sole justification for such barbarity being a strong conviction that anybody coming out of the place of the dead would bring with him the curse of pestilence and other visitations of Providence. It is also believed that those who have been able to climb over the wall and make their escape after resuscitation, have exiled themselves from Bombay, never daring to acknowledge their identity, for fear of being killed. It is needless to say that whatever may have happened in the past with impunity, it is different at the present day, as the English government would recognise no reason why a murder committed in the Towers of Silence should not be punished with the same severity with which a murder in any other place would be visited.

The only reason the *Parsees* can bring forward in favour of this custom is that on sanitary consideration, it is the best mode of disposing of their dead, and renders the living secure from the risk of impure water and vitiated air in the vicinity of graveyards. Moreover, they maintain that it is less objectionable than burial, which has the disadvantage of involving a more protracted process of destruction. But it must be admitted that the reasons for persevering in a custom at once so shocking and barbarous, are very weak; and though most educated *Parsees* of the present day recognise the fact, it is difficult to make a sudden transition, and throw off the fetters of a custom which has come down to them from generation to generation for so

many hundreds of years. A unanimous and powerful effort alone can abolish a custom, the contemplation of which fills the European mind with horror.

RUPERT'S REVENGE.

This funeral was over; the will had been duly read, and the various relatives taken their departure, having paid the last tribute of respect to the deceased. The servants were discussing matters now in the kitchen; whilst the two sons in their sable garments held converse in the dining-room overhead.

The late Mr Charles Conway had lived to a good old age; but his end had overtaken him one might say unawares. He was seventy-three; but a more hale hearty man was not to be found for miles round; and when the tidings were made known that he had suddenly dropped down dead, the shock was considerable amongst his many acquaintances. There had once been a large family circle at the Grange; but death had narrowed it, until only the father, his eldest son Stephen, Rupert the third son, and Helen his only surviving daughter, remained. Mrs Conway had been dead for many years. Perhaps, had she lived, matters might have been different. As it was, the domestic horizon had been too often overcast with clouds, and jealousies arisen which had created a gulf between those who by nature ought to have been nearest and dearest.

To a certain extent his children had all disappointed Mr Conway. Outwardly, there was no fault to find with the steady though somewhat sullen slow-spoken Stephen. He had never defied the parental authority, never dipped unduly into the family exchequer, never forgotten himself in any obvious manner. In fact, while every one was obliged to confess that he was exemplary in his actual conduct, still scarcely a creature really liked him. He was wont to boast that he never had owed a penny in his life—he might have added, nor given one away; for innate meanness—carefully concealed under a studied manner—was his chief characteristic. He was a short spare man of about seven-and-twenty at the time of his father's death, with a thin-lipped, ominously closest mouth, and pale blue eyes of the sharpest, shiftest description. Dressed in his mourning habiliments, he looked smaller, even more foxy than usual; and there was an evil light in his face as he sat opposite Rupert, discussing with great energy the lately opened will.

Rupert was three years younger; a tall well-made young fellow; the apple of his father's eye—despite the disappointment he undoubtedly had been to him—ever since his earliest days; for Rupert had been a reckless good-hearted lad from the first; never out of mischief and scrapes, but so winning, so warm-hearted and affectionate, that it was seldom old Mr Conway could find it in his heart to reprove him with the severity he but too richly deserved. While his crimes were restricted to boyish pranks perhaps the latter did no harm; but when Rupert went out into the world and repeated his follies on a larger scale, Mr Conway began to realise that a firmer hand would have been truer affection; and instigated ceaselessly by Stephen, who remained at home to

manage the small property belonging to the family, he made an effort to draw the reins so tightly that not unnaturally the high-spirited Rupert rebelled. Stephen viewed with silent wrath several occasions on which his father had disbursed considerable sums to set his brother straight again; but true to his nature, he made no open comment. He waited with a patience worthy a better cause until the little drops of poison which he skillfully administered by insinuations and plausible sorrow over Rupert's extravagances should do their work in undermining him finally in his father's affections.

'I would pay his debts sir—of course I would,' he would remark in his slow hesitating voice, when Mr Conway conversed with him upon the subject of Rupert's delinquencies. 'In fact you must do it; you will always have to do it. You can first mortgage the outlying fields; then the meadows; and if need be, the house itself. Pay his debts by all means sir!'

Mr Conway would then grow furious, and vow violently that he would never pay another shilling for Rupert. He would cut him off without a penny, and leave all he had between Stephen and Helen. At which threat Helen would intercede for the prodigal, and generally succeed in counteracting for a time the evil influence of Stephen.

Helen was a sweet-faced sensible girl, and being devotedly attached to Rupert, promised to prove a considerable obstacle to Stephen's schemes. So he cast about in his evil mind how she was to be removed; and about a year previous to his father's death, an event happened which suited him exactly. She fell in love, and fixed her affections upon a man for whom her brother Stephen chanced to have a peculiar aversion. Mr Conway did not care for the match; but Helen's heart was set upon it, so the marriage took place, and Stephen reigned at last alone in his glory with his old father, who gradually became more and more under his influence.

Helen—or Mrs Marchmont as we ought now to call her—had gone abroad with her husband to join his regiment in India, so there was no one to speak a kindly word for Rupert, no one to remind him of her, when in a moment of peculiar irritation against his youngest son, Mr Charles Conway made his will. A will had been originally made, in which, though Stephen as the eldest son was to succeed to the Grange, Rupert and Helen were both justly remembered; and probably Mr Conway would have declared it to be the expression of his real wishes, if an ordinary death-bed had been accorded him; but the summons had come like a thief in the night. No one heard his last sigh; no one was near to receive his last word. Suddenly the stroke had fallen; and whether in the darkness of that dread hour his thoughts had strayed to his favourite though cast-off child, no one would ever know. At all events, the will—a subsequent one, and made in a moment of anger long since past—was that to which his two sons had just listened, and which his old friends were now discussing the cruel injustice of. Everything was left to Stephen. Stephen had not schemed and plotted for nothing; he was master of the Grange, possessor of a snug balance at his bankers. And Rupert—why, Rupert had just got what he deserved—nothing.

Rupert was stunned by the contents of the will, but not a hard word escaped his lips. 'I cannot think he meant it,' he said huskily. 'But I shall never blame him for it.'

'And pray, whom do you blame?' inquired Stephen hastily. 'I should think you ought to blame yourself.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Rupert briefly. 'At all events, this is no longer the place for me to be in. I have a few odds and ends lying about which I shall ask you to send to me. I mean to return to London this evening.'

'You needn't be in such a hurry,' responded Stephen, uneasily conscious of his share in depriving his brother of his inheritance. 'You'd better stay a day or two, till things settle down a bit; and after finding out what claims there are, I will see if I can't give you a hundred or so to start with.'

'Not a penny from you!' said Rupert. And true to this determination, he bade adieu to his old home that afternoon, with his heart heavy within him, and his pockets empty, but strong in his resolve to face life bravely, and to forget, if he could, the sharp stab of pain which had been inflicted upon him that day.

Mr Stephen Conway made great capital out of his proffered generosity to his brother, representing to his friends that he had gone so far as to offer to share everything equally with him, and insinuating that a very liberal arrangement was to be effected by-and-by; which as Rupert never came back to deny, people generally took for granted had really taken place. So the old Squire's unjust will gradually ceased to be censured, as his son had, according to his own shewing, acted so well about it.

Three months afterwards, Stephen Conway, on opening his daily paper, read therein a terrible shipwreck of an outward-bound vessel. She had been struck by another vessel, coming in an opposite direction, with such force, that in an incredibly short space of time she had sunk, and all on board, with the exception of three of the crew, perished. Below was a list of the passengers, and amongst them was the name of Rupert Conway, a second-class passenger, bound for New York. Perhaps in his inmost heart Stephen experienced some remorseful sensations when he read of his brother's death. Perhaps just at first he regretted having by evil means deprived him of his inheritance. Whether he did so or not, no one could tell. At all events, the self-reproaches must have been very evanescent, for the new master of the Grange soon shewed himself amongst his neighbours with anything but a sorrowful countenance.

By-and-by, rumours began to get afloat that Squire Conway meant to marry; and his choice was well known to lie between a certain Miss Judith Butler and her cousin Alice Butler. The only charm the former possessed consisted in the fact that she owned the sum of ten thousand pounds; while the latter, who lived with her, had only as her fortune one of the fairest faces in the world, to which might be added a sweet and charming disposition. Judith was twenty-four; Alice only just eighteen; and could the money but have been transferred, Squire Conway would not have hesitated for an instant in making his selection. However, had he been even inclined

to overlook her poverty, and forego the substantial benefits to be derived from a marriage with Judith, Alice, who had never been blind to his true nature, would most unhesitatingly have refused him. Rupert—poor reckless dead Rupert, had been her love. They had vowed to be true and faithful, the day he left his home to seek his fortunes; and even though she believed him to be drowned in the depths of the sea, she felt, or fancied that, would not be possible for her ever to care for any one again. About a year after the tidings of Rupert's death had reached him, Stephen married Judith. Even as Judith Butler, she had never been careful to conceal her arrogant temper and vain appreciation of herself and her position; but as Mrs Stephen Conway, all restraint was at an end. No sooner was she installed in the manor-house than a thousand faults were found with it. The furniture was not fit for her; and the whole place, she declared, must be done up properly, or it would be impossible for her to live in it at all.

Stephen had been able to get the better of his father, and by deep-laid schemes to oust his brother and sister from their rightful inheritance; but he was utterly incapable of managing his wife. She spent her own money and his with a lawlessness which he could not control; and if he attempted to reason or remonstrate, he was met; with a burst of violence which he seemed powerless to fight against. Before many months were over, he bitterly regretted his marriage; but as it was irrevocable, he tried to redouble his own meannesses, in order to counteract Mrs Conway's reckless extravagance.

The old Grange was transformed from a plainly furnished comfortable abode into a sumptuously decorated mansion; vast mirrors reflected back Stephen's knitted brows and anxious face when he entered the drawing-room, where Judith, stretched upon a sofa with a novel in her hand, was generally to be found. Console tables, couches, cabinets, silken hangings, all were added, as Judith's fancy dictated; and when Stephen, in amazed wrath, ventured to remark upon the uselessness of such possessions, her reply was invariably: 'I suppose I may spend my own money as I choose.' Nor had Mrs Stephen any intention of wasting her splendours on the desert air. Her friends must see them, or what was the use of having them? So invitations were freely issued, and accepted in the friendliest way imaginable; and Stephen, with suppressed rage in his heart, presided at banquets which he felt his income was quite unequal to provide. So three years passed by, Mrs Stephen still entertaining, gadding about wherever there was any gaiety to be got, and decking herself out in the most expensive clothes she could think of.

Stephen's misery was plainly written in his face; his body seemed shrunken, his lips thinner, his eyes keener than ever. Things were not going well with him; and as if, he thought, to add to his expenses, news came from India that Mr and Mrs Marchmont had perished in the Indian Mutiny—been both cruelly massacred; but that their only child Maude, a little girl of four years old, was being sent home to the care of her only relation, Mr Stephen Conway. Mrs Stephen hated children—she had none of her own—and not even little Maude's desolate position and fair little face

touched her hard unwomanly heart. Some kindly hands had clothed the little orphan in black garments, and had confided her to the charge of a family who were themselves coming to England; and Maude was brought down to the Grange, where she was duly delivered over to the tender mercies of her aunt Judith and Uncle Stephen.

Maude had been accustomed to nothing but the greatest love and affection; but with the keen instinct of a child, she seemed intuitively to understand that no kindness was possible from her aunt Judith; and she shrank from her so palpably as at once to rouse the evil temper which, truth to tell, seldom slumbered within Mrs Conway's breast.

'That child hates me,' she said to Stephen the day after Maude's arrival.

'What nonsense!' rejoined Stephen, gazing at the child, who with wide open eyes was listening to the conversation.—'You love your aunt Judith, Maude, don't you?'

'No!' replied the child; 'I don't love her!'

'There! I told you so!' exclaimed Judith triumphantly.—'Well, there's no love lost, you nasty little wretch! And since you hate me, you had better keep away from me.'

From that time, Mrs Conway's treatment of the child was uniformly careless, often cruel, and constantly unkind. Stephen knew it, and but for the question of expense, would have sent Maude away; and he shut his eyes to the severity and harshness to which, infant as she was, she was subjected. Maude's only happy time was when Alice Butler came over to the Grange. Alice was her champion, her defender; and to her she clung with childish despair, when persecuted by her aunt Judith for some childish misdemeanour.

When Alice's aunt, with whom she had hitherto lived, died, but for Maude's sake she would have gone out into the world to earn her own living; as it was, Judith begged of her to come to the Grange. Stephen echoed very gladly the invitation, which, for the child's sake only, Alice accepted. She was not to be idle. Judith was too indolent, too much occupied with planning fresh finery for herself and attending entertainments, to have time or inclination to look after her household; and into Alice's clever hands the reins of domestic government were to be given. Alice was sensible, thrifty, and a capital manager. So Stephen trusted a great reform might date from the time she came to them. And as far as the actual housebills went, and as far as a wonderful increase of order, regularity, and comfort went, the change was quite beyond even his expectations. How- ever, Mrs Stephen, being now relieved from the tiresome duties of looking after servants and housekeeping, launched out more furiously than ever; bills undreamed of by Stephen were run up in every direction, and ruin slowly but surely advanced towards the master of the Grange. His wife's ten thousand pounds were gone, squandered; and his own resources—the portions that should have been Rupert's and Helen's—were fast becoming less. Stephen writhed under it, resolved upon retrenchment in the darkness of the night, schemed and planned until uneasy slumber overtook him, and the morning's light found him thinking it over still.

Mrs Stephen was deaf to reason; and often Stephen meditated upon how he could rid himself

of her altogether. But if there was one thing in the world he dreaded, it was an open scandal; and if he provoked her, he knew she would revenge herself on his tenderest points; and he had been just a little too unguarded to her on the subject of a few incidents in his life. About this time he went to London, and there, by the merest accident, heard of a wonderful investment in a Welsh mine. A vein of lead had been discovered in it; and as soon as it could be got into working order, the lucky shareholders who contrived to secure an early interest in it were safe to make a fortune. It was by the greatest favour Stephen managed to become possessed of an allotment. While he was in town, the shares advanced in a marvellous manner, and he was fully persuaded that his fortune was to be made by investing every available shilling in the brilliant scheme.

But he was a cautious man, though he desired to make a rapid fortune; so he journeyed down to the mine, surveyed it for himself, handled the precious lead, which was said to be the purest ever seen; satisfied himself it was not only *bond fide*, but far better than he had dreamed of. He hurried back to London, arranged a loan upon the Grange, the outlying fields and meadows that were once to have gone, according to his prophecy, in paying dead Rupert's debts; and then he invested in the lead mine. All the world seemed to be running after the Cwm Clwyd lead mine. The shares went up to a fabulous premium, and for a few brief months Stephen lived in a sort of fool's Paradise. Judith's extravagance would be a mere drop in the ocean when he had realised his coming thousands. What did it matter that for the present ready-money was rather a scarce commodity. Stephen had heaped all he could lay hands on into the mine, and all he was waiting for was for the mine to be brought into proper working order and the lead to be realised. Judith was duly informed of the coming golden shower, and on the strength of it felt herself more independent of Alice's good offices; for when Stephen became so rich, she would have a proper house-keeper, a proper establishment. Maude should be packed off to school, and Alice might then look out for a situation elsewhere.

Meanwhile Stephen lived in a perpetual state of anxiety for both the post and the papers. The first seldom failed to bring him good tidings from his friend in London; the second occasionally contained glowing paragraphs of the Welsh El Dorado in which his heart and hopes were centered. One day, however—a cold foggy one in November—another letter came for Stephen, the direction of which caused him to grow deadly pale, for it was in the handwriting of his brother Rupert!

The reported list of casualties turned out to be erroneous. Rupert had not been drowned; but he had apparently struggled fruitlessly with destiny in America, and was coming home. Blood was thicker than water, he wrote, and he wanted to forget old scores and to shake his brother by the hand again. Once he got back, he hoped he would have better health. He had met with an accident and was a bit of an invalid. Until he got stronger, he wanted to stay with Stephen. Nothing would recover him like his native air. He was pining to see the old place again. It was six years since he had gone away—six years since he had told Alice he cared for her. But there was no

mention of her in his letter, nothing beyond the idea that was conveyed to Stephen that he was coming back a beggar to foist himself off upon him. Stephen chafed wildly under this unlooked-for infliction. Rupert would come back, and bit by bit the true state of the case would come out—that he had never had a shilling of his father's; and all Stephen's plausible statements would be exploded.

Mrs Stephen counselled that the door should be shut in his face—audacious fellow that he was!

Alice trembled with a great happiness. To know he lived, to think she was to see him again, was enough for her true woman's heart. What did it matter if he was a beggar, or an outcast! He was throned there, beloved, perhaps all the more fervently because of his misfortunes.

It was but a scant welcome that awaited the wanderer when, about the end of December, in the midst of a severe snow-storm, he arrived at the Grange. Stephen plainly told him he could do nothing for him; and Mrs Stephen elevated her eyebrows superciliously, and scanned his shabby garments with a hardly concealed sneer. He must not be seen by any of her fashionable friends, she told Stephen; and Stephen quite agreed with her.

Alice's greeting was quiet and gentle, like her sweet self. She was hardly changed since he had last seen her; perhaps a little graver, that was all. His quick eager glance saw she was outwardly the same. He had still to discover whether absence had made her heart grow colder. A few days, and he was reassured on that point. She was his still; and their old vows were taken again. Despite the chilliness of his brother, and the want of common courtesy on Mrs Stephen's part, Rupert seemed determined to stay on at the Grange for a time. He stayed long enough to see the way in which Helen's child was treated; to see the petty slights and annoyances daily practised upon Alice, the petty warfare and the petty triumph which was imbiting her existence, and from which he longed so inexpressibly to relieve her.

At last Stephen intimated to him that Judith intended to have some friends shortly, and that his room would be required.

'All right,' replied Rupert. 'Then that means that I am to depart? So be it, Stephen. But I do not regret having come, small as has been your welcome.'

'I wonder what sort of welcome you wanted?' rejoined Stephen gruffly. 'I'm not the sort of man to kill the fatted calf for prodigals.'

'No; I don't think you are,' agreed Rupert. 'However, I mean to make a home for myself—a home in which Alice has promised to be mistress, and I shall then relieve you of Maude.'

'Very fine talking indeed,' answered Stephen. 'You'd better make sure of bread-and-cheese for yourself first. As to marrying Alice, that is simply ridiculous; Judith won't allow it.'

'We shan't ask Judith,' rejoined Rupert. 'But don't let's quarrel, Stephen. We may as well part friends—mayn't we?'

'I am sure I don't care,' was the brotherly response; and in this mood he once more said good-bye to his brother Rupert.

Two days after Rupert had taken his departure, the Cwm Clwyd bubble burst. Water had, they

said, not only got into the mine, but had submerged it. The shares were not worth the paper they were written on, and Stephen Conway was ruined—not ruined with any hope of retrieving something out of the wreck, but ruined entirely—house and lands swept away at one fell swoop. Judith would not believe it. She stamped and stormed, declaring it was some vile conspiracy against them. Stephen could not have been such a fool as to have risked everything. But Stephen said it was even so—ruin stared them in the face. And as he pondered upon their dark dismal future, he remembered how he had plotted and schemed against his own flesh and blood—how Rupert had gone forth into the world penniless through him; and even so lately he had let him go away again when he fancied that the wealth he so craved for was about to fall upon him in a golden shower.

In the midst of his despair, Rupert returned again—returned to heap coals of fire upon Stephen's head—for Rupert had now a strange story to tell. Stephen listened to it like a man in a dream, realising only one thing—that Rupert, whom he had injured, had come to save him; that Rupert, whom he had robbed of his birthright, was a rich man now, and out of his abundance was only eager to forget his wrongs, and to prove that a brother indeed is born for adversity.

This was Rupert's story. The vessel in which he left England had been wrecked, and he had saved the life of an American trader, a man of immense wealth, who out of gratitude had taken Rupert by the hand and given him employment under himself; how the bond between them had steadily strengthened; and finally, how he had died, leaving his wealth to Rupert—little under forty thousand pounds. 'Enough to save the old home, and plenty to spare too,' said generous Rupert.

Rupert and Alice reign at the Grange now, and Maude rejoices in freedom from Aunt Judith's tyranny at last. Stephen has set up on a farm, and thanks to his brother's generosity, is regaining some of the money he lost, though his capricious irritable wife still does her best to prevent him. But Stephen is a better man than he used to be; his hard heart was fairly touched when, after all his unkindness, his brother rescued him.

As for Rupert, he has resolutely blotted out old scores. Life is too short to remember them, he says; and he sticks to his opinion that blood is thicker than water. He has won his hard selfish brother's heart. His triumph has been in saving him. And surely in all family feuds the outstretched hand is the noblest, the injured the happiest in forgiving; for after all, life is but a short affair. 'A few more tears, a few more sighs, some pleasure, much pain, and then injured and injurer pass away for ever. Is it worth while to hate each other?' We may not have Rupert's fortune, nor may we have a brother like Stephen, but how few families are exempt from 'family feuds.' How many are now separated who really mourn over the separation, long to be reconciled, thirst to see the once familiar face; to hear the voice that once made earth's sweetest music, but which has vanished, yet is blessing some one still in the world; some one who perchance cares for them

less than we still do, though we 'have a quarrel, and are not on speaking terms now!'

Oh! saddest of all things is a family feud. Death is very bitter; but if our darlings leave us with fond farewells, is it so hopeless as the death in life of an earthly separation? If we must have our revenge, let it be like Rupert's.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS believed that never since the world began did two lovers make love in exactly the same way as any other two lovers. Whether he was right is equally beyond proof or disproof. Certainly, no question has been put in such a variety of ways as the most momentous one a man can ask or a woman answer; how it is put depending upon time, place, circumstances, and the temperament of the individuals concerned.

A curious marriage proposal was made by a reverend bachelor who entered the matrimonial state on his death-bed. When in his seventy-third year the minister had a severe attack of paralysis, which left him so weak and helpless that, feeling his end was not far distant, he proceeded to set his worldly affairs in order. His parish being an exceedingly small one, and having been always a most liberal man, he had not much money to leave, which circumstance, had it not been for one reason, he would not have minded. For the last twenty years he had had as housekeeper a steady sensible woman, who had served him honestly, tended him like a daughter during his illness, and for whom he had quite a fatherly regard. It was on her account that he mourned his poverty. It would have been a matter for thankfulness could he have left her as much as would have supported her comfortably and respectably in her old age—she was now about forty-five. After weighing and considering the matter for some weeks in every possible light, a way out of the difficulty suddenly flashed upon him; and knowing the precarious state of his health, he resolved to execute his purpose at once. He called his housekeeper, and when she entered the room, he made her sit down; and after telling her how anxious and sorrowful he had been because he had no money to leave her, he continued: 'Of course you are aware that there is a Ministers' Widows' Fund, so that if the husband dies, his wife will have an annuity during her life. Now, supposing you marry me, although I am almost at death's door, you will be amply provided for in the future. Will you consent to this?'

'Master dear, you must be doting! What would people say?'

'I was never more serious in my life, Mary; and I am sure people will say we have both acted wisely in this matter. Take till the evening to think it over, and then bring me your answer.'

In the evening, Mary told him she 'would take him.' So ten days after they were married, and three days later the good old man died; but his

widow still enjoys her share of the 'Widows' Fund.'

A young officer was dancing a set of Lancers in a crowded drawing-room with an extremely pretty girl, to whom he made himself most agreeable. After the dance was over, he took her to a chair, and seating himself beside her, began to mourn his celibacy.

'It is exceedingly easy to remedy that,' said she.

'I don't think so at all; in fact I do not know a girl who would marry me.'

She laughed, and replied: 'Just go and ask some one here to-night, and I venture to say you will be accepted by the first.'

'Ah! I am not so sure about that. But—will you—take me?'

'With pleasure.'

And a few months later they were married.

A big good-natured doctor was desperately in love with, and had been twice refused by a fair-haired little woman. But instead of the disappointment curing his love, it only made the passion grow more intense. After the last refusal, he told her that if ever she changed her mind to let him know, as his love for her was unchangeable, and he would be proud to be her husband. Some months later he was driving home from seeing a patient, when he saw his lady-love riding in his direction. Supposing she would merely bow and pass on, as she had often done before, he did not pull up his horse. But the moment Miss Dixon came up to him, she reined in her horse, stopped, and called out: 'Won't you stop, Dr Hill?' He raised his hat, and replied: 'I shall be happy to do so,' then waited for her to speak. She was gazing at the ground and blushing deeply; but quickly looking up, she filled the doctor's honest heart with surprise and gladness by saying: 'Dr Hill, I have been closely watching you lately, and seeing nothing but goodness and noble-mindedness in your character, and believing you will make an excellent husband, I am willing to marry you.'

Mr Smith coming all the way from Australia on the look-out for a wife, saw a young governess on board a Glasgow steamer, whom, from her kindness and attention to some children under her charge, he fancied would suit him. So he went and introduced himself, and taking a seat beside her, said: 'I am fifty-three years of age; have an income of a thousand a year; am a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks; have a good house near Melbourne; and all I want is a good wife to complete my possessions; would you mind taking me?' She quietly replied: 'I have no objections.' And a few weeks later they were made one.

A young man of about twenty-three years of age, with neither money nor the prospect of getting any, came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do would be to marry a 'rich wife' and live on her money. Among his many acquaintances was a widow lady about twice his age, with three children, but with a steady income of two thousand a year. Her, he resolved to marry; and in order to cultivate her friendship, he took her presents of flowers and fruit, and gave the children books and rides on his horse. The lady kindly received his atten-

tions, gave him the liberty of her house, and treated him like a younger brother in every respect. The young fellow interpreting her kindness to suit himself, and believing he had nothing to do but ask her, ventured one evening on the subject in the following manner: 'I wonder very much why you don't remarry, Mrs L——.'

'Simply because no one wants a widow with three children.'

'I know one who would be proud to have you and your dear children,' said the wooer, feeling the worst was well over.

'Indeed, you are most flattering this evening.'

'No; I am not flattering. I love you, and would be proud to be your husband.'

She looked coldly on him; then replied: 'You mean you would be proud to own my money sir, I have been vastly deceived in you.' Then pointing to the door, she continued: 'Leave my house; and while I live, never dare to re-enter it.'

When Lord Strangford sat down to criticise a book of travels by Miss Beaufort, he little dreamt that before long he would write to the young authoress: 'I was thinking the other day about a communication from the Emperor Akbar to the king of Portugal, which contained a request for copies of the holy books of the Christians, and in which the following sentence occurs: "In the world of humanity, which is the mirror and reflection of the world of God, there is nothing equal to love or comparable to human affection." For many years I have felt and known this, though I never said it till to-day to any one. When you next write, please give me the possessive pronoun of the first person.' Surely never was a declaration made in quainter fashion, saving perhaps by the Scotch beadle who led the manse housemaid to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger, stammered: 'My folk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?' Or the lugubriously humorous Irish lover who took his girl to see the family vault, and then and there asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones!

Louise de Savoie popped the question to Bourbon, but had to take 'No' for her answer, the Constable curtly declaring that the disparity of years between them, and his own feelings, rendered the union impossible.

If ladies sin against propriety in taking the initiative, they can hardly be blamed for bringing a shilly-shallying or over-bashful lover to the point, when a good opportunity presents itself. Such an opportunity sufficed to end what had been a somewhat tedious courtship. The young man paying his usual evening visit, asked his lady-love how she got along with her cooking. 'Nicely,' replied she; 'I'm improving wonderfully, and make splendid cake now.'

'Can you?' said the young fellow, ignorantly rushing on his fate. 'What kind do you like best?'

'I like one made with flour and sugar, with lots of raisins, currants, and citron, and beautifully frosted on the top,' responded she.

'Why, that's a wedding-cake!' cried he.

'I meant wedding,' said she; and there was nothing left for him but to say he meant wedding too.

Equally cleverly cornered was the Western man whose girl told him she was a mind-reader; whereupon he naturally inquired if she could read

what was in his mind, eliciting for reply: 'O yes! You have it in your mind to ask me to be your wife; but you are just a little scared at the idea.' It is plain the notion did not scare her, any more than it did the Galloway girl, who when Jock, coming into the kitchen while she was preparing breakfast, said: 'I think I'll marry ye, Jean!' answered: 'I would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would'; so she concluded the bargain; not even stipulating, like another ready lassie, on accepting as sudden an offer: 'But ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that,' Jamie. That right of courtship is one out of which no woman ought to allow herself to be defrauded.

Little as faint-heartedness in a lover may be to the liking of fair lady, it is sufficiently flattering to be condoned; but when any Caleb in search of a wife chooses to sue by delegate, he assuredly deserves to fail ignominiously. Love is not to be won by attorney; and oftentimes the attorney has thrown his client overboard, and carried off the prize himself; as happened when William Grimm went courting in his brother's behalf. Hooker escaped that risk by leaving everything, even the selection of the lady, to Mrs Churchman, who found him a wife, and achieved a son-in-law herself at the same time.

Proposing by proxy is the rule, not the exception, in Greenland. Time was when the Greenlanders won their wives by capture; but since their conversion by Danish missionaries, they have become the tamest of wooers. Now a candidate for the holy state goes to a missionary, and tells him he wants a wife.

'Whom?' asks the missionary, and learns the woman's name.

Sometimes the man answers: 'Yes; she is not unwilling; but thou knowest womankind.' Usually the answer is 'No.'

'Why have you not asked her?' inquires the missionary.

'It is difficult; girls are prudish; thou must speak to her.'

Accepting the office, the good man sends for the girl, and after a little conversation, says: 'I think it is time to have thee married.'

The girl declares she has no mind to wed.

'That is a pity,' says the missionary. 'I had a suitor for thee.'

Of course the damsel is curious enough to want to know who the suitor may be, and of course her curiosity is satisfied. 'He is good for nothing,' she exclaims with a toss of the head. 'I won't have him.'

'But,' the go-between urges, 'he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill, and moreover he loves thee.'

Still pretending to be obtuse, the girl answers that she will not consent to the match.

'Well, well; I will not force thee; I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow,' says the missionary, making-believe there is an end of the matter.

The girl does not go; she stands silent for a little while, then in a low voice sighs out: 'Just as thou wilt have it!'

'No; it is as thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee,' replies the clergyman.

Then with a deep groan, the maiden says 'Yes,' and the matter is settled.

Tyrolean lasses are by old custom spared the necessity of giving tongue to their 'Ay' or 'No.' The first time a young man pays a visit as an avowed suitor he brings with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass and offers it to the object of his affections. In any case she will not refuse it point-blank; that would be too gross an insult; but should the wooer not be agreeable to her, or his declaration come a little too prematurely, she declines the proffered wine, pleading that it looks sour, or that wine disagrees with her, or that the priest has forbidden her to touch it, or any other excuse feminine ingenuity may suggest. If she likes the lad and is equal to owning it, she empties the glass, taking especial care not to spill any of the wine, for if she does so, or the glass or bottle be broken, it is a most unhappy omen. 'They have spilt the wine between them,' say the peasants when a marriage turns out badly.

Dumb declarations are in vogue too among the Boers of South Africa. Mr Anthony Trollope tells us that when a young Boer goes in quest of a wife he puts on his best clothes, sticks a feather in his cap, provides himself with a bottle of sugar-plums, and a candle—a wax one if possible—mounts his horse, rides to the house holding the young woman he would honour, hangs the reins on the gate, dismounts, and enters. His smart gear, his feather, and his candle bespeak his errand. To make the point quite clear, however, he offers the candle to the daughter of the house. If she takes it, it is lighted; the mother sticks a pin in the candle to shew how long the young people may remain together without interruption, and she and everybody else retire. Mr Trollope says a little salt is sometimes put in by somebody, to make the wick burn slowly; but when the flame reaches the pin, mamma comes in, the 'frying' is over; and a day or two afterwards the pair are made one.

They manage these things differently in Texas. This is how a fond couple come to an understanding, according to one who pretends to know. He sits on one side of the room, in a big white-oak rocking-chair; she on the other side, in a little white-oak rocking-chair. A long-eared deer-hound is by his side, a basket of sewing by hers. Both the young people rock incessantly. He sighs heavily and looks out of the west window at a myrtle-tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out of the east window at the turnip-patch. At last he remarks: 'This is mighty good weather for cotton-picking.'

'Tis that,' the lady responds, 'if we only had any to pick.' The rocking continues. 'What's your dog's name?' asks she.

'Coony.' Another sigh-broken stillness.

'What's he good for?'

'What is who good for?' says he abstractedly.

'Your dog Coony?'

'Tut ketching 'possums.'

Silence of half an hour.

'He looks like a deer-hound.'

'Who looks like a deer-hound?'

'Coony.'

'He is; but he's sort o' belloused, an' gettin' old an' slow, an' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail.'

In the quiet ten minutes that ensue she takes two stitches in her quilt, a gorgeous affair, made after the pattern called 'Rose of Sharon.'

'Your ma raisin' many chickings!'

'Forty odd.' Then more rocking, and somehow the big rocking-chair and the little rocking-chair are jammed side by side, and rocking is impossible.

'Makin' quilts?' he observes.

'Yes,' she replies, brightening up, for she is great on quilts. 'I've just finished a gorgeous "Eagle of Brazil," a "Setting Sun," and a "Nation's Pride." Have you ever saw the "Yellow Rose of the Parairy!"'

'No.' (More silence.) Then he says: 'Do you love cabbage?'

'I do that.'

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers, of which she does not seem to be at all aware. Then he suddenly says: 'I've a great mind to bite you.'

'What have you a great mind to bite me for?'

'Kase you won't have me.'

'Kase you ain't axed me.'

'Well now, I ax you.'

'Then now, I has you.'

Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing, and next day the young man goes after a marriage license.

Some of our readers may already have seen the following, but it is so good that we cannot resist giving it. A bashful young peasant was greatly captivated by the charms of a pretty girl in his own station in life; he was exceedingly anxious to ask her to marry him, and had often resolved to do so, but for so far his courage had always failed him when the opportunity arrived. However, one night he resolved to hear his fate in spite of his modesty, so he started off to spend the evening with her. When he arrived, to his joy her parents were from home, and she was seated knitting at the kitchen fire with a big gray cat lying at her feet. Jamie sat down beside her, but not a word could he say, till at the end of half an hour he inwardly resolved to 'finish this business;' so, acting on a 'happy thought,' he placed the cat upon his knee and stammered forth: 'Pussy, ask Lizzie will she marry me?'

Lizzie blushed and smiled, but managed to say: 'Pussy, tell Jamie I'll take him.'

EXTRAORDINARY CANINE INTELLIGENCE.

THE dog whose intelligence we are about to note was well known to the writer, who therefore can vouch for the authenticity of the narrative.

Several years ago, Edward Cartwright, then head-gamekeeper to the late Mr Charles Chaplin of Blankney, Lincolnshire, had in his possession a handsome black retriever-dog answering to the name of Moss. This animal, owing to his remarkable docility and sagacity, was a special favourite both with the gamekeeper and his wife; hence Moss, instead of being quartered with his canine brethren in the adjoining kennels, had the free run of the best parlour, being—in the absence of children—regarded and treated as the household pet. One winter, the mistress of the house was confined to her bedroom by severe illness for several weeks. During this period the keeper used to spend the long evenings in his wife's cosy bedroom; Moss, as a privileged individual, invariably accompanying his master. On one occasion, after thus spending the evening up-stairs, Mr

Cartwright, on descending to the parlour, found that he had left his hat and slippers in the bedroom. Turning to the dog, who had followed him, the keeper said: 'Hey Moss, fetch my hat and slippers down-stairs.' In obedience to the command, Moss bounded off at once; and in the course of two or three minutes returned, carrying the hat in his mouth, with the slippers inside the hat. This latter circumstance considerably puzzled Mr Cartwright. Who had put the slippers inside the hat? He knew the utter improbability that it had been done by his wife, whom he had left in bed unable to move without assistance. As for the servant, she had been busy setting the supper table, and was not out of his sight for a moment, whilst the dog had gone up-stairs and returned. It was clear that neither mistress nor servant had so thoughtfully arranged the slippers inside the hat for the convenience of the dog. Who then had done it? That was the mystery. On returning up-stairs, Mr Cartwright mentioned the matter to his wife, who forthwith explained the mystery. She described how that sitting propped up in bed, she observed Moss enter the room, the door being left ajar; and after sniffing at the slippers which lay on the hearth-rug, he turned quickly to the hat, which stood on a seat in a window recess, and sniffed at that. Then he looked towards the bed, and seeing his mistress, he took up one of the slippers, dropped it suddenly, and commenced whining, as much as to say: 'Why don't you come and help me?' After a moment or two he appeared to realise the fact that no assistance could be rendered by his mistress; so raising his forefeet on to the seat, he seized hold of the hat, placed it on the floor, took up the slippers one by one, and dropped them inside. This done, he took the hat in his mouth, wagged his tail with an air of triumph, and trotted off to deposit the articles collectively, and not one by one, at his master's feet; thus literally fulfilling the adage of 'making his brains save his heels.'

SOCIETY SATIRES.

THE MANAGING MAMMA.

SHE walketh up and down the marriage mart,
And swells with triumph as her wares depart:
In velvet clad, with well-bejewelled hands,
She has a smile for him who owns broad lands,
And wears her nodding plumes with rare effect
In passing poverty with head erect.
She tries each would-be suitor in the scale—
That social scale, whose balance does not fail;
So much for wealth, so much for noble blood,
Deduct for age, or for some clinging mud.
Her daughters too, well tutored by her art,
All unreluctant in her game take part;
Or weakly passive, yield themselves to fate,
Knowing full well resistance is too late.
Thus are her victims to the altar led,
With shining robes and flowers upon the head.
There, at the holy shrine, 'mid sacred (?) vows,
She fancies heaven will bless what earth allows,
And sells her child to Mammon with a smile,
While Mephistopheles approves the style!

H. K. W.

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KENNEDY AT THE CAPE.

KENNEDY, the well-known Scottish vocalist, whose professional exploits along with those of his family we some time ago commemorated in an article styled 'Singing Round the World,' lately and unexpectedly paid us a visit. We had lost sight of him, and did not know where he was. 'Here I am once more,' said Kennedy, 'just arrived from the Cape.' 'The Cape! Have you been singing at the Cape?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'I have been singing the Scottish songs of Ramsay, Burns, and Tannahill, not only in the Cape Colony, but in Natal and other places in South Africa, among the Boers, Kaffirs, and Zulus; a famous excursion, the best I ever had.' 'Were all your family with you?' 'No; only my son David, and two daughters. Two of my sons have gone to Milan, to be educated as Italian Opera singers; no fear of them doing well.' 'And what do you propose to do next?' 'We are on the wing for Calcutta; intend to do India; there will be plenty there who would like to hear a good rousing Scottish sang to mind them of Langsyne. Good-bye; I must be off. My son, David, will send you his account of what we did at the Cape.' And so, gleefully, with a shake of the hand, Kennedy left us to go on his way singing. His life, we thought, must be vastly amusing. It might almost be said of him as of a well-known migratory bird:

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

David's book, entitled 'Kennedy at the Cape,' is no great affair, but though plain, it is by no means an uninteresting narrative. There is something original and daring in the idea of a family-party going off to sing professionally in a country in which only a few widely scattered spots are reclaimed from the wilderness, and where travelling is still for the most part on an exceedingly rude scale. The roughing experienced in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, was nothing in comparison with what had to be encountered in South

Africa. Yet, the party had no misgivings. They sailed from Dartmouth in one of the large and excellent steamers, on board which were several companies of soldiers bound for the Zulu war, and arrived at Cape-Town one bright sunny morning in March. Strange scene on landing. 'What a mixture of nationalities—all shades of colour, ranging from the deepest negro night, through twilight of half and quarter castes, to pure white European.' The grandeur of Table Mountain, towering over all, had an overpowering effect on the feelings.

With a groundwork of Dutch and Malays, there were so many English and Scotch among the inhabitants that the Kennedys were pretty sure of a cordial reception. They gave eleven entertainments, that were highly relished. 'The Scottish element,' says David, 'was very strong in our audiences; and we were told we had been the means of uniting our countrymen together, welding them, as it were, while under the warmth of Scottish sentiment and song.' A capital hint this for a method of curing social disorders! Make everything pleasant with a fine old heart-stirring lyric! In all their wanderings, the Kennedys shrewdly look for places where there is a tolerable number of Scotch. They accordingly did not make a tour in the western district of the Cape Colony, 'thinking it would be altogether too Dutch for the Songs of Scotland.' Having finished Cape-Town, they sailed eastwards to Port-Elizabeth, in order to reach the far-off Diamond Fields, where they had every reason to expect an eminently successful run of entertainments.

Port-Elizabeth, or Algoa Bay as it is sometimes called, was found to be a nice town, new, well built, flourishing, with numerous mercantile establishments. So strong a force of Scotch here, that the Kennedys were never done shaking hands with old acquaintances. David says: 'I had no sooner landed than I met two young Scotch friends, both of whom had recently come out, and had got situations almost immediately. Here there is quite a colony of young Scotchmen,

many of whom have come out on three years' engagements. I was told the young men of the "Port" were very fast; and fastness here is an unpardonable sin. A young man is sent about his business pretty smartly if he misconducts himself. Steadiness is even more an essential here than in the old country. In South Africa, the man who cannot hold up his head respectably sinks like a stone. Five concerts here in a very fine hall.

On the vocalists went northward to Grahams-town, named after the son of Graham of Fintry, the friend of Burns—distance eighty miles, chiefly by a narrow-gauge railway. At this town, the difficulties of travel commenced. A cart and a pair of horses were purchased to carry forward the party over hill and dale, the roads very bad, and often hardly any roads at all. Here and there they lodged for the night at a small inn, or at the farm-house of a Dutch Boer. With a short halt at King William's Town, they made a side-journey to a sea-port called East London, where they sang one night to a densely crowded house, the house consisting of a wooden building with a corrugated iron roof. Returning to King William's Town, the Kennedys pushed on a distance of thirty-two miles to Alice. Here, the only hall that could be obtained was a large store, the counter of which formed a platform. The seats for the audience were composed of planks resting on paraffin cases. The English clergyman lent a piano for the occasion. Near Alice is the mission educational establishment of Lovedale, which was found to be doing much good among the native Kaffirs.

As regards the Kaffirs, who were met with everywhere, they are given a good character for their industry and willingness to work for wages. The chief drawback on their advancement in civilised usages is polygamy, which is only another name for a species of slavery. The girls in a family are sold to be wives; the price paid for each being usually a couple of cows or oxen. The household servants are mostly young men, in negro nudity, or with but very scanty clothing. These dingy Kaffirs are handy fellows, clever at learning a business. They are useful as joiners, blacksmiths, printers, and other tradesmen. Specimens of their printing and book-binding at Lovedale received a bronze medal at the Paris Exhibition. Let us hope that through discreet missionary exertion, this promising race of blacks will be put in a fair way of attaining a creditable position among civilised communities.

The journey was now in an inland or northerly direction, at the rate of about thirty miles a day. At Burghersdorp, the vocalists gave an entertainment which was well attended. To accommodate the audience, chairs were borrowed from the stores, benches from the churches, lamps from the hotel, with tables for a platform. Of this place the author says: 'It possesses the most wonderful person we ever met—an editor who would not take payment for the advertisement in his paper, saying he would not do so, as he had been so delighted at having us visit the town.' Something, however, almost as wonderful occurred. A Dutch Boer refused payment for a night's lodging, saying he had been sufficiently requited by the singing of two or three Scottish songs.

The party made a short stay at Bloemfontein,

the chief town of the Orange Free State, virtually an English town in a Dutch Republic. Proceeding onward, they came upon an encampment of Doppers, a sect of severe religionists who have seceded from the Dutch Reformed Church. 'The Doppers are Old Testament Christians, and believed they were doing a good work in rooting out the Kaffir Canaanites from the land. Their manners and dress are as peculiar as their faith'—a coarse, sour, corduroyed set of people, not pleasant to have any dealings with. A curious account is given of the Nachtmall, or Holy Faith of these gloomy ascetics, at which there seems to be an incongruous mixture of camp-cookery, feasting, religious observance, and mercantile transactions. Next day, by a stretch of fifty miles, the Kennedys drove into the far-famed Kimberley, in Griqua Land, the capital of the South African Diamond Diggings.

Kimberley, which is under British administration, dates from about 1871. It is situated on a bare desolate moor, four hundred and forty-four miles from Port-Elizabeth, and six hundred and fifty miles from Cape-Town. Kimberley is built entirely of corrugated iron. 'Streets and squares, with churches, hotels, banks, newspaper offices, canteens, theatres, shops, are all of iron. From centre to outskirts the town is a cluster of dwarf iron buildings. The house-tops present the depressing appearance of a closely packed crowd of umbrellas in a wet day. The houses are all of one story: a tailor, for instance, doing a flourishing business in a hut of half-a-dozen feet frontage; a doctor seeing patients in a consulting-room six feet by three.' The market square shows a vast variety of stores, full of native and imported articles. One store was occupied by scores of huge elephants' tusks, and rugs made of skins. A large trade is done in the shops. 'One butcher in fourteen and a half months killed fifteen thousand sheep and twenty-five thousand bullocks; in a miscellaneous store, I was told that sometimes three hundred pounds was taken before breakfast.' The Kennedys lived at the Queen's Hotel, which somewhat resembled a booth at a country fair, but was comfortable and well managed, with a long dining-hall, along each side of which were small bedrooms like the berths in a steamer's saloon.

The account of the great diamond mine, which has been the attraction to the spot from nearly all the countries in the world, is the best in the book. We can present only a few particulars. The mine is an enormously large dug-out hole, bearing a resemblance to the crater of a volcano. 'It is shaped like a bowl, has sloping sides of light-coloured rock stretching down to the blue diamondiferous soil at the bottom. Such is the expanse of the mine, that in the first hasty glance you may actually fail to note for a few moments that it is alive with human beings; but there are more men than would people half-a-dozen villages. The claims lie clearly spread out like a map—an expanse of small blocks, which do not look to be thirty feet square. You see the blacks busily toiling, shovelling on the edge of a steep precipice here, climbing up naked pillars of earth there. Square pools of water gleam in several places, and walls of dark-blue clay cross and recross the whole bed of the mine. Round the margin of this deep bowl circles a fringe of steam-machinery, working the buckets that run up and down on wires, and

convey the "blue," or diamondiferous soil to the surface.

Repeated visits were made to this extraordinary scene. The mine, we are told, is three hundred feet deep, and three-quarters of a mile in circumference. The Dutch farm on which it was discovered was bought originally for six thousand pounds; and it could not now be purchased for four million pounds. The blue clay in which the diamonds are found is so hard that it has to be picked, quarried, and blasted like a rock. When brought to the surface, the blue is carted off and spread out, to be dedicated by exposure to the action of rain, or by having water, a dark article at Kimberley, poured upon it. Being then washed in troughs, the diamonds fall to the bottom. Great numbers of Kaffirs are employed. They work well, but amidst temptations, are said not to be particularly honest; for they are sharp at secreting diamonds in their mouth and selling them to brokers; but such tricks when discovered are dealt with very severely. The gathering together of thousands of people eager in pursuit of gain is not quite pleasant to think of. But there is a redeeming feature in this exhibition of mammon-worship. The diamond mines of Kimberley are a vast agency of civilisation among the native races. They learn the language and the usages of the white men, and they carry away with them money and articles of comfort for their families. 'The people know,' says our author, 'that the diamond fields electrified a half-dead continent into prosperity.' Kimberley may not present a satisfactory picture of thrift or moral propriety; but let us leave the loafers, the tipplers, and the gamblers nearer home to throw the first stone.

Even though living in small houses of sheet-iron, the community is not devoid of taste. 'Not the least of the marvels of Kimberley is the manner in which some of the people have rendered the interior of their homes comfortable and charming; in some cases, ornamenting them with choice works of art, pictures, vases, *recherché* furniture, and invariably an elegant piano, on which you hear perhaps a sonata of Beethoven or the latest comic opera of Sullivan. We dined one evening at the house of a gentleman who entertained us with a repast that would have graced any club in Pall-Mall, and which was served by coloured "boys" in a quiet yet expeditious style that would have pleased the most fastidious gourmand.'

Situated far from the coast, in an arid desert, this curiously extemporised town, or more properly encampment, has many difficulties to contend with. Except, perhaps, butcher-meat, articles of ordinary consumption have to be brought hundreds of miles over bad roads by bullock-wagons. We are told that brown sugar has sometimes cost 2s. 6d. a pound. When the Kennedys were at Kimberley, eggs were selling at from 5s. to 6s. a dozen. Firewood is particularly dear; but it is never very cold; no fires are required save for cooking. Water costs 4s. for a large, and 2s. 6d. for a small barrel. Last year, when there was a drought, a small cask of water cost 10s. Milk and potatoes are always dear. The charges for washing linen are from 2s. to 10s. a dozen. Bread is sold at 1s. a pound. Furniture, clothing, luxuries of all sorts expensive, in consequence of the tedious land-carriage; for, says Kennedy, 'even the very town itself, in the shape of planks

and sheets of iron, has been hauled by bullocks over many a thirsty plain and toilsome hill to this far lone-lying spot.' Railway transit would remedy all this; but will the diggings last? If diamonds cease to be found, the town would probably disappear. We do not think there is much chance of any exhaustion of the diamond deposits, but apparently some apprehensions on the subject prevent the outlay of capital to secure railway communication.

The vocalists were favoured with a sight of several small bagfuls of diamonds in the rough condition in which they were dug from the mine. The value of a few put into their hand was said to be two to three thousand pounds. The Kimberley mine has proved the most productive of diamonds in South Africa. Up till the end of 1873, the yield was valued at £12,000,000. All the 'Cape diamonds,' as they are usually called, possess a slight tinge of yellow, which distinguishes them from the old and purely white diamonds of India. Yet, the Cape diamonds, though of less value commercially, rival the Indian gems, in lustre, particularly when displayed under an artificial light, and they are alleged to be equally hard. The export from the various mines in South Africa must be enormous. Other precious stones, such as agates, garnets, amethysts, and jaspers, are found in various localities. The whole, we believe, are sent to Europe to be cut and put upon the market. The art of cutting diamonds, which has been long monopolised by Amsterdam, has lately been successfully introduced into London. South Africa is also rich in iron ores, coal, and other minerals, wherefore it may be said to have a great future to look forward to. 'The Cape,' to give the country generally, that name, may be deemed one of the bright jewels in the English Crown.

The Kennedys, as they expected, found a strong Scotch element in Kimberley, and drew around them a circle of appreciative supporters. They performed in the Theatre Royal, which is used temporarily as a Scotch church every Sunday, a pulpit being fitted up on the stage. The songs of Burns were received with rapturous applause. The vocalists sang ten nights, and this was not long enough to exhaust the enthusiasm that had been evoked. In no other town in any part of the globe had the party been so successful. On departure, they were escorted by a cavalcade of Scotch friends for a distance of eighteen miles. When the 'good-bye' was spoken, 'the last link was broken with Kimberley, the most remarkable spot on the face of the earth.'

Elated, yet sorrowful, the vocalists went on their way towards Natal, singing at different places to respectable audiences. One day when the cart was crossing a deep 'spruit,' or gully, there was a violent jolt, which sent our friend Kennedy *père*, into the air. Before he fell, visions of an amputation and a wooden leg flashed through his brain, and he had sufficient presence of mind to avoid such a catastrophe. Carefully he rolled over, and escaped the wheel by a hairbreadth. A clever feat. We are reminded of the story of a gentleman, a vocalist, who prided himself on the excellence of his note G. Happening to be pitched with other passengers from the top of a stage-coach, his only consideration while flying through the air was that his G might not be damaged

by the accident. The first thing he did, therefore, on being able to sit up in the mud, was to sound his G, which he happily found to be uninjured. Kennedy was equally fortunate. He landed flat on his back in the water, and sustained no other inconvenience than that of being wetted and dragged with mud. At Durban and Maritzburg, where evidences of the Zulu war fell under notice, the singers had good houses. The last entertainment at Maritzburg was honoured by the presence of the Mayor and Town Council; and a number of enthusiastic Scotsmen publicly presented Mr Kennedy with an address and a splendid diamond ring—an appropriate souvenir of a kindly colony.

Returning to Cape-Town, the tour in South Africa was closed by a 'farewell performance to a splendid audience.' The party had travelled 1360 miles of colonial roads, and 1800 miles of colonial waters, 3160 miles in all. They had given 82 performances, singing in 24 towns. Including the voyages from England and back from the Cape, the Kennedys in a professional excursion of six months travelled 17,160 miles. We may be permitted to say in conclusion, that in their extensive and adventurous round they had communicated much harmless if not profitable enjoyment to many groups of exiles from the land of their birth and others; and that in itself must be a source of gratification, independently of the more solid rewards of exertion. But there is something besides. A professional tour like that of the Kennedys, by stimulating patriotic emotions, has a political significance in confirming colonial attachments to the mother-country. We accordingly look upon our old friend with his accomplished family as in a sense messengers of peace and goodwill throughout the widespread realms of Queen Victoria.

W. C.

A SHADOWY STORY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '68.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

LIEUTENANT WESTBURY was out with his men early the next day, and once more returned tired and fretful from a fruitless tramp over dreary bogs and waste moorland. It was therefore to a late and solitary breakfast he returned. The only meal at which he joined the family was dinner (in these days the hour was half-past one), and the geniality and warmth displayed there were of such a character as to induce him frequently to wish that he might take that meal too, in solitude. Mrs Decroy, the head of the household, was simply unapproachable; she never even made a pretence of being civil to the alien soldier, never spoke to him save when compelled, and may almost be said to have looked, spoken, and acted as if to prove to the Lieutenant that she ignored his very existence. Mrs Claridge the widow was, like the second bear in the well-known nursery tale, a little better than the first bear, but only a little, inasmuch as she could more readily conceal her dislike, from her having the children by her side, and could easily feign to be so absorbed in them as to be unable to pay any attention to the stranger. As for Miss

Kate Decroy, the foregoing brief sketch of the behaviour of her mother and sister will prepare the reader to hear that what little conversation Westbury held with the family was through the medium of that young lady, who was nevertheless the hottest rebel of the whole, and ventured on such spiteful anti-Saxon speeches that the Lieutenant could scarce conceal a smile. It was well for Kate and her friends that it was a smile which her treasonable outbreaks provoked.

On this morning, as we have already said, Westbury returned tired and worried. The tramp had been unsuccessful as usual; yet his spies assured him—and there was an indefinite rumour afloat to the same purport—that a messenger from France had got through the lines, and had brought a supply of money to the fugitives, who were certainly in hiding somewhere in the district; and it was further said that a foreign ship was soon to be off the coast. His breakfast, late as it was, was duly served, partly by the occasional handmaid of the establishment, one Judith Reilly; but—as was always a point of honour with the family—one of the ladies came to see if all were to the Lieutenant's satisfaction. He had been long enough in the house to know that it was not the step of Judith he heard approaching the door, and his eye brightened as the lock turned; but it would have amused any third party to have seen how immediately the expression of his face changed when the cold stern features of Mrs Claridge met his eyes. In answer to the stereotyped inquiries, Westbury returned the stereotyped answers; and much to his relief, the lady left him without saying a word about the little overnight loan to Biddy. He had been afraid they would mention it, from their fastidious reluctance to accept the slightest favour from the hands of an English officer. He was very desirous of asking after Miss Kate; and he argued that to express a hope that her absence was not due to ill-health could scarcely be deemed going any very great lengths in the way of friendly intimacy; yet he could not do it. There had been such a total absence of the least pretence—to say nothing of the reality—of friendly intercourse, that his courage failed him.

More than once Westbury rose from the table and took a searching glance at the inner window, speculating as to what shadow it could have been that fell across his chess-board on the previous night, and trying to recall exactly how the rays of the two lamps affected the objects in his room.

'Pshaw!' he said at length. 'I must have made a mistake; and there's the end of it. Now I come to think of it, I was very dull and drowsy, and perhaps I dozed a little—"perchance," as Shakspeare says, "I"—Umph!' The tone of the conclusion of the Lieutenant's reverie was scarcely so assured as that of the commencement, and was rather that of a man who accepted a solution, none better being obtainable, than that of one who has much confidence in it.

It was his habit each morning to go round to the various houses at which his men were billeted

to see that all was right, and to see them mustered by the sergeant-major. This ceremony took place on a ragged green patch at one end of the village, and strangely enough—or so it seemed to the English portion of the little corps—attracted no idlers, as it would have done in most places. A few children came, but not even these always, and indeed on the rare occasions when any of their elders assembled, their looks and mutterings were not reassuring to the military. Accounting himself for this duty, the Lieutenant was leaving the House, when he met Biddy at the door. The door often stood open, and so far as Westbury could see, every person in the village considered that he or she had a perfect right to pass its threshold at any time. Her aspect was weary-looking and bedraggled. Her rusty black dress, which was as short as an ordinary petticoat, was almost covered with mud, while her shoeless and stockingless feet and limbs were nearly as though they had been plastered with clay for moulding. She had evidently been wet through, and the streams of rain which had run so plentifully down her face, had produced just the reverse effect to that which water is generally intended to have—it had made her dirtier instead of cleaner.

Biddy gave a perceptible start as Westbury came suddenly upon her from his room at the side of the hall. 'Good-morning, Biddy,' said the soldier kindly, overcoming his dislike to the woman for the sake of her patroness. 'You must certainly have been out on the moors to-day, like myself!'

'The moors! Is it the bog-country ye mane?' exclaimed Biddy. 'Och! it's meself ye wouldn't find there. It's after a neighbour's cow I've been all this blessed mornin' at a wate dance she's threatened me to; that's all, yer honour.'

'Quite enough too, I daresay, Biddy,' said Westbury good-humouredly, and passed on.

His brief inspection duly made, the officer returned to Boreen House, after a discussion with Sergeant-major Dickles, wherein the latter gave it as his opinion that the rebels must be aided by the Evil One himself, or they never could escape such excellently laid plots as were set on foot to capture them. Indeed, Westbury himself, as he walked away, began to think that if the Prince of Darkness did not assist the men of the bogs, they must have some potent allies somewhere, and his mind involuntarily recurred to Biddy and her travel-stained appearance. He thought of her until he began very much to doubt her story about the neighbour's cow, and to wish he had detained and searched her. He was still pondering over the perplexing affair when he reached his quarters, and in a few minutes was with the family at dinner. Miss Kate was there, and looking better than ever. There was no doubt about that, for there was a glow and freshness on her cheek which can only be given by exercise in the open air; and while the Lieutenant felt that he admired her more, he also made up his mind that she had been for a ride on the moors that morning, and then somehow, the image of Biddy Quinn connected itself with the fancy. Westbury sat near to Madame Decroy; and before they left the table, the old lady, who had not spoken a single word to him, beyond the one or two sentences which rose inevitably during the course of the meal, took occasion to deliberately produce her purse, and with a

formal acknowledgment of his kindness to Biddy, proffered a guinea in repayment of the loan. The Lieutenant had not sufficient change, and Miss Claridge was appealed to, but she had only gold; and then Kate was asked. As she happened to have three shillings in silver, and the old lady had one, the required amount was made up, which with a few more formal words of thanks, was handed to the officer. With a little confusion, Westbury accepted the money, stammering out a few words as he did so; and at the same moment he glanced almost instinctively at Miss Decroy, who he found was watching him closely. The colour rose in the girl's cheeks as her eye met that of the soldier, and altogether there was a strange and disproportionate amount of awkwardness over this trifling incident.

It was not until he had returned to his own room that the Lieutenant was struck by the strangeness of there being money in the House to pay him—and a good deal to spare—that morning, when there had been none on the previous night. He was quite sure no letter had come, for the military had a practice in those days of carefully noting everything which came through the post-office. Then how did they get the money? This was a more serious question to him, as the commander of the detachment, than it would have been to an ordinary stranger; and again the image of Biddy presented itself, as he recollected her splashed and drenched appearance, her start at seeing him, and the scarcely satisfactory explanation she had volunteered.

The day had cleared up a little, and the sun peeped out now and then; so Westbury left the house and sauntered to and fro on the waste land adjacent, pondering over these things, and thinking a good deal, it must also be owned, of Miss Kate Decroy. While he was thus engaged, his next in command, the sergeant-major, came up. That worthy was on his way to the House with some return or report which it was his duty to make daily; but seeing his officer enjoying a cigar in the open air, had crossed over to him.

'Well, Dickles,' said Westbury, 'so we have had another useless trip. Our old luck.'

'We shall catch them yet, sir,' returned the sergeant-major. 'We pretty well know who to look after now.'

'Is there anything fresh, then?' asked Westbury.

'You won't think it altogether fresh, I suppose, sir,' returned the other, 'because it's not a new thing with the party in question. But O'Flynn and Mullany have both come in, and they say it's certain that a messenger has got through with a large supply of money.'

'Of money!' ejaculated the officer.

'Certainly, sir,' returned Dickles. 'Rebels or no rebels, they can't get on without that; but the question is: Who took it to them? Well sir, the answer to that is, old Biddy Quinn. You must know her, sir; she is often at the House. Well sir, O'Flynn has heard of her being seen by a cotter at daybreak this morning five miles on the road to Tareilly [this was the report previously spoken of]; and Mullany saw her nearly as far out upon the bogs at ten o'clock.'

'Well,' said Westbury, 'how do they connect this with the money?'

'Easily, sir,' replied the sergeant-major. 'She

met the Frenchman, or whoever he was that brought the money, and who dared not come through the lines; and she walked twenty miles this morning through all that rain. She knew where to find the rebels, although *we* don't; and she did find them, and gave the supplies.'

'But the money was in English gold and English silver,' said Westbury, half-musingly.

'Very likely, sir,' returned Dickles. 'It is as easy for them to get that as any other gold, I suppose. But have you had any information, sir?'

Westbury laughed off the question, but was fain to turn away to hide the annoyance he felt at having been outwitted by those whom it was his duty to secure.

Dickles lingered after his official business was ended; and the Lieutenant, who knew the man's ways, was certain there was something yet to come; and he was right.

'There is one thing I think I should mention, sir,' said the sergeant, 'and that is, that Mullany swears he saw Mr Decroy yesterday.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the Lieutenant.

'So I should have said, sir,' continued Dickles. 'But who knows? Mullany—he is a rank bad one, I know; but he is the cleverest spy that ever lived—says he believes the Squire is as often in Boreen House as out of it.'

'In Boreen House!' echoed Westbury. 'The man must be drunk or crazy! Why, we have all heard that Squire Decroy escaped to France.'

'Quite true, sir,' said the other; 'we heard it; but the report may have been only a blind. He says so'—The non-commissioned officer stopped rather abruptly here, and threw a curious sidelong glance at his superior.

'What does he say?' demanded the Lieutenant.

'He says,' resumed Dickles, 'that he believes Miss Kate Decroy rode out on the moors this morning, and brought some money and letters into the village; for the priest has got the needful to-day, and he hadn't a brass farthing yesterday. The same with the family at the House. And besides, news has come into the village that never came through the post. Mullany thinks that they considered Biddy more likely to be suspected than the young lady, and so they each brought some, for fear of accidents.'

'Humph! That will do, Dickles,' returned Westbury. 'I will think over what you have told me.' The officer was perfectly justified in giving this promise, as he could think of nothing besides; and long after the sergeant-major had left him, he continued his solitary patrol, and was obliged to admit, on piecing together all the scraps of evidence, that the spy's conjecture was very likely to be the correct one.

The day wore on as other days before it had waned, and at the accustomed hour the Lieutenant saw Miss Decroy. He could not help regarding her a little more earnestly than usual, and he thought she seemed hardly to meet his gaze with her usual steadiness. He spoke to her on some indifferent subjects; but she did not appear to be disposed to enter into any conversation, and soon left him; and then his long dreary evening began again. Many men in his position, especially at that period, would have forced themselves on the family circle; and they had the power for good or evil so much in their hands, that it would have been difficult to isolate him, if he had chosen

otherwise. But though Westbury strove to do his duty loyally to king and country, he had refrained from unnecessarily intruding upon the privacy of the family upon whom he was quartered. In some respects he was as shy and timid as a girl—when he met the frank fearless eye of Kate Decroy, he felt that he was stupidly timid—and so are more soldiers, and sailors too, than is commonly supposed.

The lights were placed as usual, and Westbury's solitary evening commenced. Again he read, and again he placed his chessmen; but now he did it more as part of a set purpose, and the furtive glance he threw from time to time at the inner window, through which the bedroom lamp was shining, told what was in his mind. It was in vain. No sudden shadow on this evening fell across the table, and the most attentive listening could not detect the slightest sound calculated to disturb. At last, tired of the fruitless watch, he rose, and moving the curtain of his outer window, looked out upon the open country. The weather had changed, and the night was beautiful. The moon, now at the full, shone brilliantly in the centre of a deep blue sky, on which scarce even a spot of fleece could be seen; and beneath her rays, even the waste and broken land which stretched away to the barren bog district, took a softness and beauty which was not its own by daylight; and the few trees, black and stunted as they appeared by day, were now silvered by the moonbeams, and thrown into picturesque light and shade. 'All's quiet to-night,' muttered the soldier; 'and I am growing nervous with moping my evenings away like this. I will step outside for half an hour.' In another minute he had kept his resolve, and, cigar in mouth, was sauntering slowly from the village.

He had not gone a furlong before his quick eye—which even in his leisure moments did not neglect the watchfulness which years of danger and trained vigilance had made habitual to him—detected a female figure, black in the bright moonlight, coming towards him. In those days and in that place, the chances were that those abroad at such a time were on no specially loyal errand, and he therefore prepared to accost the corner. As he did so, he felt the pistols in his belt. Not a needless precaution; for the cloak and hood of a woman were then often used to disguise some desperate outlaw, one perhaps on whose head a price was set. As the figure approached, it hesitated, and seemed inclined to turn back or move from the road. This at once decided Westbury, who walked swiftly forward; whereupon the stranger, perceiving that flight was useless, advanced slowly towards him. As they drew near, the officer challenged: 'You walk late. Where do you come from?'

'Is it then such a crime for an Irishwoman to be abroad in the moonlight?'

'Miss Decroy!' exclaimed Westbury. 'Pray, forgive me if I have startled you, or been harsh in my speech.'

It was Miss Kate Decroy; and as though she felt that anything like concealment was beneath her, she partially threw back her hood and gazed full and steadily at the officer. But the steadiness was only for an instant; the moonlight enabled Westbury to see her eyes fill, and to note that the traces of recent tears were on her cheek. He raised his

cap, and turned to leave her, as unwilling to intrude on her distress, whatever it might be; but on second thoughts, he returned to her side: 'Parson me, Miss Decroy, if I am intrusive, I assure you I do not wish to be so. It would be folly, it would perhaps be wrong for me to pretend that I do not see you are in grief, perhaps in trouble, in some trouble which I can at least assist in removing.'

She turned her face towards him, and shook her head.

'These times are so disturbed,' he continued, 'that I can easily understand how from many sources troubles may arise; especially to—'

He deemed it best to leave this sentence unfinished, and to begin another. 'I hope you will believe me when I say that if my influence can aid any of the family at Boreen House, or if any exertions I can use—or'— Neither did he find it easy to finish this sentence, so, like its predecessor, it remained incomplete.

'I know what Lieutenant Westbury would say,' returned Miss Decroy; 'and he would add that if his purse could aid the almost beggared family there, it should do so. You are very kind. I mean that,' she continued in a somewhat changed tone, 'we all know it; and in spite of all we may shew to the contrary, we appreciate your generous, your delicate kindness very much; and are thankful that you of all men have been selected to—if we were to have'— Miss Decroy appeared in her turn to labour under a difficulty in finishing her sentences, and they walked on in silence for a few yards.

'It would give me great pleasure,' said Westbury at last, 'if you would allow me to be of any service whatever to you. I wish you to believe, Miss Decroy, that even the fulfilment of his duty by an English soldier is compatible with feelings of—of admiration for the patient heroism of those who have to endure the reverses and sorrows which—as I have seen in more than one country—always follow war.'

To this somewhat lengthy speech, Miss Decroy gave no immediate reply, but turned and looked at Westbury with a more wistful and searching glance than he had ever seen her wear before. He thought for a moment she was about to make an appeal to him; but the expression changed, and then the face was averted.

'I can only again thank you for your sympathy, Mr Westbury,' she said. 'I am not so unjust as to identify the individual with the wrongs— But this is growing rebellious,' she added with a laugh, as though glad of an excuse for changing the hazardous key in which the conversation had been pitched; 'and I must not forget after all that you are a king's officer.'

By this time the lady had arrived at the House; and although for an instant a wild thought flashed through Westbury's mind, and he wished he could summon up courage to ask her—under pretext of the extreme beauty of the night—to extend her walk, yet he could not summon up the requisite courage. The opportunity was gone, and they entered.

Never before had the little room in which Westbury usually sat, looked so lonely, so dolefully dull and void, as it did to-night; his books, his chess-board, even his cigar-case had lost all charm for him; while, as we have before said, he

was too temperate a man by taste and habit to find solace in a resource which is often but too freely used. 'I shall have that old Dickles here directly,' I suppose, said the officer, musingly; 'and I wonder what mare's-nest will be provided for to-morrow morning. Some loyal farmer—or

farmer who wishes to be thought loyal, not that the class is very numerous—or some spy will shew that he earns his money; anything will do. A report comes in, and three hundred men will be set to practise bog-trotting for half a day.— Ay, ay, there's old Dickles, punctual as— Confound it, and the guard too! What's up now?' The officer rose from his seat as he spoke, with all the listlessness and sarcastic jocularly banished from his face; for the slightest incident varying from the regular routine was enough to startle, and might be the forerunner of serious movements.

Sure enough, as he listened he heard the tramp of soldiers; there was no mistaking their measured tread; and he could hear that the party divided and marched past on each side of the House. He then heard the sergeant's voice in the hall; there was a tap at his door, and then Dickles entered.

'Anything astir, Dickles?' demanded his officer. 'I fancied I could hear you had some men with you.'

'Yes sir,' was the reply. 'There is news of very great importance; and I thought I had better bring the next guard up with me, before they went on duty.'

This was a force of ten men, as Westbury of course knew.

'Well, what is the news?' said the Lieutenant.

Dickles carefully closed the door before replying, and stepped nearer to his superior, and even then he took the precaution to lower his voice as he said: 'It is beyond all doubt, sir, that Mr Decroy has been seen in the village this afternoon. Mullany passed close to him. He was disguised, but Mullany knew him.'

'Mullany! You can't expect me to believe all that such a fellow chooses to invent!' exclaimed Westbury. 'See what useless chases he has led us over and over again.'

'You are right, sir,' assented Dickles, 'quite right; and there's not a man in the company would believe him on his oath. But he is so scent this time. O'Flynn isn't quite so bad as him, and he has got the news from some quarter. A decent fellow too, who came in with potatoes and so on to sell this afternoon, says he is almost certain he met him.'

'But why did not Mullany arrest Mr Decroy, if he knew him?' asked Westbury, 'and so get the five hundred guineas. Surely he would arrest his own father for half the money.'

'Not a doubt about that, sir,' said Dickles, with considerable emphasis. 'But he says there were two of them together; and even if there weren't, he's too much of a coward to run the risk of a fight where he hadn't five to one on his side.'

'Well, what do you propose for us to do?' asked the Lieutenant, after a little pause.

'I brought the men up, sir, to surround the House, because Decroy may be in it at this moment.'

'In this house!' exclaimed Westbury.

'Yes sir, it's not impossible. If he is, and takes any alarm, he'll try to escape; but I have sent two men to each side, four to the back, and two are inside the front-door at this moment. As we are not certain about it, and as the family might be alarmed, I thought you would perhaps prefer to go over the inside of the House yourself.'

'Thank you for your thoughtfulness, Dickles; I should prefer it,' returned the Lieutenant. 'I will be with you in a moment.' And as he spoke he rapidly buckled on his sword-belt, which he had thrown off on entering the room, and took up his pistols. Stepping from his room into the hall, he found, as Dickles had told him, two of the militia, leaning with grounded muskets at the door, so that no one could pass without their permission; and clustered in the hall, in a state of wonder and alarm, were Madame Decroy, Mrs Claridge, Miss Kate, and Biddy Quin. At sight of the officer the soldiers recovered their arms, while the group in the hall turned inquiringly towards him. He then, as briefly as was possible, informed them of the search it was his painful duty to make.

FROST-PHENOMENA.

SOME few people may perhaps have remarked and remembered an unusual meteorological phenomenon which occurred in London last Christmas night. We had had several weeks of hard frost, and the cold on Christmas morning was rendered more piercing than ever by a bitter east wind, though indications of an approaching thaw were not wanting. About the middle of the day, snow began to fall; but in the evening this changed to rain, which froze as it came down; and by ten o'clock not only were the pavements covered with a sheet of slippery ice, but walls, lamp-posts, railings, &c. were all glazed in like manner. Every object upon which the eye rested glittered and sparkled, looking as if it had received a sudden coating of glass; while from every roof and ledge hung a fringe of icicles, some of them as much as a foot in length. In the morning, the whole fairy-like appearance had vanished.

This sort of thing does not often occur in England, and when it does, it lasts but a few hours at the outside; but in certain latitudes, the requisite meteorological conditions sometimes continue for days and even weeks together, and then the results are most disastrous. The rain continues to fall, and to freeze as it falls; and the crust of ice grows thicker and thicker, until tall trees and miles of telegraph wire are broken down by the enormous weight. Fortunately, the phenomenon is generally arrested before it attains this extreme degree of development; and when it does occur, seems to be almost entirely confined to the steppes of Southern Russia.

It may be remembered that during the winter of 1874-7, frequent references were made in the newspapers to the state of the South Russian telegraph lines, many of which, especially those in the governments of Kherson and Taurida,

were rendered perfectly useless for weeks by just such an accumulation of ice as we have been describing. A German gentleman, Herr Bernhard Bajohr, happened to be journeying from Nicolajew to Berislaw about the middle of December, when things were at their worst; and as the phenomena are seldom seen so fully developed, even in Russia, as they were at that time, it may be worth while to give some account of what he saw. His road lay between two telegraph lines; one the Indo-European, the other that of the Russian government, so that he had ample opportunity of observing and comparing the different effects produced upon the two. But before describing these, we must say something as to the meteorological conditions required for the formation of this peculiar ice-incrustation.

In long-continued and severe frost, the earth is frequently chilled to a considerable depth, and to such a degree that it absorbs the warmth from the lowermost stratum of air, which becomes icily cold in consequence; while the trees, buildings, &c. within the cold stratum naturally share the surrounding temperature. This cold stratum may be from twenty to forty feet in thickness, while the air above is many degrees warmer. If rain fall from these warmer regions, though there will not be time for it to freeze during its short passage through the colder air, yet directly it touches the ground or any other ice-cold substance, it will congeal at once, and cover it, whatever it be, with a glaze of transparent ice, as noticed above. Herr Bajohr observed that when the ice first began to form upon the telegraph wire, it was in the shape of a cylindrical roll, which instead of hanging from the wire, or being crystallised round it, as one would have expected, merely rested upon it, the wire touching its lower circumference only. As rain continued to fall, the cylinder increased in size, until its diameter measured from half an inch to three inches. This was the first stage of development; but then the intensity of the cold abated somewhat, and the rain which was still falling, instead of freezing the moment it touched the roll of ice, had time to trickle over it, and form long rows of icicles, remarkable for their regularity and uniformity. This was the second stage, and the heavily laden wires looked like nothing so much as gigantic combs.

It is not often that the third stage of development is reached; but it does sometimes happen that when icicles and cylinder have attained their full size, the rain ceases, the sky clears, and the sun begins to shine. Its rays are much too feeble to melt the ice; but they pass through it to the more sensitive black wire within, whose temperature is so much raised that it melts the particles of ice in immediate contact with itself; its cohesion with the heavy roll of ice above is destroyed, and the latter, unable any longer to maintain its balance, twists round so as to describe a semi-circle and exactly reverse its position. The icicles now stand up in the air above the wire, while the roll hangs below it; and if there should be more rain, a second row of icicles will be formed opposite the first, producing a striking resemblance to the

backbone of a fish, which is rendered still more perfect if there happens to be any wind blowing in the direction of the telegraph line, as in that case both rows of icicles will be slightly inclined towards the wire in the same direction. This last stage of development may also be attained without rain, should the sun have sufficient power to melt some of the ice; the water from which will then trickle down the 'under-side of the roll of ice, and there form icicles in a similar manner. As the sun gains in power, the wire increases in temperature, and melts away more of the ice from within; the icicles, borne down by their own weight, drop lower and lower, until the wire reaches the extreme points of the upper row, when of course the whole congealed mass soon drops off.

Herr Bajohr noticed that the effect produced by this phenomenon on the two lines of telegraph differed considerably, that of the Russian government suffering far more than the other. The posts of the Indo-European line are of iron, and the conducting-wires are thick and strong; and though the wire was considerably stretched, it had on the whole borne well the immense strain put upon it. Here and there, where the line made a bend, the post at the angle, firmly fixed though it was, had sometimes given way, and wherever this was the case, several of the neighbouring posts had also succumbed. But the government line, with its oaken posts and four thin wires, running parallel with the Indo-European line, presented a much more dismal appearance. The oaken posts, somewhat crooked to begin with, had not all proved strong enough to sustain the weight of the four heavily laden wires, and in some places had broken down altogether; while, where they remained erect, the wires were either broken, or completely weighed to the ground by the burden laid upon them. All the posts, both iron and oaken, were covered on the windward side with a crust of ice several inches thick, reaching from the ground to the insulators, where it joined the ice on the wires; and in this way insulation was destroyed, and each post was converted into a conductor, down which the electric current passed into the ground. This was especially the case directly the extreme severity of the weather abated and the ice became less dry. But the iron posts had this marked advantage over the wooden ones, that whereas the latter kept their coating of ice for weeks, these others threw it off directly the sun began to shine. Being black, they absorbed heat more readily, and by melting the inner surface of the ice, soon caused the whole to crumple up and fall off.

In conclusion, it remains for us to say a few words as to the effects of this remarkable frost-phenomenon upon the vegetable world. Trees are everywhere scarce in the steppes, their cultivation being attended with very great difficulty; nor is this to be wondered at when one considers the various climatic influences to which they are subject. During the winter of which we have been speaking, every tree, every branch, every smallest twig was incrustated with ice one, two, or three inches thick; and accordingly the trees in the town of Kherson, chiefly white acacias, lost nearly all their branches, while many of the smaller ones were completely crushed to the earth.

Of the fruit-trees, all of which looked as if they were made of glass, some suffered more, some less, according to the character of their growth. The apple-trees and apricots for instance, with their spreading horizontal branches, were for the most part quite broken down; while the more erect-growing pear-trees and cherries had maintained their balance better and suffered much less in comparison.

CHRYSA LIS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'NOWHERE to go, old man? Come down with me. It will be dull enough certainly; but nothing is so dull as Christmas by one's-self in town. Will you come?'

'I think so. It's very kind of you to ask me. I never felt so thoroughly "blue" in my life. Isn't it always so?' continued Lewis Hogarth, as he took his friend's arm and turned with him out of damp muddy Pall-mall into the comfortable warmth of the Junior Carlton. 'If we have waited and hoped for anything through year after year, it seems of no value when we have it at last; and we almost wish to be back to the time when we were hoping and waiting, without the unpleasant feeling of satiety.'

'Yet such an acquisition as yours is scarcely likely to lose its charms so quickly, Sir Lewis,' said his companion, laughing.

George Wynne was a somewhat older, graver man than the friend he had just invited to his home; a little on the wrong side of thirty; of middle height, and unpretending appearance, with one of those calm true faces which bear an expression of strength and self-reliance, and unknowingly inspire trust. The other was tall and dark, scarcely handsome perhaps, but with a certain nobility of countenance, and a winning manner which earned him many friends.

He gave a pretended shudder at the last two words. 'How sick I am of the sound of this new title of mine! I seem to hear nothing else. My groom repeats it in such an exasperating manner, that I threatened to discharge him yesterday. I tell you, Wynne, I am thoroughly tired of it! If this money had come to me five years ago, you know what a godsend it would have been; but now, what does it matter? Last year I came into enough to set up a yacht and keep my hunter, without feeling myself in hourly danger of being obliged to cross the Channel and end my days as one of the *usuriers* of Boulogne. I really was contented. And now, a fortnight ago, in the midst of a delightful cruise among the Greek islands, I am called home to England to attend my uncle's funeral; arrive too late, owing to being nearly smashed in a railway accident on the way to Paris; am received by a weeping aunt and five ditto maiden cousins, meekly requesting three months' time to turn out of that gloomy ghost-haunted structure, where my ancestors glare at one from every corner, and the

rats carouse behind the wainscot. To be overwhelmed with piles of accounts and musty letters, made to interview grim-looking keepers and bailiffs, all Sir Lewising me! Lectured upon my duties as a landlord, and patted on the head by scores of horrid old villagers, who told me how I had grown, and how they remembered me in petticoats! It was really too much. Of course I couldn't stay down there; and as all my friends have made up their parties for this festive season, I am left in the lurch, and the fog.'

'And you are coming down to enliven us,' said George Wynne. 'We shall be very quiet; only my brother-in-law and three children, and my sister.'

'But I thought your sister'—

'You are thinking of the married one, poor Florence. You do not know my younger sister. Well, I shall expect you at the station to-morrow, 2.25 train. At present I have an engagement, and must run away.'

The new baronet was left looking out over the miry pavement, where a few men hurried along in overcoats, and water-proofed women, exhibiting a good deal of thick boot, struggled on through the driving rain from their visit to the Christmas-decked shops.

'Cheerful season!' muttered Lewis, for to him the festival was little else than a name. Early left an orphan, he had only been as a guest, an outsider in its social gatherings and happy reminiscences; so it all seemed very wearisome and dull. And as he looked back over his checkered life, he wondered what would be the end. He thought of the bright days of his boyhood, the sad struggles with poverty which were his when he grew to man's estate; the careless, useless life when he had partially surmounted them, rendering of no avail the talents God had given him, because the love which had lighted him onwards was quenched by the chill hand of death; of the pure desire and purpose that love had given to his life, and which for years after its loss, had made him wayward and careless. And now that his mind had regained its balance, now that he was once more ready for the conflict, the rusted talents needed no brightening, the new-found energy was useless, for a life of ease and pleasure lay before him. What he wanted, he could stretch out his hand and take. So it was that, ten days before Christmas, he accepted his friend's invitation to accompany him to the little fishing-village down on the south coast.

The next day, in the misty evening, the two drove up to the lodge-gates of George Wynne's home. It had originally been a farm-house, but enlarged from time to time; and with the ancient hatched walls still standing, and the square tower some ancestor of ambitious mind had set upon one wing, the structure had gained such an imposing appearance, that it was now called the Castle. At the gate, the old lodge-keeper came out to welcome them. Wrinkled, toothless, her scant gray hair blown about by the rough sea-wind, she was an unpleasant picture, and reminded the baronet so forcibly of the persecutions of his own tenants, that he turned to the other window of the carriage. He started as he did so, at the utter contrast of

what he saw. In the dark setting of the window-frame, with the shifting light of the carriage-lamp dancing about her, stood another woman, with a face such as Lewis had never seen before; such a face as a painter might have striven in the old days to give to the Magdalene of his imagination, of which the holiness, almost divine, of expression was pervaded by a patient sadness from some deep past grief, the shadow of which still remained; a strangely beautiful picture in the wavering light. Transfixed with astonishment, Lewis sat staring at the apparition, while an exquisite smile deepened over the fair face, chasing away the sadness.

'George!' she cried, dispelling his half-formed idea that the vision was only a creation of his brain.

George Wynne turned. 'Ivy!' he exclaimed. 'You here?'

She stretched a little white hand through the open window and clasped her brother's. 'I am so glad to see you,' she said.—'And you,' she added to Lewis; 'though George of course forgets to tell me the names of any friends whom he invites!—I shall be home in time for dinner, George. I came to see old Mrs Brown's little grandchild.' She drew the crimson shawl closer about her head, and disappeared into the darkness, followed by the old woman's muttered blessings.

'She looks well, dame,' said George quickly.

'Ay, sir. "God's angel" the little one calls her. We could not have well spared her.'

They drove on. 'Wynne, who is she?' asked Lewis breathlessly.

'My sister,' he answered. 'I have been anxious about her. She was very ill last summer. Poor Ivy!'

'What a lovely face!' Lewis continued. 'I never saw any one so beautiful!'

'Yes,' George answered abruptly. 'How cold it is!' He drew up both windows, and was silent till they reached the house.

Arrived at the castle, Lewis Hogarth dressed in his low old-fashioned room, with a conflicting medley of sensations. It was years since he had last been there; but his thoughts were not busy with any phantom of the past; they were now filled with the unexpected beauty of his friend's sister, to whom, when he first heard of her existence, he had not given a second thought.

He found his way down-stairs a little before dinner-time, into the long drawing-room, with dark oak rafters and modern furniture, gay with all the traces of woman's handiwork and presence; and before the door leading to the conservatory, half-hidden by the heavy curtains, stood his hostess, Ivy Wynne.

He came in quietly; and she, absorbed by a book in her hand, did not notice his entrance. For a moment he watched her silently. The face, which he had but half seen in the misty twilight, was far more lovely, now that the form of the head was visible, with its wealth of golden waves. Presently she looked up. 'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I did not hear you come in.' She closed her book, stepped from the shadow of the curtains, and came towards him.

But as the girl advanced, a great horrified surprise came over the baronet. A mist seemed to come before his eyes, and hide the face he had but one moment before deemed so fair. In its

stead came a crooked misshapen figure, limping with ungainly, halting motion. Was this the woman—this the woman who for two hours had filled his thoughts?

'George has told me your name,' she said gently, taking no heed of the behaviour of her guest. 'I hope he has also told you who I am?'

'Yes, yes,' he stammered; 'it is—I have—I mean it is a great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance.'

She pointed to a chair, and moved away to her own, a kind of lounge beside the fire. Then he realised the truth. This woman with the glorious eyes and perfect face, with that almost divine holiness of expression, was—a cripple!

CHAPTER II.

Christmas morning, bright and clear, with the sun shining on the snow-laden branches of the great laurels, and washing the silver frost-work from the window-panes. The yule-log burning in the little morning-room, with its holly wreaths and vases of hot-house flowers lifting their delicate petals in surprise at the keen blast which stirred them. One window was open, and through the sore Virginian creeper stems which clustered round it, three little children were sprinkling crumbs on the snow-carpet, printed by the robins' tiny feet as they hopped to and fro gathering their Christmas bounty. They were pretty children, golden-haired, gray-eyed, like their dead mother. Lazily watching them, Lewis Hogarth stood at the other window, drumming the panes, looking out now and then vaguely at the white distance, so peaceful and still, save when at intervals was heard the low sough of the sea, which stretched away to the right hand, and the first tones of the church bell which came across the fields.

Sometimes in the course of our lives there comes a season—an oasis in the desert as it were—of rest, when the past grows dim and distant, and future there seems none; when in the present we are so content that all the rest may go, so long as we can drift on aimlessly in the same sweet calm. In one of such pauses Sir Lewis Hogarth had been spending the past ten days. It seemed as if some spell were cast upon him, as though some fascination, till then unknown, fettered his senses. Only on this Christmas morning he had awakened to a knowledge of his cause. Why or how he could not tell, but he knew that he loved Ivy Wynne, with a love strong and tender, such a devotion as the Catholics of old time gave to their patron saints; such a love as he had deemed over for him years ago. He had forgotten all besides, utterly contented in that lonely ancient country-house, made bright by the face of its mistress. Those old gray walls, so marred and weather-worn, the thick rough growth of the climbing leaves that bore her name, the sweet pure face—all these things passed through his mind as he stood there, thinking, thinking; for he knew that ere long he would be called upon to make a choice which, in a measure, must have an influence over his whole life. On that first evening, in the shock of his discovery of the fearful blemish Fate had cast upon the woman he since had learned to love, he sought to avoid her. It seemed so terrible—that lovely face and crooked

feeble form; that angel smile and those ungainly movements; till, when he was next morning for the second time alone with her, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw her as she was; he realised the beauty of the character her brother had been describing to him; he understood the veneration in which she was held by those around her, and then he found himself talking to her as though their friendship had lasted years. And soon she had heard more of his life and thoughts and hopes than any one else in the world. To her he had unlocked the secrets of the hidden past, and noted the tears gather in her eyes as he told of his dead love. For the past, she pitied him; for the future, she spoke to him as no one else had done, of his duties to the old home, which he affected to depreciate. He had never in the course of his wanderings seen another woman like her; he forgot the bent figure and ungainly walk, as the light changed and softened in those wonderful eyes. And now the glamour had been thrown over him, and he knew he loved her.

During those few days much of the sadness had gone from her face—perhaps for the joyous season. As the bells were still pealing, she appeared dressed for the Christmas morning service. 'Children,' she said, 'are you coming with me to church, or will you stay with the robins?' 'Aunt Ivy!' cried the youngest, a little one of four years old, running up and clinging to her with the love and confidence of all children towards her—'Aunt Ivy! where do the robins go to church?'

A great tenderness came into her eyes, a yearning look of motherliness towards the motherless child, as she led her back to the window. 'Up there, May, in the great holly-tree. Don't you see the berries? The fairies have decked them with white feathers in the night.'

'And they have church there, and God listens to them?'

Ivy smiled. 'No doubt,' she said.

'And Alfred says the robins don't go to heaven. Is it true, auntie?' continued the little one, pleading for her favourites.

'I don't know, dear. It is time to go to church. Run up to nurse.'

'But auntie, my little canary was all stiff, and wouldn't eat, and nurse said it was dead; and Alfred shut it up in a night-light box and put it in a hole. It had broken its leg, and could only hop on one, and I hope it will be well in heaven.'

'So do I, darling,' murmured Ivy, as the children sped away. She went to the window and rested her head against the panes for a moment, watching the birds, which had ended their morning meal, and had flown back to the great holly-tree, glowing red through its burden of snow. Lewis went to her, and as she lifted her face, her eyes were shining with tears. 'Children say strange things—don't they?' she said, smiling.

'Yes,' was all he answered; but he longed to take her in his arms and bless her, and tell her all she was to him. Perhaps something in his voice did so, for she turned away and left him.

In the afternoon, Lewis had strolled out with the other men down to the fishers' cottages upon the cliff; but they were soon involved in a discussion on farming implements, which in his state of

mind was not congenial; so he wandered back alone through the winding village street, where the children's merry voices proclaimed it Christmas-time; all happy; and in his heart was a strange unrest, a doubting of the future. The door of the old gray church was open; some sudden impulse made him enter, and go up the holly-decked aisle and sit down in the old square pew where he had sat that morning at Ivy's side. There was a trembling swell of music upon the silence, solemn chords upon the organ, the deep heart-soothing melody of Mendelssohn's grand angels' song, *Rest in the Lord*. The organ throbbed and quivered, rolling its volume of sound among the wreathed pillars, then ceased suddenly, dying away into silence.

'I did not know I had a listener,' said a soft voice close to him.

'You!' he said, starting up. 'Was it you playing?'

'Yes. Why not?'

'Only because, I never heard anything like it,' he replied. 'How and where did you learn?'

'Here,' Ivy replied. 'I had a few lessons, and taught myself the rest. It is my greatest happiness, I think,' she went on softly; for she too had grown to trust him and talk—as she did so rarely—of herself. 'Whenever I am vexed or impatient, I come and play here.'

They were walking slowly homeward now, over the powdery snow. 'Are you ever impatient?' he said. It appeared to him impossible that earthly passions should have place in that nature, which seemed so near to heaven.

'Very often,' she answered smiling; 'more often than I like to say. You, a man, would not understand what absurd little things trouble and fret me.'

'But, to-day?'

'You share the sin of curiosity, I see,' she answered. 'If you wish, I will tell you. I shall be glad, for it is a subject upon which I cannot speak at home. It is the future that troubles me,' she went on quietly. 'I see a change approaching in the distance, coming nearer every day, and I know that my home will soon be my home no longer.'

'But your brother?—'

'You forget,' she interrupted. 'Sisters cannot be always first; it would not be right they should; but—he has been all the world to me.'

'Is George going to be married then?' Lewis asked.

'Some time, I suppose.'

'But surely he would never wish you to leave him?'

'O no; but—women are so different, you see. I suppose a dozen men could live together in that old house without a disagreement, yet two women could not. I have been first so long in the house—and it would never do.'

'But where shall you live then?'

'Oh, here,' she answered. 'I could not leave the dear old village.'

'But you will not be happy?'

'Yes,' she answered. 'I shall grow used to it; and with use will come—content.'

The steadfast smile in the gray eyes as she raised them, shining through a gathering mist of tears, haunted Lewis Hogarth for many a year after, when that Christmas Day had passed for-

gotten among the crowd of others which followed it, when by none but him were remembered all its pleasure and its pain.

MORE SINGING MICE.

SINCE publishing our notice of these tiny musical creatures, we have received several communications from obliging correspondents, which bear out our former remarks that the faculty of singing is natural to certain kinds of mice.

In reply to those who consider the singing an evidence of disease, it might be mentioned that in a specimen examined by Frank Buckland, no traces of disease could be discovered. One friend remarks that the ordinary mouse is so strongly attracted towards the sounds from a piano when being tuned, that although perfectly wild before, it will get as near the piano as possible, and will sometimes be found in it. Mice have also been observed to dance round the piano in their own peculiar fashion, as long as the tuning lasted, and as if they enjoyed it immensely. We offer the following additional facts and testimonies, as a further help to the study of this interesting subject.

A correspondent in India writes as follows: 'One day I was roused early in the morning by the exquisite music of some unknown animal. The melody proceeded from a hole in the next wall, and was very agreeable at that time; but I could not discover who the singer was. I could not recollect to have previously seen any creature lodged in the hole whence this harmonious song flowed. The notes bore a close resemblance to the vajantri music, and I made no hesitation in concluding that that was the source from which ancient Indians derived this music; for that sound produced the same flow of sounds on a small scale as the vajantri pipes of the Hindus. What can this creature be, I said to myself, which sings so sweetly in the wall? Can it be a snake? Afterwards I often heard the same music without seeing the singer. But one evening, soon after the lamps were lit, three mice came out from the wall, and one of them sang the same tunes in my presence. The mice were small in size, as I thought on account of their tender age. Subsequently I often heard their music, until the time of my departure from the place. . . . Singing mice I now conceive are quite common throughout India.'

The next account comes from a lady in Limerick: 'Some time since, we were much astonished, one evening at dinner, to hear a singing or rather chirrup through the room. At times it seemed in the air, then on the floor, and even at the same time from each end of the room. We could find no cause. One suggested the house was taken possession of by crickets; another laughed and cried out: "A real ghost." After we had retired from the room, the servant called me, and shewed me a number of tiny mice under the table, singing most cheerily, and eating the crumbs that had fallen. They ate and sang and washed their faces. Seeming so much at home, I kept quiet and watched them. Their appearance was peculiar; the body was shorter, and of a darker colour than the mice we commonly see in houses. The ears

were larger, and the face longer—particularly the nose, which was long and narrow—the eyes large and bright. They sat up and sang such a clear thrilling, joyous song, much like that of the canary, but very much weaker, their little throats throbbing all the time.

We have the following interesting particulars from a lady in Dublin: 'Being a great lover of birds, and indulging my fancy to a rather considerable extent, I pay the usual penalty, that of being subjected to frequent inroads of mice. It is no unusual thing to see five or six running about my bird-room almost tame, picking up the seed scattered from the many cages hung around. Some years since, my mother, a delicate old lady, who lived very much in her own room, which was directly over that in which I kept my birds—complained that she was frequently awakened during the night by the constant warbling of my canaries. This I knew to be impossible, as, being a very light sleeper, I should have heard them myself, as the birds were kept in my dressing-room, which opened on my own bedroom. This was going on for some time, and though I moved some of my singing-birds, still my mother complained. At length, one evening my housemaid called me, saying that one of the birds had got out of his cage, and was singing behind a large chest in the room; that she had lighted a candle to look for it, but could not find it though she heard it singing, and she feared it had got into a mouse-hole. I went up at once, and most distinctly heard the warbling, and felt quite puzzled, as I knew no bird would sing in the dark and under such circumstances. The note was not that of a canary; but as I had several foreign birds, I thought one of them might have escaped; but on looking at the cages I found all right. I returned to the drawing-room really astonished, saying the notes must have come from the ghost of a dead canary.

I generally read and work in my bird-room, to enjoy the society of my feathered friends; and in a few days after I had heard the strange song, I was reading, when I was attracted by the same notes, but much louder, and evidently coming from more than one vocalist. On looking, I saw three mice picking up the seed, and at the same time singing as sweetly, though *not quite so loud*, as a good canary. They seemed larger than the common mice, and darker. They were so tame they scarcely minded me, and remained until they had eaten as much as they wished. They became daily visitors, and every one in the house heard them. Strange to say, they first appeared in the upper rooms. As our house was isolated, they could not have come in from a neighbouring house. They disappeared as mysteriously as they came, which I attributed to the presence of a small Spanish greyhound, a great mouser, whose mode of dealing with them was to pounce suddenly on them and to swallow them whole. I cannot say how much I missed the little warblers. I considered them a great acquisition, quite as much as any singing bird. I have never since seen or heard a singing mouse, and was ungrateful enough to have forgotten the pleasure they had given me, until reminded by the article in your *Journal*. I feel quite positive that the song is *not* the result of disease, as I never saw fatter, sleeker, or more merry mice; and there must have been a number of them, as they were heard in

several parts of the house, and remained about a year.'

A business man in Edinburgh detained in the office a little later than usual one evening, had the pleasure of hearing one of these little creatures perform. 'Having occasion,' he writes, 'to remain a little late one evening, my attention was attracted by what seemed like the singing of a canary at a distance. Being somewhat puzzled to account for this, after some search we found the song proceeded from a mouse under one of the desks, apparently in search of food, as a piece of bread placed near it speedily vanished. The mouse gave another short song, took himself away, and has not since been heard of. The song was somewhat of a monotone, but sweet and withal; a continuous sort of trill, now and then somewhat piping.'

A correspondent kindly sends us the following curious anecdote: 'Some years ago, in my school-days, myself and four brothers had a tutor. My father fitted up a room for us, which we called our school, wherein we had a piano, upon which it was the rule of our tutor to give myself, brothers, and two sisters lessons in music every day. You may suppose from this that the piano got some fearful thumping daily from five very rough lads alone. During our lessons some of the higher (treble) notes of the piano began to stick—that is, they would not rise after being pressed down. Our tutor said this was caused by dampness and recommended the instrument to be wheeled round to the fire at nights to cure these sticking notes. But after trying this plan several times, with no result towards its object, our tutor was determined to give the piano a thorough cleaning, and in doing so found, to our great astonishment, under the treble notes two mice-nests, one of which had five young ones. The nests were made chiefly of silk, taken from the ornamental wood-work in front of the piano, in which we had often been surprised to find holes; and my mother on several occasions accused myself and brothers of pushing our fingers through the silk and making these holes. Now the building of these nests must have been going on while we were practising on the instrument, as we had heard several times something, as we fancied, inside the piano making a gnawing noise, little dreaming at the time that it was musical mice who were at the bottom of it all!'

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

BY ONE LONG SINCE RELEASED.

THAT bright and joyous season of the year, when even the hearts of criminals are made to feel its exhilarating influence, had come round. Long and anxiously had Christmas Day been looked forward to by many, as a day which would give us some little enjoyment. Enjoyment, do I say? Yes; enjoyment; for such is the extraordinary nature of man, that the very smallest change from ordinary existence will give new zest to life and make it for a time more endurable. Thus with us poor prisoners. Christmas Day had come round again; and even as the lively bells outside sent forth a merry peal, ushering in the festive morn, so did their sound strike up within us all the better thoughts and pleasurable feelings of our hearts. The surly turnkey for once unbended in his ordinary stern reserve, and opened

his lips to return a civil answer when the prisoner—forgetful at the moment of that janitor's unrelenting severity—passed the compliments of the day.

Everything conspired to make us happier than we had hitherto been. The sun shone forth in unclouded majesty, and though its rays descended not so low as our wall-encompassed yard, yet we could see it shining clearly on the surrounding lofty buildings. The weather too was remarkably mild; more like a morning in May; so that there was nothing to chill the warmth of feeling we each experienced.

This year Christmas came upon a Sunday, which thus caused us the loss of a holiday; for had it fallen upon a week-day, that week-day would have been a holiday. Christmas Day is ordinarily a day of rejoicing. But when it comes on a Sunday, much of the old-fashioned rejoicings and festivities is put aside till the following day by persons who are free to do as they please. In prison, however, not so. The boon of a Christmas Day when it falls on a Sabbath consists only in the extra fare that is then given. It stays not the ordinary dreary, monotonous toil which would begin as usual on the following morn. But this did not trouble us much then. The happy day had come which was to give us some change from the diet we had been living upon so long; and though it was only *one* meal extra, still it was known to be such as many outside would be glad to jump at. In fact this was the anniversary of roast-beef, potatoes, and beer, to be served out to the prisoners in addition to the usual allowance; and most eagerly was the day looked for weeks previously. The same indulgence would be given on New Year's Day; but generally Christmas was considered the most enjoyable.

By this time I had got so accustomed to my hard but clean barnack-bed, that I could ordinarily sleep very well. On the present occasion, however, many thoughts had kept me awake through much of the night—thoughts of those belonging to me; for young as I was, I had got a wife—and thoughts of those too whose agency had brought me there. Had *she*, my poor partner, any Christmas dinner? Had *they*, rich as they were, better fare in prospect? And if they had, could they eat it with the same health and strength that I, their prisoner in jail, now possessed?

As the first dawn of day peeped through our windows, every one got up and dressed in his coarse but clean attire. Then on the door being opened, all took a brisk walk in the yard, with a more cheerful countenance than I had noticed for a long time. Little 'Bobbie'—a bird we had caught weeks before, and let loose again—came flying down from his post on some high turret which had the sun's rays upon it, to look for a few extra crumbs; and as he pecked away at a quantity that was soon thrown to him, it seemed as if he too hopped about more lively than usual, while his chirping notes appeared more musical. Such was the welcome accorded to the little bit of new life which on that day came to enliven our poor hearts.

The officers also, dressed in their best, walked into the place with a more bland and animating expression on their features. Even K—— relaxed his usual scowl, and something like a smile could be seen on his face! Every one seemed to feel

that it was indeed a day of joy—though, alas! not so to too many—and frequent blessings were heaped upon the heads of those who thus caused the wretched prisoners to participate, if ever so slightly, in the general hilarity of the season. Within our prison, there happened to be not one under 'severe punishment'; and consequently all, save the sick, could share in the additional comforts and pleasure of the day.

To me, the first salutation was from Old Sam, echoed by others: 'A merry Christmas to you, Blank!'

'The same to you, old boy! and you too, mess-mates!' was my reply, as like salutations passed around, and conversation, principally about the extra dinner, became general.

'Is it settled, Sam?' asked one of the newcomers, addressing the old man, he being considered the oracle of the ward, and in his capacity of wardman, knowing the most. 'Is it settled that we are to have the extra dinner to-day?'

'Certain sure,' was the reply. 'I heard Mr K—— give directions about it not many minutes ago. It'll be sent out to bake, afterwards cut up in front [the front offices], and then brought down here in tins.'

'But is the beer going to be allowed?' queried another.

'Ah!' replied Old Sam. 'You'll find it come in here by gallons, and regularly served out, as is always done at them times. I knowed all about it long ago, though I wouldn't say nothing then, as in case you should be disappointed.'

'And pray, Sam,' said I, 'how came you to know so much beyond every one else?'

'Because,' he replied, 'I ferrets out everything; and if I hears half a word, I'll find out t'other half if I can, when it's for my good in any way to do so.'

Satisfied, however, in our own minds, without placing too much dependence on what *he* might say, we patiently waited the dinner-hour. All was carried on as usual until that time. The service in the chapel was performed in accordance with the ceremonies of the day, and it struck me there was more earnestness in attending to it by the prisoners than usual. Perhaps it was because there was a little of something new to be heard in addition to the ordinary daily routine of official religious worship. And this again shews how beneficial, variety even in such matters, would be. But whether or no, great attention was now paid to what was uttered from the pulpit.

After coming from chapel, the prisoners went to their respective yards, where they had full liberty to exercise themselves as they pleased till the dinner-hour. Now, I must observe here that the dinner-hour originally was noon; but a few weeks previous to this date it had been altered to one o'clock. To-day, however, the customary allowance for dinner was served out at noon, so that the extra Christmas fare should be a supplementary meal at two P.M. What we had for the common food at twelve o'clock was the usual bread and soup, nothing more. This was hardly touched by any one, most of us saving it for some other time. Then began our preparations for the great feast. The table was neatly laid; plates and knives and forks were placed in good order; and the chimes of a neighbouring clock outside were

impatiently listened to as we counted the quarter-hours. With regard to our having plates and knives and forks, I must explain that they were allowed to be sent in by friends from outside; the cutlery, however, being collected in a bag by the wardmaster after every meal, and given to the turnkey at his office in the central lodge. At length the quarter-hour before two sounded, and then we saw come down from the front a huge wicker concern, lined with tin, and called the bread-basket. This was filled with the best, or so considered best, white bread, and a pound of it was served out to each man. By the time this was done the church clock outside struck two, and then several large tin dishes, laden with separate allowances of the baked beef and potatoes, appeared. The sight and smell of them were almost a feast in themselves, for nothing of the kind had we caught glimpse of for many a long day. Boiled food of the same description, it is true we had had; but then it was neither of such good quality, quantity, nor cooking.

The first lot of beef and potatoes passed us by, followed by a large can of beer holding about six gallons. This went through the middle lodge to the correction or felon side; and so did the second and third arrivals, much to the increase of our longing desires. Presently it came to our turn; and each of us received a pound of solid good beef, the same quantity of potatoes, and a pint of porter. Need I say with what zest we quickly sat down in our places to enjoy this unwonted feast! Picture it if you can, my readers. I have it all before me now as I rewrite these words from the fading original. Yes; the whole scene is in my eye now, and all I then felt, with all I have since gone through, and the many other Christmases spent in many strange places, amid many wondrous scenes and peoples, civilised and uncivilised, since that hour when, with other prisoners, I greedily fell-to on the really good fare before me. Oh, with what relish was it eaten! No gourmet could have plunged into the daintiest dish with more gusto than did we tackle the tempting and ample supply before us. Nor did we—hardened and reprobate as doubtless all prisoners are considered to be by outsiders—forget to quietly ask a blessing, and also thank the generous donor of that feast. To me, it seemed there never could be better food. Indeed, I sincerely hoped that all I knew might have as good.

The health of those who had given us this treat was pledged in a manner which no one need have been ashamed of. It came from the hearts of men made happy for a time in the midst of their misery, by the bounty of others. And if those kind persons could have seen the joyous countenances around that table, it must have diffused intense pleasure within their own benevolent hearts.

It may seem strange to say so, and yet hungry as we had felt, not one in the ward could manage the whole quantity of meat belonging to him. I was satisfied before half had been eaten, and consequently reserved a portion for my supper and the next day. No doubt the beer in a measure lessened our appetite, for I have often since noticed such to be the case, especially when it was porter or stout. However, in our ward it was found that with our ordinary food added, we

had a sufficiency to last us comfortably for three days.

During the time we had been enjoying our dinner, in came the governor and chaplain, the latter with a benevolent expression playing about his face on seeing us so happy, as he said. The governor also made some pleasant remarks, and promised us the indulgence of a larger fire than usual in the evening, and to a later hour. By this time I had got to the head of our table, not exactly by seniority though, as on account of convenience for my duty as yard-washer and attendant, and through the friendly courtesy of my companions. Thus from my seat, and without disturbing myself, I could easily look upon the others as they busily plied their knives and forks. It was a curious and an interesting sight. All appeared as ordinary common individuals, and to my gaze, not one then had any of the look which habitual or professional criminals generally possess. Yet there were two or three noted characters seated at that board, though only, this time, here as middlemen. Next to me on my left was poor A—, the talented scholar, teacher, thinker; and now, whatever previous wrong he had done, an earnest-minded, good man. Adjoining him was B— C—, the well-known 'smasher' or utterer of base coin, a short man, with a sunbaked laughing countenance. He had endeavoured to 'rain' a piece of money, but failed; and when taken, swallowed the bad half-crown, at risk of suffocation. Ultimately, under the doctor's hands, the spurious coin was recovered, and brought in evidence against him.

Opposite to me was Old Sam, grown gray in crime—reckless, hardened by a career so truly wonderful and horrible, even to suspicion of murder, that what I learned of him would be a startling history by itself. Yet even he was not all bad. He too was in prison as a misdemeanant for coining, and so serious was his offence, that he had got three years.

Among others around the Christmas table was a gentlemanly looking man who had got a sentence of six months' imprisonment first, to be followed by seven years' transportation. His offence was perjury while in the police force, and trying to get a conviction against an innocent person to whom he owed some grudge. He had a rather unpleasant time of it; though to the credit of prisoners be it spoken, that after a first hard fling at such men, they abate their indignation, and as all there are in a measure alike—criminals real or assumed to be—they try to be quiet and agreeable. This policeman had another to join him while I was there; and they both quarrelled fearfully, letting out many a secret as to the doings not only of themselves, but the Force generally and the orders given them. Another character before my eye at that Christmas table was a half-silly, dwarfish young man, more like a boy than one grown up. A founding, he had never known the tender care of parents nor the guiding voices of the good. Ever in some trouble, which was often forced upon him, I pitied him, and wished I were a rich man, to have taken him by the hands when both of us were free.

One more was a surly morose fellow, who knew several in the ward, and was an out-and-out 'shake-buzzer'; that is, an expert thief from ladies

alone. He mentioned a case which I could not doubt—for in there a sort of freemasonry prohibited lies among each other—in which he was the real culprit, while another man was transported for it. He was in look so like the other man who was coming quietly along at the time, that when he stole a lady's gold watch and her purse, the innocent man was pointed out by the bewildered lady, and despite his assertions to the contrary, was found guilty, and sent away!

Besides these, we had three or four more of a quiet and gentlemanly appearance in manner and tone; one of them very reserved and even haughty in his bearing. No one in the ward knew him, and I never heard who or what he was. I fancied he must have been high in position outside; for even in talking occasionally with me he would speak abrupt and with a curtness not very pleasant to bear. If the officers knew his offence, it was studiously kept from us. His sentence of six months was without hard labour. If alive and chancing to read this, he will remember me, not only from one particular conversation we had, but from the special events of the evening following that Christmas dinner.

The afternoon was spent in talking and walking, and at supper (tea-time) our gruel was scarcely touched. How could it be, the horrid stuff, after such a 'feast for the gods' as we had but just enjoyed! Then came lock-up; and as soon as the wardrobe door was closed upon us and darkness had set in, a huge fire was made in the chimney grate, the wooden forms placed around, and the whole of us seated in circle before the cheering blaze. All that was now wanted, apart from freedom, according to Old Sam, was tobacco, which delicious weed the sly fellow pretended he had not got, though I had seen a quid secretly stowed away in his mouth. The next thing was for one or more of us to spin a 'yarn,' and here I might moralise and advise to some possible good, were I not limited to space. Enough then to say that, though nearly every one there could tell many an 'owre true tale' of strange interest, and though it is well known that the professional criminal delights to boast of his deeds, yet on this occasion, and indeed nearly all my stay there, never a time but what all talk was hushed when I proffered, or was entreated to relate a something concocted in my brain from some of the works I had read—*Ivanhoe*, *Rob Roy*, the *Talisman*, and Walter Scott generally, Dickens, then beginning his fame, James, and Fenimore Cooper. Sometimes the *Arabian Nights* or Bulwer's earlier novels were all more or less put under contribution by me. And it was curious as well as interesting to note the different tastes of my companions. Indeed I could not help psychologically studying them under this aspect of their minds, for it gave me an idea of what might have been their careers had each been always able to do as he now penitently wished.

I have often thought of this scene on that, to me, most sadly memorable Christmas evening, and have wondered whether any of my then companions are alive, and what has been their fate. I could have inquired, or sought out perchance in the criminal records, as to one or two who, I feared, were too surely doomed to continue in such a life; but the theme was too painful for me; and after my release, I dreaded

anything approaching the subject, except to lay out in narrative form the many notes I had made while there, and which I may perhaps yet offer to the public. But if any of them are alive and chance to read this, they will remember the scene and the narrator.

Not till midnight, as the church clock in the free street outside told us, was my tale done; and we went to our rest, all more or less thankful to heaven for what we had received, and grateful to the benevolent donors for our feast.

A FOLDED LEAF.

A **FOLDED** page, old, stained, and blurred,
I found within your book last night.
I did not read the dim dark word
I saw in the slow-waning light;
So put it back, and left it there,
As if in truth I did not care.

Ah! we have all a folded leaf
That in Time's book of long ago
We leave: a half-relief
Falls on us when we hide it so.
We fold it down, then turn away,
And who may read that page to-day?

Not you, my child; nor you, my wife,
Who sit beside my study-chair;
For all have something in their life
That they, and they alone, may bear—
A trifling lie, a deadly sin,
A something bought they did not win.

My folded leaf! how blue eyes gleam
And blot the dark-brown eyes I see;
And golden curls at evening beam
Above the black looks at my knee.
Ah me! that leaf is folded down,
And aye for me the looks are brown.

And yet I love them who sit by,
My best and dearest—dearest *now*.
They may not know for what I sigh,
What brings the shadow on my brow.
Ghosts at the best; so let them be,
Nor come between my life and me!

They only rise at twilight hour;
So light the lamp, and close the blind.
Small perfume lingers in the flower
That sleeps that folded page behind.
So let it ever folded lie;
'Twill be unfolded when I die!

J. H. PANTON.

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GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

At the close of the year we hear many people talking about the rules which they intend to adopt for the better ordering of their lives during the ensuing twelve months. They have determined to relinquish bad habits, and to give up those practices which militate against their moral or material welfare. In short, they purpose effecting a complete reform in their conduct, which is to be put in force at the commencement of the new year—but not a moment before. They cling to the doomed habits with a tenacity that is strangely inconsistent with their professed determination to get rid of them. But we all know what little reliance is to be placed upon the professions of these individuals, who have a crop of good intentions annually, that never or rarely ripens into action.

Year after year they tell us the same story, and lay before us their programme of good intentions for the new year, pointing out with pride and satisfaction the chief items in it, and reiterating with fervour their firm determination to perform everything promised. And how does it all end? Perhaps for a week or a month the good resolutions are observed; and then our eager self-reformer grows tired of improvement, and reverts to the old order of things with a sigh of relief. It is not in the nature of a sincere man to talk much about what good intentions he has formed with regard to himself or others; and experience teaches us that little value is to be placed upon the professions of those who are anxious to let the world know that they are very conscientious and ardently desire improvement. As a rule, we find that these people are both lazy and improvident. They belong to that class of which Mr Micawber was an eminent example; and like that distinguished character, they are constantly in difficulties and troubles. In fact, they live in hope, and suffer in consequence.

To men of industry and action, it must be singularly unpleasant to hear these announcements of contemplated self-reform from individuals who

have not a grain of resolution in their character. It is such a mockery of sincerity and earnestness, that it cannot fail to provoke disgust in those who 'revere truth above all things.' And yet how common it is to find young men at this time of year parading their list of good resolutions, for the purpose of edifying and favourably impressing their friends! The pipe is to be given up; foreign languages are to be learned; and other equally praiseworthy intentions are expressed. And acted upon in how many instances? Alas! in very few indeed. The pipe soon asserts its sway again, and the foreign languages remain as foreign as ever.

But it is sad when we consider that this disposition to form such resolutions as we have indicated is a sure sign of moral weakness, and of moral weakness too that leads to irremediable disorders. A hopeful young man imagines that he makes up for whatever laxity he may have been guilty of in his past conduct, by resolving upon improvement in the future. And thus he goes on year after year making resolutions only to break them, and unconsciously—but surely and inevitably—destroying that sense of moral rectitude within him, without which a man is the helpless prey of his own wicked passions. He fools himself into the belief that he will amend in time; and that he will be able by a determined effort to retrieve his past follies. But the years creep on; and while he is putting off the day of amendment, the bad habits are growing stronger, and the power of giving effect to good resolutions is losing force and vitality.

'Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.'

is his motto; but the poet has added a pregnant warning to those that put their trust in such foolish anticipations.

There are few spectacles more contemptible than this professed self-reformer when he has reached an age at which reform is almost hopeless. He is then a miserable vacillating wretch, full of hatred towards those who have been successful in life, and bearing a strong enmity

to prosperity in general. He considers that the world has ill-treated him; that he has been misunderstood; and that if he had enjoyed fair play, he would have made his mark in the world. Probably he deems that he is a neglected genius, and tries to feel a lofty scorn for those successful mediocrities who look with pity and contempt upon his threadbare coat and shabby hat. He has a fine show of reasons to account for his ill success in life, most of which spring from a fact of which he is extremely proud—namely, the difference between him and the rest of the world—usually a very lofty and poetical one—altogether in his favour. Thus he may be one, according to his own report, whose passions will not brook control; whose nature is wild and untamable; and whose ideas are altogether opposed to the miserable conventionalities which regulate ordinary people's lives. It is difficult to persuade such a one that he is but a conceited fool with a lazy disposition and a vicious nature. He is beyond reproof. Years of intellectual torpor and moral turpitude have destroyed the capacity for understanding truth or for appreciating good advice. How finely Pope has answered those who thus desire to escape censure by professing to be overmastered by strong passions. He has the following in an essay contributed to the *Spectator*: 'The strength of the passions will never be accepted as an excuse for complying with them; they were designed for subjection; and if a man suffers them to get the upper hand, he then betrays the liberty of his own soul.'

It would be far better that those who cannot keep good resolutions should refrain from making them; for there can be little doubt that in the process of making and then breaking them, the moral fibre of a man's character becomes flaccid and relaxed. Our moral nature is so constituted that any trifling with it is fraught with injurious consequences; and those who think that they may abuse it with impunity find out—when achievement is nigh hopeless—that they have destroyed its vitality, and that they are no longer in possession of that heaven-born sense which is our best guide through life.

It cannot be too frequently urged that success is the reward of labour, and that it is a vicious and mischievous fallacy to suppose we can obtain it by any other means. A modern writer has beautifully expressed this idea; and of the many noble sentiments which Mr Ruskin has given the world, perhaps there is not one so pregnant with deep and penetrating wisdom. In the *Stones of Venice* the following passage occurs: 'Now it is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.' This grand truth cannot be too earnestly taught and promulgated; every child in the kingdom should know it by heart, and learn to see and understand its beneficent meaning. But it is to be feared that many of those who have given up the best portion of their lives to vainly hoping for improvement without making any actual effort to attain it, are past the period when such truths can have much effect. They are wholly lost to the world of action, and live in an atmosphere of dreams and chimerical anticipations. They are

the chief creators of those airy structures called 'castles in the air,' and are content to enjoy the empty pleasure derived from living in such fanciful edifices. No doubt they are of a mind with Pistol when he sings:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me.

Yes; if wishes would prevail, it would be a very lazy world indeed to live in!

We cannot contemplate without a feeling of sadness the position of those who, having thus postponed the day of reformation, find themselves at last face to face with the bitter reality. They are rudely awakened from the moral lethargy into which they have sunk; they have neglected to make good use of Time; but Time has played sad havoc with them. 'Old Age has clawed them in his clutch,' and writhe and struggle as they may, there is no escape from *his* grasp.

In fine, people should reform, if it be necessary to do so, at once, and without parading their intentions before the eyes of the world. They should go to work silently, and with a firm determination to carry out, no matter how trying or hard it may be at first, those virtuous designs which they deem necessary for their welfare. They should not look for applause from the world; their highest reward will in due time come for the good they have done for themselves or others; meanwhile they will enjoy that which assuredly is a sweet and precious possession—the consciousness that they are worthily fulfilling the object for which they were brought into this world.

A more odious form of conceit than this bragging about self-reform does not exist, and no effort should be spared in order to stamp it out. Let those then who wish to improve, labour to that end in silence and in sincerity; success is sure to crown their efforts. And to those who flaunt their good resolutions in the eyes of the world—resolutions which are merely for show and not for use—we would recommend the following proverb: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.' In short, let *facta non verba* be the motto of all.

A SHADOWY STORY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

MISS DECROY turned as pale as death; as did her sister, who sank into a seat, apparently overcome by the shock; but Madame Decroy said in her firmest, nay sternest tones: 'Search, sir! I ask no immunity for my house. I wait the day when it shall be given to the flames, as have been so many houses in which their owners dared to find shelter. Your chiefs have been patient longer than I expected.'

Kate turned her pale face and scared eyes appealingly to her mother, as if to remind her how unwise it was to irritate a soldier; but the look was unheeded. Merely bowing in answer to Madame Decroy's remarks, Westbury addressed himself to the sisters, and hurriedly explained what he proposed to do. On the information he had received, he was compelled to search the

House; he had no alternative; but he wished to do so with as little inconvenience as possible.

The House was broad and deep; it stood upon a large square of ground; but it was not lofty, nor had it many apartments above. Nor were there any underground kitchens or cellars. Westbury said he would go up with no one but the sergeant to examine the rooms, and that upon their return his men should enter into the rooms and offices beyond the hall. No assent was given, but no objection was made to this plan, which was forthwith carried out. The two militia-men again 'stood at ease' at the door, so that the front of the House was efficiently guarded; and as has previously been explained, the sides and rear were also under surveillance.

All was silent and dark above. Not only was there no one to be discovered, but there were no signs of any one having recently been there; no chair was out of place, no bed disordered, as would have been the case had any fugitive been disturbed from his easily broken slumbers. In fact, Dickles spoke for both when he said: 'I don't believe there's no one here, sir.'

Believed more than he cared to shew, Westbury descended, the men rousing themselves when he appeared, as though they felt that now indeed they should be wanted.

'You will take the men with you, Dickles,' said the officer, 'and go over the rooms at the back.—Shut the door, men.'

The door was closed, and the men came forward. Now, the great staircase spoken of sprung from one side of the hall, and at its foot a passage ran straight to the back of the house; but half-way a strong door shut off the rear premises, and this door, either from habit in the troublous times, or for the more prosaic reason of its keeping out the draught, was always kept shut. Of course it was now opened; and the sergeant, still bearing the light, led the way, closely followed by the soldiers. As the last man passed the door, Westbury advanced to close it. The great lamp which swung and flared in the hall, threw its glare upon the staircase and upon the door, as Westbury swung it to. He pushed it close, but as he did so, recoiled with an exclamation of momentary surprise and alarm, for the shadow of a man, huge and distorted, as shadows often are, fell upon the door just in front of him. It was gone in an instant. For another instant the Lieutenant, recovering himself, thought the startling shade was his own; but at once he knew it to be impossible, and glanced swiftly round.

The group was still at the stair-foot; and as Westbury turned his face, with a now stern expression upon it, he could not help seeing a wild look, a look of consternation, on each of the faces which met his own. Again was the hue of Miss Kate's cheeks pale to ghastliness; and as the officer threw a rapid glance around the hall, their eyes followed. He approached the ladies. 'You will remember that I have not yet searched the dining-room,' he said. (This was on the side of the hall opposite to his little sitting-room.) 'I must do this. You can see that I have no choice.'

Madame Decroy bowed without speaking, then moving forward, herself threw wide open the door of the chamber. There was a light burning there, but the room was empty. No living thing

was to be seen or heard within it. After a brief but close search, Westbury came into the hall baffled and not a little disconcerted—the women eagerly watching his every movement.

Presently, upon hearing the retreating steps of his men, he glanced up the broad stairs, as if hesitating whether again to ascend them or not. In fact, he was upon the point of doing so, when a short gasping exclamation startled him, and he saw Miss Decroy reel as though about to fall. She had fainted; and Westbury springing towards her, caught her in his arms just as Dickles and his satellites re-entered the hall to report that all was quiet at the back of the house. This incident led to confusion for a time. Westbury carried the insensible girl to the dining-room, an act which enlisted the sympathies of Madame Decroy and Mrs Claridge in his behalf. He would have lingered longer with them; but duty compelled him to withdraw for the purpose of dismissing the men, Dickles giving it as his final conviction, that O'Flynn was as bad as Mullany; and that Squire Decroy had not been within a day's march of Boreen for a month past; and that in point of fact he *must* be in France, as every one had always believed him to be.

As the outer door swung after his subordinate, Westbury turned and moved irresolutely towards his sitting-room; then glancing across the hall, and seeing that the door of the dining-room was open, he mustered up sufficient courage to inquire after Miss Decroy. He found her sufficiently recovered to sit up. She smiled faintly when she saw him; but with this smile there was, as there had previously been, an expression which was difficult to understand—a terror, a wildness, which in some strange way was reflected on the faces of her mother and sister. Westbury said a few words expressive of his regret at having thus disturbed them; but Madame Decroy interrupted him: 'Not a word of apology is needed, sir; we are and ought to be thankful that fortune has placed a gentleman of humanity and delicacy in your position. We are your grateful debtors.' There was an old-fashioned formality about this brief speech, which to a great extent agreed with the old lady's style, and the Lieutenant felt that he was on a better footing with the family than he had ever been before.

Secretly satisfied with this advance, he left them, to pass a solitary hour or two in his own room undisturbed, if Fate should so permit, and no more alarms should occur that night. Taking down one of his few books, he sought to compose himself for a quiet but ineffectual spell at reading. The shadows haunted him—worse because they were shadows, and nothing more. He could not help thinking that there was something very mysterious about the affair. Twice repeated; it was the strangest part! Perhaps he ought to report it. But then, what had he had seen? Was he to say he had seen a ghost? And if not, what was he to say he had seen? The Lieutenant affected to laugh a little laugh aloud as this idea crossed his mind; yet he was perfectly aware even while he did so, that he felt it to be an inexplicable and ominous business, which was in reality anything but a laughing matter.

Read as hard as he would, concentrate his mind as he might, his thoughts would soon wander, and

instead of the pages of his book, he beheld the distorted outlines of the gigantic shadow which had twice thrown itself so strangely before him. 'I believe—I am sure,' he at length exclaimed, 'that it was the same shadow. A plague upon the thing! Now that I recall it, I am almost sure I could recognise the outlines!' So strongly did the idea possess him, that he was at last fain to give up the attempt at reading as hopeless; and not wishing again to intrude on the family, sought to compose his nerves by another saunter in the open air; and so once more he found himself patrolling the road outside. Nor was he alone in this task; the moon was now fitful; at one moment obscured by dark clouds, leaving the night utterly dark, the next shining brilliantly, for she was near her full, and rendering everything around nearly as visible as by day. By these glimpses of light, he saw here and there the men who watched the road through the village, a watch which of course was maintained all night long; while in the centre of the miserable hamlet, a dull light, which shone dimly through the red parlour-curtain of the poor hostel, shewed where the headquarters of the detachment kept their vigils.

As the moon vanished behind a huge cloud, her last rays shewed him—or he imagined so—a group of three or four persons standing beneath a tree on the road-side. He advanced towards the spot, and now he certainly heard a step in the darkness coming towards him. His hand moved towards the hilt of his sword; but he smiled at his precaution the next moment, as he recognised the broad figure of Biddy Quin.

'Good-evening, Biddy,' said the officer. 'Was there any one with you just now?'

'Wid me, yer honour!' returned Biddy. 'Sure, an' there's not a sowl to be seen betwix this an' the houses on the hill, an' it's meself that's walked all the way in.'

'What! since I saw you at Boreen House?' said Westbury.

'Av coorse. An' why not?' said Biddy. 'Wid a night like this, an' that blessed moon, it's a short half-hour there. I'm glad to see yer honour, for it's ungrateful ye've been thinking me, by reason of me niver tellin' ye how thankful me an' the childer was—'

'Oh, never mind that, Biddy,' interrupted the officer. 'I have been repaid, you know; you must thank the ladies at the House, not me.'

But Biddy's eloquence and gratitude were not thus to be extinguished, and she persisted in enlarging upon the officer's generosity, walking towards the village all the while, until, to get rid of her, Westbury turned abruptly towards the House, and left her in the midst of her florid thanksgivings. Even then he did not fairly escape until he was standing in the hall, for the woman followed him to the door, and as he somewhat rudely shut it in her face, he heard these last words: 'An' it's meself an' the two sick childer will niver forgit'

Half amused, half annoyed, Westbury repaired to his room, having had a far shorter stroll than he had intended; while Biddy—who might naturally be supposed to feel hurt at having her full flood of gratitude rolled back upon herself—went away with actually a smile upon her face. This smile was not altogether one of forgiveness; there was a triumphant and very knowing look with it; and

strangely enough, Biddy, who had been but five minutes before so anxious to get home to her children, and had walked slowly and heavily, as a woman tired by a long and hurried walk would do, now strode swiftly off, at a pace indeed that many a man might envy; and what was also strange, she retraced the road she came.

The next morning dawned in rain—a steady persistent rain, which continued with little intermission throughout the day and indeed for several days to come. No soul who was not absolutely compelled to be out was seen in the half-liquid street of Boreen; even the pigs, which had seemed to defy every variety of weather previously, now deigned to seek the shelter of cart-sheds, or what was still better and more customary, the interior of the cottages. Yet bad as the weather was, Westbury gladly welcomed the hours when he went his rounds, muddy and rain-beaten though he speedily became; for the *ennui* of sitting alone all day was now becoming intolerable. Sleeping, smoking, and reading he had tried, and exhausted them all, pretty nearly exhausting himself as well. There was a short break in the monotony when the household met at dinner; but even although Westbury fancied there was a little more kindness in the tone in which he was addressed, and although he endeavoured to start some kind of conversation by inquiring after Miss Decroy's health, yet no great extension of the sitting came of the attempt. Indeed, when he shewed some desire to prolong his stay with them, the same half-wild, half-terrified expression, which he remembered so well from the previous evening, came over the young lady's face. Puzzled by this, and quite unable to divine what he was doing to cause such a change, the Lieutenant withdrew, and passed a few more dreary hours in his sanctum.

On that night, happily—so he thought of it—Miss Kate was his visitor. The impulse was beyond his power to resist. 'Ah, Miss Decroy,' he exclaimed, 'you are like a ray of sunshine breaking into the dull cell of a prisoner.' This was the first time he had ever ventured upon anything so florid; and he looked so confused at his own temerity, that the girl gave way to the unwonted enthusiasm of the moment in a silvery laugh.

'Why, I thought it was only we Irish that were romantic and poetic in our language,' returned Miss Kate; 'but that seems quite a delusion. I never had so complimentary a speech directed to me before.'

'I really must beg your pardon,' said Westbury, still more confused. 'I feel I ought not to do so; but—but I could not help it, Miss Decroy, and that must be my excuse. I had been so uneasy and dull here; within and without, all so wretched, that when you appeared it was as if the sun or moon were rising.'

'Nay, nay,' interposed the young lady; 'this is growing more poetical still. In spite of appearances, I shall have to believe that you are as truly an Irishman as—as Biddy Quin herself. The comparison may be allowed to prove that I am native and—'

She stopped here; and Westbury having broken the ice, mustered fresh courage. 'Pray, finish the quotation, Miss Decroy. But you must forgive me if I say one thing more.'

The girl looked an inquiry and her permission.

'The greatest prejudice I have noticed since I have been in the country, Miss Decroy, is the universal prejudice of its people in believing that the English are prejudiced against them.'

'That a prejudice!' exclaimed the girl, her large dark eyes opening to the widest in her astonishment.

'Certainly,' returned the Lieutenant quickly; 'and a most mistaken one. There are hosts of Englishmen who admire Ireland, and—the Irish people, more than they can easily express—more than the tongue!'

'I am sure I shall never cherish the equally mistaken prejudice as to the English being matter of fact or prosaic,' interrupted Miss Decroy, as she moved towards the door. 'I feel that the Milesian reputation for flowery discourse is obtained on false pretences, and must be restored to the Saxons.' With this she was gone; and had a veritable sun-beam quitted the room, it could not have seemed more changed and dull to its occupant.

More rain, more yawning; a visit from the corporal with his report; nothing afresh; more rain—it had never left off raining—more yawning, until at last ten o'clock came. There were no chimneys in Boreen, no booming church clock to announce the time; but that it was ten o'clock Westbury knew, by referring to his bulky watch; and heartily glad was he to find it late enough to justify him in going fairly to bed. Rising, therefore, with one tremendous yawn, which seemed to expend the reserved force of fifty that he had recently checked and strangled, he was moving slowly towards the hall, when his ear caught the unusual sound of a horse approaching. Another instant and he could hear the plash of hoofs through the rain-pools; then—as he knew from the first it would be—the rider halted; there was a short pause, during which he heard voices, and then came a heavy knock at the door. As he was standing in the hall, and knew right well of what kind the visitors must be, he did not hesitate to open the front-door; and there sure enough stood Dickles, his grey greatcoat streaming with wet, his forage-cap soaked. Just behind him was a horseman, a soldier also, as his capacious cloak testified. 'Despatches, sir, from C—,' said Dickles briefly. The rider threw up his hand in a military salute, then shaking the wet from his huge cloak as he moved it, handed a packet to the officer.

'Do you go on farther?' asked Westbury, as he broke the seal, noticing that the soldier gathered up his bridle-rein, as a man about to start.

'Yes sir,' replied the trooper; 'we mean to have 'em to-night. I don't mind a good wetting once more, to catch the thieves, for I've had many a soaking for nothing through them.'

'Oh, that's it, is it?' said the officer, and then hurriedly glanced over his letter.—'Turn the whole of the men out at once, Dickles,' he continued; 'lose no time. Call for me here in half an hour.' The trooper, who had lingered for a moment, threw up his hand to his soaked cap again, and then plashed off through the mud and rain.

'I thought as much, sir,' said Dickles, with something like a groan. 'Mullany said the French sloop was to be off the coast to-night or to-morrow, and there's to be a regular rush for

her. But the chain will be complete this time, and we shall have them. I gave the men a hint, sir, and we shall be here within the half-hour.'

'Do you know the route?' asked Westbury.

'Yes sir,' replied the other; 'a little different from our former ones. I expect the detachments from Longhish and Five Hills will take the bog lines, as we are to keep the lower road. Mullany has gone to Loughie.'

'Be sharp, Dickles!' said the officer, as he closed the door gently, to avoid disturbing the house. As he did so, a slight creaking noise attracted his attention; he paused with the door in his hand, watchful and listening. The sound was not repeated; he had hardly supposed it would be, for he had distinctly recognised it as the soft closing of a window. 'They are on the alert,' muttered Westbury as he returned to his room. 'It's as well our expedition takes place to-night; if it were to-morrow, we might not be first upon the road.' His preparations were soon made; he buckled his cloak with a sigh as he heard the ceaseless patter of the rain; for he had had quite sufficient experience in traversing the by-roads in Ireland, to know what was before him.

PRE-HISTORIC RECORDS.

THE caves, tombs, and gravel-drifts of the earth, which are of all objects the most uninteresting to the casual observer, have in our days become strangely eloquent. At the touch of science they have lent a voice to the dumb past. Raising the veil of antiquity, they have unrolled page after page of ancient history, written neither with pen nor pencil, but stamped on the rude implements of war or the chase, imprinted on the few threads of decaying tissue that wrap the crumbling skeleton, engraved on the bracelet of bronze or silver that encircled the slender wrist of some pre-historic beauty, or chased on the brooch of gold that clasped the mantle of some renowned but forgotten chieftain.

So exact are the deductions to be drawn from these mute records of the past, that they have been divided by Sir John Lubbock in his *Pre-historic Times* (London, Williams and Norgate) into four well-defined ages—the drift age, the age of polished stone, the age of bronze, and the age of iron; each of these marking an advance in knowledge and civilisation which amounted to a revolution in the then existing manners and customs of the world. The drift age or Paleolithic period is marked by deposits of rude stone implements; to it succeeds the Neolithic, or age of polished stone, in which the same stone implements were in use, but of a superior class, highly polished and well finished.

The wandering savage who lived by the chase and cut up his prey with the rude unpolished flint knives of the Paleolithic age, was coeval with many extinct animals which then ranged over the wide forests that in those early times covered our own country in common with many portions of the continent. In the caves of Derbyshire and elsewhere, many of the rudely chipped knives and arrowheads of these ancient hunters are found, the rudest occupying the lowest strata; shewing that even in that remote age man had the same tendency to improve as now, and that the practice

of even these rude germs of art led to a gradual perfecting of them. Some of the remains of the ancient Nimrods of that remote age, but for these stone records, unwritten age, have been found in caves and sepulchral tumuli; and of all the living races of men they resemble the Eskimo most closely. With them are found the remains of such extinct animals as the cave-bear, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros; and they appear to have been driven along with these animals towards the north, through the action of some geographical change whose magnitude we have now no means of gauging.

The Neolithic era marked the dawn of a new and higher civilisation. In many parts of the country, notably at Hardham in Sussex and in Kent, many collections of polished stone implements have been found, such as stone axes and adzes, chisels, gouges, small saws, hammers, awls for boring, stone picks for turning up the soil, pestles, mortars, querns, and spindle-whorls. Needles have also been found, which imply a knowledge of the art of sewing; and cups and various other vessels of rude earthenware, which shew that these old-world folks could ply the potter's craft with a considerable degree of dexterity. The bones found shew also that they no longer depended for a precarious subsistence altogether upon the spoils of the chase, but that they were herdsmen and fishermen as well. They possessed the horse, a small short-horned ox, two kinds of swine, goats, and horned sheep, with dogs of a large breed. In architecture they were unquestionably far behind, for their dwellings seem to have consisted of pits roofed with wattle. The remains of these ancient Neolithic builders are plentifully scattered over the country. They were all built or rather scooped out upon one plan. There was a circular shaft for an entrance, going down to a depth of from seven to eight feet, five to seven feet wide at the bottom, and narrowing to three at the top; and round this was a chamber or cluster of chambers. In these huts are found a variety of the polished stone implements mentioned above, bones of the domesticated animals, and shreds of pottery. In north Kent there are a series of vertical shafts sunk in the chalk; but these seem to have been rather flint quarries than the homes of our Neolithic forefathers.

In the north of Scotland, modified perhaps to suit the greater inclemency of the climate, the Neolithic dwellings are somewhat different, and take the form of massive circular huts or burghs, as they are called. In these are found the same stone implements and the same bones of animals. The flint of which these stone implements are made, was obtained by quarrying for the flint nodules in the chalk. Many of these mines with the mining tools still remain, with great quantities of chips and splinters; which shew that the flint implements were partially at least manufactured on the spot where the flint was obtained.

In some instances, caves seem to have been used as dwellings by the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe; and where not employed as a shelter for the living, they seem to have been frequently selected, when within reach, as a resting-place for the dead. In these cave-mausoleums, numerous skeletons of both sexes and of all ages are found. Where no cave was to be had, the

dead, as our readers are already aware, were buried in barrows or cairns; numerous broken implements were laid beside them; and from the quantities of calcined bones found in some of these graves, it is believed that in the case of a chief, human sacrifices may have been offered. From the number of these tombs and the plentiful remains of Neolithic dwellings scattered over Britain, we are led to the conclusion that our country, in common with Europe, had in those days a somewhat large and tolerably civilised population, who had flocks and herds, who practised agriculture, and who were hunters and fishermen.

In the pile or lake dwellings of Switzerland, which are assigned to this era, many interesting discoveries have been made. Three kinds of wheat—one an Egyptian variety—have been found; also two kinds of barley, two kinds of millet, the remains of fruit such as apples and pears, peas, flax, and weeds. For their cattle and swine the lake-dwellers seem to have laid up winter fodder in the shape of acorns and beech-nuts. They made cloth of their flax, and could even weave it into an ornamental pattern. From an examination of the human remains found in these curious lake-dwellings and in the sepulchral caves, the most eminent geologists are of opinion that our Neolithic ancestors were of the same race as the Basque-speaking peoples who are still to be found in the north of Spain and in the south of France.

However acquired, the possession of Bronze marks an era of advancement. The dwellings of the people who used it were better, and their circumstances more comfortable, than those of the Neolithic tribes they succeeded. They had axes and sickles of bronze, gouges, chisels, hammers, and knives; and as a natural consequence, all the products of their labour were superior and better finished. They could weave well, a tough and strong fabric, and their clothes were formed of several pieces sewed together. Their cloth is almost invariably of linen; no woollen cloth belonging to this period having been found either in France or Switzerland; but in a wooden coffin discovered in 1861 at Ribe in Jutland, the remains of a body were found inclosed in a cloak of coarse woollen cloth; a woollen cap covered the head, the lower limbs having been wrapped in woollen leggings. Under the cloak was a woollen shirt, girt round the waist by a long woollen band. A bronze dagger in a wooden sheath had been laid beside the dead hand; and in a small box were a few necessary articles for the long journey towards the spirit-land, consisting of another woollen cap, a comb, and a knife—the whole inclosed in a bull's hide. Another coffin contained the paraphernalia of an ancient belle, a brooch, a knife, a double-pointed awl, and a pair of tweezers—all of bronze, two studs, one of bronze and one of tin, and a javelin head of flint; while a third coffin, that of a baby, contained a small bronze bracelet and a bead of amber. Sir John Lubbock considers that these bodies belonged to the close of the bronze period. Bodies wrapped in woollen cloth have also been found in Britain, as at Scale House barrow near Rylston in Yorkshire. It is, however, worthy of remark that it is only in the exceptional cases in which the body is turned into adipocere (an unctuous waxy substance), that woollen cloth is found; in normal circumstances

that fabric would disappear far more rapidly than linen.

The bronze remains found in the Rhone Valley prove that the art of metal-working once acquired, was carried by these early races to great perfection. They were acquainted with the processes of casting, tempering, stamping, and engraving metal. With this discovery of a new art came a simultaneous improvement in the potter's craft; the rude cups of the Neolithic age disappear, and are succeeded by vessels of an endless variety of form and ornamentation, some of which are extremely beautiful. Some of the vases are inlaid with tin, others are marked with the same patterns employed to decorate the Etruscan vases of Italy; while others found in the pile-dwellings of the lake of Bourget, have representations of men and animals. The collections of bronze jewellery are also abundant and curious. They consist of bracelets, armlets, long hairpins with decorated ends, rings, earrings, girdles adorned with pendants, brooches, buttons, studs, and torques for the neck.

War being in these early days as common as it appears to be in more modern times, we find well-stored armouries, comprising battle-axes, arrows, and clubs, lances and short swords, as also helmets and shields of thin plates of hammered bronze. Their graves resemble those of their Neolithic predecessors, with one important difference—dead bodies were burned as a rule instead of buried, the ashes, inclosed in urns, being placed in the tombs.

In the lake-dwellings of Eastern Switzerland the implements found are of bone and stone; but in those of Western Switzerland there are rich accumulations of bronze implements and utensils; while in the upper layers of debris, iron begins to appear; shewing how in its turn the bronze was supplanted by a metal still more universally useful, and destined to be the type of a grand era of enlightenment and progress. Almost as interesting and instructive as the lake-dwellings of Switzerland are the Danish kitchen-middens or shell-mounds, refuse-heaps which have accumulated round the tents or huts of the primitive population. Many of these have been examined; and rude flasks, sling-stones, axes, flint fragments, and the bones of various animals, have been obtained from them.

In primeval times, many animals were abundant in our own country and all over Europe, which seem gradually to have disappeared. Some of these enumerated by Sir John Lubbock are the cave-bear, the cave-hyena, the cave-lion, the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the musk-ox, the Irish elk, the wild-horse, the glutton, the reindeer, the aurochs, and the urus or wild-ox. Simultaneously with these or with some of these were human beings, who harboured in caves, and whose skeletons are found in caverns mixed up with the bones of these animals, and with stone or bronze implements. About these cave-men there is necessarily much less information than there is about those of the Neolithic period; comparatively few skulls have been found which were in a state that admitted of restoration; and among these few, there are great differences.

With regard to the antiquity of man, Sir John Lubbock, after carefully examining the views of many eminent geologists, comes to the conclusion

that man certainly existed in Western Europe during the period of the mammoth and the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, and that the presumption is that he also existed in pliocene and even in miocene times; but the proofs of that—the remains of the earliest representatives of our race—are to be sought, he thinks, in warm, almost in tropical climates.

From the manners and customs of modern savages, much light may be thrown upon the early condition of pre-historic man. After considering the condition and progress of the Hotentots, Veddahs, Australians, South Sea Islanders, Eskimo, and others, Sir John Lubbock remarks that, in reading any account of the savage races at present existing in the world, 'it is impossible not to admire the skill with which they use their weapons and implements, their ingenuity in hunting and fishing, and their close and accurate powers of observation.' By all these qualities we may suppose pre-historic man to have been distinguished in at least an equal degree. The habits and customs of existing savages, however, while presenting many points in common with each other, present also many points of divergence, arising from independent development; and such was no doubt also the case in the most ancient times; the degrees of civilisation even in the stone age would differ much.

It is evident that man when he first spread over the surface of the earth must have been in a condition represented by the lowest type of savage. Then by slow degrees, by imitation, and by the teaching of experience, the capacity of lodging and clothing himself, and of improving his simple implements, would develop and expand, until man, physically one of the weakest and most unprotected of all animals, would, to quote from our author, 'by dint of that subtle force which we term mind,' make himself independent of nature, careless of the inclemency of the seasons, skilful to force from the stubborn soil the food which suited him, or the ores from which to forge the weapons which gave him power; till at last, 'monarch of all he surveyed,' he could cope in his native coverts with the shaggy lion, and be more than a match for the fierce wild-bull, and overtake in the chase the fleet stag or bounding antelope.

The wild-man, like the wild-beast, is always timid, always suspicious, always on the watch; and the condition of the savage woman is still more cruel. 'She shares,' says Sir John Lubbock, 'all the sufferings of her mate, and has also to bear his ill-humour and ill-usage. Even the possession of beauty, far from being an alleviation, is only an aggravation of the evils of her lot, by securing for her a hard thralldom to many masters.'

With growing civilisation, on the other hand, come security and confidence, and that sense of justice and honour which is the best protection of the weak; and with the increasing and ameliorating influences of science, a great improvement may still be looked for in the condition of our race. We stand perchance upon the threshold of a future, brighter than even the brightest dreams of our past; on the verge of a Utopia long deemed impossible, when the moral nature, unvitiated by an erring will, shall no longer fetter the eager soul to base aims and unworthy aspira-

tions, but shall leave it to its free scope and native regality of birthright and action. Then to the human race, still in its vast masses so ineffably degraded, a new and more mighty civilisation may unlock boundless stores of knowledge and power, and unseal fresh fountains of pure and unfeigned enjoyment.

CHRYSLIS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

It was evening; the candles on the Christmas-tree had dwindled down to little lumps of wax; a scent of frizzled fir-twigs filled the room, a litter of sweets and coloured paper covered the floor; and the children, their arms filled with new possessions, clustered round Ivy as she sat in her low chair, telling them the good-night story—and to-night it was the old story of Christmas that the sweet tones of her voice repeated, with many a quaint child-like conceit and comment of her own, told with unconscious heedlessness of any stranger's presence, though Sir Lewis had drawn near to listen to the familiar words.

When at last the children were dismissed, Ivy leaned back silently, her eyes gazing into the glowing fire-pictures; and he sat silent too, watching her. That sadness had come back to the fair face; not from the remembrance of that burden laid upon her for nigh twenty years, and borne so patiently, that it might not darken the lives of those around; nor from the approaching future of which she had spoken; nor from the thought of those who had once made the Christmas bright in the old home, whose voices and laughter had made the dark oak rafters ring, those who had forgotten Christmas joys and Christmas sorrows in the land beyond the 'wreck of time.' She was thinking of that strange influence the last few days had cast upon her life. Those who only knew her outward existence, her peaceful round of duties, her self-devotion for the happiness of others, perhaps thought—as it is so often thought of those who hush their sorrow to silence, and teach themselves contentment—that she had no hidden life. Yet the yearning for love which dwells in every woman's heart, had its place in hers—the longing for that joy from which she had deemed herself for ever shut out—and now—Was it then to be wondered at that she, for the first time sensible of homage to herself, should have given her whole heart unconsciously to the only one who had looked with love, not pity, upon the beauty of her face? How would it be when he was gone, and she alone again, with the memory of this bright glimpse of blessedness all remaining?

At last she roused herself. 'Are you not going to keep George company to-night, Sir Lewis?'

He started. 'Half-past eleven! I had no idea it was so late.'

'Nor I.' She rose and unfolded one of the shutters and opened the vapour-bedewed window.

The night was cold, but clear, myriads of stars shining down upon the snow-whiteness.

'Good-night,' she said.

'Are you going to stay here?'

'Yes. I always wait for the bells.'

'The bells?'

'The chimes,' she answered. 'On this night they are always rung—as a farewell to Christmas, I suppose.'

'May I not stay too?'

'If you wish.'

He wrapped a shawl about her, and together they stood upon the balcony. There in the pale clear light, with that lovely face near his, the prudence and calmness to which Lewis had schooled himself, fled away, and burning words trembled on his lips. But when she looked at him, it was so calmly, so smilingly, almost as though she might have guessed his thoughts, and silenced them by the unspoken reproach. He turned from her abruptly.

'Take care!' she cried, stooping and lifting a little dark object from the ground at his feet.

'What is it?' he asked.

'A chrysalis,' she said. 'Does it not seem strange to think there is life in that—that it is only sleeping, and will wake?'

'It is very ugly now,' he said.

'Ah, yes,' she answered; 'but it will be beautiful some day. Perhaps, a lovely butterfly!' She touched the hard pupa-case caressingly. 'It is worth being ugly for a while, sometimes.' Then turning away, she laid the sleep-onwrapped insect carefully in a hollow of the balustrade, and stood by it silently, perhaps comparing its lot with her own. The action was eagerly noted by her companion, who with a sudden impulse clasped her in his arms.

'Ivy—darling!' he whispered. And she, startled, looked up once with glad surprise; then a great crimson wave flushed her face, as she tried to free herself from his embrace. 'No, no!' he said hurriedly. 'Ivy, listen!'

And then, while she stood passive in the dawn of that unlooked-for happiness, he told her of his love. Wrought up by the excitement of the moment, carried away by her beauty and the influence her presence wrought on him, he spoke. He told her that his happiness now depended upon her, that she must be henceforth the guardian angel in his home and life—and then awaited the response.

There was no answer; only her little hand closed more tightly upon his—then—through the night came the first clash of the Christmas bells. Something as she heard them seemed to shake her from head to foot, then very gently she freed herself from his hold.

'Sir Lewis.' The words were spoken so calmly, there seemed no likeness between her and the trembling girl but an instant before clasped in his arms, and with her low tones still came the song of the bells. 'Sir Lewis, I cannot but thank you for your words, to which I ought not to have listened—only love is so new, so'—She paused for a moment. 'I was surprised,' she continued; 'and you—you have not thought sufficiently over what you have said; you have spoken on the impulse of the moment. But I thank you; for whatever the future may have in store for me, I shall feel that I am not so utterly shut out from the happiness of God's creatures. But you have not counted the cost.'

'Cost!' he broke in. 'What cost?'

'You have told me,' she went on gently, 'of your beautiful home, of your position there, of

your social duties. You bear a title; you have a high place to fill. And I?—the tones faltered for a moment—*I am not fit for this. I ought not to bring a cloud on any man's life; and I will not on yours.*—Hush! You think *now* you love me; but soon you would grow tired of hearing ridicule, or at least surprise, at your choice.

'Hush, hush!' he cried. 'Why do you speak so! What do you mean?'

'Listen!' and she held out her hand. 'I believe you. Your words are sincere *now*; but will they remain so? Prove yourself. Go away to-morrow free, as you came; you will find in a very short time that you are wrong; if not, come back again next Christmas Day. Only go now, and do your best to forget me. If you value your happiness, you will.'

'Never!' he answered passionately. 'Ivy! Ivy! won't you hear me! Won't you give me one promise, one word of hope?'

She looked up for an instant, a whole world of love in her eyes. Then she stole in quietly through the open window, and left him alone with the stars.

The echoes of the bells died in the distance; yet he stayed, hoping she would return, confident in his own firmness of purpose and in the strength of his love. His waiting was in vain.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The days glided by, and weeks, and months, bringing no change to the peaceful little village, which counted its seasons by herrings and mackerel, its Sundays by holiday clothes—no other outward change. Only up at the 'Castle,' the life which had flowed on there so steadily was taking another course.

Christmas Day again—a wild blustering Christmas, with a strong wind, driving heavy clouds, which were now coming to earth in drenching showers of rain and sleet. The church was just the same, decked with the shining holly leaves. It was afternoon, and from the organ the deep notes sounded sad and slow. There was no one to listen, no one to go home with Ivy as she struggled back against the relentless blast, along the path she had trodden last winter with Lewis Hogarth by her side. Now, as she had predicted, she was alone—not for the moment, but for all her future life.

The day which was to separate her from her brother was drawing near, and Sir Lewis Hogarth was married! In so short a space he had proved—not himself, but the truth of her words. He had gone away in the full confidence that he would come back to claim her at the end of the time she had appointed; and for weeks, in fancy, that lovely face which had so fascinated him had dwelt with him night and day, till he one morning met some other friend of George Wynne's, who not knowing, spoke of her in terms which opened the baronet's eyes to the manner in which such an unfortunate marriage would be received by the world. Then he grew tired of his London life, and went down to his home.

In all the awakening beauty of the first days of spring, he realised the worth of his possessions; and ever and again, as he paced the stately rooms, he saw those graceless halting movements, that bent and crippled form; and as he regarded the

pictures of the stately women of his race, he contrasted with them the poor cripple he had asked to be his wife. He grew restless and unhappy. He saw now that what he had called love had been but a brief 'stound,' which had come with that awakening to pure desires and high endeavours which had been her work. He had committed himself foolishly, gone too far for a man of honour to retract; yet—*Do your best to forget me. If you value your happiness, you will.* And with scarce a struggle he succeeded in obeying her. Six months after, he married a beautiful girl of good family, living near. A suitable match, the world said.

And the woman he had loved had waited in trembling suspense, hoping vainly for a return of the happiness she, by her own act, had renounced; for with all her soul she loved him, with that great store of love hidden away all the years of her woman's life—loved him, so that the struggle to bid him leave her had been almost too hard—the battle almost too fierce for her to win the victory. And this was the reward of her self-sacrifice. Yet even when she heard he was lost to her for ever, she bowed her head in thankfulness because, in all her gloomy afflicted life, she had known one happy hour! O God, who from the height of heaven lookest down upon Thy sinning, suffering creation, with how many years of misery must we pay for the one hour of joy! How many lives are there like this, unknown, unnoticed, crushed in the world's turmoil—ruined, dark existences!

Yet to Ivy, existence was not ruined, only dark. She never blamed him. He was right; he had only obeyed her. She went on her way amongst her poor and her home-duties just the same, never pausing to wall over her sorrows or to murmur at her lot; and no one but he who spoke them ever knew the words whispered in the light of the Christmas stars to the music of the Christmas bells.

Lewis Hogarth was not altogether happy, though he had a kind of liking for his young wife; but that Christmas Day, as his yacht, delayed by contrary winds, sighted the murky English shore, he could not conquer a strange regret for the year that was gone, for the deep clear eyes which had looked up to him so tenderly, for the hopeless love he had taught to one weary enough already with the trial of her life!

The day closed in. Ivy sat by the fire dreaming idly; the night fell; the children's Christmas-trees blossomed and faded, and she was left alone to wait for the bells. A servant came in with a message—a child at one of the fishermen's cottages was ill; the doctor was away. What should they do? She went to the window, opened it, and looked out. The rain was over, though the wind still blew roughly, extinguishing the lights, and tossing her hair in its wild, unlovely glees. She longed for some movement, some change from her own dreary thoughts. 'I will go with you,' she said to the boy who had brought the message.

It was scarcely five minutes' walk from the gate; and her errand over, the child sleeping quietly, she set off home, followed by the mother's blessings, and escorted by the boy, who insisted on accompanying her. Suddenly, as they passed along the beach, it seemed to her as though some other voice

than the wind's sounded over the heaving waters, above the roar of the surf. She stopped. 'Did you hear a shout?' she asked the boy, who stood and listened. Three times that vague sound was repeated; then Ivy hurried forward round a point of cliff which, jutting out, obstructed her farther view. Again it came, that voice, whatever it might be. On she hastened, as fast as her feeble strength would allow, past the point, though there was scarcely footway between the chalk wall and the dashing surf. 'Do you not see,' she said breathlessly, 'out there by the Lion Rock?'

The boy strained his eyes in the uncertain light; and dimly, within almost a stone's throw of the shore, could be seen, through the clouds of foam flying over her, some vessel in distress.

'Give me the lantern,' said Ivy hurriedly; 'and run back; tell some of the men to come here, and some to get the boat—only go quickly.'

There was no need to urge speed; the boy, sailor-born, knew all the danger; and Ivy, alone upon that terrible beach, lifted the little light on high, to shew to those in peril that some one at least was watching them, that sooner or later help must come. The coast was an easy one; it was deep water everywhere till close in-shore, with the one exception of that reef of rocks called the Lion, almost hidden by the high tide, upon which the small vessel, owing to the violence of the wind and perhaps the insufficiency of her crew, had been driven.

On the deck of the little craft all was helpless confusion. The men, irritated by not reaching their homes by Christmas-time, as promised, had grown sulky and rebellious, and in the darkness of the night and the strength of the wind, had through their carelessness brought themselves into this peril. Two of them had been washed overboard into the seething waves; the other three remaining held on grimly to the ropes, occasionally giving those cries for help which had startled Ivy on her homeward way. And beside the ruined mast, with one arm clasped about a drooping figure clinging to him, stood Lewis Hogarth. Only that morning he had found fault with Fate; and now his past life seemed fraught with every charm as Death was menacing near. There, in those awful moments, his one thought was of life—life for himself and the girl beside him, the wife intrusted to his keeping, who in that short space of time he had learned to love with an intensity that had seemed impossible but a few hours before.

Suddenly another shout from the seamen: 'A light! There, upon the shore, so near to them, shining like a star—a light! They were seen. Surely help would come.'

'Courage, dear!' he whispered; 'it will soon be over now.'

Over it must be; but for life—or death?

A loud cheer from the beach, and over the dark waves sped a boat to the rescue—those on board the yacht eagerly watching as it bore up on its beneficent mission. With infinite difficulty and danger the rescuers drew near the rocks, and flung a rope to those waiting in such agonised suspense; and then steadily, one by one they were hauled on board.

On the beach the fishermen's wives had gathered, and some blazing wood they had lighted cast

a lurid glare over the ridgy surf; and farther flickered that little light which had first brought them the message of deliverance. This Lewis desecrated as he cowered in the stern, his wife resting half-unconscious in his arms, her hands clasped in prayer.

The landing was the greatest danger, for the force of the surf was such that the boat might be dashed to pieces, swamped, or overturned before they could reach the beach. The tide had turned, and was on the ebb. At last, after breathless watching, now on the crest of a great heaving wave, now in the darkness of an abyss, from which it seemed they would never rise, they came near, and while a cloud of foam blinded the stalwart rowers and made the watch-fire seem dim and distant, the keel grated on the pebbles.

The foremost men sprang into safety; those on shore rushed down to drag the boat above the fury of the waves, which tried remorselessly to suck her back.

'Go you, sir!' an old sailor shouted to Lewis. 'Leave the lady to me.—You could not stand with her,' he added as Lewis paused. 'There's no time to be lost. Go!'

Lewis sprang towards the shore, losing his footing in the treacherous surf, and was finally helped to land by the friendly hands of the fishermen, who, followed by the women, had crowded down to the water's edge. Then, as he stood trying to collect himself, to find words to thank them, a sudden mighty wave dashed over the foremost of them, bearing all down before it, lifting the boat like a shell, carrying with it the old sailor, and dragging the lady from his arms—then tore back with a hollow, rasping sound, leaving the two powerless human beings fighting in the foam for life.

The spectators stood paralysed. All was confusion. Then, a wild cry for strength went up to heaven, as the little light which had burnt so clearly vanished into darkness, and Ivy rushed down to aid. She heard an answering shout from the fishermen as they followed; but hours of horrible agony seemed to pass as she struggled amidst the waters, her hands clinging with desperate force about the drowning lady, her eyes blinded by the spray, her feet seeking vainly some firm hold, till she was dashed upon the cruel stones, and all was blank! The next wave, greedy to seize its victims, rolled up triumphantly, broke with a crash upon the shore, and rolled back disappointed. The fishermen had balked its fury.

Gently they unclasped the poor bruised hands, which had never loosed their hold; and Lewis clasped his wife once more, half-fainting, but living in his arms.

As soon as possible he left her for a moment, to inquire for her preserver, about whom the others had crowded.

There were broken exclamations, sobbing from the women, and murmurs from the men, as he made his way through them. On the rough beach, the light falling on her tangled golden hair, lay Ivy, white and still. Lewis sprang forward, pushing aside the women, and raised her in his arms.

'How comes she here?' he cried. 'How has she come by this?'

'It was she who gave the alarm—who sent for the boat!' answered a dozen voices. 'She rushed into the surf! It was she who saved your lady!'

She's badly hurt, poor Miss Ivy,' they cried angrily, as they pressed around their darling.

'God bless her, and spare her!' one old man murmured.

'She was an angel already!' a woman's voice answered; and Lewis, unheeding, knelt there in silent misery. Ivy dead!—for him—for him who had acted by her so cruelly, who had won her love, and thrown it aside as some worthless thing!

Suddenly, borne upon the wind, came the sound of the midnight bells, and with them life returned for an instant, as though the spirit were loath to leave so pure a shrine. Once more those sweet eyes were fixed upon him. 'Lewis!' she whispered, so low that only he could hear—'the bells! It is Christmas Day departing—'

For the second time, while those chimes pealed gaily, he held her in his arms; only now she rested there passively with a smile upon her lips. She did not bid him go. Ended now for ever were sorrow, and life, and love!

A NOBLE SAILOR.

A PERUSAL of the *Journal of Commodore Goodenough during his last Command as Officer on the Australian Station* (London: H. S. King & Co.), has given us much pleasure. Written in a plain and simple style, the book is nevertheless deeply interesting, abounding in graphic descriptions of foreign lands, and replete with sound and useful information. Regarded merely in the light of a pleasant book of travels, it cannot fail to be a favourite; but as a memoir of one of England's noblest sons, it acquires a double interest.

James Graham Goodenough was born December 3, 1830, at Stoke Hall, near Guildford, Surrey, and was son of Dr Goodenough, the Dean of Wells. From childhood he gave evidences of great mental ability, his implicit obedience and high sense of honour making him a general favourite with his instructors. The bent of his inclinations seems to have been directed from the very first to the sea, and at the early age of fourteen he entered the royal navy, through the influence of his god-father Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty. In July 1851 he passed his examination, and obtained a lieutenant's commission on board the *Collingwood*. During his subsequent career, his unhesitating submission to his superiors, his dauntless bravery, and gentle yet firm powers of discipline, won him the admiration and esteem of all; and so high was the consideration in which he was held, that promotion rapidly followed, and the year 1858 found him in command of the *Calcutta*, gazetted for active service in China. His letters and those of his fellow-officers give an interesting account of the taking of Canton and the Taku forts, where his gallant bearing won him the golden opinions of all. One of his companions speaks of his conduct in these terms: 'I am sure that those who served under him, whilst feeling pride at having been associated with such an officer, can have no better ambition than that they may in some degree resemble him.'

The following account of a banquet given at Nagasaki, in the governor's house, is interesting from the insight it gives into Japanese manners and customs. 'Yesterday I went with the Admiral to call on the governor, and dined there. We

were placed on chairs on one side of a room, the governor and his suite seated on sofas opposite to us. . . . Servants brought cups of tea, then trays of sweetmeats, at which we nibbled. After cups of water to remove the taste, came very handsome Japanese trays with a broth of fowl and vermicelli, broiled pieces of fresh pork, bits of fish on separate japanned platters, and a shallow red cup of salt—very nasty. After pecking at these, came another tray with hard-boiled eggs, a cup full of capital lobster salad, and lobster floating about with tough mushrooms. Everything is delightfully clean after Chinese dirt. Just now all the party who were yesterday at the governor's were presented with their plates of sweetmeats from yesterday's dinner, nicely tied up with tinsel thread.'

On the return of the *Calcutta* to England, Captain Goodenough filled successively several trustworthy and honourable posts; and in May 1864 he was sent to North America to survey the country (then in a very disturbed state), and to obtain what information he could regarding the ships and guns then in use. Several short voyages to Malta, Genoa, Barcelona, &c. then followed in quick succession, until the year 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and Goodenough, ever first and foremost in works of mercy, offered his services in distributing the supplies of food that had been provided by the English nation. Of the assistance which he rendered, the superintendent of the work, Mr Ballock Hall, gives the following account: 'In the driest period of the gloomiest of November, when autumnal rains were giving place to snow, sleet, and frozen winter fogs, and we, whose business it was to convey food and clothing over the slippery and almost impassable roads to the destitute in the villages about Sedan, were almost in despair at the task we had undertaken, and were sorely in sore need of encouragement, there came, in answer to our appeal, a man, the very sight of whom communicated new life to us. Here was a man, the very model of an Englishman, with unbounded energy, and combining extreme gentleness with an iron sense of duty, and with a genius for communicating the love of order and regularity which characterised him—here was this man come to place himself meekly under orders, and to go plodding day after day through snow and slush.'

Of the life during the war, Commander Goodenough's letters give an interesting and graphic account of many scenes and episodes, such as the following: 'In the village of St Menges we met a French lady, who had come in search of the body of her husband, who had fallen in one of the charges at the head of his regiment. She knew what kind of wound he had received, and in the village it was remembered that an officer of high rank wounded in that manner had been buried on the heights above Floing. Accompanied by the *maire*, she had the grave, containing forty bodies, opened. The body was found, and easily recognised by the peculiar wound and the white moustache. The poor *marquise* wanted to embrace the body, but was held back by the kind-hearted *maire*, and it was immediately buried in the churchyard in a place which she chose.'

Though there is much that we could dwell upon in connection with the earlier years of

Captain Goodenough's life, we will rather devote ourselves to the period to which the *Journal* mainly refers, namely the subsequent voyage to Australia dating from 1873—1875, when our author was promoted to the rank of Commodore, and appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Pearl*. From the hour of his arrival at the antipodes, Commodore Goodenough busied himself in a thorough investigation of Australia, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands, ascertaining the relative dispositions and feelings of the whites and natives, and making himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the country. His labours have thus been described by an eye-witness: 'He threw all his energies, and they were great, both physical and mental, into the work at Fiji. He would take nothing for granted; personal inquiries and inspection guided him. He went from place to place, seeing first one chief and then another, ascertaining the capabilities of the country, all the time with such a genial bearing, such courtesy and kindness to all, that all alike honoured, trusted, and loved him.'

Especially active in bringing about the annexation of Fiji to Great Britain, his efforts were rewarded in March 1874, when the reigning chiefs made an offer of cession to the British crown. On his arrival at Fiji, the Commodore received a visit from his sable majesty, Flocomban, king of Fiji, whom he describes as 'a dignified and well-mannered man,' and whose good-will he gained by an offering of choice cigars. At Tonga the *Pearl* met with a warm reception; and when the Commodore ordered the band to play for the natives' amusement, their enthusiasm rose to such a pitch that they insisted upon loading their distinguished guests with yams, fowls, and a turtle of Brobdingnagian dimensions, weighing upwards of four hundred and fifty pounds; after which, a Fijian war-dance, accompanied by tremendous waving of clubs and frantie gestures, broke up this unique 'soirée' in the South Seas.

At Montague Island, New Hebrides, our author passed a short time, and found the natives hopelessly addicted to cannibalism. There he endeavoured by the aid of an interpreter to rouse their better feelings, but the attempt was decidedly a failure. So, as our author says, 'There was no help for it but to say in a fatuous way, that man-eating was a bad thing, and to go away and look at the surroundings. There were three old skulls and fourteen lower human jaws near the end of the hut. A quantity of bones of turtle and pigs and fish hung from long strings in the hut, and pigs' jaws from the fences. I never saw a more curious and picturesque place, or one with so decided a flavour of heathendom. . . . The original dress of these people seems to be a broad belt of matting round the waist, while many have bamboo combs in their hair. They all paint the face red and black, and have for ornament round the neck a pearl shell, a plate atop of Holloway's Ointment pot, a tin cover. As a rule, the men and women are very ugly. One dirty grotesque-looking wretch came near us with a nose like one of the hideous Chinese lapdogs.' Our author also describes the idols in this place as very curious, consisting of a head, nose, and mouth, gigantic, and with little arms protruding. They are coloured red and white with annatto and lime, eyes in concentric circles.

Commodore Goodenough was very desirous to visit the island of Santa Cruz (the scene of Bishop Patteson's death), but was dissuaded from doing so, owing to the treacherous character of the natives. However, he eventually resolved upon carrying out the plan, and on August 12, 1875, he landed at Port Carlyle. The natives at first appeared friendly; but on a second visit their behaviour was so suspicious that the Commodore became alarmed, and ordered his men to the boats. In a letter, the last he ever wrote, he describes the scene. 'I saw the native to the left fitting an arrow to a string; and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace, thud came the arrow into my left side. I shouted "To the boats!" pulled the arrow out, and leaped down the beach, hearing a flight of arrows whiz past me. On reaching the boats the surgeon came at once and dressed the wound, burning it well with caustic.' Five days after, he adds: 'I am exceedingly well; my only trouble is a pain in my back, which prevents me sleeping. I don't feel'— Here the writing was interrupted, and not again resumed, as the Commodore shewed the first signs of fatal illness a few hours after these words were penned.

The wound was not at first supposed to be mortal, but in a few days symptoms of tetanus set in, and all hope was relinquished. The good Commodore received the intelligence of his dangerous state with the perfect calm of a man whose whole life had been one long preparation for death. He calmed himself to be carried on deck, and while his men gathered round him in speechless grief, he spoke to them lovingly and tenderly, and besought them to follow in his footsteps. The next day he passed away to his rest, so peacefully that the exact moment of his departure could not be ascertained.

So perished a man whom England could but ill spare. Possessed of talents of the highest order, yet modest and unassuming; a strict disciplinarian, yet so beloved by his men that a single word or look was sufficient to enforce obedience; combining the energy of a man with the large-hearted sympathy of a woman and the pure simplicity of a little child, Commodore Goodenough was a rare specimen of a noble sailor and Christian gentleman.

A CHRISTMAS ROSE.

It is Christmas Day.

'Glorious Christmas! Everything is radiant to welcome you, from that tiny robin's throat to the vast sheet of snow that mantles the earth.' This grandiloquent speech proceeds from a young person, who is in that state of full content, which must overflow somehow on something, quite independently of any response. That young person is myself; and I am leaning as far as possible out of the large bay-window in our dining-room, during the few moments that remain before our guests will descend to breakfast. I should like nothing better than a race round the grounds, and dare not trust myself outside the door, lest the temptation should be too much for me. My feelings find some small vent, however, in the speech just made, which, to my astonishment, is answered by a strong

arm pulling me backwards, to receive a Christmas greeting from its owner, who proves to be my only brother Charlie.

'And a certain child's eyes have lately contributed more than their share of the "radiant" quality,' he remarks with provoking scrutiny of my face.

'Not at all,' I dissent, with a sudden anxiety for Tim's (my collie's) head, which is idling peacefully over the arm-chair on which he reposes. 'Is not every one happy?' I continue, as though in vindication of some offence.

'Oh, every one of course'—with an odd smile—'from the over-fed robin to the over-fed bullock,' is the unsatisfactory answer.

The timely entrance of several people puts an end to our chatter.

Let me now introduce my mother, who heads the table I verily believe as graciously as woman ever did. But I will not dwell upon virtues, whose enumeration would only be found tedious, being content to let others discover them. I will only say she has a kind word for all, and is thoroughly in harmony with the day and season. Charlie is so like her, that one description would almost suffice for the two. He is fair and tall, with a presence too friendly to be strictly commanding. She is fair and tall, with a presence too sweet to be commanding. The same frank blue eyes mark both faces. Now a word for the last and least remaining member of the family. I need not say I am a girl; but am bound to say that in appearance, alas! I am behind the others. I certainly possess a shade of my mother's bright hair mixed with my more ordinary brown; eyes to match; and the rest is perversely defiant of rule.

Breakfast is over, and all—about twenty in number—go their separate ways, or the way some one else chooses them to go. I am preparing for the 'round' I before denied myself, when—'Hadr't you better come with me, Ethel, for a grand turn?' a voice calls out. 'It will do you a world of good.' The voice belongs to Herbert Leicester, whose father was an old friend of my mother; consequently the son, though not of many months' acquaintance, has soon managed to establish a very friendly footing amongst us, presuming somewhat, with masculine assurance, on bygone times.

I hesitate a minute—only one, however—and then consent. The desired circuit gives place to a ramble with a pleasant companion. We have a long draught of the fine clear air, and return home feeling equal to anything—luncheon included. On our way back we pass through the conservatory. It is really a charming contrast to the outside world. I stand still and wonder, as I compare them. He makes towards a noble bush of *Gloire de Dijon* roses, selects one, adds a fairy spray of 'maiden-hair,' and presents it to me.

'Not yours to give, sir?' I say, laughing, but holding out my hand for it all the same.

'Tis no matter to me whose it was,' he replies, with admirable carelessness, 'so that it will be yours. I should like to see it in your dress to-night.'

'Very well,' I agree, accepting it; 'though as a rule, I do not encourage theft.'

'Perhaps you will—some day,' he remarks, with amused significance.

I may here mention that we are to have a ball to-night—a real ball, not a scanty collection of relatives and family friends. We hope to gather about two hundred people together, and allowing for a third of them being agreeable, may surely, without over-confidence, expect some pleasure.

Almost before I know it, the day has stolen away; and we are all consigned to our various processes of dressing. This is my first ball; therefore of course I am attired in the orthodox white; and, with pearls on my throat and hair, am not altogether displeased—forgive me!—with the result. As I enter the ballroom, I am amused to see a pert sprig of mistletoe peeping forth and twinkling triumphantly from the centre of a succession of festoons, which decorate the walls. This was evidently our butler's finishing and surreptitious touch, he having inquired if any of that forward parasite should be introduced, and received a negative reply.

'Might not Miss Ethel like to see some?' he had persisted, with the proverbial obstinacy of time-honoured service.

'I think not,' my mother repeated, with a certain old-fashioned sense of propriety awakened at the mere question. However, there it is; and none but the holly-berries seem to blush for it. I also make another observation, which is, that Herbert Leicester is talking to Charlie a few paces off, and I am not a little disgusted at seeing his back—necessarily, I admit—towards myself. As I am so thinking, Captain Brand, who is standing at the door, speaks to me. He is a gentleman of about thirty, tall, refined, and somewhat insipid of looks, but who nevertheless sets no small value on the same. 'May I have the pleasure of the first waltz, Miss Colson?'

I repress an inclination to have one more look in Mr Leicester's direction, and assent with, I fear, an ill grace. As we start together, I notice him turn round and watch us; accordingly, I avert my eyes; for I feel unreasonably vexed at this beginning of the night I have pictured so differently. The music is good—the men doing their best; the floor is good—a long straight length of polished oak—and my partner's step is undoubtedly good; yet I can see goodness in nothing until—we stop, and Herbert hurriedly crosses the room to me. However, I am determined to be chary of shewing my content to one who was, I consider, backward in promoting it; therefore, to his request for the next dance I give as simple a 'Yes' as was ever uttered by country maid.

But he is not slow to take possession of me, and commences at once: 'How unkind of you, Ethel, to escape me like that! I had only that moment been called away by your brother.'

'What does it matter?' I say, regaining my temper very quickly. 'There is all the evening before us.' 'There is no sooner said than regretted. But what can be expected of such an utter novice as I?'

He sees no harm in it, however, but looks down on me with more pleasure in his eyes than I have ever seen there before. 'Yes,' he answers slowly. 'Will you give me as many dances as you can, Ethel?'

'O yes,' I laugh off my fit of discomfort as best I can. 'I have heard you are a good dancer, you know!'—of which modification I am justly proud.

He smiles rather grimly, but relents upon noticing his rose comfortably ensconced in my dress. 'Let us begin,' he says; and for the second time I start, but with this difference—I can now see the perfection of everything.

The exquisite melodies of the waltz—Waldteufel's *Mon Rêve*—seem to adapt themselves exactly to this new sensation of enjoyment. How thankful do I now feel for my formerly much despised and abused dancing lessons! Herbert and I are waltzing—not either skipping or lurching, thank goodness. It is over, and he offers his arm for the after-promenade. We stroll into a sideroom; such crowds are moving towards the conservatory.

'Did you like the waltz?' he asks, with a swift glance of inquiry.

As he speaks, I catch sight of my face in a mirror, and am startled at the look of exuberant happiness thereon. 'Very much,' I admit, endeavouring to control both features and voice. 'You must remember this is my first ball.'

'Yes; and—What did you think of yourself in the glass just now?'

'What did I think?' I repeat, after my first surprise. 'That—that—'

'That you were looking rather pretty, on the whole?' he suggests, with a quiet touch of humour in the tone.

'I thought nothing of the kind'—with quick indignation.

'Did you not? I did.'

I have not yet attempted to describe this Herbert Leicester. I say 'attempt,' because I must certainly fail. However, mark the following: He is tall and imposing; pale delicate features, contrasting strikingly with so manly a build. His eyes are deep gray, constantly changing; that is their charm, for they look out of a face which might, but for them, be too grave. His hair is wavy and brown. My words can say no more. They cannot reach the myriad subtleties of expression and gesture, the language of body and soul! This last, by the way, is, I need hardly add, put in force with his late compliment.

As we return to the ballroom, our attention is fixed involuntarily upon the hapless row of 'wall-flowers.' To-night, they are few in number; we having purposely invited only the necessary inevitable ones.

Herbert lowers his head as he whispers: 'It is too cruel to have ranged their seats beneath the grapes'—with an expressive glance at the mistletoe.

I resist a strong temptation to laugh at his irreverence, while we pass on.

He writes down his name in my programme for as many more dances as he chooses, and then I am taken away by another partner; after which I busy myself in striving to atone for past neglect of introductions. It is wonderful how wary the gentlemen are in this respect. I am convinced that they nearly all imagine themselves far too perfect to be paired off with any but the loveliest of angels. But I have no mind to humour this delusion, and find that the best method of treating the most fastidious is to present them unexpectedly. Catch them up, carry them along ere they can resist, make the introduction off-hand and rapidly—and presto! the thing's done. The hours fly with wondrous speed, and it is now

supper-time. At this period I espy Captain Brand looking about vaguely, with an apparent lack of 'work to do;' and straightway I make for him, with the view of a final discharge of duty before the next dance, which is Herbert's. He greets me at once with a proposal to go in to supper with him. I am taken by surprise, but manage to rally.

'O no! I couldn't think of it yet. I must see after some of the strangers first.'

'But,' he persists, 'let us be last then. You cannot refuse that?'

He is quite right. I cannot; being scanty of resource, though most unwilling. (There certainly seems an unkind fatality in the arrangements to-night.) I assent; and shortly after, Mr Leicester claims his waltz. At its close—'You will have supper with me?' he says with a glad confidence, which somehow involves a foregone conclusion rather than a request.

In genuine disappointment I am obliged very laggardly to refuse. 'I am engaged,' I reply.

'May I ask to whom?'

'Captain Brand.'

'Oh! I beg your pardon.'

I look up at him, being puzzled at the impatience of his manner; and—inexperienced as I am—read something which makes my heart throb quickly. He is evidently annoyed. Why am I not sorry? Surely this contrary feeling must be quite wrong and most reprehensible. He appears to hesitate, makes some excuse, and leaves me.

A little later, Captain Brand and I follow the crowd. We succeed in finding two seats, which are near the door; and I soon discover that the waiters in passing would undoubtedly brush off any rashly fixed head-dress or other insecure appendage, which sufficiently accounts for the vacancy. Captain Brand having helped me, with solemn deference, to chicken and champagne, prepares to watch me attack them, his expression meanwhile assuming the character of solicitous vigilance.

'Don't trouble any further on my account,' I remark, smiling; 'and if you will now treat yourself equally well, I am sure we shall not do badly.'

He lifts his eye-glass in slight surprise; but obviously it does not enable him to perceive my object more clearly. 'Oh, er—thanks very much; but I will take mine later.'

Thereupon, I submit to fate, though feeling rather in the position of a caged animal—my appetite regulated by my keeper. I fancy too he is afraid of disturbing my operations by conversation, so we remain some few minutes in silence.

Presently: 'Do you not feel the draught, Miss Coleson?'

'No; thank you—not the least.'

'I wish you did, because I could then shut the door for you.'

I chance to meet Charlie's eye at this climax, and it is too much for me. I rise with somewhat precipitate haste, and happily confront the last batch of ladies for supper. They have brought themselves down—fie on the gallantry of Englishmen!—having waited till the last with, I fear, some of the 'sickness' of 'hope deferred.' I assign my place to one, and am about to depute Captain Brand to attend upon them, when he, anticipating

my intention, suddenly offers his arm to conduct me back to the ballroom. By this time my mirth has evaporated and we leave together. When outside, I appeal to his Christian charity, and he promises to return to the uncalvealed damsels if I will give him half this waltz. I consent; but happen at the same instant to glance at my poor rose, which is hanging its lovely head in death. You may think me wildly superstitious; but I am seized with an imperative desire to save it as far as possible. All thought of the charity I advocated is blotted out by this one idea.

'Yes; I will give you the waltz,' I say hurriedly, scarcely heeding his pleased surprise; 'but—scanning an imaginary rent—'I must first run up and have my dress repaired.' What can I do with him meanwhile? A thought strikes me. 'I shall want a new flower, pointing to mine; 'will you get me one in the conservatory? I will come for it directly.'

Upstairs I place my treasure carefully in water, and leave it with a foolish farewell. According to agreement, I then join Captain Brand, who is in the act of gathering a crimson camellia. Its robust colour almost jars after the withered fairness of its predecessor. However, I cannot but accept it; and am not more reconciled upon seeing Herbert rapidly approaching us.

'I have been looking for you in the ballroom, Miss Coleson,' he affirms, his gaze full of displeasure upon the innocent cause thereof—the bright substitute. 'The next dance is ours, I believe?'

'Yes,' I answer; and he goes.

'Which does not account for his hunting you up during this,' add my companion, who in his turn is apparently out of humour.

But my attention is with Herbert, and I do not answer. I notice that he hesitates, for the second time this evening, when a few yards from us, turns back, and—'Am I to look for you—here?' he inquires.

'No,' I reply quickly, 'in the dancing-room.—Are we not to try this waltz?' I continue, addressing the other.

At the end of it, seeing Mr Leicester stand apart, I order our steps in his direction, and am duly resigned to him. 'Thank you so much,' murmurs the gallant officer; 'that was a bright star in my evening!'

I smile, but mentally note that it will be the last, so far as I am concerned.

Somehow this waltz with Herbert lacks the pleasure of our first. I am half afraid, and wholly repentant of my former triumphant levity of spirit. Is he really offended? And if so, what can I do? Alas! it would be quite impossible and utterly absurd to express contrition for a doubtful offence to one who had never sought it; therefore, wrongly or rightly, I am silent. When at last it is all over, I go in a strange tumult to my room. Everything seems still, except my own heart. I lift the rose impatiently to my lips. 'Does he love me?' I plead of it over and over again, as though the senseless leaves could tell. I lay it at length reverently in a book, and go to bed, to toss restlessly about and then to dream. Love! Is it fair to banish Peace at one's first ball?

The next day several of our guests are obliged to leave us, amongst them Herbert Leicester. To

all appearances, we are on as good terms as ever; but there is a difference, although one only known to ourselves. The evening about which I had thought and planned so much, has left a dissatisfied morrow, and I find myself concluding with the air of a second Solomon: 'Well, I suppose "all is vanity"—"vexation" at anyrate!'

It is time for Herbert to start, and I meet him coming down-stairs. He motions me into a side-room. 'I suppose you will forget all about me, Ethel, quite comfortably?'

'Indeed, I shall not,' I assert, regaining my courage. 'I hope we shall soon see you here again.'

'You may be sure I shall come when possible,' he answers with a pleased smile.

'Luggage all down!' shouts a voice from below.

'Here's the rest of it,' cries Herbert in return, shewing himself, after a hurried good-bye. And so he goes, and my pleasure with him.

Nearly a whole year has passed, and we are again preparing for Christmas. Invitations are accordingly finding their various ways about. Need I say that one of them is addressed to 'Herbert Leicester, Esq.?' I have posted it myself, though with little hope, fearing that he may be from home. Captain Brand will not be of our number this time, because—I may as well say so at once—he and I have 'understood' each other; and the understanding to him was not satisfactory. Let me drop the subject henceforth.

A couple of days crawl by; and then, on the breakfast table, I see a letter to my mother from Herbert. Without a thought, I seize it and master the contents. The result is a quite unconscious repetition of my first words in last year's 'grandiloquent speech.' 'Glorious Christmas!' I exclaim, 'you have brought him back; and with heedless velocity, I rush up-stairs to find the note's legal recipient. She kisses me, and strokes my hair fondly as she questions: 'When will you learn, my darling, to build less joyously on the future?'

'Never, I hope; for it always outshines the present!'

'Pray God the present may one day be the best!' Her wish, in its sweet prayer, enters deeply into my heart, and brings with it a calmer happiness.

To-day has not time to crawl. I believe it actually skips past, so much must be done and arranged before its successor. The night alone is long; but morning comes at length. 'Let me see! He will be here at 6.5,' I announce to myself, my brows deep bent over the intricacies of *Bradshaw*. Nine whole hours and a quarter to pass! However, other guests claim my attention; and the house begins already to look tolerably well filled. At half-past five, the butler 'wishes to speak' to me. 'If you please, Miss, Mr Leicester is here; and shall I shew him to his room now, or will you or your Ma see him first? I just shewed him in your budwar, Miss, for the moment.'

'In my boudoir?' I repeat.

'Yes, Miss; there was people scattered about everywhere else,' he explains, without the slightest appearance of consciousness, though I feel certain there are grounds for such.

Well, I must admit the room was not an unusual resort of Herbert's, formerly. O for my mastery of *Bradshaw*! All seems in confusion. I wait a minute to steady my thoughts, and then: 'I will go to him,' I reply. I need not have been so careful to 'collect' myself; for he has certainly not done the same. As I open the door, he starts perceptibly and puts down a book, much resembling my special scrap-album. It is opened; but the tenant of the page is in his hand. It is only—a dead rose.

'I—I beg your pardon, Ethel,' he begins; 'I must explain. I came here not in the best of tempers, yet determined to learn something for myself. I had received rumours of—of another man's attention to you, and your probable engagement; and now, by the merest chance, by taking up the first book near me in this room, I have come upon *this*—holding up the rose. 'Does it tell me the truth? Has it a right to contradict those rumours?'

'I do not understand,' I protest, feeling in truth much dazed, but alas for that moment's veracity! understanding very fairly.

'Well, it was just this. I unclasped your scrap-book, which opened very naturally'—here he smiles—'on the bulkiest page. That disclosed the flower, which I looked upon with unreasoning disfavour, until it slipped, through my awkwardness, to the ground; and I read beneath, the date of last Christmas Day. Is it my gift, Ethel, or am I demented?'

'It is yours,' I confess, with my eyes on the ground, and becoming uncomfortably hot.

'Then you are mine!' he adds, with swift conclusion, taking me deftly in his arms. 'Tell me that yourself, darling, though the rose has said it for you.'

'You know my answer, so well,' I whisper, hiding my face on his shoulder.

'But I want it in words—just one word. Do you love me, Ethel?'

'Yes!'

Reader! can you wonder that I treasure above the sweetest flower blooming, my faded Christmas Rose?

ANOTHER CORN-CRAKE ANECDOTE.

From a gentleman in Monmouth we have the following interesting anecdote:

'In a field in front of this house which was mowed for hay during this summer, three corn-crakes' nests were found. In one the young ones were able to run. After the mowers had passed, the old bird returned, and although naturally most shy, shewed much courage in exposing herself while gathering her little ones in a swath. Towards evening, we noticed that she was on the move; and my children and I watched her while she drew her little ones away, which she did thus: she ran swiftly across to the next swath and hid herself; she then called, and the five little black objects ran across the open space as fast as possible. She repeated this movement from swath to swath until she had taken them into the next field, up some portion of that, and into a third meadow to the safety to be found in standing grass. It was as pretty an instance of maternal love and instinct as I have ever witnessed.'

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

CHIME on, chime on, ye merry Christmas bells,
For well we love your dear familiar sound;
Voices long silent in your music dwells;
Loved forms long vanished seem to cluster round,
Their fond, true eyes reflecting heaven's own light,
They come, dear whispering spirits robed in white!

The lonely mother, by her childless fire,
At your sweet chiming lifts her drooping head,
While through her bosom steals the fond desire
To hold communion with her silent dead.
She hears your mellow song, and longs to keep
Her Christmas vigils where her treasures sleep.

Your magic voices loved the mourner's feet
To where the loved ones slumber side by side—
'Thou wert my first-born! O my love, my sweet!'
She fondly murmurs, while with loving pride
She smooths a tiny cross, and bending low,
Decks it with holly and with mistletoe.

'An ever joyous Christmas-tide be thine,
My little darling with the golden hair!
There is no weeping where thy bright wings shine—
No breaking hearts, no tresses blanched with care,
No weary counting of the long, long years,
No Christmas garlands wet with mothers' tears.

'Gone, gone! and yet it seems but yesterday,
Since, with dishevelled locks and cheeks aglow,
We laughed together, and in idle play,
Pelted each other with the drifting snow—
Since last I caught thee in my fond embrace,
And showered warm kisses on thy living face!

'For twenty years this little cross hath stood,
Kissed by the sun, and beaten by the rain.
'O she was lovely, innocent, and good!'
For twenty years hath been the sweet refrain
Chirped by the robins through the winter hours,
Sighed by the zephyrs through the summer flowers!

'A wee blue dress, fruit-stained, with brambles torn,
Crumpled and faded, in my chamber lies;
A little hood, that years ago was worn
To shade the glory of two deep blue eyes;
Two tiny shoes, in anguish stored away,
Just as my darling left them—plashed with clay.'

And such a host of tender memories steal
Through your sweet voices, O ye Christmas chimes,
That her poor sorrowing heart begins to feel
The loving rapture of the olden times.
She decks that tiny cross till nought is seen
Save the tear-blurred inscription, 'Mother's Queen.'

'Not lost, but gone before,' she whispers low,
For she has hung her last sweet garland now!
Low droops her head, and while her hot tears flow,
An angel's plian passes o'er her brow,
And a loved voice is singing in her ear:
'A happy Christmas to you, mother dear!'

FANNY FORRESTER.

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PRANKS WITH THE MOUTH.

THE mouth is not to be played pranks with, but it often is so. The heedless practice of putting small articles in the mouth either for the purpose of holding them for a few moments, or for playing some trick, has been frequently attended with very serious consequences. Yet, the practice is common, especially among young women, who may be seen holding pins between their teeth while dressing. Medical attendants in hospitals have frequent cause to find fault with female patients of a humble rank for putting pins in their mouth when they have occasion to remove any part of their dress. From long and unchecked habits, they seem unconscious of doing anything improper, or which might produce unpleasant results.

Children of both sexes seem almost to have an instinctive fancy to put playthings in their mouth, and sometimes therefore give no end of trouble to parents and nurses. Notwithstanding every precaution, distressing accidents occur. A few years ago, a fine boy, son of a respectable man in our neighbourhood, swallowed a small piece of brass chain, with which he had been amusing himself by putting it into his mouth. The bit of chain lodged in the stomach, and though medical aid was resorted to, the poor child languished and died. Only a few weeks ago, as mentioned in *The Lancet*, a young boy in Devonshire died from having allowed a small tin whistle to slip from his mouth into the trachea, where it stuck; and baffled attempts at removal. Death took place from inability to breathe.

Remarkable instances are related of needles which had been accidentally swallowed, finding their way, point foremost, through the sides of the stomach, and thence to the exterior surface of the body, where they are drawn out. It is all a chance, however, that they make their escape in this harmless manner, and accordingly there is no excuse for women thoughtlessly, it may be perversely, putting needles in their mouth. Those who do so run a great risk of perishing in con-

siderable agony. Occasionally, female lunatics in their mad freaks unwittingly kill themselves by swallowing needles which they manage to secrete. A case has been mentioned to us of a most extraordinary degree of mad perversity. A female lunatic had such a morbid craving for swallowing small parcels of needles which from time to time she procured, that at length she destroyed herself. At a post-mortem examination, as many—if we mistake not—as three hundred and ninety needles in a less or more state of corrosion were found lodged in various parts of her body. In another case that has been recorded, the great French surgeon, Baron Dupuytren, extracted two hundred and fifty-four needles through the skin, to which they had found their way from the stomach.

In the narrative of memorable cases connected with Gpy's Hospital, there is a curious story of a sailor named John Cummings, who, in a spirit of vulgar brag, and mostly when half-intoxicated, swallowed clasp-knives. In 1799 he had seen a French juggler perform the trick of assumedly swallowing knives of that kind as a public entertainment. The feat was so cleverly performed, that the spectators—or at least some of them—were under the belief that the knives vanished down the throat of the juggler, instead of being put by sleight-of-hand in some part of his dress. The sailor, in his simplicity, was one of the credulous sort; and to astonish his messmates, he began to swallow clasp-knives. He at first swallowed only four, which, fortunately for him, were expelled in the usual way, and no inconvenience ensued. He thought no more of knife-swallowing for six years. In March 1805, when at Boston, United States, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, and was ready to repeat his performance. A small knife was produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of that evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of the day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen.

He paid dearly for his frolic; for he was seized

with constant vomiting, and pain in the stomach. Taken to an hospital, he was by efficacious medical treatment, relieved, as he imagined, of all the knives he had swallowed. But in this, he would appear to have been mistaken. Portions of knives undissolved remained in his stomach. The amount of relief, whatever it was, did not cure the poor wretch of his folly. When at Spithead in December 1805, and somewhat tipsy, he resumed his boastfulness of being able to swallow knives, and to amuse the ship's company, swallowed nine clasp-knives, some of them of a large size. Again he became ill, and was in the hands of the ship's surgeon for several months, during which portions of knives were discharged. At length he was admitted as a patient at Gay's Hospital in 1807, and again he came to the hospital in 1808. There he remained, sinking under his sufferings, until March 1809, when he died in a state of extreme emaciation.

This extraordinary case is detailed in the 'Medico-Chirurgical Transactions,' Vol. XII. part i., to which we must refer for particulars unsuitable for our pages. At the post-mortem examination, as many as forty different articles, one of them a Lieutenant's uniform button, were found in the stomach of the deceased. The bone hafts of the knives were partially consumed by the action of the stomachic juices. The edges of the knives were likewise similarly dissolved. Nature had evidently made immense efforts to neutralise and get rid of the indigestible substances. The account in the book is accompanied with an engraved picture of the forty articles—a weird assemblage of objects. Taking the case all in all, we should think that in the annals of stupidity and brag there is nothing at all to match it. Among surgical pranks with the mouth, it is unique.

An incident will be in general recollection connected with the late Mr Brunel, the eminent engineer, who planned the Thames Tunnel and the Great Western Railway. One day while diverting a child with tricks of sleight-of-hand, by causing a half-sovereign to mysteriously disappear and reappear, a stunning disaster occurred. The trick consisted in adroitly concealing the coin in his mouth, and pretending to bring it out at his ear. All at once, before he was aware, and to his dismay, the half-sovereign slipped down into his gullet. He tried to cough it up, without effect. There it stuck. Every surgical device was tried to get hold of it without avail. It became evident that if the coin could not be dislodged, fatal results would ensue. It was a matter of life and death. In the dire dilemma into which he had needlessly brought himself, Brunel's presence of mind did not desert him. He devised a wooden structure to which he could be strapped head downwards, in the hope that the half-sovereign would fall out of his throat by the force of gravity. It was a painful experiment, but life was at stake. He was fixed to the machine head downmost, keeping his mouth open. To his inexpressible relief, the coin dropped from its lurking-place and rolled to the floor. The case is memorable for the mechanical ingenuity displayed, and not less so as affording an admonition not to play pranks with the mouth—an admonition, however, which we fear will be of little practical value.

We have just read the following account of the

death at Heidelberg of Mr Adolf Sander, who was formerly in large practice as a physician in Elberfeld and its neighbourhood. One morning in 1874 while dressing he contrived in some way to get a shirt-button between his teeth. Unconsciously, while laughing, the button slipped into the back of his mouth, and thence into the larynx. All the exertions of his surgical friends to remove it were vain. It was ascertained that it sank into the right lung, which soon became irritated. Spitting of blood ensued, and he was himself looking forward to his death as not very remote. He removed to a villa he had near Frankfort-on-the-Maine to pass his last days in quiet. Here he was surprised by a violent fit of coughing, accompanied by spitting of blood, in a paroxysm of which the button was ejected. His health rapidly improved; and in a couple of months, regarding himself as quite cured, he resumed his professional work, and endeavoured to gather up the threads of his former practice. But last year unmistakable symptoms manifested themselves that the lung had not fully recovered from the presence in its substance of a foreign body for several months. He spent the winter in the south of Europe, but returned almost worse than he went. He gradually wasted away, and died.

At present, as is pretty well known, there is a public performer in the art of sword-swallowing, whose pranks are watched with intense interest by crowds of people who take delight in witnessing feats of this description. By long practice from youth upwards, this individual has so trained his throat and stomach that he can swallow a naked sword, twenty-four or more inches in length, point downwards. There he boldly stands in front of a stage, drawn up erect to his full height, with a straight sword in his hand. He throws back his head, so as to make a clear way down his throat, and poisoning the sword with his hands over his mouth, lets it slip slowly down and down till nothing but the handle of the weapon is visible. In a minute or two he draws the sword carefully up again, and with a look of triumph waves it amidst shouts of applause, as having performed a valiant feat.

We learn that in the course of his performances, a doubt arose as to the reality of his sword-swallowing. It was sceptically imagined that the blade of the sword did not really go down the throat, but went up into the handle, in the nature of a juggle. To settle the point, Dr P. and a distinguished naturalist in the metropolis attended a performance, and after close examination, declared that the blade of the sword actually went down into the stomach.* How such should be without danger to life seemed incomprehensible. But the phenomenon was explained in this wise. Through long pressure, the stomach of the performer had been thrust down from its natural position to the lower part of the abdomen, thus causing a very abnormal condition of things, by which means the sword could be swallowed in its entire length. The whole thing was a violation of nature, and the wonder is how with such derangements it is possible for any one to live. Our informant, Dr P., says that the feat of sword-swallowing, however dexterously managed, and

* A detailed account of this was given in *Land and Water*.

however much the throat and other parts have accommodated themselves to the passage of the weapon, is extremely hazardous. With all the care that may be bestowed, the point of the sword may some day accidentally puncture, or absolutely pierce through the stomach, and death would of course be the consequence. To think of a man playing with his life in this way for the sake of gain and public entertainment!

On one occasion the sword-swallower got into a fix even more dreadful than that of Brunel. He professed to be able to perform a trick with a bayonet fixed on the end of a musket. It was an awfully hazardous prank, far beyond that of swallowing a sword. He held the musket aloft with the butt-end uppermost, and opening his mouth, allowed the bayonet to go down his throat. Having got it this length, he clenched the part of the bayonet next the handle with his teeth, and holding the musket with his hands, to prevent it from swinging to one side or other, walked about with it in this perilous attitude on the stage. Tremendous applause! Now as to what occurred. It reads like a hideous romance.

At a performance on the day of the bayonet and musket trick, something was seen to go wrong. There was a stagger, a flutter. The observers were surprised, horror-struck. The swaying of the upraised musket had caused it to snap off, at the part of the bayonet where it was sustained by the teeth of the performer, the result being that the shaft of the bayonet was left sunk out of sight or reach in his throat. Anything more appalling than this can hardly be imagined. Perhaps in the agony of the moment the performer recollected the device resorted to by Brunel in similar circumstances. At all events, he instantly threw himself on his hands and, with the aid of his assistants, stood with his feet uppermost against the wall. The effort was successful. By its own weight the bayonet descended from its place in the throat, and at length it was pulled from the mouth. A fortunate escape! The dexterity, the fortitude of this remarkable sword-swallower may be matter of admiration, his feats a wonder, but we may say with the old dramatist—

Scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Whatever feats of skill you are fond of shewing off, we should in a friendly way recommend you to abstain from playing any sort of pranks with your mouth.

W. C.

A SHADOWY STORY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

CONCLUSION.

IN less than the appointed time Dickles arrived at the head of some two-and-twenty men, looking sombre enough in their gray overcoats; so without delay, and giving the command in a low tone, Westbury set off on his dreary patrol. The night was pitch-dark; it was long past the hour when the inhabitants of Boreen were accustomed to retire; and so far as the Lieutenant could judge, not a soul was aware of the departure of the detachment. Yet a feeling hung about him,

a curious conviction that, in spite of the utter silence and darkness, such was not the case; and as he left, he threw a last glance at the upper windows of Boreen House, remembering the suspicious creaking he had heard half an hour earlier. Now, however, nothing was to be heard or seen; and in a few seconds the last cottage was lost in the gloom, and the men plodded slowly along the miry road. When five weary miles had been traversed, the party were brought to a sudden halt, by a faint halloo at some little distance behind them. It was repeated nearer and nearer. Westbury was in doubt whether to answer or not; it might be a messenger for them, or it might be a messenger in connection with a very different party, and as by remaining silent he might discover something bearing on the object of the expedition, he did not return the hail. Directly afterwards, however, another shout followed, and this time they could hear '—th, halt!' The number of the regiment to which the handful of regulars belonged being correctly given, the halloo was returned; then the sound of a man plashing through the water in the hollow was heard, followed by a figure which came panting up the slope.

'Who goes there?' was the challenge given by Dickles.

'Be the powers, but it's "who goes there" indeed,' said a voice. 'Sure it's myself; an' a mighty fine run I've had after yeas all the way from the Big Rock of Drome, an' got drowned intirely in the bogs.'

'Well, who are you, and what do you want with us?' interrogated Westbury.

'It's the Lefthenant Westbury I'm wanting,' replied the man.

'I am Lientenant Westbury. Now say your business, and who you are.'

'Me name is Miko—Mike Rooney, yer honour,' said the stranger; 'but ye'll know the man that sint me. I'm from Dennis Mullany; an' it's a dearly earn't half-guinea I'll have for this night's work.'

'Mullany!' exclaimed Westbury, roused at hearing the name of their principal scout. 'What does he say?'

'He ses,' resumed the man, 'that ye're not to go on wid yer men to the ronyvroo, but to go as quick as ye can to Hoggerty's Mill; an' then, if ye've luck, ye'll nab five or six of the proclaimed boys—raile golden birds.'

'Where is Hoggerty's Mill?' said the Lieutenant. 'Are you to shew us the way?'

'Sure, no, yer honour,' replied the messenger. 'I'm to get back to Dennis as soon as me tin toes will carry me.'

'Here's a man who knows Hoggerty's Mill, sir,' said Dickles. 'He says it's about three miles away, down a lane which turns off just here.'

'But how am I to know that this man is not deceiving us?' said the Lieutenant. 'Mullany may know nothing at all about him.' These words

were uttered in a very low voice, but the messenger's ears were quick enough to catch them.

'Be gorra! but it's roight intoirly ye are, sir,' said the man; 'an' it's meself that's the fool for not giving ye the token. See here now! here's Dennis Mullany's own stick. He saw me at Loughie; an' it's right straight across thim bogs from Loughie to this; an' there's not a boy in the barony but meself could cross 'em at noight. Ses Dennis: Give this to his honour, an' thin he'll know ye're from me. If ye don't, be me faith, ye'll be shot.'

'It's his stick, sure enough,' said Dickles, taking it from the man. 'I have seen Mullany with it a score of times, and we know he's with the Loughie detachment. I suppose it's all right.'

'There's the road, yer honour,' said the messenger, pointing in a direction at right angles with the track they were pursuing; 'an' now I'll be off, wid yer honour's lave.' He turned and walked slowly from them, as if waiting to see them off. The soldiers crossed the miry track which was called a road, and guided by one of their number, entered on a by-way far worse than any of the ground they had yet traversed.

'I don't half like this,' said the Lieutenant, as they started. 'I believe that fellow is still watching us, or listening to us from the bank where we left him. I will question him again.—Go on with the men, Dickles. I will overtake you directly.' So saying, Westbury recrossed the road, and Dickles heard him call to the scout; then the sergeant-major plunged fairly into the lane, and was soon out of reach of his voice.

The Lieutenant was right in his conjecture, for as he crossed the road he heard the messenger commence to run. He shouted to him; but the man did not stop, and Westbury dashed after him. Although a fast runner, yet being embarrassed by his heavy cloak, he did not gain much upon the man, who, however, was evidently close to him, though quite invisible in the darkness. This confirmed the officer in the belief that some treachery was afoot, so drawing a pistol from his belt, he cried: 'Stop! or I fire!'

'We'll see about that!' exclaimed a voice close—appallingly close—to him; and in an instant he was grasped by several men, while as swiftly a cloth of some kind was thrown over his head, effectually preventing him from giving an alarm. 'Bring him along,' said the voice. 'Take him to the Captain.'

'Better send two or three pikes into him,' said another voice, 'and have done wid him.'

'Hold your tongue!' said the first voice. 'This is the officer, and something like a prize.'

While this colloquy was proceeding, Westbury was being dragged over some rough ground, and too well knew that in the darkness there was now little chance of his men finding him, even if they made a search.

The journey did not last long; in about ten minutes they halted; the covering was taken from his face, and then Westbury could see that they were standing in front of some kind of building. He heard a door open, but all was so dark he could make out nothing distinctly. 'What force had you with you, and where did you expect to meet the other detachments?' demanded some

one, whose voice the Lieutenant had not previously heard.

'I daresay,' returned Westbury firmly, 'that you know quite as well as I do; but if you do not, you will not learn from me.'

'Do you know what will be the result of your not answering?' said the other.

'I don't know, neither do I care,' retorted Westbury.

'Then I have done with you,' said the speaker, and turned away. Some angry exclamations which followed, the clashing of weapons, and a stir among those around him, told Westbury that he was in imminent peril, and he momentarily expected to feel the thrust of the deadly pike. One man, with a leap and a yell, came so close that even in the darkness Westbury could see him plainly. 'This is for the English redcoat!' he shouted, and raised his arm. The next instant must have been the soldier's last; but a cloaked figure rushed between them, and a voice, a woman's voice, which sounded wonderfully familiar, exclaimed: 'No; ye don't, Pat! If ye harrun a hair of his head, be the powers, I'll set the boys on ye that will stretch ye low enough!'

'Pike him! Finish him!' broke from several of those around, mingled with oaths in English and Irish; but there was evidently a strong party opposed to violence, although in this case only, as it seemed from the words: 'Ye may pike ivery redcoat in the country, an' glad we'd be; but this is a decent kindly man, wid a gentle tongue an' an open hand.' These were the arguments used; and it seemed to Westbury that blows were struck, so great was the confusion, as at last he found himself in the centre of a group, hurried away he knew not whither.

Not a word was spoken for fully two hours. He could not in the least recognise the country they were traversing; but as he could hear with increasing loudness the dull booming of the sea, he knew they were approaching the coast. Then they halted. Again he found they were close to some building; then two men seizing him by the arm, led him into a barn, for such it proved to be, and closed the door instantly behind him. The long shed was dimly lighted by three or four candles, which smoked and guttered in the draughts; and by their glare he could distinguish some ten or twelve men, all armed, while at a farther corner was a group only just visible in the gloom. Under one of the rude clay sconces, Westbury's conductors halted in front of some men who seemed to be of higher rank, and one of his guard said: 'This is Lieutenant Westbury, of the ———, captured to-night, on his march to the Boreen rendezvous.'

'What do we want of English officers here?' returned one of those addressed, in the harshest tones. 'I thought the boys from Drome knew better what to do with them.'

'So they do,' returned the man; 'but they won't allow this one to be hurt.'

At this moment, engrossed as Westbury's attention was by this conversation, he could not repress a start when a shadow—which even at that moment reminded him of the distorted figure he had twice seen at Boreen House—fell athwart the spot whereon he stood. 'So then, Lieutenant Westbury has been unfortunate enough to be taken in the toils,' said a voice.

The Lieutenant looked round, but only saw a cloaked figure in a slouch-hat, which so concealed his features that Westbury could not judge whether he had ever seen the figure before.

'Yes,' replied the harsh voice; 'and why they did not leave him on the bog is more than I can understand.'

'Never mind that, Connell,' said the cloaked figure. 'Enough blood has been shed without this.—I now promise Mr Westbury perfect safety. He must consent to remain under restraint'—

'You, Decroy! You, of all men!' exclaimed the other. 'I should sooner have expected to find myself guaranteeing the life of an English out-throat.'

'That matters not; I will that it shall be so,' said Mr. Decroy as we must now call him; 'and you will please to obey.—Mr Westbury,' he continued, addressing the officer, 'I meet you only to thank you, and bid you farewell. I leave for France within ten minutes—leave for ever, as I know too well; but I am glad to know that at parting I have been able to render you some slight service.'

'The "slight service" appears to be the saving of my life,' said Westbury, returning the hearty grasp of Mr Decroy's hand; 'and considering how often I have started out at night to catch you'—

'Oh, that is nothing,' interrupted Decroy, with a smile. 'It would be ridiculous to quarrel with a soldier for that. I am your debtor for all the kindness and delicacy shewn during your residence at Boreen House, where I believe I have more than once disturbed you. Although you are reputed a brave man, I believe you are frightened at shadows.'

'Why—— Was it then you who——?' exclaimed Westbury.

'It was,' said Decroy, interrupting him; 'and on the last occasion you nearly'—

'The boats are ready, Colonel,' announced a man, approaching them.

'Then we part now,' said Decroy; and turning round, he made a signal to the group which Westbury had noticed on first entering. Several persons now approached, and Decroy, stepping to meet them, returned leading a female figure as heavily cloaked as himself; yet in spite of this disguise there was something in her appearance which made the officer's pulse beat quicker. 'My daughter, on leaving her native land, would join her thanks to my own,' said Decroy with quiet dignity. The figure threw back its hood; and the bright eyes of Kate Decroy met those of the Lieutenant.

'I wish I could impress upon Mr Westbury how sorry I am for much of what must have appeared rude behaviour,' said the girl; 'but he will forgive me when I answer him that it was forced upon me. We are friends, I trust?'

'Friends!' exclaimed the Lieutenant. 'Friends! I shall never cease, Miss Decroy, to think of Boreen, wild and lonely as it is, or to remember those whom I had the honour of knowing there, and whom I—valued and esteemed more than words can express.'

'As a trifling memento of the Decroys, rebels though they were,' continued the girl, 'pray sir, accept this ring.' As she spoke, she drew from her finger a ring, in which a diamond sparkled, and presented it to Westbury with a suspiciously fearful smile.

The Lieutenant was about to speak; but was interrupted by Mr Decroy: 'Farewell, Lieutenant Westbury. For twenty-four hours, you will be held a prisoner here. Pray, do not attempt to escape, whatever apparent laxity may tempt you, for I assure you it will be hopeless. At the end of that time you shall be free. I give you into safe custody.—Sullivan! M'Nally!' [two men came forward in answer] 'Remember—your men, and your men only, guard Mr Westbury; and I look to you for his safety.—Farewell, sir!' With another grasp of the hand they parted. Miss Decroy took her father's arm, several other persons joined them, and in a few seconds more they had disappeared. Then the throng in the barn quickly thinned, until none but the Lieutenant and those who were evidently his guard—his protectors—remained.

He was kept in durance, as Mr Decroy had warned him; and had it not been for a fresh arrival, he would scarcely have heard a syllable spoken during his stay. This fresh arrival was no other than Biddy Quin, whose loquacity made amends for the taciturnity of the guard. She it was, as she speedily told him, who had interfered in his behalf when he was first in danger. 'The saints forgive me!' said Biddy naively, 'if I did wrong.' And being in a most communicative mood, she imparted information to Westbury which cleared up much that had been obscure. She told him how he had thrice nearly discovered the Squire. How the latter being anxious to see the Lieutenant, so as to recognise him, had entered his bedroom by a concealed door, and while looking through the inner window, had forgotten the lamp, and so had thrown his shadow on the table, thus causing the first alarm. How all the household gave him up for lost when Dickles brought the guard, as the Squire was actually in the dining-room when the sergeant-major entered the house. There seemed no possibility of escape; but when the Lieutenant had searched the upper rooms, and had sent Dickles and the soldiers to the rear of the House, the Squire, by way of trying one last almost desperate chance, had rushed up-stairs to the part already examined; but again had almost betrayed himself by his shadow, which was thrown just in front of the officer by the great lamp in the hall. The third escape was on the same evening, when the Squire was attempting to leave Boreen; for he and his daughter were with Biddy—who was to be their guide, being a marvel at threading fickle paths—when the latter came forward to meet him, and artfully—as Westbury could see well enough now—led him back to the village.

Biddy was also loquacious on other subjects of interest to the Lieutenant. Miss Kate Decroy, it appeared, was almost as active and fearless as Mrs Quin herself, and had really ridden out to the bog district to meet the messenger with the money and the letters, as the soldiers had guessed; and had been to meet her father and arrange for his coming to Boreen, when Westbury saw her on that well-remembered moonlight night. She told him too that the flight of Squire Decroy and his friends would have been more difficult, if not impossible, had not Westbury's detachment been set astray; and when the Lieutenant was unable to repress an ejaculation expressive of wonder at his movements being so accurately known, Biddy

laughed, and with a roguish look her eye whispered: 'Walls have ears, sure; an' windies above doors are better nor walls.'

'The creaking of that confounded window was for something after all, it seems,' groaned Westbury. 'But then, Mullany's stick?'

'Oh, the sthick, is it?' exclaimed Biddy. 'It was a lucky thought o' me to take that same whin I was in the quarters of the redecoats wid a message from the priste. I thought it might be handy some day; an' be me faith, it was!'

These and many other particulars Biddy revealed, now that the 'masther' was fairly away. She did not seem to have the least personal fear; and very frankly told Westbury that had it not been for his kindness to the family and to herself—although she made herself quite of secondary importance—she should decidedly have voted for his being piked, and if she had only given the word, it would have been done. Westbury had excellent reasons for believing her.

Although extending over but twenty-four hours, the period of detention seemed long and weary enough. No personal restraint was put upon the Lieutenant, and for hours together he saw no one but Biddy. Once or twice he cast a longing look across the few miles which separated him from Boreen; but Biddy, as if divining his thoughts, said: 'It won't do, Lefthanant darlin'; there's more between you an' Boreen House than brown stones an' green turf.'

Westbury took the hint, and bore his captivity as best he might, until at midnight, as he was sitting alone by a small peat-fire, Biddy roused him by a touch on the shoulder. 'It's time, yer honour,' she said. 'Ye're a free man. Take this bit of a pass.—Arrah! don't frown at it now; higher officers nor you have been glad of the like; an' many a one would have given his gowld an' his lands for that scrap o' paper, when the pikes wor clashing round him. But ye're safe. Not a hair of yer head will be harmed this night; an' no boy from the Drome country will iver hurt ye in time to come—iv he knows ye. So, good-ye, Lefthanant, an' heaven be wid ye!'

With this farewell Westbury departed; and as Biddy had foretold, he reached Boreen village unmolested. His return was very warmly welcomed by his men, especially by the usually composed Dickles, who was quite excited over it. He had of course been sought for, but in a wrong direction, as the French vessel ran in at a point some twenty miles from that at which her enemies expected her. Mrs Decroy and Mrs Claridge were specially gracious in their manner. Miss Decroy, they informed him, was from home for the present; a piece of news at which the Lieutenant was by no means surprised, as he had already considerable reason for suspecting as much.

In the short remainder of his stay at Boreen House, he saw no more ghosts or shadows, nor was he called out on any more expeditions. It was known without his own conclusive testimony, that the proscribed rebels had escaped, and he was soon removed from the district. Soon too his military career came to an end, for some eighteen or twenty months after his residence at Boreen, a fever attacked him, which brought him very low, and during his convalescence, the death of a distant relative made him heir to a moderate fortune. This decided him, and he resolved upon

retiring with such laurels as he had gained; and so, about two years after the events which we have narrated, he removed to the south of England, where at a quiet little watering-place, he sought successfully to gather health and strength.

There were of course many invalids there having the same object in view as himself, and there were many too who were not exactly invalids, but to whom the retirement and peace of S—, joined with its soft yet bracing sea-air, were of value; and to this latter class he decided that two persons whom he often met—or rather whom he often saw at a distance—belonged. In the delightful rides he was now able to take in a low carriage, he frequently noticed two ladies dressed in black; and often he used to speculate as to who they were, and why they always chose sequestered spots for their walks.

One day, during one of his quiet rambles through a favourite clump of elm-trees, he encountered the two mysterious strangers. Drawing aside, to allow them to pass, their eyes met, and each of the three uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. 'Mrs Decroy! Miss Kate Decroy!' 'Mr Westbury!' and then, with as much warmth as though they had been the oldest and dearest of friends, they shook hands. In a few minutes he had learned their history. Mr Decroy had died in France; and Mrs Decroy had been recommended a change to the south coast of England. It was about the time of the brief lull in the long war between England and France, so that she was able to comply with this advice. The two ladies were all frankness and geniality; and in the course of that single interview he felt that he had made, or regained, dearer friends than any others the world held for him. At parting, when he took Kate's hand, a heightened glow on her somewhat pale cheek, shewed that she saw how he had preserved a certain sparkling gift.

Daily they met, and the adventures at Boreen furnished inexhaustible themes for conversation: old Biddy; the nightly excursions; the daring rides through storm and over bog which Miss Kate was forced to take; and even the shadows—though a tear mingled with the old lady's smile over this subject, for she then spoke of her dead husband. Time ran on, and Westbury grew stronger; the drives in the carriage were often exchanged for rides on horseback, and still he felt no wish to leave the little place, even though winter had come and most of the visitors had fled. Mrs Decroy and her daughter also remained—to say this is doubtless to give an unneeded explanation—and indeed the elder lady made no secret of the fact that the economy of a winter residence in the little sea-coast town was as great an inducement to her as was the healthiness of the locality.

As time rolled on— But there! how vain it is to flutter about a flame into which every looker-on can see we are certain to plunge. To make a merit of brevity then, Westbury found opportunities of seeing Kate Decroy alone, and on one of these occasions he asked her to redeem his lot from loneliness; and after some slightly embarrassing references on the young lady's part to her very rebellious instincts, she consented; and we will add, as being the fittest place in which to say it, that these rebellious proclivities on the side

of Miss Kate were purely political, and during a wedded life of many years, never once extended to the domestic arena.

Their permanent residence was in England, and was indeed at the identical watering-place where they renewed their acquaintance, though they made various excursions to Ireland of tolerably long duration. Here they were received with extraordinary demonstrations of friendship and attachment, which at first were rather discomfiting to the gentleman; but he soon got used to them, and his liberality made him as popular as though he had really belonged to the 'ould family.' As for Mrs Westbury, and almost in a greater degree Master Westbury, when he visited Boreen, why, if mother and son had chosen to drive a Juggernaut car through the village, and a sacrifice or two had been needed to give due *éclat* to the procession, there would not have been—so it seemed to Westbury—the slightest difficulty in procuring volunteers. And then there was Biddy Quin, who was pensioned upon twelve pounds per annum, a most contemptible sum for so devoted a servant, or so Westbury argued; but his wife knew better—there was Biddy, we say, as devoted, as energetic, and not less talkative than ever; but holding up her head for all that, as one of the aristocracy, in virtue of her large fixed income! Very few of the incomes at Boreen, alas! were large, and very few of the incomes there were fixed.

And so it came about that whereas Lieutenant John Westbury's acquaintance with the Decroy family was at first of a very cold and shadowy character, he was eventually indebted to it for all the substantial happiness of his life, which was a long one, for both he and his wife lived well into the middle of the nineteenth century, beloved and respected.

SLAVE-LIFE IN BRAZIL.

BRAZIL being the only civilised country in which slavery exists in full force, but which even there, may, let us hope, be reckoned in a few years as a thing of the past, a sketch of slave-life may not be uninteresting.

The staple produce of Brazil for exportation is coffee, which is the result of culture on plantations, known as *fazendas*. When ripe for market, the coffee-beans are forwarded in bags to Rio Janeiro for sale and shipment. The real interest in the work on plantations is centred in the method of slave-labour, which though doomed to extinction, is still in full force. While such is the case, free labour cannot exist. Happily for Brazil, there was a law passed in 1870 destined to put an end to this vile system. It was declared that after 1871 the children of slaves should be born free; so at the present moment there are no slaves under eight years of age. An average *fazenda* in Brazil will have from two to three hundred slaves—men, women, and children. These live in a quadrangle or *quadró*, divided off into a number of small rooms, each room being inhabited by one or two slaves. The first bell rings about half-past three in the morning, when they get up and make some coffee. At four the second bell rings, when

they have 'to form;' that is, they are drawn up in line and inspected, to see none is missing. The field-labourers are then marched off, each one with a basket on his back. The work that these have to do is the hardest; toiling all day in the hot sun, hoeing the weeds between the coffee-trees, planting Indian corn, or picking coffee. They work in gangs of eighteen, each one with a *feitor* or overlooker, who is himself generally a slave, and is provided with a whip and *palmatoria*. This latter instrument is made of wood, shaped like the palm of the hand, and fastened to a handle about a foot long. The wood is about half an inch in thickness, and has three small holes bored through it, and is a common mode of punishment, especially for the women and children! The 'field-hands' are out all day, stopping an hour and a half for breakfast, and an hour for dinner. But the slaves who work in the fields are not more than twenty-five per cent. of the whole number; the rest being carpenters, blacksmiths, machine-hands, or infirmary patients. Though slavery still exists in Brazil, it is perhaps less unendurable than that which exists in certain other countries, inasmuch as a good man has the chance of getting on and ameliorating his position. He may become a *feitor*, and then he would have a separate place to live in; or he is put to work about the house or in the garden; while the most intelligent boys are made to learn some trade, and often turn out good blacksmiths, stone-masons, &c. At half-past seven the bell rings to leave off work. Until nine they can do as they like; then the second bell rings, and they are locked in for the night.

The punishment mostly used on *fazendas*, and one which the blacks stand most in dread of, is the stocks. Each plantation has two pair—one for the men, the other for the women; and it is most curious the dread the blacks have of them. They would much rather be beaten than pass one hour in them; and accordingly this punishment is reserved for the graver offences, such as stealing and fighting; in fact if it were not for this latter, the stocks would have very few occupants. But the blacks are very quarrelsome; hardly a day passes but two blacks have a set-to, which ends in one going to the infirmary and the other to the stocks. Most *fazendas* have a chemist's shop or *botica*, and two infirmaries, one for the men and the other for the women. A great many slaves suffer from rheumatism and heart-disease. The former comes from the exposure they have to endure. The slaves are also good hands at shamming; they look upon a week in the infirmary as a sort of holiday, and once or twice a year each man is seized with a pain in the head or in some part of the body, which gets wonderfully better towards the end of the week. The owners do not mind them shamming now and then; they say they work the better for it afterwards.

The holidays that are strictly observed are St John's Day (24th of June), Christmas Day, and the Thursday and Friday before Easter.

This last is more of a fast than a feast; but the former two are quite given up to jollification. A fat bullock is killed, and *aquadiente* or white rum circulates freely, while dancing is kept up the whole day—a weird wild kind of dance, imported from Africa, in which the central figure is the dancer; while around him in a ring are the spectators, now singing in a low monotonous tone, now shouting at the top of their voices; the only music being a kind of drum, made of a hollow log of wood, and covered with a piece of raw hide. Thoroughly they enjoy themselves; and these feasts are looked forward to and remembered with pleasure.

On most *fazendas* the slaves have Sundays to themselves, when they cultivate their gardens, while the women wash their clothes. If any of them choose to work on Sunday they get paid for it, while on St John's Day it is the custom to give a small sum to each slave. All are supposed to belong to the Roman Catholic Church. But their religion is an extraordinary mixture of Romish ceremonies and African fetishism. They pray to the Virgin, wear charms made out of old bones or snakes' tails, and devoutly believe in an evil spirit, who wanders about in the fields after dark seeking whom he may devour. On every *fazenda* there is a building which does duty for a church, with a large wooden cross inside. Every Saturday night at nine o'clock the cross is lit up by half-a-dozen candles, and a carpenter or blacksmith who has been taught to say 'mass,' officiates as priest.

Their food is simple, and consists of Indian-corn flour made with grease into a sort of pudding. *Feijon* is also an article of diet that is not confined to the slaves, but is used in every household in Brazil. It is a stew made of small black beans, with plenty of bacon in it, and sometimes the dried meat that is imported from the River Plate. In fruit the blacks are well off; oranges, bananas, and pine-apples grow wild all over the country. Coffee forms their chief beverage; and on wet days or very hot ones they are allowed the white rum of the country. This rum is made on the place from the sugar-cane, and is the only drink that can be had pure in South America.

The value of a slave depends upon age. A young mechanic would be worth from two to three hundred pounds sterling; a field-hand about two hundred, and a woman from eighty to a hundred and fifty pounds; so in self-defence the owner has to treat them well, just as a man would take care of a thorough-bred horse. They are handed down from father to son, and except in cases of failure, are not sold out of the family. Often the owner liberates in his will certain of his slaves. By Brazilian laws, no child can be separated from its mother under eight years of age, nor can they be set to work until then; while the owner has to keep a register of all births and deaths.

How wrong the system of slavery is, and what harm it does to a country, are evident to any one who has travelled in Brazil. There can be seen a fine country, endowed by nature with everything conducive to greatness, reduced to a worn-out and ruined state, and all owing to this wretched system. The freed slaves will not work while

slavery remains; and free labour will not come; while year by year the hatred between the slaves and their masters is becoming wilder, and the crime of murder is becoming more and more rife.

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

MY MYSTERIOUS PATIENTS.

Who could they be? There was an aristocratic and even distinguished air about them which told unmistakably of high-breeding. Who could they be, and what could possibly have brought them to Donjonville? These were the queries that buzzed about from mouth to mouth one Sunday after morning service as neighbours and friends jogged gossiping homewards, and they formed the staple topic of conversation at every Donjonville dinner-table that day.

The objects of all this curiosity and excitement were two strangers, a lady and gentleman, who had made their appearance that morning in the Government Chapel and, it is to be feared, had sadly distracted the attention of the congregation. For strangers of any kind were a rarity at Donjonville, but strangers of this class were almost unknown. They were certainly a remarkable-looking couple—undoubtedly husband and wife. The lady was very pretty, of tall and graceful figure, but fragile and delicate. The gentleman was tall, slight, and handsome, but he too was evidently not strong. Both were young, apparently under thirty. It was soon ascertained that they were lodging at Mrs Tofts's. Now Mrs Tofts, a round, motherly, apple-faced woman, whose gorgeous shawls were one of the sights of Donjonville, kept an exceedingly select and respectable lodging-house. She had been lady's-maid in a good family, and it was well known that she was very particular as to the sort of persons to whom she let her lodgings. To be a lodger at Tofts's was indeed a stamp of gentility which Donjonville 'Society' never failed to recognise. Moreover, as Mrs Tofts was a little woman who possessed even more than the usual appetite of her sex for gossip, it was fondly anticipated by the ladies of Donjonville that they would soon be acquainted with all that was to be known about the new-comers. Here they were destined to dire disappointment. Mrs Tofts, false for once to the instincts of her sex, stoutly refused to give any information whatever about her lodgers, declined even to mention their name, but gave her baffled questioners very plainly to understand that the lady and gentleman desired the strictest privacy and seclusion, and would rigorously deny themselves to all visitors. The curiosity of Donjonville was more than ever piqued by this rebuff, and finally in despair the strangers were set down as a standing mystery; a state of things which had this advantage, that it allowed boundless scope for speculation and conjecture, and provided a permanent problem, to the solution of which Donjonville Society could at any time devote itself in default of anything fresher.

I had then been settled for three years as a

doctor in Donjonville, and was beginning to get a pretty fair practice. Like everybody else, I had had my curiosity temporarily aroused by the arrival of these mysterious strangers, and by the impenetrable secrecy with which they endeavoured to surround all their doings. But my curiosity soon waned, and had almost died altogether, when it was awakened again by an unexpected incident.

I was sitting alone one evening, dozing by the fire after a more than ordinarily hard day's work, when I was roused by my servant, who informed me that a gentleman wished to see me in the surgery. I went at once, and found my visitor to be the mysterious lodger at Tofts's. He bowed to me, and said: 'I have come to consult you, doctor, on a delicate matter. My landlady Mrs Tofts was good enough to recommend me to you. I may as well say frankly at once that I desire all that I say to you to be considered as spoken in the strictest confidence. I have reasons, very strong reasons for keeping all that concerns myself and my wife from the tongues of the prying gossips of this place. I cannot, even to you, reveal my name or any facts whatever relating to my past history or that of my young wife. I am simply known to my landlady as Mr G——, and it is as Mr G—— only that I must be known to you. Now, under these circumstances are you willing to give me your professional assistance and advice?'

As I hesitated for a moment, he said quickly and with great earnestness: 'If it will be any relief to you, I can assure you most solemnly, on my word of honour as a gentleman, that I am guilty of no crime, and that it is only for sad family reasons that I decline to reveal my identity.'

There was something so noble and true in his face, that I was ashamed of my momentary suspicions, and said: 'Forgive my not answering your candid appeal to me at once, and believe me when I say that I do not for one moment suspect you of anything criminal. You have spoken to me frankly, and I tell you as frankly in return that I shall respect your desire for secrecy, that I shall ask no questions, as to your past or present except such as may be necessary in my professional capacity, and that my assistance and advice are at your service.'

He held out his hand as I finished, and shook mine warmly.

'Sir,' he said, 'I thank you for your kindness and consideration. I have need of a friend here, and if I mistake not, I shall find one in you.' I assured him that he might rely upon me, and then he proceeded to tell me why he had called. His wife, he said, was shortly expecting her first confinement. She had never been strong, and he felt that her case needed special care and skill. He wished me to attend upon her. I promised to do so; and then lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he said with a strange nervous twitching of the face: 'And now, doctor, I have one more request to make. I—I am not strong myself; I fear that I inherit heart-disease. Will you examine me and tell me the truth?'

I consented, and found that his heart was in a very weak state.

'You have heart-disease,' I said; 'but it has not reached a dangerous stage—with care and quiet, you may live to be an old man. But you

must avoid all violent excitement—any sudden shock might do you serious harm.'

'Thank you,' he said, with a desperate effort to appear calm; but his voice trembled and his lips quivered as he spoke—'thank you. I am very grateful to you for your candour. You will call soon upon my wife?'

'I will call to-morrow,' I replied; and with that we bade one another 'good-night.'

The next day I paid my promised visit to my new and nameless patient. I found her, as I had expected, very weak and delicate, and I had serious apprehensions of her coming out of her trouble safely. As I was leaving the house, I was waylaid by Mrs Tofts. She was yearning to have the embargo so long laid upon her tongue removed, and she thought there could be no harm in gossiping with me upon a secret of which we were the sole repositories. The good woman confided to me that she had been deeply interested in her lodgers from the first.

'It's queer, you know sir,' she said, 'their givin' no name; but the gentleman assured me that he had good reasons; and as I could see he was a gentleman, and she a lady, born and bred, and as they paid handsomely in advance, I made no more ado about lettin' the lodgers to them. For I will confess sir, that I took a fancy to that poor delicate young creature the minute I set eyes on her. There's some big sorrow sir, at the bottom of it all. They has letters addressed to 'em at the post-office; but only initials on 'em—"W. G." or "L. G." I know her's "W. G." and she's "L. G.," because I've often heard her call him Walter, and him call her Louie and Louise. But I knows no more, and I wants to know no more, for I ain't one o' your pryin' sort.' And here Mrs Tofts bridled up and mounted her high-horse in a state of virtuous dignity. I told her that I knew no more than she did, and that, like her, I was under solemn promise not to reveal to any one even the little I did know.

I saw a good deal of Mr and Mrs G—— during the next few weeks, and the more I saw of them the more I liked them. There was a refinement about their manners and conversation which charmed me greatly. We were on terms of almost intimate friendship; but no allusion to the past ever escaped either of them, nor did they once lift the veil of secrecy which hid from me their name and antecedents.

It was about six weeks after Mr G——'s first visit to me that the summons which I had been daily expecting came. I hastened at once to the bedside of my patient, and never left it for many hours. It was a terrible and trying time, for her condition was critical in the extreme. And then, as if there were not sufficient strain upon my nerves in attending to the wife, there was the husband lying in wait to start upon me like a ghost, whenever I left the bedroom, with his pale, eager, wistful face, his anxious eyes, and his earnest questions: 'Doctor, how is she now? Is she better? Will she pull through?'

The child was still-born; and I shall never forget as long as I live the look of agonised disappointment on that poor young creature's face, when in reply to her request that she might see her baby, I was forced to tell her the bitter

truth—that it had never breathed. It seemed, when she heard that, as if all hope had faded out of her life. She wept like a child, for the child that was dead before it was born. She would not rest, however, until she had looked upon the face of her dead baby. I allowed her to see it, for I was afraid to thwart her wish. The nurse brought it to her and laid it in her arms as she sat in the bed propped up with pillows. I have never seen a more touching sight than that of this young mother looking down with unfathomable depths of yearning love in her sad eyes upon the little white waxen face of her dead first-born. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could induce her to part with the lifeless little body; she clung to it with desperation, and at last the nurse had almost to use force to get it away from her. Then, when it was gone, she moaned for hours, and would not be comforted.

All this time her husband was nearly distracted. For three days and nights he had not even sat down, I believe, for five minutes at a time, certainly had never slept nor changed his clothes. On the fourth day I had positively to order him to bed, for he was worn to a shadow, and with his haggard face and hollow cheeks looked almost as ill as his wife. As for her, she grew daily weaker and weaker. I knew that the end was not far off, yet I dared not tell the truth to him. All his happiness seemed bound up in her, and I dreaded the effect of any sudden shock upon his heart.

For a week I went regularly twice a day to visit my patient. I had paid my second daily visit one evening about eight o'clock, and had left her gradually sinking, but apparently likely to linger for several days. My day's work had been exceptionally harassing and fatiguing, and I went to bed early. At midnight I was roused by a violent peal at the bell. It was a message from Mrs Tofts to the effect that I was wanted. Immediately, as the lady was very much worse. In a few minutes I was standing by the death-bed of Mrs G—. I saw at once that I could do nothing, that a few hours—possibly a few minutes only, were all that remained to her of life. A strong paroxysm of pain seized her soon after I arrived, which I thought must inevitably have proved fatal; but it passed away and left her alive. She lay for some minutes with her eyes closed, to all appearance unconscious. Presently, however, she slowly raised her eyelids, and I heard her whisper in a low voice, but quite distinct and clear: 'Walter, Walter, dear!'

He was sitting with his face buried in his hands; but her voice reached him, and lifting his head he said: 'My darling! yes, I am here.'

In another moment his arms were round her, and a smile played over her white and wasted cheeks as he bent down and kissed her passionately. She had just strength enough to raise her arm and let it fall round his neck. I stepped back, and left them thus infolded in a last embrace. I cannot tell whether they whispered to one another or not; they might have done so without my catching the sound. At last I saw a sudden movement of the counterpane, as if it had been shaken by a strong shudder. I stepped softly forward and looked at her. I saw her open her eyes wide and fix them on her husband's face; her lips parted, as if she were striving to speak. He raised his head, and

for a moment they gazed at one another with such a strange mixture of passionate tenderness and wan despair in their eyes, that the tears came to my own and blinded me. When I looked again, his lips were pressed to hers, and her face was hidden from me. A few moments later I saw the fingers of the hand that rested lovingly on her husband's neck close tightly and convulsively, then relax and hang loosely from his shoulder. By that I knew that she was dead. I did not venture to disturb him. I thought that the sudden clammy chill that came over her face, as the warmth of life fled from it, must have told him the awful truth. But he never stirred, and gave no sign that he knew it.

I left the room for a few moments to tell Mrs Tofts and the nurse that all was over. When we re-entered, we found the husband in the same position, kneeling with his face pressed to hers. I went up to him and touched him; but he never moved. I laid my hand heavily on his shoulder to rouse him. The arm which was lying on the bed with the hand clasped in the wife's hand, slipped from her nerveless grasp, and fell limp and lifeless by his side. I was startled; he must have swooned. I bent over him with my face close to his. *He was dead.*

Without a word or a groan, his life had ebbed silently away with hers, and husband and wife had gone out hand in hand to explore the undiscovered hereafter. I cannot say positively now which of the two died first. For all I can tell, he may have died before her, though there could not have been more than a few minutes between the two deaths in any case. I had known all along that any sudden shock would be fatal to him, and weakened as he was by nervous anxiety I was not surprised at the result.

A young curate named Hawdon, who was the only other person in Donjonville besides myself who had been allowed to visit them, assisted me in searching among their papers for some clue to the previous history and real names of the unhappy pair. In the little room which Mr G— had used as a study, we found an open desk and a heap of charred paper in the grate. It almost seemed as if he had had a presentiment of his end, and had deliberately destroyed everything that could throw any light upon his antecedents. We found no clue beyond two handkerchiefs marked with a coronet and the letter G., and two rings, one with the initials 'L. G.' the other with those of 'L. N.' engraved on them. The latter we concluded must have been Mrs G—'s maiden name. A small sum of money and a few articles of jewellery were all the valuables we discovered. These I took charge of. The linen and clothes were left with Mrs Tofts.

We buried husband and wife in one grave in the little country churchyard about a mile from Donjonville. Hawdon and I at our own expense erected a simple tombstone, bearing this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of WALTER G—, and his beloved Wife, LOUISA G—, who both died January 18th, 1856. 'In their deaths they were not divided.'

I inserted an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* announcing their deaths, and stating that I should be glad to communicate

with any one who had known them. But I received no answer; and from that day to this, I have never solved the mystery which hangs over the grave of Walter and Louisa G—.

THROUGH THE FERN.

It is perhaps safe to say that no part of Australia is at first sight so thoroughly un-Australian as the eastern and north-eastern portions of Gippsland. Here the barren sandy plains and 'eternal gum-trees' of the surrounding districts are no longer the chief, if not the only objects in view; and instead of one monotonous monotone of colour, the traveller is refreshed by myriads of gorgeous blossoms and flowers, rare plants, and trees of great beauty, and a correspondingly marvellous diversity of life. From luxuriant valleys long ranges covered with sassafras and peppermint swell like green waves in every direction, and beyond their rounded summits the lofty heights of a continuous mountain-chain rise abruptly into the dark blue of Australian skies. Some of these mountains are very striking in their bold outlines, and in their massive and peculiar sculpture, several peaks reaching an altitude considerably beyond the highest British summit. (Snow lies on many of them for nine months in the year.) The creeks and rapid streamlets flowing down these mountain gorges and winding through the ranges are, moreover, clear as the trout-streams of Scotland, and altogether unlike the typical Australian 'creek.' I visited this portion of Gippsland in the full tide of summer, and it is almost impossible to describe the fresh beauty and luxuriance it presented in contrast to the other parts of Victoria I had seen.

Leaving our halting-place, near the source of the Yackandandah Creek, my friend and myself started one morning in February for a ride south through the ranges. Although early, the heat of the sun was already very powerful; yet the effect it had upon us was more bracing than enervating, such is the clearness and dryness of this Australian atmosphere.

Commencing our journey and following a well-defined bush-path under the tall gums, gay with myriads of parakeets and rosellas, and resonant with the harsh shrieks of indignant cockatoos, we come at last upon more varied vegetation, and find ourselves passing through one of those beautiful fern-forests for which this division of Victoria is more especially famed. One word only as regards the bush itself. It is a somewhat prevalent idea at home that an Australian forest—the bush of the colonists—is either an inextricable jungle, or at least a woodland dense with an intricate parasitical undergrowth. But this, while frequently the case in the gullies and valleys of the higher parts, is not a characteristic of the bush proper. This latter consists of an endless 'round' of similar trees growing at a considerable distance from each other, so that a horseman can easily ride through them at a good pace without any unusual caution. I say 'round,' for Australian woods have the appearance of endless circles; and it is this aspect of theirs which renders it almost impossible for any one but a native to find his way through them without a track, blazed trees, or a compass. The unvarying monotony of the trees, the regular distances between them, and the

absence of any forest landmarks, render the bush far more bewildering than the densest English forest.

But on leaving the bush proper and entering one of those forests composed of tree-ferns and beautiful varieties of *Eucalyptis* and *Acacia*, this undergrowth becomes more and more marked. Indeed, in many parts of Gippsland the explorer would make but slow progress, as advance can only be made by the tedious and fatiguing process of cutting one's way.

On first entering this scrub the scent of late-flowering wattle strikes my companion and self as peculiarly delicious, mingling as it does with the aromatic fragrance of the peppermint and other allied plants. The clear musical notes of the magpie swell most charmingly through the still air; and above the chatter and screaming of breakfasting parrots and busy butcher-birds gurgles every now and again the hoarse chuckle of the laughing-jacks. Suddenly, from some unknown cause, there ensues an almost complete silence; but before many seconds are over, a shrill burst of laughter comes from the depths of the forest, succeeded by peals of the same demonic jubilation from seemingly every quarter; and as if indignant at some slight, the parrots and cockatoos redouble their shrieks, and the parakeets and rosellas and lorries dash to and fro among the branches of the trees like tiny red and green meteors. The shrillness is astounding, and is increased by the incessant *bird* of the cricket-like *cicade*. It is some minutes at least before the ornithologic vituperation calms down. Here, amid many beautiful varieties of wattles, we notice the weeping myrtle, the native cherry, the musk aster, one or two varieties of honeysuckle, a beautiful climber, probably a clematis, a few magnolias and orchids of resplendent hues, and some particularly fine grasses—besides many other flowers and shrubs unknown to scientific eyes. Above these wave in intricate profusion the sturdy branches of the *Dicksonia antarctica*, and as we proceed farther, that still more graceful fern, the tall *Asplenium australis*. After we have ridden for some time, we come suddenly to a small creek, or rather pool, surrounded by a beautiful species of iris; while all around us are thick magnolias, whose delicious fragrance makes the air seem heavy with sweetness. We have never before or since seen this shrub in such splendour and luxuriance.

As we ride on, the sun grows higher and higher in the heavens, and a gradual silence seems to be creeping over the forest with the ripening noon. The scrub, which had lately been so full of life, appears to be deserted by its noisy denizens, and only at rare intervals the muffled chuckle of the jacks falls on our ears. Hark! what was that? Like a far-away village-bell, a soft sound rings through the still air, and now another and another! My companion whispers to me: 'The bell-bird!' The solemnity of the noon seems to deepen, and the promised vigour of the day to have subsided into a luxurious dream. We dismount, and tying our horses to a tree, betake ourselves to mid-day rest for an hour or two. As we lie there lazily smoking, with the scent of the magnolias in the warm air, and the dreamy call of the distant bell-bird rising and falling at solemn intervals, we get drowsy, and perhaps just

a little sentimental. However, it does us no harm, and adds very much to our enjoyment. From our resting-places we can just see the blue line of a distant range rolling away northwards, and behind it some outlying summit of the misty Bogongs. Not a breath stirs; hardly any sound falls upon the ear. I think of that mystic land

In which it seemed always afternoon,

and feel as if I too had partaken of the lotos-juice, and had put away all things of that world in which I late had part, and fallen into a sweet dream, never to fade until it should imperceptibly merge in the indistinct shadow of its twin-sister death.

Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at mid-day. In the former, the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those under English skies, load the air with the sweetest scents; magnificent tree-ferns wave their fronds or branches in the light breeze; on old stumps of trees, great green and yellow lizards lie watching for their prey; the magpie throws her voice from the wattles, and possibly the lyre-bird in the denser scrub; and in the tall gums, numbeless parakeets, parrots, rosellas, cockatoos, butcher-birds, love-birds, &c. are screaming and darting to and fro. But by-and-by the intense heat will silence all these, and nothing will be heard but the chirp of the grasshopper and the shrill sound of some unseen insect. At twilight again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The cicadas shriek by myriads their deafening 'p-r-r-r-r'; drowsy opossums snarl in the gum-boles; and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gray kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, and the harsh cry of the crane, mingling possibly with those of a returning or passing flock of black swans, will add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass, or the melancholy 'mo-poke' (or 'more-pork') of the bird of that name. The dead of night is not so still as the universal hush of the burning noon.

As the afternoon grows, we half reluctantly continue our way. Leaving the magnolias behind us, we pass through a perfect fern paradise, nothing meeting the eye but tall tree-ferns above, and innumerable ferns proper of all sizes beneath. The orchids here are also very plentiful, and a beautiful creeper, whose name I cannot at present recall.

Shortly afterwards we emerge from this intricate scrub and enter an abrupt belt of gums; passing through which we come upon a sloping plain of very green grass, considering the late season. The sight is now a very beautiful one. We stand upon a kind of plateau, and can see for miles, north-east, east, and south. Below us is a deep gully, dense with tree-ferns. Rising from this, a monotonous wall of sassafras, white-gum, stringy-bark, &c. rises sheer back till it merges in an olive wave that perpetuates itself in endless rolling ranges, getting bluer and bluer as they sweep into the distance, until their purple

lines break against the solemn summit of Mount Kosciusko in the east, and in the south-east against that great succession of towering peaks which guard the sources of the Murray River. Mount Bogong heaves his rounded shoulders apparently close at hand; and that most beautiful of hills, Mount Feathertop (six thousand three hundred feet), rises in silent grandeur into the serene southern skies. Like a twin-brother, the rugged mass of Mount Hotham (six thousand one hundred feet) towers alongside of this Ben Nevis of Australia. So intensely clear is the atmosphere, that the tree-clad slopes of Mount Feathertop are as distinctly visible as though but a mile or two away. The whole scene is incomparably beautiful, and one never to be forgotten. As the afternoon wears on, it becomes still more so; for that magical blue that shrouds so many of the hill-districts of Australia in its soft loveliness just before the close of day, begins to steal forth from apparently the furthest eastern ranges, and falls like a transparent veil over mountain and height and drowsy slope. Only those who have seen in the mountainous districts this ineffably delicate and tender blue, can know what a magical effect it has, even on those ranges covered with nothing but the sombre olive of blue-gum foliage. It has a strange dreaminess or unreality about it, and seems to spiritualise every object it enfolds.

As the sun sets beyond the unseen Buffalo Mountains in the west, its last rays light up the sides of Mount Bogong with a rich magnificence of colour; and of a sudden as it wares, the beautiful peak of Feathertop flashes into extraordinary brilliance, while its topmost heights glow as with fiery and molten gold. For a few moments the hills and ranges seem to be drawing towards us, so extraordinary are the atmospheric effects.

I had one regret—that I had not witnessed this magnificent scene from the summit of Mounts Feathertop or Hotham. Such a scene has been elsewhere eloquently described, and I cannot refrain from quoting from the Government Report the passage in question: 'As we made the ascent towards Mount Hotham, our attention was attracted at first by the rocks and the vegetation. . . . On the right appeared a mountain rich in bossy sculptures that attracted all eyes. It glowed in the sun with all the brightness of the emerald, and over it—as it seemed like waves—flashed ever and anon pale tints of carmine and purple. In hollows on its flanks lay in patches herbage of a vivid green, shewing where the snow had just disappeared—cradles of young glaciers, that can never mature. The high Bogong plains separated from us by deep chasms and wide valleys, out of which arose solitary peaks and broken ridges, seemed, as we gazed on them, to be sleeping; the slopes were scored, but not deeply, the even line of the plain was not broken, and the light of the sun fell on them softly, not making deep shadows and shewing sharp contrasts, as in those parts where the denuding forces had worked fantastic hollows and carved long straight lines for the discharge of melted snows.

'The Bogong plains were sleeping in the thin folds of pearl-gray and pale-purple mists that encompassed them; and these mists hid from us Mount Kosciusko, Forest Hill, the Pilot, and the lofty ranges lying to the eastward. Towards the

south, Tabletop, with his capping of volcanic rock, stood in the centre of an amphitheatre, and Mount St Bernard and the Twins shewed their peaks on the west. Rising to a greater height, we beheld, on the north and north-east, all the lofty eminences whose springs feed the Murray; and we stopped here, satisfied that Nature could afford no grander spectacle. . . . The magnificent mountains, whose crests seemed to lift themselves as we ascended, appeared from this point, tier upon tier, far into the blue distance. The deep gorges, almost lost in haze, as we gazed downwards, shewed, through the haze, something of their gloomy recesses.

Before turning our horses' heads towards the south-west, where, a few miles farther on, lay our halting-place, we took one long farewell look at the beautiful panorama spread out before us; a sight worth having come a long way for. The sun had set, and the splendour had gone with it; but instead, a calm solemn beauty overspread every object. The deep blue was deepening into purple; and all at once it seemed as if a lamp had been lighted in the sky as Sirius flamed through the darkening dusk.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE President of the Royal Society, Mr W. Spottiswoode, in his anniversary address to the Fellows, mentioned that in their last session more 'papers' had been sent in for reading than in any previous session; which we may perhaps take as evidence that depression of trade has not depressed science. The ordinary meetings of the Society are held on Thursday from November to June at 8.30 P.M., which for some people is much too late, and the question of a change has been raised more than once. The Academy of Sciences at Paris hold their meetings at about three in the afternoon. Mr Spottiswoode suggests that the Royal Society might meet at five, which would allow time for the customary proceedings and for the social requirements at home. In their early days the Society used to meet at 2 P.M., but fashion gradually introduced a later hour. To revert to former practice would be an indication of vigour which might have a salutary effect on other Societies.

The advantage of the electric light in scientific experiment and illustration is now fully recognised. The President surprised and gratified the meeting not a little by making an offer to the Society of an eight horse-power gas-engine, and announcing that Mr C. W. Siemens would give a pair of dynamo-electric machines, one for alternate, the other for direct currents. These machines, driven by the gas-engine, will produce sufficient light for experiments and to illuminate the halls of the Society.

Not least important among the topics of the address was the Government Fund of four thousand pounds for the promotion of scientific research, which is now in the fourth year of its existence. Four thousand pounds annually have been allotted in various sums to scientific investigators in Great Britain and Ireland; and the question now is, have the results been adequate to the outlay. It is a serious question; and we may believe that on the answer depends the

willingness of the Treasury to prolong this financial experiment beyond the term of five years originally proposed. It would therefore be advisable, as Mr Spottiswoode remarked, that the Society should consider whether 'it is desirable, in the interests of science, that the Fund should be maintained; and if so, whether in its present or any other form?'

Dr Schwendler, whose name is associated with electrical and other physical researches made in India, in presenting an inquiry ordered by the Indian government as to the feasibility of applying the electric light in railway stations, found himself at fault in his experiments, owing to the want of a trustworthy standard of comparison. The so-called 'standard candle,' by which all photometric results are measured, is not constant, and the consequences may be imagined. As Dr Schwendler remarks: 'The inconstancy of a standard acts perniciously in two directions: it prevents us from being able to execute accurate measurements even with the most accurate and sensitive test methods; and further leaves us in that deplorable condition of not being able to improve the test method, although we may be convinced that the method of testing requires improvement.' Accepting this argument as well founded, it is clear that investigations in photometry are carried on at a disadvantage.

Many years ago a suggestion was made that the best material for a standard of light would be platinum. Dr Schwendler, as he tells us, thought it best to leave the old track, and produce the standard by the heating effect a constant electrical current has, in passing through a conductor of given mass and dimensions. Platinum does not change in contact with oxygen, and is therefore the best metal that could be chosen for the conductor. Let the current by which it is ignited be constant, and the light will be constant whether moderate or intense. In this, therefore, the much-desired object appears to be achieved. Certain precautions to be observed during experiments are explained by Dr Schwendler in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, No. 227, accompanied by a zincograph illustration of the several forms and parts of the proposed new standard.

The process, discovered by Messrs Thomas and Gilchrist, by which steel can be made direct from common pig-iron, such as is manufactured in Cleveland, is undergoing trial in foreign countries with, so far, satisfactory results. As many readers know, the prime difficulty in the manufacture of steel has been to get rid of all the phosphorus from the iron. The two investigators above named succeeded in producing a peculiar kind of brick for the lining of the 'converter,' and thereby cleared the way for demonstrative experiments. The effect has been well and briefly described by Professor Emerson Reynolds. By means of the new bricks, which are very refractory, 'a basic condition of the slag, hitherto unattainable, has been secured, without excessive waste of or injury to the lining and metal. The result is that oxygen has been found not to be so inert as regards phosphorus at the intense temperature which accompanies the Bessemer process, as had previously been supposed; but that in fact, under the conditions afforded by this new method of lining, oxygenation of the phosphorus does take place, and the phosphoric oxides combining with the

bases, form phosphates in the slag, thus rendering it possible to draw off the steel with but an unimportant trace of phosphorus remaining.

The bricks are made of an aluminous magnesian limestone, and are burned in a furnace lined with ordinary firebrick. A curious fact came to light after one of the burnings. The intense heat had melted the floor; some layers of the pile of bricks sunk through, and were fused into a common mass, which shaped itself on cooling into crystals, the substance of which, as stated by Professor Reynolds, is a silicate and a true pyroxene. And thus has been 'effected, accidentally, and under novel conditions, the synthesis of an interesting member of a most important group of minerals of natural occurrence.'

On some of the railways in the United States a locomotive indicator is run from time to time, in order to ascertain the condition of the line. In a compartment of this locomotive, ingeniously contrived wheel-work and a travelling band of paper are fitted. The onward motion of the locomotive moves the wheels, and these make a mark on the band of paper for every fault on the line; and thus the condition of the permanent way is clearly made known. As we are informed, 'an ill-laid or started rail infallibly makes its mark on the chart, and as the instrument dots every mile, the whereabouts of any fault is readily indicated.' To read of a busy engine thus doing the work of a surveyor, is animating and increases our admiration for the powers of machinery.

A remarkable machine described at a recent meeting of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale, at Paris, may fitly be mentioned in association with the foregoing. It is called Profilograph, because when in use it traces mechanically on paper the outlines of the ground over which it travels. It is a small carriage mounted on two wheels, drawn by one man, and attended by another, who marks the levels at the proper places; and underneath hangs an iron rod with a large ball at its lower end, serving as a pendulum. This pendulum maintains a constant vertical position, while the machine inclines in one direction or the other according as it ascends or descends a slope. To the upper end of the rod is fitted a pencil, which marks on a sheet of paper the ups and downs of the country traversed, whether on an ordinary road or across trackless fields. The exact profile is thus recorded to a given scale. At the same time one of the wheels, acting the part of chain-bearer, measures and indicates the distances travelled throughout the survey. For surveyors and others engaged in levelling operations, this machine would appear to be eminently serviceable; and there is talk of its being made use of in a new general survey of France contemplated by the government.

Another invention that seems likely to be of service in navigation is signalling by means of illuminated steam. That the steam of a locomotive shines brightly at night when the furnace-door is opened, is now a familiar fact; and if a properly prepared light is thrown on the steam rushing from the funnel of a steamer, the illumination is so vivid that it can be seen at long distances. The possibility once established, the arranging of a series of flashes, or of different colours, to produce a series of signals, becomes comparatively easy. Experiments made under

the authority of the Trinity Board have been reported as effective and satisfactory; and it appears that the method is applicable to sailing-ships, for the brilliant light can be thrown upon the sails, and seen from afar. Here then is an additional appliance towards the prevention of collisions at sea, with the advantage that in a mass of light there would be less liability to error than with isolated lamps, as at present. Another element of safety is worth mentioning—namely, that the French government have agreed to adopt the English rule of the road at sea; to commence in September 1880.

A self-acting whistling buoy, designed to lessen the dangers of navigation, is to be tried on the Goodwin Sands. The interior contains tubes which take in and force out air by the movement of the buoy. The whistle sounds loudly as the air escapes, and thus gives warning to all vessels within hearing.

By a process known to chemists as dialysis, fluid mixtures can be separated one from the other with but little trouble. The apparatus by which the process is effected is called a dialyser; and something like it has been introduced into the navy, so that the liquor in which salt beef or pork has been boiled may be separated from the salt, and thereby made palatable as an article of diet. Soup that has been over-salted may be treated in a similar way; and if this can be done on board ship, it may be tried with similar advantage in public institutions and dwelling-houses on shore.

If published statements may be trusted, there will henceforth be no difficulty in keeping fresh butter for weeks or months. The butter is treated with a preservative or antiseptic substance, for which a patent has been taken out; besides which, a small quantity of salt, not more than one pound in a hundred, is used. It seems incredible that we are to have fresh butter in all seasons and in all climates, yet such is the promise of an experiment recently made by the Aylesbury Dairy Company.

Dr Jamieson has contributed to the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria* an interesting paper on 'A New Point of Resemblance in the Respiration of Plants and Animals.' In each case oxygen is inhaled and carbonic acid exhaled: the process is always going on, and is as essential to the life of the plant as of the animal. While in the animal the blood is passing through the lungs, oxygen enters into loose combination with the red colouring-matter—the hæmoglobin. So, according to Dr Jamieson, oxygen is in a form of loose combination in plants and vegetable substances, as in the blood, and is therefore capable of being slowly given off in a very active form to combine definitely with oxidisable substances. And further, plants contain a substance other than chlorophyll, having some important points of analogy with the hæmoglobin of animals, acting like it as an ozone transducer.

Captain Toynbee, of the Meteorological Office, has made a comparison between the temperature of the North Atlantic and of Great Britain in December 1877 and 1878, from which it appears that the portion of the ocean traversed by the Cunard steamers was three degrees warmer in December 1878 than in December of 1877. This fact was used as a test for the notion that the temperature of our winters depends on that of the